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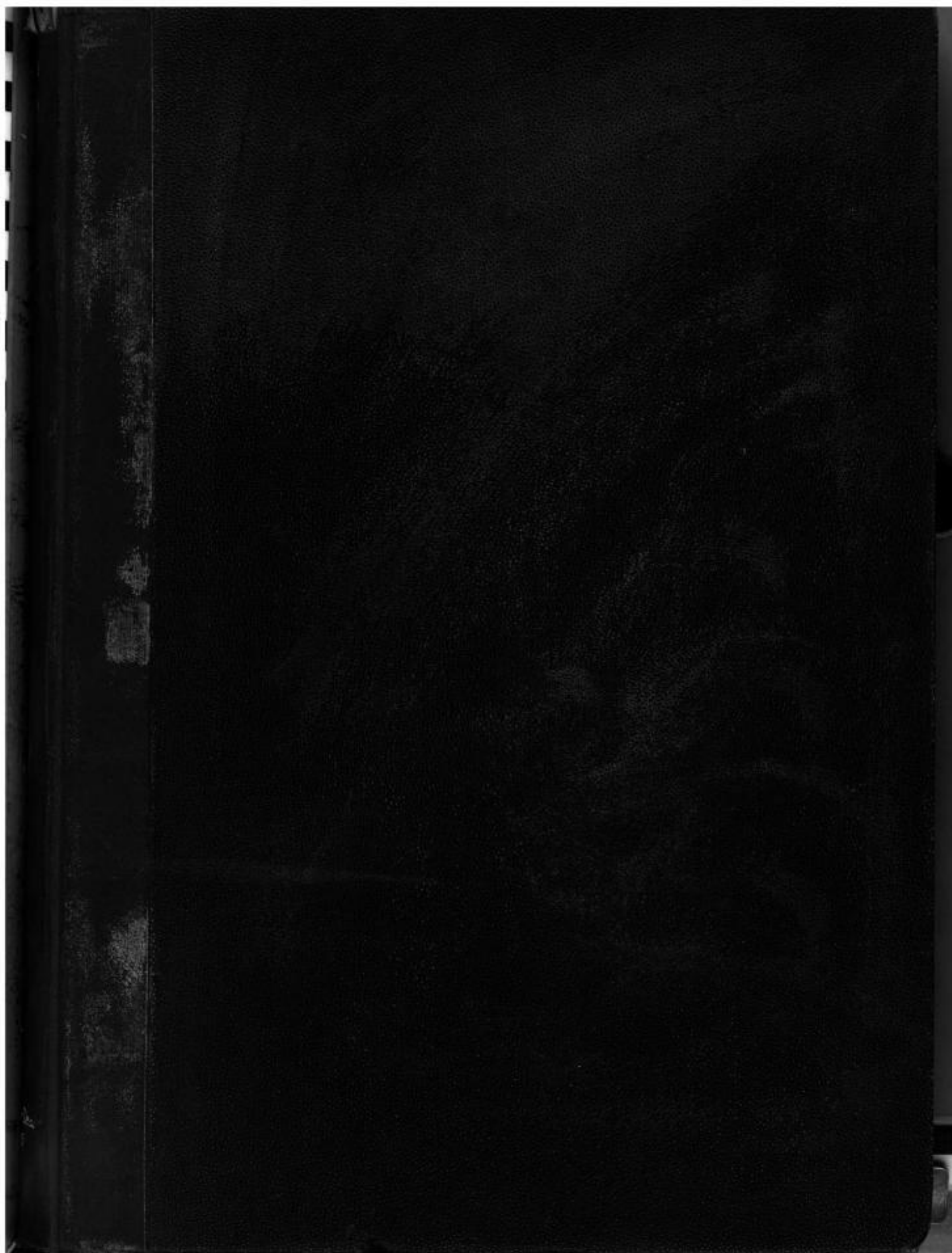
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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"Then, sliding to the ground, she bent her head in prayer."

## LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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V.—(Continued).

MISERABLE!" cried Desmond. "I'm the most miserable and the happiest man in Ireland. But, oh, Dulcie, darling! I've sworn—"

"But you mustn't," said Dulcie, laying her fingers on his lips. "My sweetheart mustn't swear."

"I mean, Dulcie, that while this shadow is over me I can never hold my head up again. I must leave this place. I've neither land nor title, father nor mother—"

"I don't want your land or your title," interrupted Dulcie, "nor your father and



mother. I want you! and I've got you, and I shall keep you. Try to get away if you dare. You can't."

A sound behind them made them both start, and, turning himself, Desmond beheld Peebles standing in the doorway. He turned away to brush the tears from his eyes, but Dulcie hailed the old man with delight.

"Come in, Mr. Peebles," she cried, "and talk to this stubborn boy. He won't listen to me a bit."

"Is that so?" said Peebles, dryly, scratching at the scrap of

gray whisker which decorated his cheek. "I thought just now he seemed very attentive to your discourse. Desmond, laddie," he continued, "my lord has sent me after you. Noo, noo; ye'll just hear me deliver my message. He's out of his mind, almost; clean daft, and neither pancreatic emulsion nor leever pills will bae much power to help him through in this trouble, I'm thinking."

"Tell Lord Kilpatrick, from me," said Desmond, when he could trust his voice, "that I've done with him."

"Boot, lad!" said Peebles. "Blood's thicker than water. Ye can't shake off the ties of relationship in that fashion, and cast awa' the father that begot ye, like an old glove. And after all, ye ken, he is your father."

"No!" said Desmond. "He's no father of mine."

"Then he himself is sairly mista'en," quoth the old servitor. "He's been beevin' for years under that impression."

"The man who broke my mother's heart is neither kith nor kin of mine. Dulcie, good-bye. God bless you for all your goodness. You must try to forget me."

"Oh, Desmond!" cried the girl, "you can't leave me; you can't, dear. Stay! Stay for my sake, I implore you!"

"To be pointed at by every one as the wretched thing I am! To know that my mother's name is a byword, and I merely as

outcast! Ye don't know what it is ye ask me. 'Tis more than I can bear."

"For my sake, Desmond!"

"I can't," cried the poor, proud boy; "I can't, even for your sake."

"And whaur are ye going?" asked Peebles. "Eh, Desmond, lad, what will ye do?"

"Going? Anywhere, to hide myself from those that have known me. The world's wide, old friend; don't fear for me."

"Stop!" cried Peebles. "Syn' ye will go, listen to a word I hae to say to ye. Ne'er think shame o' the mither that bore ye, Desmond. I kenned her, lad; I kenned her soul. She was a brave woman, as true and honest as she was loving, and twas for your sake that she took the wairycand o' deith."

Desmond broke into sobs again, and the old man, seeing him thus softened, went on:

"There's just one thing ye'll promise me, lad. Before ye gang awa', see me once more, and maybe I can help ye yet."

"I'll promise ye that," said Desmond, "if ye'll give me a promise in return. Ye'll tell me of my mother!"

"Aye, lad, I'll tell ye all I know. There's no word o' shame for her in a' the story, whatever shame there may be for others."

(Continued on page 6.)



JULY 4, 1895.

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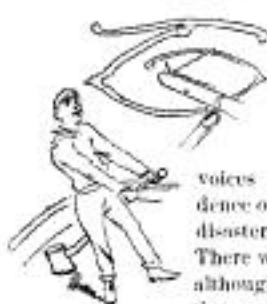
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## Impertinence Deservedly Rebuked.

THE attempt of Senator Carter, of Montana, and certain other so-called party leaders, in the recent Republican League Convention at Cleveland, to formulate a policy for the party and commit it definitely to free silver-coinage was as sublime a piece of impertinence as we have any recollection of. Undoubtedly every member of that convention had a right to his personal opinion as to this monetary question, but the Republican League is in no sense authorized to define the party policy. Its members are followers—if they are anything—instead of leaders. The only legitimate and authorized voice of the Republican party of the country is that which finds expression in the national convention, composed of delegates elected under definite rules in every constituency, for the express purpose of selecting the party candidates and determining the party policy. Mr. Carter and the gentlemen who undertook to forestall the action of the national Presidential convention could in no way have so largely contributed to the injury of Republican prospects as by seeking, through the irresponsible league, to usurp the legitimate functions of the authoritative national body. Mr. Carter's action is the less excusable because, being chairman of the National Republican Committee, his course will be widely construed as representative. Every Democratic newspaper in the country will seize upon his action and utilize it as evidence that the party is actually in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver. The fact that the convention repudiated his leadership and adhered to the platform laid down by the last Republican National Convention does not in the least mitigate the character of his offense.

It is about time that the Republicans of the country should be represented by a committee which is in harmony with the dominant party sentiment, and that the attempt of persons connected with it to commit the party to doctrines which are prejudicial to the highest public interests should be vigorously repudiated all along the line.

## The Young Men of this Century.



HERE is a curious parallel between the closing years of the nineteenth and the eighteenth centuries. If we seek the records and the sermons of a hundred years ago we find many voices of despair lamenting the decadence of the young men and predicting disaster to the coming generations. There was an easy explanation of this, although it did not appear at that time. The Revolutionary War had been a period of the severest trial, and the early days of the government had been beset with difficulties that engaged the strictest attention of the people. They were great church-goers in those troublous days, and the sermons were long and lurid. As the new experiment in self-government became surer and stronger there came a relaxation of the moral strain, a reaction against the religious stringency of the dark and uncertain times. Naturally the first to revolt were the young men, and instead of sitting quietly and uncomfortably upon the hard benches through discourses that seldom failed to remind them of brimstone and the dangers of frivolity, they began to wait outside until the Doxology was sung and then to escort the girls home, just as they do in many rural places to-day. This fact was taken to mean that the country was drifting into godless ways, and that unless there came a change it could not endure. Recently we have heard much similar pessimism from the pulpit. A leading Protestant clergyman said in a sermon, the other day, that the worst problem that confronted the church was how to get the young men interested in religious matters. "It is appalling to think," he said, "that only one young man in eleven in the large cities is to be found in church on Sunday." A prominent prelate of the Catholic Church declared that the hardest work was to get the young men to church; and a rabbi has said that the same difficulty was found in the synagogues. All the denominations offer testimony to one effect. The reader of this has only to run over the young men of his

acquaintance to find how true it is that they are lax in real religious interest. The cause of it we cannot fully see at this time. Years hence it may be plain.

But while the fact is evident, it will not do to argue that it means a hopeless deterioration. In ability, in serious devotion to work, in direct hold upon the living interests and industries and issues of the country, in manhood and character and in the earnest duties of life, the young men of this generation stand well in the van of the world's development. If their energies were withdrawn from the affairs of the country for a single hour the vast machinery of the government and trade and commerce would be paralyzed. They are the motive power that keeps things moving, and it is their tireless zeal and effort that make progress and civilization. Perhaps they are too busy, too deeply immersed in the peaceful strifes, too closely devoted to the pursuit of wealth and reputation and position, to give their attention to religion. This is, we believe, the chief ground of the preachers: the young men will not spare time to the welfare of their own souls, or at least to the services of the church. It is a severe charge against them, and yet the young men of to-day cannot be called irreligious. They are more moral than they ever have been. They have higher and better standards of manhood and character. They are more liberal and more tolerant, but they are very largely controlled by two conditions. One is, the large number of things that claim their time; and the other is the close application necessary in each special calling. It is an age of generalization and of specialization, and the young man in trying for the first, in order to be broadly cultured, devotes what time he has left to the incessant and increasing demand of his own business or profession. He is broad in one and narrow in the other, and he finds himself too much employed to be as good a church-member as he ought to be.

In running over the records of the century it is interesting to notice in what ways and in what directions the young men have succeeded. The first fact which stands out most conspicuously is that nearly all of them who amounted to anything began very poor. The world probably owes more to poverty than to anything else, and the review of a hundred years shows that about the largest misfortune that can happen to a young man is a fortune in his youth. The list of Presidents, the list of millionaires and benefactors and inventors and railroad kings and men in the professions, are all illustrations of this fact. The next thing is that most of the success was achieved by country boys. A celebrated physician has compiled statistics showing surprising facts in this respect. It was, of course, due to the sturdy mental and physical health these boys got in their rural homes. At the beginning of the century the average age of the leading figures of the world was much younger than it is now. Napoleon in Europe, and Jefferson and Hamilton in this country, were comparatively young men. As we come down through the century we see that in politics and in positions of trust age has lost none of its hold on the public faith, but in the freer professions, in arts and literature and science and trade, and in all avocations offering free opportunity, the young men have steadily and persistently won their way to success, and reduced those years of waiting which were at one time thought to be proper in the career of every youth. Age has little to do with success nowadays, and in thousands of places where gray heads used to rule, youth now holds the power with firm and equal hand. The man to-day makes his mark or his fortune much earlier than he used to do, and it is this economy of time, this forcing of merit to its prompt reward, which has been the greatest work of youth in the nineteenth century.

## Another Miscarriage of Justice.

THE Republicans of the New Jersey Legislature did not cover themselves with glory at the recent special session of that body. The investigation of the Senate committee into various departments of the State administration had disclosed the existence of unparalleled venality and corruption on the part of public officials, and an overwhelming public opinion demanded that at least one of these offenders, who by his own confession had made improper use of public moneys, should be impeached. The impeachment of the Governor for a gross and unwarranted use of the appointing power in constituting the Court of Pardons with especial reference to relieving the "Big Four" race-track gamblers from the punishment to which they had been condemned by the courts was also demanded by the press and the best public sentiment. The Republicans, being in control of both houses of the Legislature, were expected to adopt procedures to that end. Instead of doing so they permitted themselves to be seduced by pressure of some of the party leaders into a straight-out betrayal of their duty, so that, so far as they are concerned, the investigation has resulted in a flat and dismal failure. Then, too, the grand jury of Mercer County, where the capital is situated, drawn by a Republican sheriff, indicted only one of the principal offenders. To say that there is deep popular disappointment over these failures of the dominant party to subject faithless and dishonest public officials to the punishment they deserve, but freely expresses the general feeling throughout the State. As the case stands, the Republican party will be put on the defensive, where it might have made an aggressive fight for

civic righteousness, in the next campaign, and it will the support of thousands who, had it been true, would have voted for its candidates and strengthened hands for continuous work in the direction of reform.

## The Ideal Vacation.



BOSTON newspaper has recently published a number of interviews with representatives of various professions and pursuits, embodying ideas as to what constitutes "an ideal vacation." It might be expected, the participants in this symposium widely in their views. In

the nature of the case that every man's opinions on it, as on other matters, should be determined largely by his personal environment and the circumstances and conditions in which he lives. Age, also, as well as individual tastes, has much to do with the decision of all matters of personal enjoyment. Youthful enthusiasm and the sobriety of age see things with different eyes and estimate values in very different measures. So, too, the man of affairs, being under the pressure of grave responsibilities, will find the recreations which have a peculiar relish for the man who has no enjoyment whatever. Ex-Governor Long expresses in his interview just this thought when he says: "My ideal of a vacation is a farm on the top of a hill, with a view of fields and farms, hills and woods, orchard, meadow, and river," with the privilege of wandering far and near, tramping over the country roads, renewing the associations of rural life. Governor Hughes expresses the same idea with even greater emphasis when he says: "My ideal vacation is to be free from all seekers, in a place where I am not obliged to give opinion on matters which are not before me, or to consider speculative ideas; an opportunity to take rational physical exercise, and to pursue the study of literature, political justice and poetry, in the society of family and friends."

A prominent Boston lawyer describes his ideal vacation as "absolute vegetation—breathing, sleeping, floating in summer seas; that is all." Still another person expresses the thought that for those whose employment is routine change should be as absolute as it can be made.

And this, we think, is the true and proper view of the subject. That is the ideal vacation which most largely re-enforces the wasted mental and physical tissue—widens thought and experience, and builds up and equips the man as a whole. That high and beneficent end can only be surely accomplished when the vacation seems absolute divorce from normal employments and environment, and opens pages of nature and affords contact with phases of life not ordinarily studied. The office and the counting-room must find their antithesis in the restfulness of the seaside and the mountain, or in the hush and solitude of the farm side, or in the delicious indolence of a ocean voyage. The preacher, the lawyer, the man of letters, must replenish the depleted stores of vitality by getting into touch with nature's ruder forms—in the pleasures of the sportsman and in muscular pastimes regulated by good judgment. A week of fishing in some Adirondack lake, or of tramping amid the solitudes of the wilderness, will do more to brighten and refresh the jaded brain and body of such an one than all the medicaments known to all the pharmacists of the world. One of the ablest divines within our knowledge, who ranks as a worker among the foremost men of the pulpit, never having an idle hour for six months in the year, camps out for six weeks or so every summer in the heart of the North Woods, where he has established a reputation for expertness in taking trout and deer which fairly rivals his city fame as a preacher and fisher for men; and it is only in this way that he is able to do effectively the great and useful work which his calling devolves upon him. Men get awry physically and mentally because they get out of harmony with Nature; because they violate her laws and treat her warnings with disdain. It is only when they reconcile themselves to her demands and set their pulses to the rhythm of her own that they can fully recover the power to make the best possible use of their faculties.

Every year scores of men in every large community die of overwork—of a perverse misuse of the rich natural endowment which has been bestowed upon them. The world all around invites to rest and repose; the birds sing, the brooks babble, the mountains beckon, the sea waves, but they heed none of the voices that call. Delving, toiling, struggling—never at rest—they go on year after year accumulating burdens and cares, becoming more and more indifferent every day to life's kinder influences, to social and to public obligations, until at last, suddenly, the tense cord snaps, the vital forces stagnate, and there is an end of everything—just a bit of wreckage drifting helplessly on the world's hurrying currents. Possibly there are some men and women who are so held in the grip of adverse fortune that they cannot break away now and then from pitiless frets and worries and lie fallow for a day or two; all such must be objects of pity to every thoughtful observer; but as for those who, having opportunities of rest within easy reach, refuse to enjoy them—who persist in antagonizing nature and reason in their



eager lust for gold or some prize that will after a while turn to ashes in the grasp—the world can only regard their folly with amazement not unmingled with contempt.

### A Successful Journalist.



JOHN R. McLEAN.

THE great improvement made in the *Morning Journal* of this city is attracting public attention to its new owner. The task set for Mr. John R. McLean is a severe one, but if there is any man who can accomplish it, this vigorous Western journalist will do so. Mr. McLean, who is a self-made man in spite of a rich and admiring father, was born in Cincinnati, married in Washington, and recently initiated into the responsibilities of successful newspaper making in New York City. He is an erect, sturdily-proportioned man of some five feet ten inches in height, short-haired, keen-eyed, and full of the vim of the Scotch-Irishman tempered by the shrewdness of the Buckeye. Washington McLean, for many years one of the most potent Democratic factors in the public life of Ohio, and a highly-esteemed citizen of Cincinnati, founded there many years ago the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a daily newspaper distinctly alone in its class, a great money-maker, and a power for good or evil in the Queen City. Into its editorship and ownership John R. McLean grew up, manifesting from the beginning extraordinary sagacity in the judgment of men and affairs. He speedily became a very rich man, removed his residence to Washington—also the home of his sister, the wife of General Hazen, United States Army—and there married a beautiful and accomplished woman, who has made his handsome residence widely known for refined hospitality. Mr. McLean has recently purchased the *Morning Journal*, a New York newspaper which needed just such a thorough course of drastics and tonics as that through which he now is putting it with gratifying results. He retains his ownership of the *Enquirer*, a most valuable property, and his residence in Washington. The managers of the *Journal's* elder brothers in the morning field are watching its growth with that delightful mixture of anxiety and admiration which indexes the sincerest respect.



THE Irish citizens of the United States have done a good deal to promote the cause of home rule in Ireland, but there are some of them who are apparently anxious to bring both the cause and themselves into contempt. Nothing could be more absurd than a proposal to resort to armed intervention in behalf of Irish emancipation, and yet that is just what was suggested at a recent convention of Irish-American military organizations in this city. At this convention resolutions were adopted declaring that the time has arrived for Irishmen to unite and prepare for a grand armed struggle for the independence of Ireland, and with this end in view all the Irish military organizations in the country are urged to affiliate. Whether this means that another Fenian demonstration is to be undertaken from American soil, or some other method is to be adopted for breaking the British hold over Ireland, we have no means of knowing, but any scheme which may involve an appeal to force will cover those engaged in it with ridicule, and tend to weaken popular sympathy with the Irish cause.

Does prohibition prohibit? It certainly does not in Maine, where the principle has been applied under the best possible conditions. There, if anywhere in the world, public sentiment has been in sympathy with the law, and the conditions were peculiarly favorable to its enforcement. But it is not enforced. Proof of this fact is found in the circumstance that in some parts of the State leagues are being formed for the purpose of compelling the authorities to do their duty. In several towns, on a recent Sunday, all the clergy presided on the subject of the violation of the law and the protection of liquor-dealers by "political influence"—one of the number stating that there were in his town forty places which ought to be indicted for the sale of liquor contrary to law. Testimony like this from the friends of prohibition has a significance which cannot be underrated. It may not be conclusive, but it certainly demonstrates that the liquor-traffic cannot be suppressed or drunkenness cured by legislation, however drastic in character or sumptuary in its details. Undoubtedly prohibition has diminished the evils of the traffic and helped to destroy its influence as a factor in civic affairs, but it does not accomplish what its friends have claimed it would accomplish; it does not prohibit.

A NOVEL industry has recently been discovered by the Post-office Department. It consists in the furnishing of essays upon all sorts of subjects by a firm which has gone regularly into the business of supplementing the mental

indolence of college and high-school students. The circulars of the firm, which have been widely distributed, considerably offer to supply orations, essays, and debates at figures within the reach of the most impecunious student. Thus, for instance, an essay can be had as low as thirty-five cents a hundred words; high-school orations range from three to eight dollars, while college essays go as high as fifteen dollars. It does not appear whether the tendency to athletics in our institutions of learning is responsible for the growth of this particular industry, but it is easy to see that it will be of very great value to students who are more disposed to out-door sports of one sort or another than to the close study of their books. It is said that some of the college authorities have been anxious to secure the exclusion of literature of this kind from the mails, but it will gratify all friends of intellectual freedom to learn that they have failed in their effort. Why should barriers be lifted in the way of an enterprise of this character, which is so obviously designed to promote the literary proficiency of the rising generation?

THE international convention, recently held in London, of women interested in the temperance work was a notable demonstration of the deepening and widening interest which women are taking in all reformatory movements. Probably there has never been assembled in Great Britain a gathering so truly representative of the Christian and philanthropic sentiment of the enlightened women of the world as this, in which one hundred and fifty American delegates actively participated. One of the striking incidents of the convention was that, on the opening Sunday, two hundred London pulpits were occupied by women. But, notable as the gathering was, the London press seems to have given it little consideration, and the notice bestowed upon it was in some cases a great deal more insulting than commendatory in character. One conservative journal characterized the convention as composed of "blatant female agitators to whom taste and propriety are empty terms." When the Christian Endeavorers swarmed down upon this metropolis by the ten thousand, some two or three years ago, the daily newspapers were as much surprised and puzzled by the demonstration as the London journals seem to have been by the women's white-ribbon gathering, but New York journalism, instead of criticising and belittling, welcomed, and devoted itself to setting forth copiously the achievements of the visiting organizations, thereby not only maintaining its self-respect, but earning the hearty gratitude of a vast multitude of readers. English newspapers would do well to emulate this example of courtesy and true journalistic catholicity.

### Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE admirers of George Meredith (and they are no longer few) are to be congratulated on the appearance in permanent form of what have been known for many years as "the last stories," they having lain in the magazines of their first appearance. But now Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowman have brought them together in one volume under the title of "The Tale of Chloe, and Other Stories," and three very excellent examples of the great novelist's work are restored to readers who could ill spare the slightest scrap. The chief value of these stories in conjunction is that they offer a most admirable opportunity to see the man in his different moods and methods. They are an epitome of the man's genius. "The House on the Beach" is the least characteristic of the three stories, and therefore the least valuable. He calls it a realistic tale, but that is merely a satiric touch, for there is, in fact, but little realism in it, and but little reality. "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," though, is Meredith in one of his delightful states—a state of mad-cap humor and banter. The whole is a delicious farce, carried through in the highest mood of revelry; absurdly, irresistibly funny, full of potent, pungent satire and brilliant epigram. You are mounted on a wave of laughter from the opening chapter, that crisps and curls under you till the very end is reached, and the purely comic aspect of the man's work is shown as it is nowhere else. The distance between these two and the other, "The Tale of Chloe," is incalculable. As a recent appreciator said: "It is Meredith consummate." And so one feels at the finish of this early-century tragedy, told with all the master-craft of genius. It is full of subtlety and deftness in the delineation of character shades; there is a simple, beautiful pathos in the fated Chloe, a very delicate touch of comedy in Beau Beamish and his troublesome charge, the duchess; and lastly, a tragic note which is sounded from the very beginning, hardly perceptible, though, at first, but growing stronger and more firm, pervading one's senses rather than attracting the attention, until it startles with distinctness at the culmination in the midnight scene in Chloe's chamber. The whole effect is one of exquisite perfection, and, as is the case with all works of flawless art, it is difficult to speak of this in a temperate manner. To lovers of Meredith it is useless to recommend it; to all others I urge its reading as a duty due to literature.

I should think that the honor conferred by an election to the academy would be looked upon with some dubiety by French men of letters in these recent years, when two such men as Zola and Daudet remain without the fold.

Daudet's well-known letters to the *Figaro*, in 1888, I think it was, in which he said, "Je ne me présente pas, je ne me suis présenté, je ne me présenterai jamais à l'académie," of course entirely precludes any idea of his present or future candidature for membership; but Zola is evidently a man of coarser sensibility, for year after year, nothing daunted by rebuff and failure, he has knocked for admission among the "immortals," only to be refused, and to find mediocrity, or at least lesser ability, exalted over his head. At one time it was Pierre Loti, at another José Hérédia, and now it is Paul Bourget who has attained the coveted election to the "Forty." If it is a principle that he is contending for, a firm conviction that his position in French literature demands his place among those who are supposed to represent what is highest and best in that literature, then let him continue persistently and with energy to force his claims; but if it is the honor he seeks, the impalpable bauble which could add nothing to his fame, let him desist, and his name will be forever linked with those other immortals who in times past have failed to be considered worthy of a place among the ever living. Among them Molière, Pascal, Descartes, Beaumarchais, Balzac, and Alexander Dumas.

Now that a general reorganization and regeneration of our various courts is taking place, it seems to me that the time is very opportune for a change in the methods of procedure in favor with many of the numberless lawyers who practice in those courts. An evil that particularly pleads for attention and then abolition is the handling of witnesses by the attorneys of opposing sides. Intimidation, ridicule, and insult are resorted to with impunity, with little or no restraint from judges. It is only on the occasion of some notorious trial that these "roastings" of witnesses are brought to the public attention; but they are just as common in trials of little moment as they are in those of importance. Recorder Goff's tactics with the witnesses in the recent police investigation are a fair example of what I mean, though there was special excuse for him, considering the class of individuals he had to deal with. There is no excuse, however, for the treatment accorded to Mr. Sage in the recent trial of Laidlaw vs. Sage by one of our most eminent lawyers, Mr. Joseph H. Choate. That a man of his quality of mind and achievement should stoop to the methods of some pettifogging police-court hanger-on is ample argument in favor of restriction of the license countenanced by our courts.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



THE elaborate celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Professor C. C. Langdell's appointment as dean of the Harvard law school is a memorable event in its way. It must have given the venerable professor a firm conviction of the value of a first impression. While he was a student in the Harvard law school he happened to be eating his supper of brown bread and milk as he stood before the fire in a class-mate's room in the Divinity school, and his appearance and his manner of talking about the law deeply impressed a young junior named Eliot, who was present. "This is genius," said the junior to himself, and afterward, when he had become president of Harvard, he sought out Mr. Langdell in his New York law-office and offered him a professorship. His confidence in the lawyer was well repaid, for Professor Langdell put new life into the law school, and established there the scientific study of the law from its sources—from actual cases rather than from books.

Henry George has retired to his country home in Sullivan County to put the finishing touches on a book of political economy which is to be published in the fall. He is happily situated there among a colony of single-tax believers, to whose encouraging presence, perhaps, is due the fact of his expanding his new volume, originally designed to be a primer, into a comprehensive work. It may not be remembered that Mr. George was an early convert to faith in the bicycle as a prophylactic against doctors' bills. He restored his broken health by riding a wheel long before it had attained its present high rank as a vehicle.

M. de Hérédia, the new member of the French Academy, was in his youth a singularly handsome man—one who, according to François Coppee, "combined the nobility of the hidalgo and the grace of the creole." He is a Cuban by birth, but sufficiently in love with his adopted land to call her language "the finest that has issued from human lips since Homer." M. de Hérédia owes his literary rank in France to his sonnets, which, because of their polish and vigor, hold a high place in contemporary French literature.

George W. Julian, who was surveyor-general of New Mexico under Mr. Cleveland's first administration, and who lives in a suburb of Indianapolis, is the only survivor of the prominent leaders of the Free Soil party. Mr. Julian is now seventy-eight years old, but he is in excellent health and active with his pen, his name appearing frequently in the pages of the magazines. It is fifty years since he went to Congress for the first time, and forty since his candidacy for the Vice-Presidency.





SCENE FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



ARRESTED AS A SUSPECTED ANARCHIST IN TRAPALGAR SQUARE.



YOUNG LONDON IN THE WEST END.

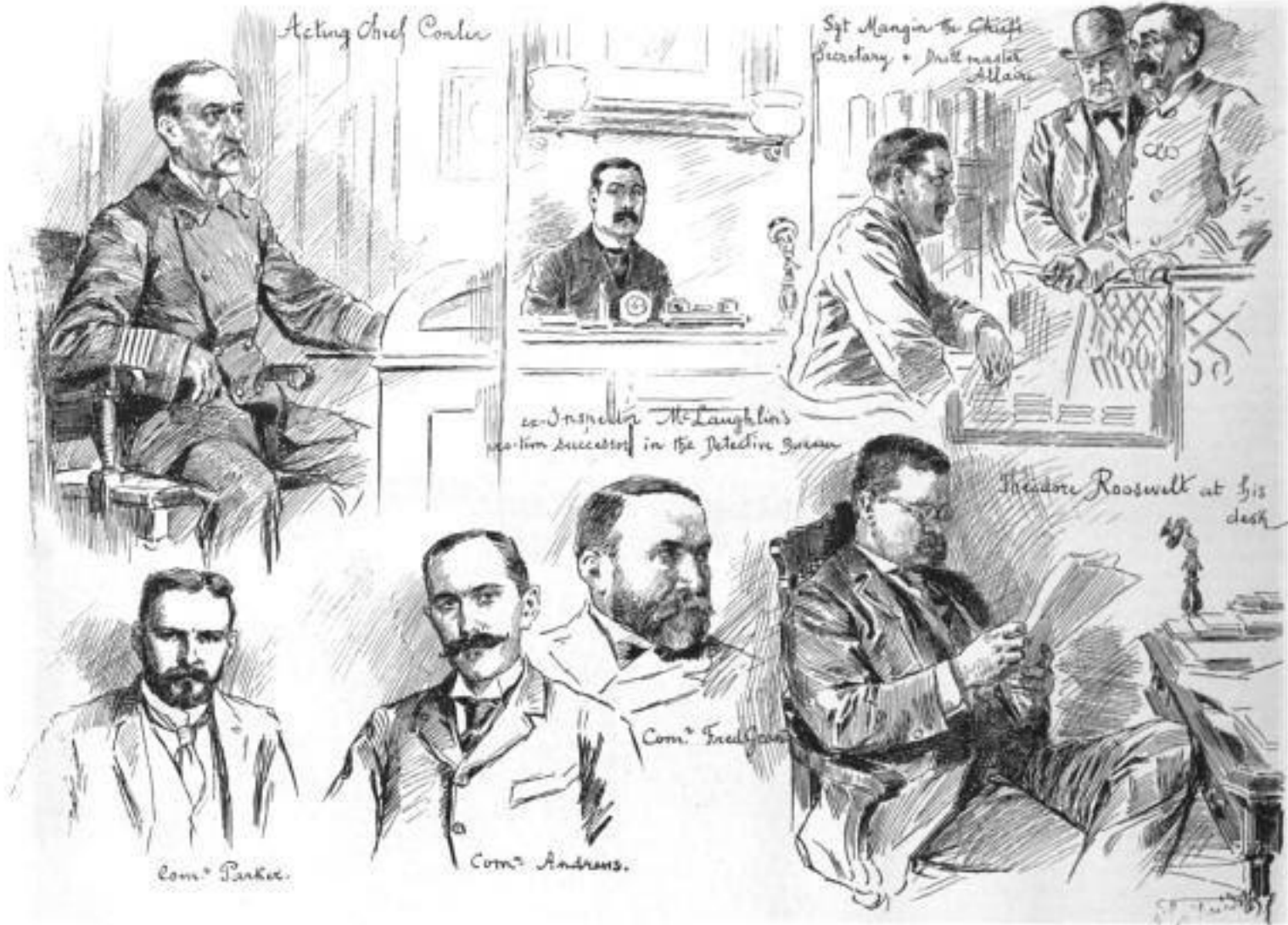


DANCING TO A STREET-ORGAN.



EARLY MORNING AT POCKINGTON CIRCLE.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER IN LONDON—PICTURES OF LIFE IN THE WEST END, THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SECTION OF THE METROPOLIS.  
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 10.]



REFORM IN THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT—THE NEW COMMISSIONERS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.—DRAWN BY GREBAYEDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



DECORATION-DAY CEREMONIES, MAY 30TH, 1865.



THE MONUMENT.

SCOTLAND'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN VALOR—DECORATING THE MONUMENT TO SCOTTISH-AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE OLD CALTON BURYING-GROUND, EDINBURGH.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER A. INGLIS.—[SEE PAGE 15.]



## Lady Kilpatrick.

(Continued from front page.)

"All that is left me now," continued Desmond, "is the thought of the grief I brought her."

"Ne'er believe it, lad," cried the old man. "Ne'er believe it. Ye brought her comfort and hope." He wiped his eyes. "Many's the time I've greet o'er your cradle, and noo, auld fule that I am, I'm greetin' again. Bide a bit, lad; God may help ye yet. There, there!" he continued, as the impulsive young fellow threw his arms about him. "Ye'll not be for hugging auld Peebles. Tak' the little lass in your arms and gie her one more kiss for luck."

"Desmond!" cried Dulcie, stretching her arms to him.

"Ma certie!" said Peebles, as the lovers embraced, "if I'd your youth, and sicca a mouth to kiss, I wadna care if the deil himself was my progenitor."

"Good-bye, my darling!" sobbed Desmond. "Good-bye, and God Almighty bless ye! I must go. Good-bye, good-bye!"

He tore himself from her arms and ran out of the house. Dulcie sank back upon a bench, and her tears ran unrestrainedly.

"Tak' heart, Lady Dulcie. Tak' heart!" said the good old man, patting her shoulder with one hand, as he wiped his own eyes with the other. "It's a sair trouble, but we'll maybe reconcile them yet."

"Oh, Mr. Peebles," sobbed the girl. "I love him."

"Any fule could see that!" said the old man, with a chuckle which was half a sob. "And I love him, too, the rascal. Ye must hasten home, Lady Dulcie. My lord needs comfort, and 'tis weel ye should be with him, for the boy's sake."

Dulcie dried her tears and called Rosie, who answered the summons at once.

"You'll watch him," she said to Peebles. "See that he comes to no harm."

"Trust me for that," said Peebles. "There, there, my bonny doo, tak' comfort. He'll be yours yet."

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Dulcie. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him with right good will. "That's for Desmond's sake. Mind, I trust in you."

"Peebles, ye auld villain!" said the astonished servant, "what's gane wi' your morality—lettin' the lassies kiss ye at your age! Awel! a kiss like that from a pure lass is better than a bad man's blessing. Never fear, Lady Dulcie; nae mischief shall befall Desmond Macartney while I can save him."

### VI.

#### THE MEETING IN THE GRAVEYARD.

THAT same night a cold, round moon was shining on the old graveyard, where the people of Kilpatrick had for many generations buried their dead; a place of green and grassy graves, with here and there a simple cross of stone or wood. It was a lonely place, a lonely hour, and with the rising moon came a chilly night wind, stealing from grave to grave and lifting the grass upon them as a cold hand might lift the hair of human heads.

The silence of the spot was broken by the sound of a slow but firm footstep approaching along the winding pathway that led to the village. A tall woman, with a shawl about her head, and clad in a material so dark as to pass for black in the moonlight, entered the graveyard and stood looking toward the height on which the castle stood. She looked long and earnestly before she spoke.

"It's the time I named," she murmured, in a deep, inward-sounding voice. "Will he come, I wonder? Maybe he'll think it's an idle message, and never guess who sent it, for he thinks me dead and gone long years ago. I must speak with him, and hear tidings of my boy. Oh, saints in heaven, that know the aching of a mother's heart, ye've given me strength to bear my trouble all these years—give me strength now, and pity the weakness that brought me here, maybe to get a glimpse of my darling son!"

She leaned against a rugged, wind-blown tree, with her forehead supported on her arm, then, sliding to the ground, bent her head in prayer, an appeal of which only an occasional word could have been heard by any chance listener, though the fervor of her supplication shook her whole body with a passionate tremor. She was so lost for the moment to all sense of her surroundings that a loud and cheerful whistle, coming along the path she had herself traveled but a few minutes previous, fell unheeded on her ear, and the grave-digger, returning for his pick and shovel, was close upon her before she recognized his presence.

She rose with a start, and the suddenness of her apparition made the intruder's music stop with a ludicrous suddenness.

"Musha!" he cried. "What's that, at all? 'Tis a woman. Bedad, I took ye for a ghost."

"I'm flesh and blood, like yourself," she answered.

"But why were ye kneeling there?" he asked, still fearfully.

"I was only saying a prayer," she answered.

"A mighty queer place to say your prayers in," said the grave-digger, crossing himself. "Unless," he added as an after-thought, and more gently, "ye've any kith or kin lying here."

"No," said the woman; "I am a stranger."

"Well, good luck t'ye, whoever ye are," said the grave-digger. "I'll just get the pick and the spade, and leave ye to your devotions." He jumped into an open grave at a little distance.

"I can finish this in the morning," he added to himself. "Another two feet 'll do it."

"Who's to be buried there?" she asked, as he clambered out with his tools in his hand.

"A poor colleen that kilt herself for love. Leastways, she drowned herself, but wint out of her mind first, to make sure of Christian burial. Are ye livin' hereabouts, my woman?"

"Yes," she answered. "I've a lodging down at the old mill."

"Musha!" said the grave-digger, "that's a lonesome place."

"The more fit, maybe," she answered, "for a lonesome woman."

"Will ye be going now?" asked the man, looking at her with some anxiety.

"Presently," she answered. "Sure, I'm doing no harm."

"Scorra the bit," he said; "but I'm thinking that there's not many women—or men, ayther, for that matter—who'd care to walk this graveyard at night, seel' that it's haunted. Well, tastes differ, and so good luck t'ye."

"And good luck to you," the woman answered.

The man shouldered his tools and went off, resuming his interrupted whistle. The woman looked anxiously down the road.

"It's past the time I named," she said to herself, "and no sign of him yet."

She walked to the low wall which separated the graveyard from the road, and stood there, watching so keenly that the sound of a footstep approaching from the opposite side of the churchyard failed to wake her attention. The unseen passenger, who was no other than Mr. Fergus returning homeward after a wetish evening with a client beyond the village, caught sight of her tall, gaunt figure clearly outlined against the pale flood of moonlight which deluged the sky.

"Who's that, now?" he asked himself, with a start. "A woman or a taiseb? A Christian soul or an ugly spirit? Wake me soul to glory, I'm sorry I took this road, for it's lonesome for a lawyer with long arrears of conscience to make up; and faith, here's another of 'em coming the way I ken myself. No, 'tis a man this time—a living man, bless the saints! I'll step along with him for company. Am I drunk or dreamin'? 'Tis that ould omdhann, Peebles, the steward! 'Tis mighty queer! What can bring a quiet man like that down here at night-time? He jubes! If it isn't an assignation with that faymale. The old rascal, I'll keep out of his way and watch what he's after."

He slid cautiously over the wall and established himself in the shadow of a grave-mound, just as Peebles's lean figure emerged into the clear moonlight.

The old man paused at the wicket gate.

"I saw some one here—I'd swear till it, and noo there's no sign of any living thing. Lord save us! it's a grewsome place. Well, grewsome or no grewsome, I'll o'en see it through. She's there!" he exclaimed, catching sight of the woman's figure. "Ahem! Wasn't you, lass, that sent the message to Mr. Peebles?"

The woman turned with a start.

"At last!" she cried. "Thank God!"

"Good e'en t'ye, whoever ye are," said Peebles. "I'm here at your service, though I ken little enough what it is ye want o' me. 'Twas of Moya Macartney ye wanted to speak—the puir lassie that died lang syne."

"Of Moya Macartney, sure enough," answered the woman. "But she never died. She's alive this day, and nearer than ye think."

"Guide us!" exclaimed Peebles. "Ye say she's leavin'! Moya Macartney leavin'?"

The woman turned her face to the moonlight and let her shawl, which had hidden it, fall back upon her shoulders. The old man crept nearer, peering on her with a look of compact expectation, incredulity, and a touch of superstitious horror. The face was white, thin, and wrinkled, but yet retained vestiges of a beauty which must perforce have been great to withstand the ravages of time. The great black eyes dwelt on Peebles's face, and the thin lips murmured a name which struck on the astonished ears like a veritable echo from the grave.

"Moya!" he cried; "Moya Macartney? No! It can't be!"

"It is, sir," said Moya. "I'm Moya Macartney. Old and gray now, Mr. Peebles, but the same colleen ye knew once in Kenmare."

The hidden listener raised his head cautiously above the grave-mound.

"Saints preserve us!" he muttered, and taking advantage of Peebles's wonder and consternation, crept from grave to grave nearer him and his companion.

"Miracle of miracles!" cried the old man. He extended a trembling hand and took that which Moya held out in answer. It was as real, and warmer and steadier than his own. "Aye! ye're flesh and blood; but—what does it mean?"

"Sure, it's a long story," said Moya, "but I'll tell it ye in as few words as I can. When I left my child and went away broken-hearted, I little thought to live another day; but my courage failed me, and I feared to face my Maker before my time. I lived on, unknown and far away. But I heard news from time to time of my son. I knew that he was growing up happy, and ignorant, thank God! of his mother's shame."

"Puir lass!" said Peebles. "Puir lass! And it's been for his own sake that ye've held aloof from him all these years—never shown your face or spoke a word?"

"Sure, why should I? 'Twas enough for me to think that maybe, when he thought that I was dead, my lord's heart might be turned to the poor, friendless boy, and that he might crue into his father's heart and earn his love. I said to myself a thousand times, 'God bless him! I'll never disgrace him. He shall never learn that his poor mother's still living on this weary earth.'"

"But ye've come at last, Moya," said Peebles, wiping his eyes; "ye've come at last to—"

"Only to hear of his happiness—only, maybe, to get one glimpse of his face. Oh, sir! if I could do that same I'd die happy, for the heaviness of years is on me, and I've not long to live. Speak to me! Tell me of him! Is he well and happy?"

"Weel!" repeated Peebles. "Aye! he's weel enough. Happy! Aye, he's as happy as maist folk, for it's a wearyin' world." He paused, looking pityingly at Moya, and then resumed in a hesitating manner.

"I've news for ye that I fear will not be over welcome to ye. 'Twas only yesterday he learned the truth. He found out that Lord Kilpatrick is his father, and with that, puir lad, he shook the dust from his feet and fled away from his father's house."

"My God!" cried Moya. "But who could him? Not you, sure?"

"I!" cried Peebles. "I, that has guarded the secret these eighteen years, and burdened me conscience in endless leas for the puir lad's sake and yours? But ye're distraught, puir creature, and sma' wonder. No, no, Moya! He was taunted wi' his birth by a wicked whelp—his cousin, Richard Conseltine's son—and a' came out."

"And then?" cried Moya.

"My lord begged him to stay, offered to make him his lawful heir, but he refused the siller and cursed his father in his mother's name. Ah, don't greet, woman, or I'll be greetin' too! Your name's deepest in the lad's heart, and first upon his lips."

"God bless him!" sobbed the heart-broken mother. "But what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Let me take ye to him," said Peebles. "Eh, lass, but the boy's heart will leap for joy to know you're alive."

"No!" said Moya, shrinking back. "No, no! Let things be as they are. It's better, far better that he should think me dead. Alive, I shall only shame him more. Just let me see him, let me look into his eyes and hear his voice—'tis all I ask of heaven, and I'll go back to where I came from and never trouble him again."

At that moment, as if in answer to the impassioned prayer of the lonely heart, a voice rose at a hundred yards' distance. Peebles started at the sound.

"Two! I love thee forever, my darling, and go, Thy image shall haunt me in sunshine and snow; Like the light of a star shining over the foam, Thy face shall go with me wherever I roam."

"Lord save us!" cried Peebles. "'Tis himself."

"Who?" cried Moya, wildly. "Desmond? My son?"

"Aye! your son, Desmond. Whoest, woman! He's coming this way."

"Though waves roll between us, sweet star of my love, Thy voice calls unto me—"

Desmond's voice rose again as he spoke, nearer and more distinct.

"Mr. Peebles!" he cried, pausing in his song to scrutinize his old friend's figure in the moonlight. "It's late for you to be out here among the graves. Who's that with ye?"

Peebles hesitated. Moya touched him lightly on the arm.

"It's just a puir peasant body. She's strange to these parts, and was asking the way."

Moya had gathered her shawl about her face again, and a sob broke from her.

"Sure, she's in trouble," Desmond added, pityingly.

"Yes, sir," said Moya, conquering herself. "I'm in bitter trouble. And by the same token there's trouble in your heart, too."

"In mine?" said Desmond, forcing a laugh, not very successfully.

"Ye favor one I used to know," said Moya.

"Will ye tell me your name?"

"My name?" said Desmond, hesitatingly. "Well, why not? My name's Desmond Macartney."

"Desmond Macartney?" the woman repeated. "I'll not forget it. Sure, I'd once a boy of me own, as wate to look upon as yourself. It's proud your mother should be of such a son."

"My mother is dead," said Desmond. "She died long ago—when I was but a child. Good-night t'ye, and God help ye through your trouble."

"Where are you going, Desmond?" asked Peebles.

"To the farm yonder; they'll put me up for the night."

"Wait for me there to-morrow. I must see ye."

"I'll wait," said Desmond. He looked again at Moya, who was crying unrestrainedly. "Poor soul!" he said. "She seems to have a heavy grief."

"She has," said Peebles. "She's lost all the folk she loves."

"Like me," said Desmond. "Well, well! 'Though I love thee forever,' he began singing again as he turned away, till interrupted by the stranger's voice.

"Sir—Mr. Desmond?" cried the woman, suddenly; "they say that the blessing o' one broken heart may help to heal the trouble of another. Will ye kneel down in the holy place and take a poor creature's blessing?"

"Sure," said Desmond, "it's only one blessing in the whole world that I seek, and that I can never have—the blessing of my own dead mother."

"Maybe it might come through me. I'm a mother, too."

"Humor her, laddie," said Peebles, gently. "Humor her. Her sorrow's great."

Desmond took off his cap and knelt with bent head. It seemed long before the voice broke the solemn stillness, but when at last it was audible it was strangely firm.

"May the Lord watch over ye, now and forever! May the mouth of the mother that bore ye quake through me, and bring ye happiness, health, and peace! May your days be long in the land, till you're old and gray like me. But, oh, may ye never know my trouble or lose what I have lost. Amen! Amen!"

"And may God bless you!" said Desmond, rising, deeply touched by the solemn words and the deep, rich voice which had spoken them.

"And now," said Moya, "will ye let a poor creature kiss your forehead, for the sake of her own son that she'll never see again?" She took his hand between her hands and pressed her lips to his brow in a long embrace. "The Lord be with you, Desmond Macartney."

With no other word she turned and left the graveyard, Peebles following her after a hasty reminder to Desmond of their engagement for the morrow.

It was not till some minutes later, when Desmond's voice rose again on the air at a considerable distance, that Fergus rose to his feet.

"Mills murder!" he said softly to himself. "But this bates cock-fighting. Moya Macartney alive! And what would my lord and Mr. Conseltine say to that, I wonder?"

(To be continued.)

## The Brooklyn Bicycle Parade.

THERE has been no more striking illustration of the growing popularity of the bicycle than was afforded by the annual meet of the New York State division of the League of American Wheelmen, which occurred in Brooklyn on the 15th ultimo, and the parade, under the auspices of the Good Roads Association, of thousands of riders, men and women, over the new cycle path from Prospect Park to Coney Island. Never before in this State was a parade of equal size and picturesqueness witnessed by an equally numerous throng of spectators. The parade was formed of three divisions, of which the third attracted most attention, owing to the fact that it included more women and girls than either of the others, and was headed by three little girls in gay attire. The procession was fifty minutes in passing the reviewing-stand, and was greeted from first to last with admiring plaudits. Nearly all the young women riders wore bloomers, but among the makes there was a great variety of costumes. We illustrate some striking features of the parade on another page of this issue.



## Urban Dialogues—II.

"JACK OLIVER knows," I heard Maxwell say from his seat at the head of the table: "don't you, Oliver?"

"Yes; what is it?" said I.

Every one laughed, but I hadn't heard what the old duffer was talking about; and besides, Kitty Ivor was sitting next me. How could he expect me to be listening to his dazy old coach tales?

"That's a safe witness for you, Maxwell," said Trundel, a fat little man whom I loathed.

"Was I two minutes behind when we drew up at the hotel?" questioned Maxwell, earnestly—as if it was any difference how late or early he was.

"Just fifty-nine seconds by my gold watch and chain," I replied.

"There," said Maxwell, conclusively, to the three or four on either side of him, who couldn't escape his loquacity. As for me, I turned my attention once more to Kitty Ivor.

"What an old bore Maxwell is."

"I think him a dear," said she.

"That's commendation enough for any one—even Maxwell. But surely you don't like Tommy Trundel?"

"No, I don't. I think him disgusting—and 'fast'."

"Fast?" said I. "I didn't know there were any 'fast' men over here."

"You didn't?"

"No. I thought that some were only less slow than others." I said this very gravely, and wondered how she'd take it.

"When will you New-Yorkers get tired of that joke?" she rejoined, coolly enough, taking a sip of champagne. She had a remarkably pretty hand.

"When it ceases to be applicable," said I, hoping to lead her on to one of those pretty little ebullitions of temper that are so becoming to her. But she was irritatingly calm.

"Oh, well; we'll hope to catch up to New York some day."

"That's not impossible. I see we are to be connected by the trolley soon," said I, still playing for an outburst. "But I'm afraid that will only pay one way."

"Which way?"

"To New York." I did succeed in getting an impatient little "oh" this time, so I thought it worth while continuing.

"I believe thoroughly in civic pride and all that," I went on (I had heard "civic pride" at a Good Government Club meeting and thought it rather good); "but now tell me candidly, don't you think you Quakers overdo it a little? What have you got to be proud of?"

She was about to speak, but I interrupted and went on:

"Of course you'll tell me about that wonderful shop, but we've a dozen better; and your mint, but we spend more in a day than you coin in a month" (this was rather an irrelevant and inaccurate statistic, but it answered for my purpose); "and your City Troop, but we've got two of 'em; and your Liberty Bell, which is cracked, after all; and your Independence Hall, which doesn't touch our Tammany; and your revolving William Penn, who isn't in it with our Diana. All these, I know, you'll tell me of, and more, too, but I'll outpoint you two to one every time."

She seemed to have regained her composure by this time, and when I had finished she said:

"You've forgotten our university."

"Quite," said I. "Have you one?"

"I believe Harvard discovered that we had one last autumn," she rejoined, maliciously; for she knew I was a Harvard man, and that the defeat at foot-ball still rankled. I give her credit for leading me into this little trap very cleverly.

"Oh, I do remember something of that." I must have said it rather lamely, for she laughed out until a fine-looking, old gray-haired chap sitting opposite asked for her joke.

"It's nothing," she said, cheerily, and he resumed talk with his neighbor.

"Who's that?" I whispered.

"That's another one of our institutions you forgot to mention," she whispered back.

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Family. He had a great-great-grandfather."

"How interesting! What did he do with him?" She seemed a bit annoyed at what probably seemed to her sacrilegious flippancy, so I said:

"Well, I shan't tease you any more."

"Tease me? You rate your efforts rather high."

"Do you mean to say that, after all, you wouldn't rather live in New York?"

"I shouldn't live in New York if Philadelphia didn't exist," she said, quickly.

"What?" I fairly gasped; for she really meant it.

"No, I shouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like your people."

"Why, Polly Ramsen is your best friend—and where do I come in?"

"Of course you and Polly are the exceptions; and that's just the point: I like all New-Yorkers individually; I don't approve of them collectively."

"That's rather abstract, isn't it?"

"Well, it may be, but it's exactly the way I feel about it."

"Explain."

"I don't know as I can."

"It might do me some good."

"Well, I can't resist that possibility," she smiled charmingly, and I began to think that, after all, Philadelphia might be bearable.

"You see, it's this way," she went on. "Take you separately and you are charming and interesting, but take you altogether, as a class, you are stupid snobs."

"Come, I say, that's rather hard."

"Yes, because it's true. You have no standard—unless it's the gold standard—"

"That's safe enough, isn't it?" said I.

"I don't mean politics. I mean socially. Money is the sesame to the best you have."

"The price of admission is high, though."

"That's just it; the very reason why you are losing all your distinction and are becoming commonplace."

"Commonplace?" I ejaculated.

"Yes; that is the chief characteristic of your society—of all society founded upon wealth, with nothing more valuable to give it character."

"What's more valuable than wealth, I'd like to know?"

"What's the matter with a little bit of tradition?" said she, rather pointedly, I thought; and just then Mrs. Maxwell gave the signal for the ladies to leave the room, and we all rose. Miss Ivor gave me a funny little smile as she went through the doorway, and I couldn't help wondering which one of us had come out ahead.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## Reform in the New York Police Department.

THE past few weeks have witnessed a mighty transformation in the workings of the police system of the city of New York. To speak more correctly, perhaps, the system itself has undergone so thorough an overhauling as to be practically a new thing of itself, and law-abiding New-Yorkers may at last congratulate themselves upon the fact that, despite the machinations of politicians and all the evil influences at work since last election to rob them of the fruits of their great victory, the tangible results of this event are now beginning to be felt from the Battery to beyond the Harlem. For all of which we have, in the first place, to thank the honorable and fearless executive in the mayoralty chair; and secondly, the four able and patriotic citizens whom he has appointed to the police board, namely, Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, Avery D. Andrews, and Andrew D. Parker.

The change wrought by these four gentlemen during their short tenure of office is already apparent on a single visit to police headquarters, such as I made a week ago. The very atmosphere of the place is different. Surlyness, nay, positive rudeness, was until recently a marked characteristic of the officials toward all comers not provided with a "pull." Since President Theodore Roosevelt announced that the police should consider themselves servants—not masters—of the people, a civil question elicits a civil answer from the members of the "Finest," of all grades. The demoralizing presence of that arch perverter of justice, Alexander S. Williams, no more pervades the portals of the huge building, nor are its corridors blocked up with the great unwashed of the Fourteenth Street Wigwag and their so-called Republican allies—Republicans in name only. Police headquarters now resembles a huge commercial house where the business of the day is transacted in an orderly, business-like manner, regardless of politics and politicians, with the sole purpose of serving the public interests.

Those who predicted that the substitution of four men of culture and education—four gentlemen, in short—for the illiterate, unscrupulous, and greedy politicians hitherto disgracing the police commission, would result in an epidemic of crime throughout the metropolis, have since received overwhelming proof of their error. About the only evil-doers seem, as usual, to be the police themselves, but these worthies are being brought around with a very sharp turn by Theodore Roosevelt's midnight tactics. Like Haroun Al Raschid, the president of the police board has patrolled his domain during the wee' sma' hours to discover that a large percentage of his men were shirking their duty in a flagrant manner—some sleeping in doorways, some regaling themselves in saloons, and thus ad infinitum. Severe penalties have already been administered to those

delinquents, as to all violators of the police rules, while really deserving officers have received praise and promotion. In brief, the present police board of the city of New York, considering its limited powers, has already performed wonders in the way of reform. This, however, can only be complete when the Legislature passes the much-to-be-desired police reorganization bill which the wiles of politicians effectively suppressed during the last session.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

## Varnishing Day at the Paris Salon.

IT would be an amusing task for a statistician with an original mind to estimate how many pairs of eyes looked critically at the sky on the morning of Varnishing Day. So much depended on the sun! Éclat, good-humor, the ephemeral delicacy of pale, soft gowns, all waited upon the beneficent smile of the round-faced monarch of the heavens, who, alas! could not be cajoled by the subtlest of feminine arts.

He was kind, however; he was in a mood befitting the ushering in of May. Paris, with its millions of trees abloom and its smooth, far-stretching streets where light and shadow played, was a dream of beauty; a sight to trouble and delight the senses like a vanishing, elusive perfume, or a strain of music which awakens without satisfying.

"All the world goes to Vernissage," so I had often been told, yet scarcely realized how true it was until, after a drive down the Champs Élysées, the sober, gray building with flag-decked entrance came in sight. All the world was there indeed. On both sides of the famous avenue "the masses" were packed, ten deep; carriages of every description crawled in a long line, like a black serpent, around the Point of the Place and emptied their contents before the great doors; the clarion-like calls of newsboys selling catalogues, and the warring voices of belligerent coacheers struggling for position at the curb, filled the warm, syringa-scented air.

The crowd was divided into two classes—those who went and those who couldn't. The first was composed of great ladies of family whose names commenced with "de," and young noblemen of the old régime; of the merely wealthy; of celebrities from atelier and theatre, or whose names were household words on the covers of books; of long lines of *demi-mondaines* who have their recognized place in Parisian life, and who set the fashions for the aforesaid blue-blooded dames; of visiting Americans and English, with a sprinkling of more northern and Oriental races; of the artists themselves, to whom this was the day of days, the fulfillment of desire and effort.

And the crowd watching! Ah, how alert is the pavement crowd of Paris!—quiet, well-mannered, patient, soft of voice. The types massed there were worth studying, for you saw threadbare, wistful-eyed students, bare-headed *blanchisseuses* and shop-keepers, young soldiers fresh from the country in uniforms much too big, street gamins in the inevitable "beret," so like our Tam O'Shanter, and port-faced milliners' apprentices in cheap, saucy bonnets, sent there to make notes on the spring toilettes which made their debut from the pasteboard boxes that day.

The vestibule was a great, graveled space filled with a loitering, gossiping crowd. It was dusty, but no one thought of lifting a skirt—at least no one Parisian did; rare, soft-hanging crêpons and silks bearing the inimitable touch of Doanet or Suzanne Prince from the famous Rue de la Paix were ruthlessly trailed along the paths. It is *à la mode* to be extravagant in Paris. And the paintings, the sculpture, the miniatures! They are coming in proper sequence, for I assure you it is a regretted fact, they do not hold the supreme place at Vernissage—the gown first, art afterward. *C'est évident.*

Distinct among the sculpture on the ground floor, and where the frosted light from a high dome made a glory around her lifted, inspired head, was the figure of Joan of Arc by Paul Dubois. She was as martial as a man, astride her horse, her cuirass covering an indomitable heart. Just beneath the charger's lifted hoof lay, as a tribute, a loose bunch of superb red roses, showing like blood-drops against the bronze. The French love and reverence, beyond expression, the inspired maid of Orleans; her statue in the public square is never without its memorial of fresh flowers, placed there quietly by private citizens.

"Why do you all adore her so?" I asked the little French woman beside me. "Why even more than Napoleon?"

She glanced through her dotted veil at an Englishwoman moving slowly along, her chignon or "English bun" very pronounced under a masculine sailor hat.

"Dieu!" she said, and all her feathers rustled. "We would have been English but for the great Jeanne. I might have been happy with a coiffure like that." KATE JORDAN.

## Betting on the Races.

THE adoption of the constitutional amendment prohibiting book-making and pool-selling has produced a wonderful change on the race-tracks of New York. Racing in this State is now in the hands of gentlemen and sportsmen instead of being conducted by professional gamblers and sporting men. At the meetings so far held since the adoption of the amendment to the State constitution and the enactment of the racing statute under it, there has been betting, to be sure, but it has been betting of an entirely different character than ever before. It is against the law to take money when bets are recorded, or to give any evidence of the transaction on either side. The operations are based on credit, on honor. An unknown man, an unsound man, cannot bet, however much he would like to. Then, again, the book-makers not of sound and established reputation cannot get better than to trust them. This bars out the small betterers who cannot be trusted to make good their losses, and it shuts out also the dishonest book-makers, who have been a disgrace even to the ranks of gamblers. For a gentleman to bet what he chooses now it is necessary that he should have an acquaintance with a book-maker and be considered by him a man of punctilious honor in the settlement of racing debts and gambling debts. In the absence of this acquaintance, an introduction by some one in whom the book-maker has confidence would be enough. That introduction, in case his friend lost and did not pay, would probably be called on to settle, and probably, also, he would feel that he was in honor responsible. When each bet is made each party records it, with the address of the other. The next day the loser is expected to send a check to the winner. Now, in case a person who is not known to a book-maker and cannot get a satisfactory introduction wishes to bet, that person can easily establish a credit with the book-maker by making a deposit with him to the amount he wishes to bet. This deposit should be made in town before the races, as it is specifically against the law for money to be passed on the race-course.

This is very similar to the English method of betting, except that the English settle once a week, on Mondays, at Tattersall's. Very likely there will be established in New York a club at which settlements can be made, and where also book-makers can be seen the day before and the morning of the races and a credit arranged for. In England a man who defaults in his racing bets is called a "welcher," and a "welcher" is considered of all men the most scoundrelly. No one is so mean as to take his part, and whether he be lord or tradesman or petty tout, he is thereafter beyond the pale of decency, and even thieves of the higher scale would refuse to associate with him.

Whether public opinion in America will ever take this view of "welching" or not it is hard to say; if it does, however, the credit system of betting on race-courses is likely to prove popular and entirely satisfactory. And it is likely, also, to spread, and to be used in other States, for New York and New Jersey are not alone among the States as to statutes against betting at horse-races. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois, Virginia, besides in many other States, there are laws against pool-selling and book-making. It is likely that the credit method of betting would not in any of these States be construed by the courts as an infringement of the statutes. The system is on trial now in New York. So far it has worked with uncommon smoothness. Coming back from the races the men's cabins of the ferry-boats are used to some extent by the book-makers as places for settlement. This probably will not be done when the system is better understood by both book-makers and speculators.

The attendance at the races this year is not so great as it was in previous years, when any one with a two-dollar bill at command could tempt fortune in an effort to pick a winner. Now the lowest sum a book-maker will wager against is five dollars. It is a pity that the minimum should not be raised to ten. That would bar out the small people who on every account should not be given any facilities to bet. It was among persons of moderate means, men of small salaries and uncertain income, that the old-time racing methods were especially mischievous. Though the attendance is not so great as formerly, it has in it a greater percentage of entirely respectable people. Indeed, pretty nearly every one in attendance appears to be respectable, and the flashy women who used to keep an army of messenger-boys busy taking their money from the grand-stand to the betting-ring are conspicuous by their absence. The touts, too, who used to be on the lookout for green-horns, are no longer in evidence, and the class long known as "rail-birds" appear to have vanished entirely. The race-courses are healthier, more wholesome, and pleasanter places than they have been in many years, and it is to be hoped that the régime of the sportsmen will be long and prosperous. PHILIP POINDEXTER.

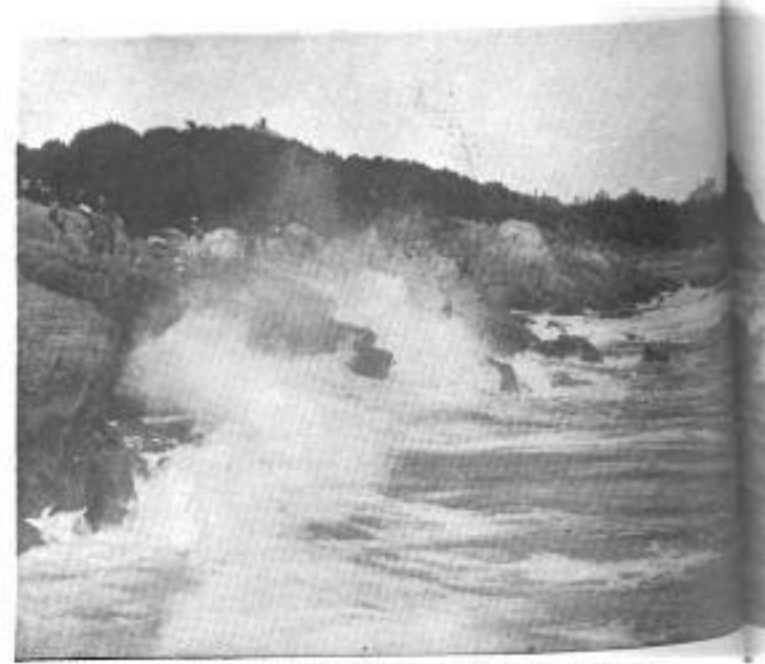




A BROOK IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY.



ALONG THE "FRENCH BROAD" IN NORTH CAROLINA.  
Photograph by Lindsey.



THE SURF AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.



A NEW ENGLAND LIGHTHOUSE.



A NEW ENGLAND LAKE.



A NEW ENGLAND RIVER.

SUMMER OUTINGS ON LAND AND WATER—GLIMPSES OF MONTANA



VIEWING A YACHT RACE.



A DAY'S YACHTING.  
Copyrighted Photograph by C. E. Bolha.



LES LAKE.



OFF THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.



AN OLD FOREST ROAD IN LUCERNE COUNTY, PA.  
Photograph by Ostrander.



APR.



UNACHING IN THE CADSKILLS.  
Photograph by C. E. Bolha.



BEACH AT NEW LONDON, CONN. OUTLOOK.  
Photograph by C. E. Bolha.



MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS—A TYPICAL FISHING VILLAGE.



BATHING AT ROCKAWAY, NEW YORK.

VALLEY, LAKE, AND SEA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND DRAWING BY FRED B. SCHILL.



## WITH A PHOTOGRAPHER IN LONDON.

## WEST-END VIGNETTES.

To an observant visitor who is in London even for the first time, it soon becomes obvious why the West End is the more attractive part of the metropolis. It has not fully as many antiquarian interests as the East Central division, which is much older, and includes the city of London with the Tower and the Inns of Court. It has, however, infinite interests for any one at all acquainted with English history and literature of a later period, or for the student of present-day English life; and even as regards antiquarian interests, this end of London possesses the Abbey and the great hall of Westminster, while its buildings of a more modern date to which historic interest attaches are innumerable. It is the brightest and most open region of central London. It has its dismal courts and its back streets; no city with a history is without these; but it is intersected by numerous broad, sweeping thoroughfares; it is dotted all over with great residential squares, and it contains more than three thousand acres of parks and public gardens. It is the political and official, as well as the residential and pleasure end of London; and its streets are stamped with these characteristics. The Parliament Houses and Whitehall, Buckingham and Kensington palaces, Pall Mall and Chancery, Mayfair, Belgrave and Tiburnia, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross and Regent Street, and all that these famous places mean, are comprised in the western half of London.

Its landmarks are familiar to people all over the world, to thousands who never set foot on English soil. Two of the great landmarks are illustrated in Mr. Hemmell's pictures. Westminster Abbey and Piccadilly Circus are familiar to even those who know London only from its literature. To people who have lived in London this view of the abbey recalls an exhilarating prospect, second only, if not equal, to that to be had in a walk from Brooklyn to New York across the great bridge. It is taken from the St. Stephen's end of Westminster Bridge, the most airy and graceful of the Thames iron bridges, and from a vantage-point which in one direction commands a view of the Houses of Parliament on the north bank of the river, with the magnificent hospital of St. Thomas' and the old ecclesiastical palace of Lambeth on the south side. These are to be seen looking westward from the bridge. Eastward is the Thames Embankment, extending from Westminster to Blackfriars, and forming the finest boulevard in the metropolis; while beyond Blackfriars Bridge rises the dome of St. Paul's. To the right of the picture is the facade of the St. Stephen's Club House; while to the left is Palace Yard, now included in the precincts of the Houses of Parliament, but years ago the scene of great meetings of the electors of Westminster, and of the old-fashioned electioneering for which the city of Westminster was famous in the days when English politics had not assumed their present hues of drab, and when the elections were picturesque and lively.

Piccadilly Circus is for the West End what the Bank and the Mansion House are to eastern London. It terminates one of the greatest fashionable shopping streets of London, and from the Shaftesbury memorial fountain, which adorns the circus, connections can be made by omnibus with any part of the metropolis. Londoners are jealous of their streets, and of none more so than of the thoroughfares of West London. On the north side of the Thames in the western half of London there is not a single street-railway, although for six miles westward from Piccadilly Circus there extends a thickly-peopled district in which are located at least one-seventh of London's five millions of population. Omnibuses are the only lines of surface travel in this vast region, and it is no doubt owing to the unique position they hold in the economy of London that London omnibuses have come to be the most pleasant road vehicles in the world. A ride on any of the thousands of well-housed and well-appointed omnibuses which make Piccadilly Circus a stopping-point is almost as enjoyable as a seat on a private drag. In ordinary weather travel is pleasant inside or outside of these vehicles, and at any time it is infinitely preferable to travel on the underground railroad.

Within the last ten years there has been a complete revolution in the style of the London omnibus. Then it was not considered ladylike for a woman to ride on the outside. Nowadays women go in or out as suits their fancy, and it often happens that a man who desires to be polite must take an inside seat in order to oblige a lady who wants to ride on the outside. This change in the traditions and etiquette of street travel is due almost entirely to the evolution of the London omnibus. Outside passengers

formerly sat back to back on seats down the middle of the roof. Now, on all the modern omnibuses, the passengers face forward, and instead of the old risky ladder by which people climbed to seats on top, there is a spacious back platform and a stairway which a lady can ascend with as much grace and dignity as a stairway in her own house. The evolution of the London omnibus was long in coming about, but it has now been carried to such a point as to make the omnibus not only the most democratic but also the most pleasurable of public street-vehicles. Its only near competitor in these particulars is the summer-car of the street railroads in America.

Piccadilly Circus is the centre of much that is bright and pleasant in London life, and of much that is of another and a doubtful character. Its incident and movement change as morning advances into afternoon, as afternoon becomes evening, and as the darkness of night begins to give place to the daylight of the morning. Half a dozen music-halls, as many theatres, scores of fashionable restaurants and of West End clubs are all grouped in its vicinity. It is, in fact, the starting-point for all that is gay in the life of the English metropolis.

West End street-scenes have a good deal of character of their own. Take, for instance, the group of children playing in one of the squares. With the home-made baby carriage and the steps of an old-time mansion as a background, they make a vignette peculiar to the West End of London, where rich and poor are mingled together in an extraordinary fashion. It has always been so in this part of London, and it is probable that it will continue to be so. Both rich and poor are benefited by this intermingling, and it has long been the aim of practical philanthropists to maintain these neighborly relationships. They have strenuously opposed any schemes for the better housing of the working classes which would place the working classes in one part of London and the rich in another. For this reason Parliament has for twenty years past insisted that when London's structural improvements lead to the demolition of the houses of the humbler classes, dwellings for the same class of people and for something like an equal number to those displaced shall be erected on the cleared sites. It is this intermingling of the classes which in some respects differentiates West London from East London; for in East London there are square miles of land covered with houses in which none but poor people live, and where a middle-class or a well-to-do Londoner is never seen except on business or as a casual visitor.

EDWARD FORBETT.

## The New York School of Design for Women.

OF New York's countless philanthropic projects, none has justified itself more quickly or more thoroughly than the School of Applied Design for Women, founded by Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, at 200 West Twenty-third Street. Designing is taught, or advertised to be taught, in several large technical schools. The unique feature of this school is that the instructors in the advanced classes are practical teachers, taken from the large manufacturing firms, so that the young woman who wishes to design carpets is taught what designs can be woven in one style of loom and what in another, and the reason for the distinction; while the girl who wishes to draw for wall-papers learns to distinguish the style which can be made to pay in a fifteen-cent paper from that suitable for rich hangings. The school started two years ago with forty-two students, and now has over two hundred, drawn from all parts of the country, whose tuition already makes the school self-supporting.

Few art schools, however well drawing may be taught in them, have instruction in the application of ornamental design to manufacture and the arts. That is a separate art by itself, hemmed in by technicalities which must be understood in order to attain any degree of success. Trade demands a constant succession of novelties in designs of all sorts, making the occupation of a capable designer constant. Manufacturers are frequently obliged to import their designs, and oftentimes their designers, because of the lack of those properly trained in this country; which shows how wide a field is opened to trained workers in designing. The work is well adapted for women who have the taste and manual dexterity for it, and, compared with other work of women, it is well paid. Designs suitable for draping-silks and chintzes command from fifteen to twenty-five

dollars in their trade season of February and March. Designs for wall-papers are better paid—from thirty-five to fifty dollars—and they have two trade seasons, September and October, and January and February; while designs for book-covers bring from ten to twenty-five dollars. Besides, it is a sheltered occupation. The work can be done at home or in a quiet studio, and the worker is shielded from the temptations and discomforts so often an accompaniment of women's efforts to earn a livelihood in a crowded city.

The instruction in this school is divided broadly into two parts, the elementary and the advanced departments, but it is entirely individual. Few students apply who are able to enter at once the advanced departments, because certain features of the technique of applied design must be conquered first. How long a student stays in the elementary classes depends upon her abilities, her industry, and health. Whenever she can pass the examinations required she can immediately enter the advanced class of her choice. A student who has had no previous instruction generally has to remain in the elementary class a year. The teachers, Miss Grace Dean and Miss Charlotte Overbury, who have these classes in charge, come twice a week for criticism and direction in drawing from geometrical solids, object and cast drawing, conventionalization of natural forms, perspective and free drawing, and the use of instruments, the beginnings of architectural drawing. The class-rooms are a pleasant place to visit. The light, airy rooms, filled with busy students, the casts lining the walls, the gay daffodils and tulips, or delicate roses and pansies, the objects of the designers' efforts; the quiet, cheerful hum of voices—all help to create an atmosphere which is at once delightful and far away from the rush and roar of the street without. And here the young girl, if she is over sixteen, and the older woman can strive every day for nearly eight months, until "the end crowns the work."

The designs produced while under instruction in the advanced departments remain the property of the individual student, and she is at liberty to sell them—if she can. The school tries to help the scholars to sell their designs by bringing them to the notice of the manufacturers, although it does not accept any commission for such sales. Many students have already been able to help themselves in this way. The length of the advanced courses is two years, and at the end of the three years, including the preparatory year, a certificate is given the student. The class in designing of wall papers is under the charge of Mr. Paul Greube, a man of marked ability. The department of application of design to carpets is instructed by Mr. Macnab, from W. J. Sloane & Co. Carpet and rug designs are especially difficult, and consequently better paid, as the technicalities of weaving must be first mastered, and these differ with each different kind of carpeting or rug. Mr. T. H. Wilberg has supervision of the silk department.

The third regular advanced class is that which trains the young woman in the work of the architect's draftsman, under the care of Mr. Hewlett, Mr. A. W. Lord, from the firm of McKim, Mead & White, having taken a similar position in the College of Architecture in Rome. The instruction here includes free-hand, linear, pen and pencil drawing, and the study of building materials and construction, architectural orders, details and plans, while heating, ventilating, and plumbing are not forgotten. Women are by instinct home builders, and the study of domestic architecture is especially suited to them. Almost every day one will find a large class working away on plans for colonial houses, seaside cottages or modest homes, or even attempting a hospital. Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith remains in the corps of teachers.

Each year there is given a course of lectures and teaching in historic ornament by Miss Wilson, formerly of Cooper Institute. It begins with the decorations of primitive times and continues down through the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman styles to the present day. This course is important, and is required of every student.

The cost of instruction in this school is moderate. The tuition for the year, including the course in historic ornament, is fifty dollars. If the student can only take a term at a time it costs twenty dollars per term, or sixty dollars for the three terms. From twelve to fifteen dollars will supply the necessary materials for one year, which the student is aided to buy at wholesale rates from the dealers. There are several money prizes given by individuals, by the school and by business firms, each year, in the various departments, for the best original designs, and also five scholarships of fifty dollars each, which greatly aid the fortunate winners. The school has an excellent library and a fine collection of casts and photographs at the service of its students.

There are also several special courses, any one of which costs twenty dollars per term. Mr.

De Longpre has the course in water-colors, Mr. Henry Parkhurst, from Tiffany & Co., the class in designing of book covers. It is intended to add to these other special courses, such as designing applied to metal work, stained glass, wood carving, and fresco painting, whenever the growth of the school may warrant it.

Four gold medals were awarded the school's designs by the World's Fair, and three by the San Francisco Midwinter Exposition. The students have furnished plans for a number of public buildings in other cities, and have filled orders for leading New York firms. The first class of graduates, who finished in June last, have obtained positions with architects and similar art firms.

This school has been so successful that Mrs. Hopkins, its founder and leading director, has been invited to England to establish a school on the same principles in London, in connection with the Royal School of Art Needle Work, which is to have for patronesses the Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and other royalties.

AGNES BAILEY ORMSHIRE.

## Treasures.

LAST Fourth his kilt, long scorned, were proudly changed  
For little knee-pants. "Now I'm big," he said;  
And thro' the day, fresh shorn of the gold curls,  
Went, like a downy ball, his boyish head.

"Oh, I'm so busy!" many times he cried,  
Standing a moment at my side, and then,  
With fire-crackers and small piece of punk,  
Held in his moist, warm hands, was off again.

And here and there the crackers snapped and whizzed;  
Often with sly pretense of sudden fright  
At their erratic course, I jumped aside,  
Much to the lad's wonder and delight;

And oft with kisses I was urged to join,  
Regardless of my grayer years, his play;  
To make the punk burn or to bravely touch  
A string of fuses off—as passed the day.

One pack left over for another Fourth;  
Within this box he placed them, safe to keep—  
And here they are, but his sweet, blessed hand  
Will never wake their gem-charmed sleep—

And of the grief to see them thus untouched  
And silent, while the bitter tears outflow,  
And their red, pathetic rows run down,  
Why, only mothers like bereft can know.

Thro' the turned blind I see the merry lads  
In all their play, as played mine own brave lad;  
And happy mothers watch them as I watched—  
And here I sit, alone, bereft and sad.

Oh, little bunch of crackers! for the love  
Of the small hands that put you here to lie,  
Waiting another year's bright jubilee,  
A king's great golden ransom cannot buy.

M. PHILIPS DAWSON.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

## THE KIEL CELEBRATION.

No foreign event of recent years has attracted the attention which attached to the opening of the North Sea-Baltic Canal. In a sense it was an event of world-wide interest, because it brought together representatives of the navies of all the great Powers to celebrate the completion of an enterprise which must contribute to the welfare of all. The German Emperor expressed this thought when he said in his address at the banquet which followed the naval review: "We open to the peaceful intercourse of nations, one with another, the locks of the canal, and it will be a source of joyful satisfaction to us if a constantly increasing utilization of the work bears witness that the intention with which we have been guided has not alone been understood, but has also proved fruitful in advancing the welfare of the peoples." The naval display at Kiel exceeded any similar display of the kind ever witnessed, and it is gratifying to know that the American vessels were especial objects of interest and admiration. In the pyrotechnic and electric display of the evening of the 30th day, they are said to have attracted chief attention. The *New York*, the temporary flag-ship of the squadron, had a magnificent design, sixty feet long, against her funnels. It read: "America sends hearty greeting to Germany upon the completion of the canal." Set pieces, pictures of the Emperor and President Cleveland, each forty feet square, were also displayed.

## DIVERSIONS OF ENGLISH 'VARSITY CREWS.

We give a timely picture of diversions of the English university crews at Oxford, at the close of a race on the Thames. The *London Graphic* describes the scene depicted in these words: "When the boats have passed the winning posts, which are some distance beyond the barges, the crews paddle slowly back to their barge-boathouse to be cheered (or not) on their arrival. The crowd which has been running on the tow-path alongside them returns, too; and then, out of pure lightness of heart, its members spend a very happy half-hour in familiarizing each other with the closer acquaintance of the Isis. It is thought the right



thing to throw one another into the water, if possible; and if only a punt can be overturned, or an eight, then the moment is complete with enjoyment. Small boats which are returning from the starting-point or the finishing-post share in this carnival, which is a very pleasant thing in warm weather, and designed to remove quickly any undue stiffness on the part of accidental participants."

#### A MILITARY SALUTE.

Another of our pictures shows the method of making a salute at the Royal Military Encampment at Aldershot. The men drop suddenly prostrate on the ground, and then lifting their rigid bodies, lower them several times in succession by pure force of muscle. The spectacle is apt to provoke amusement at first, but this soon changes to admiration on the part of beholders.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### August Races at Newport.

SOME time ago Newport, Rhode Island, was spoken of in these columns as the future Cowes of America. All arrangements have now been completed for a series of races in August at that charming and popular port; the conditions governing them settled, as well as prizes and the courses to be sailed. This apparently establishes the racing week as a regular annual affair.

The contests this year will begin on the day after the return of the New York Yacht Club fleet from the eastward—Vineyard Haven. Thus the first of the series will take place on or about August 7th. Boats belonging to any recognized yacht club are eligible to sail, and under the direction of the regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club.

Following are the important conditions to govern: Schooners in cruising trim to race the first day. Sloops, cutters, and yawls in cruising trim second day. Schooners in racing trim third day. Sloops, cutters, and yawls in racing trim fourth day.

These are the classes and prizes for each:

#### SCHOONERS.

First Class.—Over 80 feet racing length; \$300 to the first and \$120 to the second.

Second Class.—Under 80 feet and over 70 feet racing length; \$250 to the first and \$100 to the second.

Third Class.—Under 70 feet racing length; \$200 to the first and \$80 to the second.

#### SLOOPS, CUTTERS, AND YAWLS.

First Class.—Over 80 feet racing length; \$400 to the first and \$160 to the second.

Second Class.—Over 60 feet and under 80 feet racing length; \$300 to the first and \$80 to the second.

Third Class.—Over 50 feet and under 60 feet racing length; \$150 to the first and \$60 to the second.

Fourth Class.—Over 45 feet and under 50 feet racing length; \$100 to the first and \$40 to the second.

Fifth Class.—Over 45 feet; \$50 to the first and \$20 to the second.

Second prizes will be given in the event only of four or more starting in any one class.

Classification must be up to the requirements for representation in the New York Yacht Club.

The course for all classes will be an equilateral one, the angles of which are formed by Breton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy, and a buoy placed by the committee off shore and to the eastward of the point.

The committee, on the day previous to races, will furnish starting signals, compass-bearings of marks, and other details.

All the schooner classes and one and two of sloops, cutters, and yawls, will sail over the course twice, according to the English idea. Other classes of sloops and yawls will sail once around.

Though the course will remain unchanged during the series, the committee will endeavor to start all races as much to windward as possible, the start being at Breton's Reef Lightship.

Entries must be made twenty-four hours prior to the start of each race, and should be addressed to the Regatta Committee, New York Yacht Club, Newport, Rhode Island.

#### AN AVOIDABLE ACCIDENT.

The Cornell-Pennsylvania-Columbia race would have been a matter of history not later than 5:30 on the afternoon of Friday, June 21st, had the courtesies which should mark the conduct of craft of all kinds which attended the affair been observed. It was, however, a case of every fellow for himself, and the frail shell had no chance whatsoever. If ever a boat needs unruddered waters that boat is a racing-shell. Heavy swells which a monster tug raises carry death with them, and so it came about that the Pennsylvania boat was badly battered, and in consequence was rendered unfit to start the race. This accident caused disappointment to

several thousand people, who retired from the scene pretty well disgusted.

Cornell was the favorite with the masses, and the exhibition which Columbia gave in rowing to their quarters when the race had been declared postponed till Monday, June 24th, showed conclusively that, so far as her chances with Cornell were concerned, the blue-and-white oarsmen were out of it. So far as Pennsylvania was concerned—though they did not get a chance to show their form—it seemed to be the general belief that they were better than reported, and would give Cornell the row of their lives. Cornell men, however, were most sanguine of victory. Indeed, their men were in such fine physical condition, and the conditions for fast rowing were so good, that they hoped to establish almost a record, or if not, to come within a few seconds of the record time—twenty minutes, ten seconds—which the 1888 Yale crew made at New London.

The appointments for the race were simply fine, the many high places along the shore affording excellent views, and the West Shore Railroad observation-train showed that it could afford a far better view of a four-mile race than the railroad line at New London.

In fact, the course and its surroundings impressed those present so favorably that comments were many to the effect that all future college rowing contests would be decided there. This, however, seemed too rosy a view, for the fact must be considered that New London offers opportunities for sailing craft and vessels of all descriptions which Poughkeepsie never could.

Following are some interesting statistics of the Cornell crew, favorite in the betting.

Position.	Name.	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Row	F. C. Slade, '96	5-10	165	21
2	W. B. Christwell, '97	5-8	160	24
3	C. S. Moore, '98	5-10½	160	22
4	E. A. Crawford, '97	5-9	175	22
5	F. Johnson, '98	6-4½	160	19
6	W. B. Sanborn, '96	6	170	22
7	L. L. Tatum, '97	5-10	156	21
Stroke	Capt. H. C. Troy, '96	5-11	165	25

Coxswain, R. T. Richardson; weight, 111 pounds. Substitutes—Smith, '97; Tansig, '96; Iscoe, '98; Jeffers, '98.

#### CORNELL "SHORT" IN HER STROKE.

Apocryph of Cornell and her Henley crew it may be of interest to remark that they are daily improving under the careful coaching of Courtney and Mr. Francis; and while English rowing critics seem unfavorably impressed with their style of rowing, they are going ahead serenely and confidently.

The gravest criticism, up to this time, which these critics have made is that their stroke is too short; that is to say, they do not reach out enough in order to give the blades a hold of the water far enough forward. And there is much truth in this, too; so much, in fact, as to lead one to doubt the ability of the Americans to hold their English cousins, once the race is under full headway. Last year the Yale crew were undoubtedly rowing "short," and this fact would have counted heavily against them had the Harvard crew been anywhere near their equals. So far as "form" goes, nothing can be said detrimental to Cornell in comparison to any of the crews entered for the grand challenge-cup race, and if they lose, it will be more on account of the shortness of their stroke than all other things combined.

#### THE COLLEGE BASE-BALL SEASON.

The Yale nine deserve no little credit for the winning fight which they have made against adverse circumstances. It does not seem probable that they will lose the second game with Harvard, inasmuch as the first was won on the home grounds of the crimson men.

Hence their record at the close of the season will be an enviable one, made particularly brilliant from the fact that the extra strong Princeton nine succumbed twice in succession. It has been a long while since the Tigers have placed in the field a nine of the batting and fielding strength of this year's nine.

With Carter of Yale in first-class shape, experts and others looked for a possible Yale victory at least in the New Haven game with Princeton. Few thought, however, that Trudeau could fill Carter's shoes, and the glowing fact that he did is glory enough for any two men.

Where Yale proved herself unusually strong was in her batting at opportune times, and Carter, though he could not help out in the box, was able to play in the field, and by his great stick work contribute largely to victory.

The story of the breakdown of Carter is well known, and should prove a lesson to those ambitious to win glory in the early season, while the throwing arm is yet unused to the extra exertion. Had the Yale men not been able to bat more than passing well the accident to Carter would have meant defeat surely at the hands of the Princeton men. Thus, in a way, Carter himself would have had to bear the brunt of the blame. But all's well that ends well, and the Yale nine must be ranked easily first of the amateur teams of 1895, with Princeton

a strong second, and Williams, Brown, and Pennsylvania fighting hard for third honors.

For the ensuing year at Princeton, Bradley has been chosen by his mates to the captaincy. This year Bradley showed himself a strong fielder and a superb batter. He will undoubtedly prove a worthy successor to former Captain Brooks.

Harvard's showing, on the whole, was distressingly poor, even though she had in Highlands a first-class pitcher, equal to the best of the amateurs, with the proper backing. The play of Tennis Champion Wrenn at second for Harvard is deserving of much favorable comment. The fair name he made for himself in foot-ball last fall he only made more brilliant, and proved conclusively that he is an all-round man of the first water.

*A. T. Bull.*

## The Liberal Downfall in England.

THE downfall of the Liberal government in England has not been unexpected, but it came somewhat sooner than its friends anticipated. It came over an item of the army estimates, when the Commons, by a majority of seven, decided to cut down the salary of the minister of war by five hundred dollars. That official at once resigned, and two days later Lord Rosebery tendered the resignation of the ministry and Lord Salisbury was summoned by the Queen to form a new Cabinet.

The unexpectedness of this result is shown by the fact that at the moment of the division in the Commons there was, according to the Liberal whips, a majority of sixteen for the government. Subsequently it was asked where the missing members were. Some of them had slipped out of the House unseen. The whips were lounging and smoking on the terrace overlooking the Thames. Others had gone away, thinking that matters were all right. As a matter of fact, the party were caught napping. Some members of the Liberal party felt that, under the circumstances, the ministers would be justified in holding on, but the majority argued that it would be unwise to persist in a struggle in which the conditions were increasingly hostile to the permanency of their tenure in office. It is said that the Queen accepted Lord Rosebery's resignation as she did that of Mr. Gladstone—without the expression of reluctance with which she favored Lord Salisbury when he retired from office. It has been repeatedly said, and as often denied, that Lord Rosebery was anxious to drop the cares of office, and it was thought probable by many persons that he would retire during or after his recent illness, without waiting for an adverse vote in the House of Commons. This tended to weaken the administration. It was also said that there was considerable friction between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, who had at one time been regarded by many as Mr. Gladstone's legitimate successor in the premiership. Mr. Gladstone's alleged disagreement with the Liberal policy also operated against the government.

In the contest which will follow, the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists will co-operate, and the probabilities are that they will carry the day.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 31, as was anticipated, puzzled some of our best whistites, who were not looking for such a wholesale slaughter of the high cards. A leads with king of trumps, which C captures with ace and returns the four. D discards king and queen of clubs, so A also throws away club ace. C takes the next trick with club three, D discards heart eight, and A the ace, so as to give C the last two tricks in hearts. It was properly mastered by Messrs. H. Abrahams, "P. H. B.," J. Barnett, S. G. Clark, J. W. Crawford, H. Coleman, W. Christie, H. Daly, H. W. Ernst, R. G. Fitzgerald, W. Fitch,

H. Frank, C. N. Gowen, H. Gilley, W. Howard, F. Hanse, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, C. Krease, G. Loomis, C. H. Martins, Mrs. H. T. Menner, A. McAlpin, C. Nefuss, August Odebrecht Jr., J. Paul, H. W. Pickett, W. Quick, H. Rotanson, Porter Stafford, "A. J. S.," J. F. Smith, T. Stewart, Dr. Tyler, C. K. Thompson, G. Thorne, W. Young, and T. Zerrega.

The following contribution from Miss E. C., of Plainfield, illustrating as pretty a line of play as we have ever seen, is given as Problem No. 25.



Clubs trumps. A leads, and with his partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

## The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 20. BY WALTER PULITZER.  
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above problem, by one of our most gifted composers, has become noted as a position which completely baffled ex-champion Steinitz, who was vain to give it up as unsolvable.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 18. BY BAUER.

White. 1 B to K B 5! Black. 1 K takes Kt.

Correct solutions were received from Messrs. W. L. Fogg, T. Cox, P. Hubbard, G. M. Ross, Jr., Porter Stafford, "Ivanhoe," C. V. Smith, W. E. Hayward, R. Rogers, W. Marsh, E. M. Hale, S. R. Lessing, B. Worth, G. E. Smart, T. Hewitt, A. Odebrecht, Jr., R. G. Fitzgerald, J. Hannan, Dr. Baldwin, P. Hubbard, H. Walcott, G. E. Ernest, and C. W. Hanse. All others gave solutions to which proper defenses can be found if carefully examined. Many of our experts were tripped up on this remarkable problem, and will therefore have to reconsider their criticisms.

Of course the queen in Problem No. 20 is supposed to be on the side of the attacking party.

## Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

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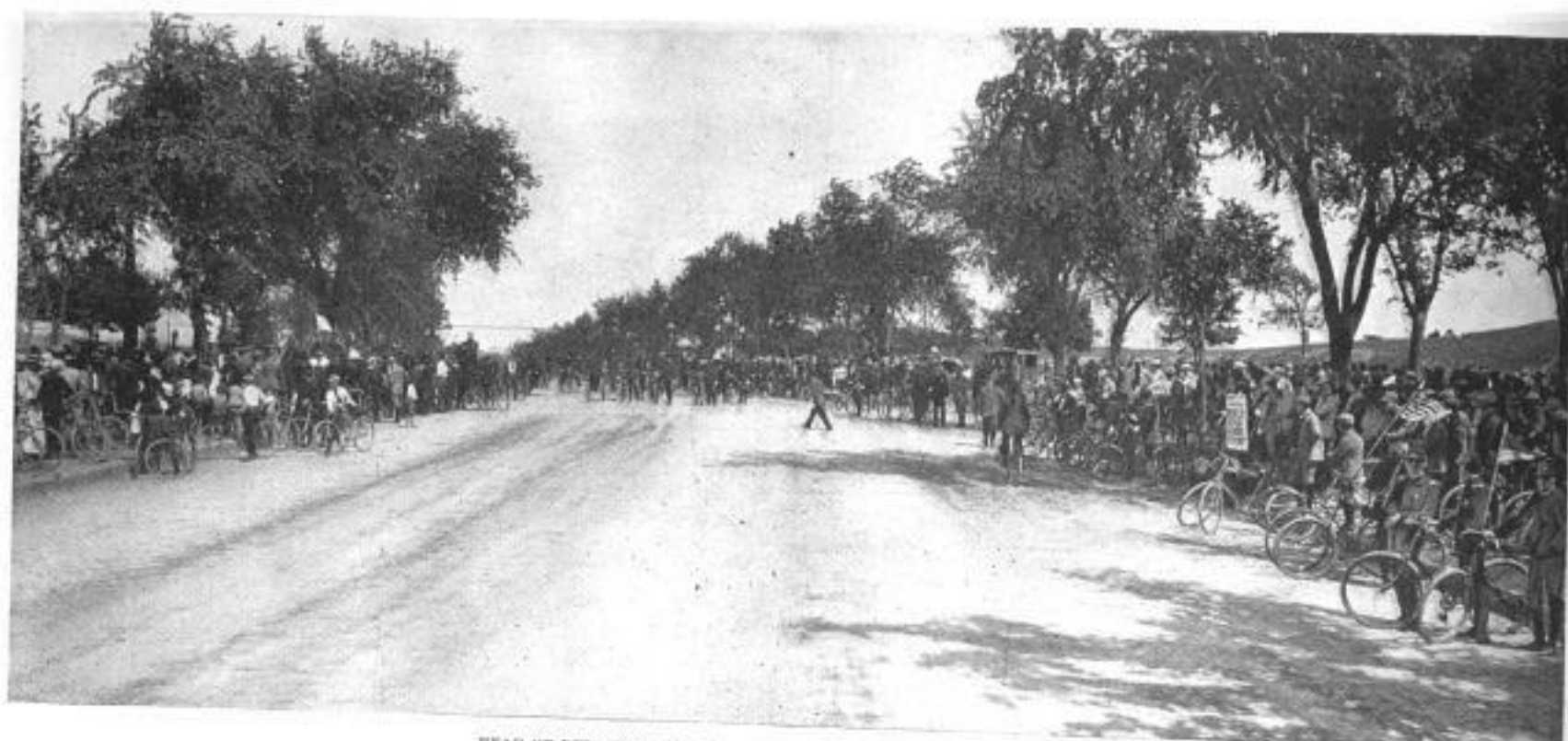




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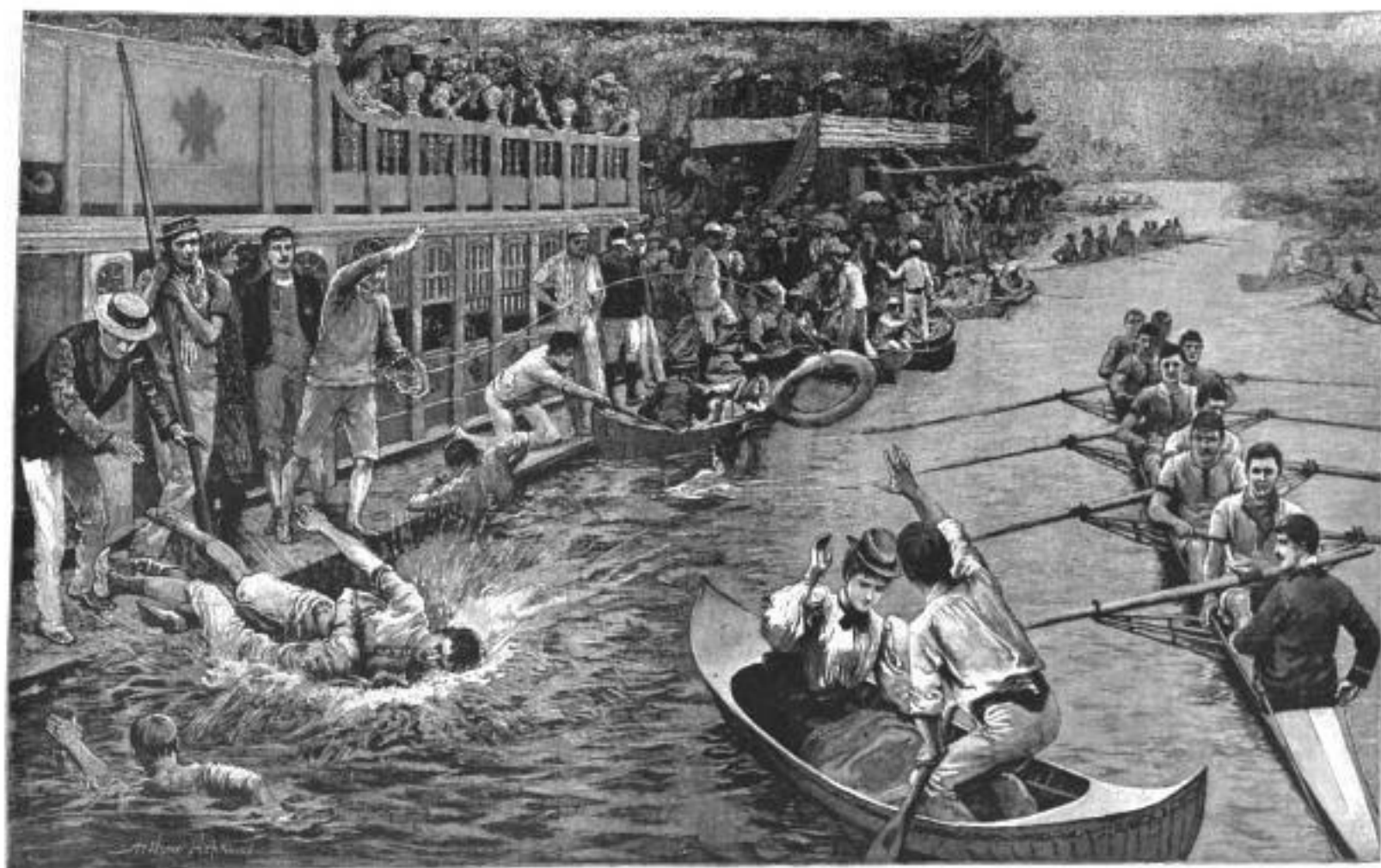
THE BICYCLING FAD IN ENGLAND—ARISTOCRATIC CYCLING IN BATTERSEA PARK, LONDON.  
From *Black and White*.



A SALUTE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT ALDERSHOT.—*London Graphic*.



THE VISITING FLEETS ASSEMBLING IN KIEL HARBOR FOR THE OPENING OF THE  
BALTIC CANAL.—From *Black and White*.



DEVIATIONS OF ENGLISH 'VARSITY CREWS'—SCENE ON THE THAMES AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST DAY'S RACING OF THE OXFORD SUMMER EIGHTS.—*London Graphic*.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—[SEE PAGE 10.]



Mr. Hewitt is not wise in his remark that the Democratic party needs a new birth. What it needs is a new funeral, and it ought to have it every three months.—Judge.

#### THE GREAT MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA.

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#### LOW RATES TO DENVER.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will place on sale at all ticket-offices on its lines east of the Ohio River round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, and Pueblo, for all trains of July 20, 24, 28, and 31st, valid from starting-point on day of sale and good returning from Colorado points July 12th to 12th inclusive. The rate from New York will be \$47.75, and correspondingly low rates when from other stations. Tickets will be good via St. Louis or Chicago.

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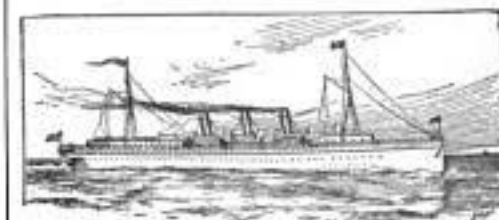
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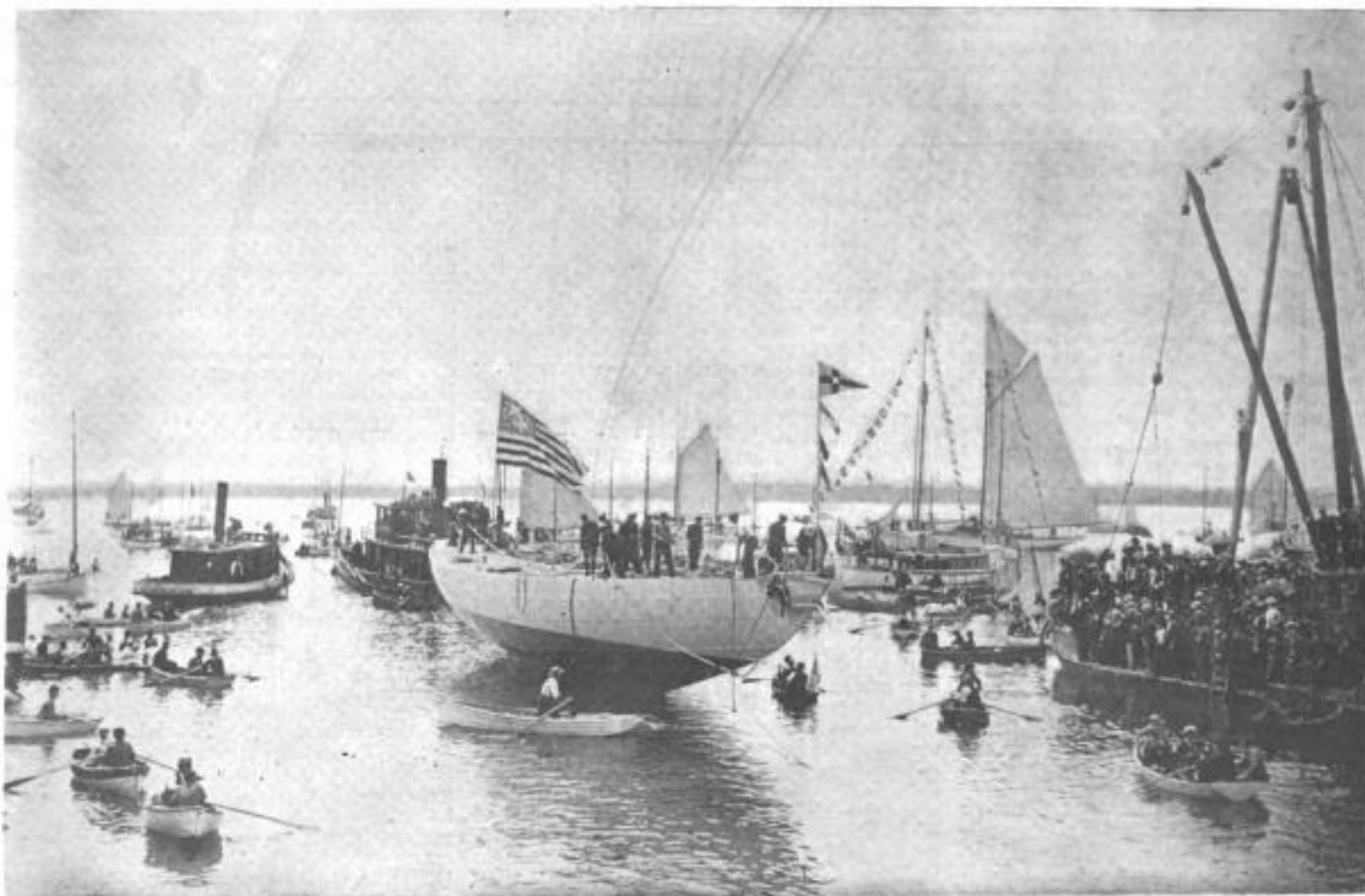
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## The Educated Classes and Public Affairs.



R. DEPEW'S recent address to the students of Vanderbilt University at Nashville was especially notable for its admirable statement of the relations which the higher education sustains to the highest forms of civil life. Starting with the proposition that "Patriotism in a republic has its best support and strongest hope in the colleges," he proceeded to

build up an impressive argument as to the importance of encouraging the best forms of educational development, and as to the duty and obligation, also, of educated men to identify themselves actively and closely with public affairs. In this connection he indicated the importance of some of the problems which now await solution. "Anarchy, socialism, taxation, currency, and the relations of labor and capital are questions as difficult, requiring as much judicious and patriotic consideration, and demanding as much of the time and attention of the colleges and the college men of the country as any which have agitated the nation since the formation of the government. It is not for all of us to be legislators, or governors, or Cabinet ministers, or Presidents, but it is for all of us, in the sphere in which we move, to take that interest in public affairs which voices the opinion that guides Legislatures, Congresses, and Presidents."

The truth here stated is not new, but it cannot be too often or too emphatically reiterated. It is because it is so largely forgotten and neglected that evils which might easily be prevented overwhelm society and menace the security of its most precious interests. Mr. Depew emphasized this point, speaking with special reference to evil domination in politics, when he said: "If the educated men of the country who are ministers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, business men or farmers would perform their duties in the primary school of the caucus we never would experience that despotism of a machine which blights ambition, destroys honest effort for good government, and plunders impartially partisans and antagonists. If we have neglected our duty to the community, to the State, and to the nation by neglecting the beginnings of government, we are not without remedy. Then is the time for those—and they exist in every community—who have been trained in the schools to formulate their ideas, and to express them." The results achieved in this metropolis, in Brooklyn and elsewhere, in the last campaign show conclusively the potency of this educated and enlightened force when practically applied in this direction. Mr. Depew closed his address, which was characterized throughout by a broadly American spirit, with these true and eloquent words:

"In some one of his recent birthday speeches Bismarck congratulated the visiting statesmen upon the strength and efficiency of the German army. The idea which he enforced was that a nation was to be judged, the strength and vitality of its people measured, and its power and its perpetuity gauged, by its preparations for war. He cited, as the two present examples, Germany and China. That is the Old World adherence to Medieval traditions; that is the Old World's doubt of the people. The great standing army, always equipped and ready for the field, is at once the concentrated strength of the government against neighboring States, and the tight arm of power in suppressing uprisings of the people. Our government, institutions, and army exist to the advanced intelligence of their governors or not at all. Beyond the little army which serves the purposes of the national police, and the navy which protects our expanding commerce, the strength of our government is solely in the intelligence of the people. The sources of our power and the recruiting stations of our armies are not in the camp, nor in the forts, nor with the flag and drum-beat of the conscripting officer; but they are in the common schools, the high schools, the academies, the colleges, and the universities of the United States."

## A Turn in the Tide.

THERE are gratifying indications that the free-silver movement has reached high-water mark. While the agitation in favor of unlimited coinage is actively continued in the Western and Southern States, no appreciable progress is making in the direction of practical success. In some of the States where the free-silver craze has been most acute, there are, on the contrary, signs of a healthful reaction. In

Kentucky eight of the eleven Democratic district conventions have declared in favor of sound money, and in the State convention recently held, the free-silver men were very decisively beaten after a persistent and desperate struggle. In Tennessee, as well as in the other Southern States, the outlook is every day improving. In Georgia, where the silver tide appeared to be sweeping everything before it several weeks ago, it is now, in the opinion of careful observers, arrested. This is due in part to the fact that many prominent persons, and some influential newspapers which until recently had taken no active part in the discussion of this question, have now taken a pronounced stand in support of the principles enunciated by the Memphis conference. The speech of Secretary Carlisle, made at that conference, is quite generally quoted as having had a good deal of influence in determining the attitude of many intelligent persons. In several States the activity of the silverites has been antagonized by the organization of sound-money leagues, composed of those who are opposed to the debasement of the currency. These leagues are especially numerous in Mississippi, where a hot campaign is being fought on this general issue. In Ohio the silver element of the Democratic State Committee has recently been beaten on the question of fixing the date of the State convention. All over the West the indications are confirmatory of this healthy tendency. A peculiarly gratifying fact is that Republicans generally are arraying themselves in opposition to the silver party. Even in Colorado the Republican State League has declined to commit itself to the extreme ground of the Populist-Silver faction. In Kansas, where the silver sentiment has generally been regarded as practically supreme, it is now said that eighty per cent. of the weekly Republican newspapers, and a large proportion of the influential dailies, are opposed to unlimited coinage.

But these indications that sound views are supplanting the delusions which have possessed the popular mind in some parts of the Union should not begot indifference or inactivity on the part of those who appreciate the evils which would follow upon a triumph of the silver party. The struggle is not yet finished. There is an element in both political parties which will continue the effort to secure an embodiment of the silver view in the party platforms. The work of discussion and organization, therefore, should be vigorously prosecuted in every State, as well in rural neighborhoods as in the towns and cities. The battle being now fully joined, it should be fought out to a finish, and nothing that is necessary to success here and now should be left undone.

## The Retiring House of Commons.



EXCEPTING the House of Commons elected in 1885, which came to an end in less than nine months over the first Home Rule bill, the House which will soon cease to be has been of shorter duration than any of its predecessors since the Reform act of 1867. But, short as has been the life of this Parliament, its characteristics are more remarkable and its proceedings are more significant than those of any Parliament of this century. This may seem a large claim to make for a Parliament which lasted only about three years. A brief examination of its history, however, will show that it is a claim that can easily be made good.

As to the character of the House, the most noteworthy feature was the number of groups of which it was composed. Twenty years ago there were only Liberals and Conservatives in the House of Commons. There were varying shades of Toryism and different shades of Liberalism; but when it came to a division there were only two parties. A break in this order of things occurred when the home-rule party was organized in the seventies, but until 1885 there were only three parties, including the Irish Nationalists. In the late Parliament there were seven or eight, each with its own organization and its own leaders; and in the case of the five or six parties supporting the government, each had its own special legislative demands. The opposition was composed of Tories and Liberal Unionists, while the groups making up the government forces were Liberals, Radicals, the Labor and Socialistic group, the Welsh Disestablishment group, and the two groups now forming the Irish party, the Anti-Parnellites, and the Parnellites.

Each of these groups had its special demands. Many of these were put forward with great persistency; so much so that the government, in response to constant pressure and frequent open threats of desertion, was compelled to adopt the boldest and the adrodest Parliamentary tactics and maneuvering in order to appear to do something for each group, and thus secure its support. Some of these tactics were new in English politics, and their introduction and use cannot be taken otherwise than as a significant departure from the standard of political morality which has hitherto been supposed to prevail at Westminster. Under the peculiar circumstances which existed, there was, perhaps, no help for this breaking away from the old traditions. The support of these groups was absolutely necessary to the government, and it never stood at more than

thirty-eight, and after the division on the Home Rule bill in 1893, and Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the leadership in 1894, it gradually dwindled until it stood at only sixteen, including both groups of the Nationalist members.

In the last two sessions there was a partial breaking away of two of the groups. The Redmond party, on numerous occasions, especially in 1893, abstained from voting with the government; so, in 1894, did a number of Welsh Radical members, who broke away from their allegiance because the government would not give precedence over all other measures of that session to the bill for the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales. It was the existence of these groups, combined with the fact that the government majority was small to begin with, which gave the Rosebery administration such a precarious tenure of office, and ultimately brought about its downfall.

For the Liberals, this breaking up of the party into groups is a much more serious matter than the instability which it gave to their hold on power in the late Parliament. If the movement continues it must cripple the Liberal party as a legislative force. All the measures demanded by the several groups are of an extreme character, and when the Liberal party is in power, and is compelled to obey the behests of its most advanced supporters forming these groups, it must of necessity come into conflict with the House of Lords; and of late the people of England apart from those of Ireland, and perhaps also those of Wales, have shown a strong disposition to uphold the House of Lords in resisting legislation due to group pressure. It is difficult to put forward a logical defense for an institution like the House of Lords in a country with an electoral franchise as widely extended as that of England. On the other hand, there is no denying that of recent years there has grown up a feeling in England that, however illogical the hereditary principle may be, the House of Lords, at any rate for the present, meets a partial need.

Turning from the characteristics of the House of Commons to its actual proceedings, the most important fact in its history is that the Home Rule bill was, in the session of 1893, sent up to the House of Lords. This marked an extremely critical stage in the Irish Nationalist movement. Whether the movement now goes forward, or breaks up like so many other Irish political movements, will depend very much upon the result of the coming elections. Only a large majority for the Liberals, larger than that of 1891, can carry it forward. If the Unionists should be returned with a majority of at least seventy, home rule will be set back for a generation, if the movement does not soon altogether collapse.

After the passage of the Home Rule bill through the House of Commons there came the Parish Councils act, which has made the democracy as powerful in municipal affairs all over England as it has been since 1886 in national politics, and which cleared away almost the last of the political privileges attaching to the ownership of land. This measure was strongly tinged with socialism, particularly in the land-allotment clauses. The same spirit marked the new factory laws, and other bills and resolutions passed by the House of Commons. The House, it is worth recalling, also gave two votes in favor of a legal right-hours day for miners; on two occasions it adopted resolutions in favor of the compulsory early closing of stores. It also twice expressed itself in favor of payment of members of Parliament; of the principle of one man one vote at all elections; and in favor of the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. Measures embodying these principles were not carried to their final stages, but the votes on their early stages marked the high-water level of Radicalism in Parliament.

With the dissolution of this House of Commons the Parliamentary career of a score or so of men who have long been prominent in English politics comes to an end. Most of the men retired were of the Liberal party. Some of them have been identified with its fortunes from the days of Russell and Palmerston. The most eminent name which will be lacking in the list of members of the new House will be that of Mr. Gladstone.

## The Recurrent Tramp.



THE "punctual" birds to which Emerson refers in his breezy spring poem are not more true to the "almanac" than is the recurrent tramp. After his winter hibernation in some urban retreat he begins, in the ripened spring and early summer, to spread himself over the entire land. You will see him shuffling along, when the green leaves come, on every leading highway, and peering even on little-traveled roads to the most sequestered retreats. In the shadow of some clump of trees or grove by the way-side he takes his noon or afternoon siesta, fatigued by no earnest work. For his footstep is always languid, as if the mere motion of his pedestrian career were painful and punitive. He has a doleful or dull and conscienceless eye; is unkempt and unwashed, and without an aim or ideal in life, unless his chronic happy-go-luckyness can be considered one.

Spread sideways or supine on the grassward near the highway fence, on the field or road side, with his dirty bundle near, or seen at the kitchen door surlily demanding



food or money and frightening the womenfolk, how familiar and universal a feature he is. If you do not meet his demands for food he is sometimes violent, and usually abusive, particularly if a man, or the large dog, or the coincident call of a respectable neighbor does not prevent his ebullition. He is a keen critic of cuisine, and will resent the absence of meat or butter when even one is lacking in what you offer. Where he lodges is frequently a wonder, but the interior of a barn or the side of last year's haystack will do, or some friendly shed—a roof being needed only when there is a storm.

But the tramp does not altogether go singly on his summer's circuit. Sometimes there are two or three tramps, or even more, in a group. Then the hen-roosts in country places are apt to suffer, and depredations of some sort are to be expected. It has always been said and believed, in rural neighborhoods, that the tramp contingent is really an organized fraternity. Certain cabalistic marks which are often seen on gate-posts, fences, and bridges are supposed to be their recorded history of the people and neighborhood where they appear. It is told in cipher, to be sure, but it is plainly read by the initiated comrades in laziness. They can tell, by these marks, where is a hospitable door; where you will get nothing if you stop; where there is a big dog; where the town officers are strict on fellows of this peripatetic persuasion, and so on. There is a lean executive among them, like the king or queen of the gypsies, who rules—so much trouble does it take to organize for doing and being nothing in the world except barnacles on the social order and the state.

Some idealist sometimes says a good word for the tramp fraternity. If the tramp is pent up in congested quarters he *must* be criminal. In the open air, and with free range, his best virtue will be developed. Did not Whitman "loaf" and "invite his soul"? Was not Borrow, of Lavengro fame, a very remarkable pseudo-Romanyite, making gypsyism even poetic and touching? Would you have had Thoreau arrested?

But somehow, after all, these substantially unrelated examples do not persuade us. If these persons had come from Trampdom instead of imitating one part of it merely, in a superficial way, we might be appalled. Or, if any typical tramp ever once developed himself up to their stature we might pause a little from our hostility to these chronic wanderers.

The plain truth is, if recent statistics are right (and they are probably below the truth), we now have sixty thousand incurable tramps traversing the country and living upon honest people, at an estimated expense of fifty cents each per day. This would make about eleven million dollars a year that it costs us to keep up this most prosaic and detestable idleness, which breeds crime and promotes an increase of sloth and human decay. It is doubtful if any mere statistics can really compute the full cost of this nuisance, which must increase as our population grows. There must surely be some way to stop or reduce this vagrancy. And why are we all so easy and apathetic about it?



SENATOR QUAY, of Pennsylvania, has served notice on the Republicans of the State that he means to be chairman of the Republican State Committee. The present chairman is efficient and faithful, but he is a member of the State administration which has honestly endeavored to carry out the party promises and promote Republican success on distinctively patriotic lines, and so he must be deposed, in order that bossism may be re-established in the party councils, and the Republican vote in the next national convention may be manipulated to satisfy the grudges or further the ambitions of Mr. Quay. The Republican party may be strong enough to stand this sort of thing, but with one Senator scheming for the advancement of unworthy personal ends and the other misrepresenting his party and State by the advocacy of the ultra free-silver policy, honest Republicans in that imperial commonwealth can hardly regard themselves as objects of felicitation.

In January last the treasurer of South Dakota suddenly disappeared. Investigation disclosed the fact that he had embezzled \$344,000 of State funds. Detectives were put upon his track, but he eluded them all, and all expectation of his capture had been abandoned, when he suddenly reappeared at the State capital, presented himself in court, confessed his crime, and announced his readiness for sentence. It now turns out that his surrender was in pursuance of a compromise under which he and his bondsmen were to make good his deficit, and he was thereupon to be sentenced for a short term in the penitentiary. The further understanding is, it is said, that he is to be pardoned before the expiration of his term. That is to say, the State of South Dakota consents to condone the crime of a trusted official by which its treasury was bankrupted, and thereby practically declares to every criminal in the State that he need have no fear of the penalties of the law if he will only confess judgment and consent to go through the farce of a nominal sentence. It is just this mawkish treatment of

criminals that emboldens the vicious and depraved, and stimulates criminal activity everywhere in society; and it is folly to expect that embezzlements, wholesale betrayals of trust in the administering of large or petty interests, or outrages of any sort upon property or person, will be diminished or made either dangerous or odious so long as society is willing to compromise away in this easy fashion the penalties which the law establishes for its protection against felons, big and little.

Every patriotic American must be gratified at the deep impression made by the American squadron at the recent naval demonstration at Kiel. All accounts agree that our ships were special objects of admiration, and ex-Secretary Tracy, who was present at the celebration, gives it as the consensus of opinion that "the *New York* is the best of her class, having a heavier armament and being faster and more economical in the consumption of coal." Emperor William, who loses no opportunity to inform himself on practical subjects, made two visits to the *New York* for the purpose of inspecting her more striking features, and is reported to have spoken in the most complimentary terms of her salient "points." German experts seem to concur in the Emperor's admiration of the ship, declaring that she outclasses the British cruiser *Blenheim* and her sister-ship, the *Blake*. The new navy does not, of course, rank, in the number of its ships and guns, with those of the first-class European Powers, but it is gratifying to know that its effectiveness is so obvious as to compel world-wide recognition.

The attempt of the allied European Powers to deprive Japan of some of the fruits of her victory over China appears to have had the effect to silence the clamors of the contending factions throughout the empire, and there is now a prospect that the government will have the support of practically all the political parties in its future policy. That policy will be one of internal development along progressive lines and of amity toward all outside peoples. Colonel Cockerill, in his last letter to the *New York Herald*, says that this peaceful policy will even be carried to the extent of a Japanese withdrawal from Corea, if the Russian intrigues now in progress there shall result in making the Muscovite influence paramount. As to Formosa, no concessions whatever will be made; and no leniency will be shown to the Chinese marauders who have stirred up the turbulence in the island. There is no doubt that under Japanese rule Formosa will soon be made productive and attractive. It will be matter for regret if, for any reason, Corea shall be given over to a domination less beneficent than Japan has proposed to establish.

The advocates of free-silver coinage are continually harping upon "the rights of the white metal," and indulging in denunciations of legislation by which, as they allege, it has been deprived of those rights. The folly and stupidity of all this sort of talk are strikingly exhibited in a recent note of Secretary of Agriculture Morton in reply to a communication from a zealous supporter of unlimited coinage who had demanded the restoration of silver to its legitimate functions. Mr. Morton says:

"What rights is silver deprived of at present? On the 12th day of June, 1895, in the Treasury of the United States there were \$47,345,402 standard silver dollars. Are they not legal tender for all debts public and private? What more rights would the same number of gold dollars have? On the same 12th day of June, 1895, there were five thousand tons of silver bullion in the Treasury building of the United States in the city of Washington. It cost the American people \$125,870,712, and at the present price of silver bullion the same money would buy 5,249 1/2 tons of silver. That is to say, the American people, under the Sherman act, on this one pile of silver junk have been cheated or have lost in the deal 1,249 1/2 tons weight of silver. Would you vote for a continuation of silver purchases by which the United States would be made the dumping ground for all the silver junk of the civilized globe?"

## Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

SAY what we may, the feeling of patriotism is dormant in us all. Mr. Herbert Spencer says that "Whoever entertains such a sentiment has not that equilibrium of feeling required for dealing scientifically with social phenomena." Well, everybody is not interested in social phenomena, though I confess to a curiosity of the keenest concerning them. Standing on the quarter-deck of the cruiser *Caci-nati* the other evening, over in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, at sundown, I became fully conscious, however, that I was not possessed of that equilibrium of feeling required, according to Mr. Spencer, for their scientific solution. I was sitting below in the mess-room when the first bugle sounded, and with a landman's eagerness to see and hear everything on shipboard, I went above. The last glow of the sun was just disappearing from the sky, the blue-gray water of the bay lapped peacefully against the ship, and the flag floated listlessly above. Away off from across the water came the note of the bugle, the bugler on the *Cincinnati* took it up and carried it on, the quartermaster, halcyons in hand, slowly lowered the flag, every man on deck the while standing at attention. It was a small thing in itself, but tremendously impressive. The flag—*our flag*, it thrilled through me—the symbol of our country, slowly fluttering down, while a hundred or more officers and men stood in deferential attitude waiting for it to be carried below. It is an occasion like this I tell of that tests our feeling and

love for country. The man who could stand unaffected by such an incident must be destitute indeed of patriotic impulse and unworthy of the protection of any flag.

The title of Mr. Henry James's new book which has just been issued will sound ominously on the ears of all those who, like myself, place his work with that of to-day's few who are really worth while. If there is any significance in the name of "Terminations," which he gives to this collection of four stories, it will be consolation to know that the end was with two such admirable examples of his art as "The Death of a Lion" and "The Middle Years." It is this last-named, full of tenderness and pathos, that, strangely, so few find in his work, that gives the sinister foreboding any semblance of a prevision that this is to be the last we are to have from him. But let that not be thought of; let it not for a moment spoil the enjoyment of so perfect and gentle a piece of satire as "The Death of a Lion," or so consummate an expression of his feeling as in "The Middle Years." To lovers of James the reading of these two will bring a few of those supreme moments, to be found only with the great. As for "The Coxon Fund" and "The Altar of the Dead," I can only say that they demand the enthusiasm of the strongest admirer for the slightest appreciation. This I have, but my recommendation only extends to the first two. They are in his "splendid last manner," the very citadel, as it would prove, of his reputation, the stronghold in which his real treasure will be gathered.

There was a bill introduced into the last Parliament that had for its object the protection of rural England from the profanities of trade advertising. I lost sight of it after its introduction, but I have little doubt of its passage, either now or later, and I could recommend with great pleasure the placing of a comprehensive law relating to the same abuse on the statute-book of every State in the Union. There is hardly a mile of well-traveled road in this country, north, east, west, or south, that is not defaced every few rods by appeals to purchase from the tradesmen of the nearest towns. Trees, bridges, barns, and even houses themselves, are sacrificed to this competitive craze, and every turn of the simple lover of the country for country's sake is beset by blazoned certificates of merit and requests for patronage. A prohibitory law should be passed and strictly enforced; meanwhile those who live in the country may accomplish much, whenever an idle day offers the opportunity, with a good hammer and chisel.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—TOLSTOI is not a hero in the eyes of Frau Anna Seuron, who was long his children's governess. She has published in Germany some gossip reminiscences of her life with the author's family, and among them are anecdotes of the count as he appears in *négligé*, so to speak, under his own roof-tree. He is no anchorite, it seems. He smokes surreptitiously, and after refusing meat for a year he was persuaded by his family to eat poultry. Frequently at night the listener could hear the clatter of knife and fork in the dining-room, and in the morning the cold roast beef left on the table would be found half devoured. Moreover, according to Frau Seuron, the count is fond of perfumes, which combine with the stable odors about his clothes to make a most disagreeable smell.

—The success of "Trilby" has led Du Maurier to gratify the desire of his family, and take a house in London. He has lived at Hampstead for twenty-one years, in an old-fashioned villa, roomy and not very interesting externally, but charming within, and with a pretty garden in the rear. An American who recently had the pleasure of a visit with the artist-author describes him as smaller of stature than one would think, and quiet and retiring in manner. He vouchsafed the information that the young man who posed for Little Billet is only twenty, and is about to go on the stage.

—The West has been prolific in "boy preachers," but the most precocious of them all appears to be Master Ray York, who has been conducting a series of revivals in Missouri. This remarkable boy, a child of thirteen, in knickerbockers and Fauntleroy collar, talks to multitudes in a simple, clear, childish voice that somehow persuades with its earnestness and sincerity, and draws sinners to the bar of confession. He was converted to the Baptist faith at the age of six, preached his first sermon at twelve, and is now a regularly ordained minister.

—Owen Wister, who is likely to become the historian of the cowboy, has just returned from another fruitful trip to Western mining-camps and ranches. Mr. Wister's life when he is in Philadelphia is as correct and conventional as it is open and unconventional in the West. He writes for amusement in the intervals of club life and social duties, and, apart from his attainments as an author, he is an accomplished musician. He is about thirty-five years old and a Harvard graduate of thirteen years' standing.





YVETTE GUILBERT.

### Favorites of the Parisian Variety Stage.

BEAUTY is a very good thing, but when unaccompanied by magnetism it is like a scentless flower. Magnetism, however, does exist without beauty, and sweeps all before it, invincibly, unreasonably, mysteriously.

This positivism explains the continued ascendancy of Yvette Guilbert in Paris. She is only a music-hall singer, a *café chantant* sketch artist, but Paris is true to her, and now, during her visit to London, the English papers are devoting columns to her praise.

She has always been described as coming quietly out in a conventional evening-gown, singing questionable songs with a saintly air. She does nothing of the sort. True, her gown is modest enough for a church bazaar, but the long, thin arms, bare to the elbow, in these days of balloon sleeves make one surprising note; the sober, black gloves another; the plain, serviceable slippers another; the school-girl simplicity of the loosely-clasped hands another; the lack of false coloring on the undeniably red hair and plain face, a last one. You expect little from such an ensemble. You are spell-bound from the enunciation of her first line. Afterward you realize why, when you hear critics assert that her power as an actress is as great as Bernhardt's, but put to a deluding use—a jewel in a dust-heap.

Guilbert's face is capable of quiet, diabolical expression; even her smallest gesture, wink, or lightest nod become somehow instantly wicked. After her, all the chattering, whirling, skirt-tossing young women are violent and jarring, while in your soul you know they are not half as shocking as the well-mannered, velvet-voiced Yvette.

Her most popular song this season is Beranger's famous poem, "The Grandmother." Taking a lace

fish from her throat she places it over her head to represent a night-cap—there is no other change of costume, no properties, no make-up, yet in a moment the hands upon the knees seem palsied, the eyes dim with age, she recounts her dead-and-gone gallantries in a crooning monotone, she looks a hundred years old.

Guilbert's history is strangely devoid of romance. Only five years ago she was a Paris shop-girl, using her wonderful powers to delight her companions at lunch-time. In her little world her fame spread and she began to look beyond its limits. She sought the stage. A good-tempered manager gave her a trial; her success was instantaneous. To-day she is famous—a shrewd business woman and very rich.

Otero, who danced in New York five years ago, has been at the Folies Bergères since the Mi-Careme festival. When she writhed and snapped her fingers on the stage of the Eden Musée she was a beautiful woman, a Spanish Madonna in type. But "La belle Otero," as she is called, has changed all that. The severity of hair has gone, and she wears it wild, befrizzled, like the thousand other theatrical lights of Paris who toil in their victories in the Bois; the pure, magnolia complexion is replaced by crude red and white; she is thinner, and, strangely enough, looks much younger than when New-Yorkers paid to see her dance.

La Pongy, whose diamonds are as famous in their way as the bargains at the Bon Marché, is Otero's rival. No one knows quite what the secret of the feud is, but these two variety-stage stars continually attempt to outshine each other. They were both at Monte Carlo in January, and in the surging, dusty, green-hued



"LA BELLE OTERO."

some music hall or *café*. This is all. And with this meagre knowledge we must be content.

Anna Held has been talked of for some daring, eccentric dances at the Folies Bergères. Her face is of the mobile, expressive type. It is curious, as one looks among her many photographs, to see in her eyes a light like a definite, celestial aspiration. It was a technical error for nature to have given those angel eyes to Hedder.

Popular hits are frequently made in curious ways, but perhaps never but once, in all probability, has a fashion of hair arrangement started the whisper. The exception to this rule has been De Merode, another of the Paris favorites.

For three years she was one of the coryphæes at the Grand Opéra, just a unit among lines of human butterflies, angels, or nymphs. Yet in every opera, whatever the costume, her hair, always the same, always unique, was an emphatic note. All of a length, this wonderful chestnut hair is always severely parted, drawn in low, loose bands quite over the ears, and loosely coiled behind. At last De Merode's constancy to one set coiffure was rewarded. People began to ask who she was; photographers discovered that her profile was purely Greek, that she was beautiful; and it was not long before she became an object of popular homage.

To-day her pictures are displayed everywhere in Paris. She is still a coryphæe, but is paid extravagantly for sittings before the camera, and for an exceptional price has posed for one or two of the best sculptors. The oak growing from a little acorn is not more wonderful than De Merode's fame as a beauty starting from her low-drawn hair. With a fringe or the usual curled locks her profile might never have been discovered among the back rows on the big opera stage. She has now several imitators among Parisian actresses, and the De Merode coiffure has had an enthusiastic vogue in Paris.

KATE JORDAN.



ANNA HELDER.

gambling-rooms were the centres of opposing, admiring crowds. Otero at one table was a brilliant Spanish picture in crimson or yellow, the buttons on her satin blouse sapphires as large as robins' eggs. Turning from her, your eyes were caught by a blaze of white, fire-shot radiance from a table near by, where La Pongy stood with a quart of diamonds sprinkled over bare shoulders. Otero had a victory one night. Travelers and residents at the beautiful, demoralizing little principality all heard the rumor that La belle Otero was winning twenty thousand francs a day. Her luck was phenomenal, and feverish interest held the crowd surrounding her spell-bound. La Pongy's vanity was conquered by her desire for gain. On this particular night she boldly went to the *rouge et noir* table where the Spaniard stood repeating her former successes, and deliberately followed her play. She won a great deal, but she gave a triumph to Otero before a throng of on-lookers which the latter very probably valued more than her winnings.

But La Pongy had her revenge. A night or two following, when Otero dazzled all eyes with necklet, rings, sun-bursts and pins in diamonds and sapphires, her rival entered in a simple, high-necked black gown, nun-like in effect—all her diamonds were blazing on the red-faced maid who followed her in brilliant green.

And who is Diane La Pongy? Beyond the fact that she is Otero's rival, and has in diamonds more than enough for a king's ransom (as valued in these democratic days) there is but little to tell. She has bleached hair, a long, thin, sparkling face, and occasionally may be seen and heard doing the usual "turn" at



DIANE LA PONGY, RIVAL OF OTERO.



MERODE.

BEAUTIES AND FAVORITES OF THE PARISIAN VARIETY STAGE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



"Peebles had fallen in a sitting posture on a low stone dike."

## LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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### VII.

#### BLAKE, OF BLAKE'S HALL.



ADY DULCIE, wending her way back from the shelveen to the castle, under the escort of Rosie and the faithful Larry, dried her tears resolutely, and did her best—no hard task at sweet eighteen with love as an ally—to look on the bright side of things. Desmond could never leave her for long; of that she felt assured. He might go out into the world to seek his fortune, and of course one so brave, generous, handsome, and alto-

gether admirable could hardly fail to find it, but his success or failure should never, she told herself, make any difference to her. The day was not far off when she would be her own mistress, and then no spite of accident or design should hold her from her lover's arms.

As she and her companions came upon the confines of the castle grounds two dusky figures approached them, and she made out by the faint light of the rising moon that they were Mr. Conseltine and his son Richard. They saluted her silently, to her great relief.

"She's been to meet that blackguard bastard, I suppose," said Richard, between his teeth. "Curse him!"

"With all my heart!" responded his senior. "Curse him, by all means. Your blunder of the morning has turned out better than I had dared to hope. But it was a blunder all the same."

"It might have been a blunder," returned Richard, "but so far it's answered. We've got the brute out of the house, and it won't be my fault if he gets in again."

"'Twas too bold a stroke, Dick," said Conseltine. "You show your cards too openly—you play too boldly. If the proud-stomached young ass had only had a little common sense he might have consolidated his position with your uncle. Henry was in a mood to do anything, to commit any folly, after you insulting the boy."

"I couldn't help it," returned Richard. "I hate the cad to such an extent that I'd have shouted his shame in his face if it had cost me every penny I have and every penny I expect from Kilpatrick."

"You're a fool, Dick," said his father, smoothly as ever. It required a good deal to shake the elder Conseltine from his calm cynicism. "And if ye think the game's won just because ye've insulted the squireen and got him out of the castle for a single day you're a bigger fool than I ever thought you—and that's not

saying a little. The game's only begun. Henry's fond of the brat—absence will make him dearer still. It's quite on the cards that he may leave every stick and stone of his property to him and strand you with the barren title. Keep out of his way! He never liked you, and now he likes ye less than ever. Leave him to me. Leave Dulcie alone, too. Don't be trying to excuse yourself, or trying to make love to her; you'll only make bad a deal worse. Who's that in front of us? Your eyes are younger than mine."

"It's that drunken scoundrel, Blake."

"Blake!" repeated Conseltine, and fell into a slower step. "Well, 'tis lucky, on the whole. 'Tis as well he should know."

"Know what?" asked Richard.

"Know all there is to be known about this business of the squireen," answered the elder.

"What affair is it of his?"

"That you'll not learn from me," responded his father. "Not yet, at least. If it's ever necessary ye should know, I'll tell ye. Meanwhile keep a still tongue and an open eye. It's to the shelveen he's going; we'll follow him."

They were close behind Blake's heels by the time he had reached the door of the ale-house. He lunched round and faced them.



"The devil and his imp," he remarked, as a polite salutation, and stumbled across the threshold with no further greeting than a drunken laugh.

Peekles was in the kitchen, finishing a drink of whisky and chatting with the widow.

"Hullo! my king o' Scots," hiccupped Blake. "You here? Drinkin', too? Ye've taken to decent habits in yer old age. Here! Ye'll have another drink with me."

"Indeed, but I'll not," responded the sententious old Scot.

"Ye won't! Ye won't drink?"

"Yes, with my friends," returned Peekles, "but I see none o' them here."

He set his glass upon the table, nodded to the widow, and went out to keep his already recorded interview with Moya in the churchyard.

Blake laughed with drunken good humor.

"Tis a brave boy, old Peekles. He doesn't like me, but after all 'tis a question of taste, and no gentleman quarrels on such a ground. Bedad, I'm dhray." He searched his pockets and found them empty. "Here, ye little spalpeen," he continued, accosting Richard, "pay for a drink for me. Sure, 'twill be a luxury for ye, and one ye don't often enjoy."

"Bring some whisky, if you please, Mrs. Daly," said Conseltine, smoothly, before Richard could muster his heavy wits to retort. "Sit down, Blake, and listen to me. Are ye sober enough to talk business?"

"I'm as sober as I need be," responded Blake, "and more sober than I want to be at this hour o' the night."

"That's easily cured," said Conseltine, dryly, handing him a charged tumbler, "but don't go too far—this is business."

"Discourse," said Blake, tossing off the spirit, "and I'll listen."

The widow still lingered about the room, making pretense of trifling with some household task. Conseltine, with a smooth voice, bade her leave them to themselves, and she obeyed, after which he rose, and for greater security barred the door leading to the village street.

"Ye're mighty mysterious," said Blake, "What is it, at all?"

"Have you heard what happened at the castle this morning?" asked Conseltine, leaning across the rude table at which the two were seated, and speaking in a whisper.

"How the devil should I?" asked Blake. "I've not been out of bed an hour, and I'd be there still, but the whisky gave out and I kom here to wet my whistle."

"Tis better ye should hear it from me than from another," said Conseltine in the same tone of extreme caution. "Dick, here, made a fool of himself this morning."

"Did he, be jabers?" said Blake, with a laugh. "Sure, his Creator did that for him twenty years ago."

"He had a row with the squireen, young Desmond Macartney, and let out what he knew about his birth."

"Tis the first time I knew that he knew anything about it," said Blake. "Was it you that trusted him with such a secret?"

"Never mind how he came to know," returned Conseltine. "He learned the secret. Desmond provoked him, and he blurted it out before everybody—Lady Dulcis, my brother, Peekles, and all."

"And he's here to tell the tale?" said Blake, with an air of drunken surprise. "Bedad, I'm a good man o' my flats, but 'tis not I that would like to tell the squireen that story."

"Listen! Listen!" said Conseltine, beating the tops of his fingers on the table a little impatiently.

"D'ye mane to sit there, Dick Conseltine," said Blake, "an' tell me that ugly rip of a lout o' yours told the squireen that, and there was no fight?"

"Devil a bit of a fight," answered Conseltine. "The boy was knocked clean out of time; ye never saw a man so all abroad. Well, when he came to, his lordship told him he'd acknowledge him before the world."

"His lordship's a gentleman," cried Blake. "By the Lord, he is! If only he could hold a decent skinful o' liquor he'd be the finest gentleman in Ireland, bar none. And what did the squireen say?"

"He cursed the father that begot him," returned Conseltine. "He shook the dust of the house off his feet and swore he'd never cross the threshold again."

"Then the boy's like his father—a gentleman," cried Blake, with a drunken cheer. "Here's to him, with three times three and all the honors. And what did the old man say to that?"

"It has made him seriously ill," returned Conseltine. "He has passed the day in bed, and has refused himself to everybody except Peekles. Now, Blake,"—he leaned farther across the table and fixed his eyes on the face of the drunken squire,— "the time has come for a definite understanding between us."

"Well?" asked Blake. He made an obvious and partially successful attempt to sober

himself. "Give me that jug o' water." It was passed to him, and he drained it, to the great apparent refreshment and steadying of his wits. "A man has need of all his brains, Dick Conseltine, when ye spake in that tone o' voice. Out with it—what hell-broth are ye brewing now?"

"There's no new development yet," answered Conseltine, "though something may occur at any moment with Henry in his present condition. But I want to know definitely, yes or no, are you for us or against us?"

"That just depends on how ye treat me," returned Blake. "I don't know whether it is that I'm gettin' old, or whether the whisky is playin' the devil with my nerves—which is what I'd call my conscience if I was one o' the pious sort—or what it is, but I—I fluctuate. Sometimes—it's generally in the morning, when I wake—I feel pinitent; I feel that I'd like to go over to the inn and clear my breast o' the load I've borne this eighteen years and more. What are ye doin'?" he asked, angrily, as Conseltine trod heavily on his foot beneath the table. "Oh, the cub! Sure, I said nothin' that he has the brains to understand. Yes, Mr. Richard Conseltine, that's how I feel at times, and it comes over me generally in the mornin', when the whisky's out and me pockets is empty. And, be the thunder! if I did, if I did tell all I know—body Moses! what a racket it would make up at the castle, and all Ireland over. Faith, I'd live in history. 'Twould be what the play-actors call a foine situation. And let me tell ye, there's them as'd make it worth me while to do it."

"You drunken hog!" said Conseltine, under his breath. "You won't do that, Blake?"

"Won't I?" returned Blake. "Faith, you're surer about it than I am."

"No," said Conseltine, "you won't do it. I can make it better worth your while to keep silent."

"Then why the devil don't ye?" asked Blake. "Ye're very fond o' talkin' about your gratitude, and ye hold out fine promises, but what do ye do?"

"It seems to me," returned the other, "that I've done a good deal."

"And it seems to me," said Blake, banging the table to emphasize the personal pronoun, "that ye do—little. I tell ye, Dick Conseltine, it's not for nothing that I'm going to suffer the torments of an aching conscience."

"Your aching conscience," said Conseltine, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "has been fairly well salved so far. Is it money that you want?"

"Bedad, it is, thin," said the other. "I haven't the price of a glass in the wide world." "Well," said his fellow-conspirator, "I'm willing to do what I can in reason."

"In reason?" repeated Blake. "Your notions of what's reasonable and mine may not agree. Look here, now; what d'ye say to two hundred pounds?"

"Two hundred pounds?" cried Conseltine, with well-acted amazement. "Oh, come, come, Blake?"

"Come, come!" echoed Blake. "Tis you that has to come—I've gone far enough along the road to hell. I'll go no farther unless I'm paid for it. I want two hundred pounds to-morrow, and I'll have it or know the reason why?"

"I can't do it, Blake," said Conseltine.

"Very well, then," said Blake, "his lordship can; and I'll not only get me two hundred, but also me aching conscience at the same time."

"I think you are hard," said Conseltine. "Come, Blake. Our interests stand or fall together. Look at the affair all around, pro and con. You might get that two hundred from Henry, but 'twould be all you'd get. Now, serve my interest, and Dick's here, and you're safe for life. Have I ever refused you money when you asked for it?"

"That's all right," said Blake; "don't refuse me now."

"Well," growled Conseltine, "if you must have it, you must."

"Bedad, I must," returned the other, with a nod full of meaning. "Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, it's a bargain."

"To-morrow, mind."

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Good! Then I'll drag my conscience and accept the solution. And now I'm goin' home."

"Very well," said Conseltine, "I'll see you to-morrow."

"Then come alone," retorted Blake, with a disfavoring eye on Richard. "Don't bring the cub with you. Come alone—ye're had enough that way."

He rooked from the room, and Conseltine's glance, as it followed him, was full of a dark and concentrated loathing.

"The insolent scoundrel!" said Richard, when he was out of hearing. "Why do you stand him? What is his hold over you?"

"I hope you'll never need to know," returned his father, draining his glass. "Curse him! I wish he was in the grave!"

"He's going there as fast as drink can take him," said Richard.

"I feel inclined sometimes," said his amiable parent, "to give him a lift on the journey."

## VIII.

### MOYA MACARTNEY.

PEEKLES, returning home to the castle after his midnight interview with Moya Macartney in the churchyard, passed a sleepless and troubled night, revolving in his mind all the events of the sad history in which the unfortunate woman had played so strange a part, and canvassing all that her mysterious and unexpected return to life might mean to herself and others. More than once he determined to disregard Moya's strenuous injunction to silence, and at once break to Lord Kilpatrick the news of her continued existence and of her presence in the district, but again and again the memory of the solemn promises of secrecy he had given, and the thought that so sudden and heavy a shock might be fatal to one of his lordship's age and feeble health, dissipated that intention.

"Eh!" he murmured to himself, as he tossed and tumbled in vain effort to discover a way out of the labyrinth of difficulties the business presented, "it's a troublesome affair. I'd like to do justice, gin I could see my way clear to the doing o' it. I'd like fine to bowl out that smug-faced hypocrite, Conseltine, and that lump o' stupidity, his son. 'Twould be the grandest day's work I ever did. But I promised, like an old fule, and I must keep my promise and just bide on the decess o' Providence."

He rose long before his usual hour, early as that was, and went out into the fresh breeze of early morning. Dawn was faintly glimmering on the mountain-tops, and the dew was heavy on the grasses of the lawn. He looked up at the light which shone faintly in his master's window.

"'Twill be but a pair night's rest he's had, I'm thinkin', pair ould sinner! found out by his sin at last. Eh, but the lad's curses will lie heavy on his heart. Mine's wae for him, and for the braw cab'net I've seen grow up from a balra, and for the lovely woman out yonder."

A sudden idea struck him; he drew out his watch and consulted it eagerly.

"Near hand to four o'clock," he murmured. "The mill's but three miles awa'. I can do it in an hour, and another hour to come back. I'll gang and see Moya and persuade her to hear reason."

He took his hat and stick and set out at the brisk pace he could attain toward Moya's lodging-place. It was a rough and stony track, and by the time he came in sight of the mill the old man was fain to sit upon a chance bowlder and pant his breath back. Caution was necessary; he wished to do nothing that could by any chance give gossip or conjecture a handle, and he walked cautiously round the mill, glad of the babble of the stream which covered the sound of his footsteps on the turf and gravel. Nobody was stirring, the place and all the country-side lay still and gray under the morning mist, now faintly touched here and there with threads of opalescent color by the yet invisible sun. He threw a small pebble cautiously at the window shutter of Moya's sleeping-place, and a minute later it opened and revealed her pale, lined face. He made a gesture, cautioning her to silence, and then by another invited her to join him. She nodded to show comprehension of his pantomime, and a minute later stood beside him. "Come awa' out by here; we'll be safer."

They walked on side by side in silence till they reached a little declivity between two hills which hid them from all chance of observation, and then Peekles spoke.

"Moya, woman," he said, "tell me why, after all these years, ye come here now?"

"I came to see my son," she answered.

"Aye," he said, "that's natural enough, na doubt. But is that all ye came for?"

She darted a keen look at him—a look in which question and surprise were both expressed.

"Moya," he went on, "since I saw ye last night I've not closed my eyes for thinkin' o' you and the pair lad, your son. Eh, woman, but it's clear impossible that after that one glimpse o' his bonny face, and that one sound o' his voice, ye should be content to gang back to solitude—it's clear impossible. Let me tell him ye're alive and near him. He's alone, too, now. His place is by your side; your duty is to comfort him under the trouble he's sufferin', ye ken that weel."

"Mr. Peekles," said Moya, steadily, "the path of duty is not always plain, but I'm going to clear mine if I can, by your help. God knows me very bones are full of desire for the child I love. I was near crying out who I was last night when I kissed him; but I've borne the better times of solitude now for eighteen years, and my time here will not be so long as that. I'll bear it to the end rather than disgrace and shame my child."

"Moya, he knows!" cried Peekles. "He

ken's you were not married to his father, wina say but if he had never heard that, wad no be in the right to keep apart from ye, but he knows it. He's cast o' his father's has barely a friend in the world, I'm sure, pair ould decessant deevil that I am. He needs o' ye. Ye'll heal his sair heart, and love ye, and cherish ye and comfort ye in elin' years."

Moya shook her head.

"He's young," she said, with a world of meaning in her tone. "A heart as young as his won't break for such a trouble as he's sufferin' now. He'll go out into the big world, and the shame's not known, and win his way. Wad I be to him—a nameless vagabond, a poor, ignorant ould woman. I should raily him down and disgrace him. No—ye mane, Desmond nothing—yet. Ye asked me just now she went on after a pause, "if I had so much reason to come here after all these years, just to see my boy."

"Well?" asked Peekles.

"I had—I had another reason, or I'd resisted the temptation now as I have before it down all that long, dreary time. I've a plan to ask ye, Mr. Peekles."

She paused there for so long a time that the old man snapped out suddenly, with exasperated irritation:

"Weel, weel, lassie! What is it?"

"There's so much depends on the answer I hardly dare to ask," said Moya, with a suddenly gone tremulous. "Tell me," she continued, after another pause, "if ye mane a gentleman in this part of the country that'd himself Blake—Patrick Blake, of Ballyhall?"

"Do I know him?" echoed Peekles. "I don't know him fine, the drunken scoundrel. Aye, kens him for miles round. But what depends on my knowin' Patrick Blake, lassie?"

"Much may depend on it," said Moya. "His mind's future depends on it."

"Desmond's future? Why, what is the name o' a' that's meaning can Pat Blake has to do wi' Desmond's future?"

"Was Mr. Blake," asked Moya, slowly, and with an amount of effort which helped the old man to understand the importance she attached to the answer, "was Mr. Blake ever a clerk in holy orders?"

Peekles stared at her in sheer bewilderment. Had she asked if he himself had ever been lay of Rome, the question could hardly have seemed more ludicrous, but there was a painful solemnity in her manner which would have stayed a man less grave than he from laughter.

"Loch!" he muttered. "Trouble's disturbed the pair lass's brains. Holy orders! Is Blake? By my soul! but it's an odd question."

"Not under that name, but another—Bun O'Connor."

"He's borne no name but Patrick Blake that I've ever kenned o'," said Peekles, still gazing painfully for any meaning in Moya's question. "She's hoverin'," he muttered to himself, but the calm intensity of Moya's glance, though contradicted by the heaving bosom and irregular breath with which she spoke, did not waver with the explanation. "What if he ever was priest under that name, lass?" he asked at last.

"I was married to Lord Kilpatrick," said Moya, "by a man calling himself the Rev. Father Ryan O'Connor."

"Glad guide us!" ejaculated the old Scot.

"And do ye think 'twas Patrick Blake?"

"I know it was Patrick Blake," replied Moya. "That much I'm sure o'."

"But how do you know it?" asked the bewildered Peekles.

"Sure, 'twould be too long a story to tell ye now. 'Twas only lately that an accident put me on the track. It took time and trouble to get Ryan O'Connor and Patrick Blake into the same skin, but I did it. And now, all that remains to find is just whether Blake was ever a priest, or whether his office was as false as his name. Will ye do that for me, Mr. Peekles? 'Tis not for my sake I ask it, but for my son's—for Desmond's."

Peekles had fallen in a sitting posture on a low stone dike, and sat staring at her like a man bewitched.

"Moya," Moya Macartney? D'ye ken what ye're sayin'? Oh! Ma baird will rive with the dinger ye've started in my brains. Blake married ye! Blake, a priest! Why, woman, be cried, suddenly straightening himself, "if that is so, ye're Lady Kilpatrick?"

(To be continued.)

## My Rosary.

LIKE a pious maiden tells her beads,  
I daily count the times I gate on thee:  
For, as a silent prayer, thy beauty pleads  
And, said like, intercedes with Him for me.

And I who love thee—when at last I face  
His awful presence, I scarce shall be:  
For, though my life seem wholly void of grace,  
I've loved all that is good in loving thee.

—GUY R. KENT.



## The Soo Canal and the Commerce of the Lakes.

THE opening of the Canadian "Soo" canal, just the rapids of St. Mary's River, connecting Lakes Superior and Huron, will mark an era in the history of navigation on the great lakes, and will, at the same time, give an added impetus to ship-building on our inland seas. The fact that this canal gives a depth of twenty feet on the entire sill means that loaded vessels drawing eighteen and nineteen feet of water can now pass down to the foot of Lake Huron. The government engineers are now at work deepening the St. Clair Lake channel to accord with the general scheme of twenty feet for all channels and harbors, and when this is completed the big five-thousand-ton boats can bring down their cargoes of grain or ore from Duluth, Superior, or Chicago, to Buffalo, at the foot of Lake Erie. That, for the present, must be the western terminus of deep-water navigation on the lakes. Let us examine, briefly, the character of this commerce, and whether there be any necessity of admitting it to communication with the seaboard. Compared with the great Suez Canal the commerce of the St. Mary's Falls Canal (American), the Canadian canal being under construction in 1894 was as follows:

	St. Mary's.	Suez.
Number of vessels passed.....	14,491	8,384
Tonnage, net registered.....	18,110,360	6,022,391
Days of navigation.....	231	365

The size of the vessels on both routes is steadily increasing. In 1887 the average tonnage of vessels passing through the St. Mary's Canal was 621; in 1894 it was 300. According to the United States Treasury report on commerce and navigation, the number of steam vessels of one thousand gross tons and over in 1894 was 129, with aggregate tonnage of 634,402.84, while the number of such vessels owned in other parts of the country was 316, with aggregate tonnage of 642,642.5. A good half of the big ships of the United States are employed, therefore, upon the great lakes, and were built on those waters. The entire lake fleet of 1894 is classified as follows:

	No.	Gross Tonnage.
Steam vessels.....	1,131	891,329
Sailing vessels.....	1,119	457,395
Canal boats.....	346	41,361
Barges.....	85	20,214
	3,681	1,310,309

These vessels represent an investment of \$62,000,000. The whole tonnage of Quebec and Ontario (part of which is sea-going) is but 224,000 tons, which shows a slight decrease from the figures of eight years ago. A quarter of a century ago, when Proctor Knott pointed at the future of Duluth as "the zenith city of the unadorned seas," the commerce of Lake Superior was only about 500,000 tons, while to-day it is over 12,000,000 tons; which is more than the commerce of Stuez, and more than the estimates made for Nicaragua. The commerce at Detroit is estimated by Engineer Lyman E. Cooley, of the Chicago Drainage Canal, as equal to that passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, which is regarded as the most crowded path of commerce of the world. It should be remembered, too, that during the season of navigation more tons of freight go out of Chicago each week by water than by rail, despite the fact that seven great trunk lines are competing for the business.

The ship-building industry on the lakes is already reaching mammoth proportions, and is steadily growing. As elsewhere, steel is taking the place of wood, and larger vessels the place of the trim, light craft of a quarter of a century ago. At the ship-yards at South Chicago, at West Superior, at Cleveland and Buffalo, great steel shells may be seen on the ways. From the South Chicago yards will be launched this summer six vessels which will carry an aggregate of 30,000 tons of freight. Two of these boats are 180 feet from the keel, and will carry 8,000 tons each, at twenty feet draught. Two steel steamers of the Minnesota Iron Company will carry 5,000 tons each, and their spars, brought down from the forests of Washington, are 105 feet high. Next winter it is expected that keels of 400 feet will be laid down. The magnificent steamships *North Wind* and *North Land*, built at Cleveland for passenger service only, are 295 feet long, 44 feet beam, and of 5,500 tons register. At West Superior are ship-yards which boast of launching annually the heaviest tonnage of steel vessels of any yards in the United States except Philadelphia. The celebrated whalebacks, one of which has made the voyage from Superior to Liverpool and around the Horn to the Pacific coast, have set a new model of marine architecture. Half a dozen of these ships will carry as much freight as a fleet of seventy-five or eighty of the old lake schooners.

One of our illustrations shows the method of handling ore by conveyor. The movable bridge tramway may be lowered or elevated at either end, so that after the buckets, holding a ton, are

filled by the shovellers, they are emptied at the pit and returned in forty-five seconds.

So that the deep channel on the lakes means larger vessels and cheaper freight, cheaper handling, and cheaper production.

The executive board of the International Deep Waterways Association has just finished its meeting in Chicago to outline a programme for the annual convention, which is to be held at Toronto in September. Oliver A. Howland, M.P., of Toronto, is the president, and Lyman E. Cooley, of Chicago, is the vice-president of the association. Its policy of "twenty feet of water from the lakes to the sea" has been adopted by both the United States and the Dominion governments, and all canal and harbor improvement is now done with that end in view. The American Soo Canal will soon have its new lock completed, which will be much wider and a foot deeper than the Canadian lock. It is a curious fact, too, that the best channel, not only down the St. Mary's River but down the St. Charles, is on the American side.

The Canadian Soo Canal would, therefore, seem an entirely unnecessary expenditure of four million dollars, but the explanation is found in the international difficulty that soldiers and war material of any foreign government cannot be carried through the canal. Notwithstanding, therefore, that Canada has but a very small percentage of the lake marine, and a still smaller share of the lake commerce, she finds it necessary, or the home government does, to have a canal of her own; for the statesmen of Britain have long heads. The lakes are not only the outlet of Canada's great northwest, which is destined to be a great and prosperous empire, but they furnish the water route, with the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence, between the Atlantic seaboard and Port Arthur, the Lake Superior port of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. And the Canadian Pacific is Britain's strongest hold on India and the East, and her strongest defense against aggression in that quarter. France and Russia might close the Suez Canal, or a European coalition might even succeed in blocking the path by the Cape of Good Hope, but Russia would hesitate to descend upon India from the north, or even to seize Corea or Manchuria, while the shortest path across Canada remains open. That is the secret of the construction of this little bit of canal, hardly more than a mile long, in the centre of the North American continent.

The new era of the twenty-foot channel is alarming the shipping interests of Chicago, where the old harbor has become inadequate to the changed demands. South Chicago has now become her deep-water harbor, and she has the alternative offered her of seeing her iron, coal, and heavy grain shipping industries go twelve miles from the Chicago River (though still in the corporation limits), or constructing a new deep-water harbor outside of the old one.

New York State, too, is no uninterested spectator. The Erie Canal, with its seven feet of water, is a back number, no less than the old Lake Erie and Ohio Canal, with its four-foot locks. To deepen the Erie Canal to a ship-canal is an acknowledged impossibility, and the deep-waterway engineers are now figuring on an international highway from the St. Lawrence River to the foot of Lake Champlain, involving, also, the duplication of the Welland Canal on the New York side, and a ship-canal from Champlain, via Lake George, to the Hudson. New York, as the great metropolis of the Atlantic, must be the eastern terminus of the great interior waterway of America.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

## The Mistakes of American Novelists.

If we of common clay, the ordinary mortals, may be permitted to make note of the errors of genius and the mistakes of those who have risen to the heights of American literature, it will prove at least the truth of that fable which tells us "a cat may look at a king." The mental obliqueness of the modern writers of fiction sometimes leads them to ignore and forget facts and simple truths. No one for a moment looks upon their errors as intentional. The average reader, too, with a like mental obliqueness, will in most instances fail to notice faults and blunders in the construction of the plot of the modern novel.

We smile as we read and pass swiftly by the stories of maidens that wander in "lonely woods" at unearthly hours of night, always clad in "a soft, white, clinging gown." Now every girl knows that the average maiden is too much afraid of tramps and snakes to wander in "lonely woods." The weather, too, appears to perplex our novelists, for not infrequently they begin a chapter at dawn, there are a few moments' conversation, and then the "sun sets in lurid banks behind the distant em-pur-purled mountains."

In a recent issue of a leading juvenile magazine, a well-known novelist, recounting the adventures of two boys on two donkeys, makes the heels of one donkey kick up and throw off the boy on the other animal, which, according to the story, was fully eight miles away from the kicking donkey.

The principal mistakes of writers are anachronisms. While many of these anachronisms are blunders, others have been purposely made for "art's sake." Mr. William Dean Howells has made such a defense of his anachronism in "Silas Lapham," when he refers to one of his characters as a "Daisy Miller" sort of a girl, although the action of his story is placed at a date earlier than that of Henry James's tale. Besides the several petty errors and anachronisms of which Howells has been convicted, to the amusement of his host of admirers, attention has been called to a slip in "A Florentine Monastery," where, speaking of the Italian military, he says: "Not large and strong, but regular and refined of face, rank and file alike, in that democracy of good looks which one sees in no other land"—evidently intending the phrase "rank and file" to mean officers and men, instead of only the enlisted men, as it really means. "The body of private soldiers composing the army," is Stowman's definition of the phrase. Rank means the formation abreast; file from front to rear.

In the second installment of Mr. Howells's very clever story "Indian Summer," I note the following lapses from correct English. In one paragraph the speaker is made to say "he was going to come every Thursday"; and in the very next sentence, "Miss Graham drew him a cup of tea from the Russian samovar." Miss Graham certainly did not draw him, but drew the tea for him. Again in the same chapter: "A wholesome reaction would ensue, such as you see now in me, when the thing happened to in real life."

Hasty production will account for some, though not for all the blunders which abound in Mr. Marion Crawford's story, "To Leeward." What does he mean by "airy furniture"? How could one man "wring another's cowardly neck to death"? Is it possible for a woman to "flee off the shots of her burning affection"? Why is Lawrence's sister-in-law, an Italian, married to a French Count, perpetually spoken of as Donna Dianna? Why should a spy, existing in the discovery of a clandestine meeting between the lovers, be compared to some "dark, evil genius of a low order, waiting Mr. Darwin to evolve him into the advanced condition of a complete devildom"—unless it be that Mr. Darwin's name is ornamental, whether appropriate or not?

By the rules of blundering adopted by the modern novelist, Mr. Frank R. Stockton is permitted to change the color of "The Late Mrs. Sull's" eyes without protest. If it were her hair I would not complain. On one page she gives Lawrence "an honest, straightforward look from her gray eyes," while on another page she glances on him "her large, blue eyes." Is it proper for a heroine to have an assemblage of eyes?

But Harte is acknowledged to be a famous novelist, and his stories of California life are supposed to have the true local color. He was a resident of California for many years, and spent some time in the forests of northern California. It would seem that in the time spent in the home of the redwood he should have learned something about the qualities of this model building-wood. But, judging from a passage in his story entitled "Sage, the Story of a Waif," he either knows little about it, has forgotten what he did know (which amounts to the same), or is very careless. The passage referred to occurs in Chapter IV., and reads as follows: "... and the exposed annex was filled with sharp, resinous odors from the oozing sap of unseasoned 'redwood' boards, warped and drying in the hot sunshine." Any one who has lived in California should know that there is no "resinous odor" in seasoned or "unseasoned" redwood; nor does any sap ooze from redwood boards, and it is the one grand quality of redwood that it does not "warp." It shrinks slightly endwise, but there is no warping, as any carpenter can testify. Buildings are erected with redwood just out of the pond and filled with water, and there is no warping, no opening of seams or joints, and no resinous odor of oozing sap.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

## Valkyrie III.

ALL the pictures and descriptions of *Valkyrie III.* show that she is a trim sort of craft. She has now been sailing some two weeks, and in each succeeding trial seems to develop some additional good point. In light airs she has already shown herself a veritable ghost, gliding along as though aided by an invisible electric motor. In a breeze she has also been tried, though not to any extent. Still, she shows that the reputation of her designer, Watson, for building craft to stand up in a gale is safe in

her keeping. Her rating is stated to be, approximately, 185.

## The Barnes Air-Ship.

EVERY one is familiar with the construction and limitations of the old-fashioned balloon (gas-chamber, netting, and basket) and its impurity in the field of complete air-navigation.

Aeroplanes—flying-machines—latterly so much studied and experimented, have not yet been made or worked with skill enough to produce practical results of very great value; and no aeroplane or flying-machine can guarantee safety without gas buoyancy; thus these also fail as a means to the solution of the air-navigation problem.

The Barnes air-ship—to which, as its inventor, I have ventured to give my name, as I claim, the first and only construction qualified to demonstrate in the air the threefold principle of gas-buoyancy, windplane and motor power—evolution to aeroplane and safe aerial navigation. I say aeroplane in contradistinction



THE BARNES AIR-SHIP.

tion to propelled aeroplane because the latter is driven through the air at a fixed angle and irrespective of making any use of the wind, whereas the windplane, as I design it, is constructed to turn on its axis at any angle whatever, according to the use it may be desired to make of the wind. So far as I know, mine is the only windplane ever adapted to use at any angle.

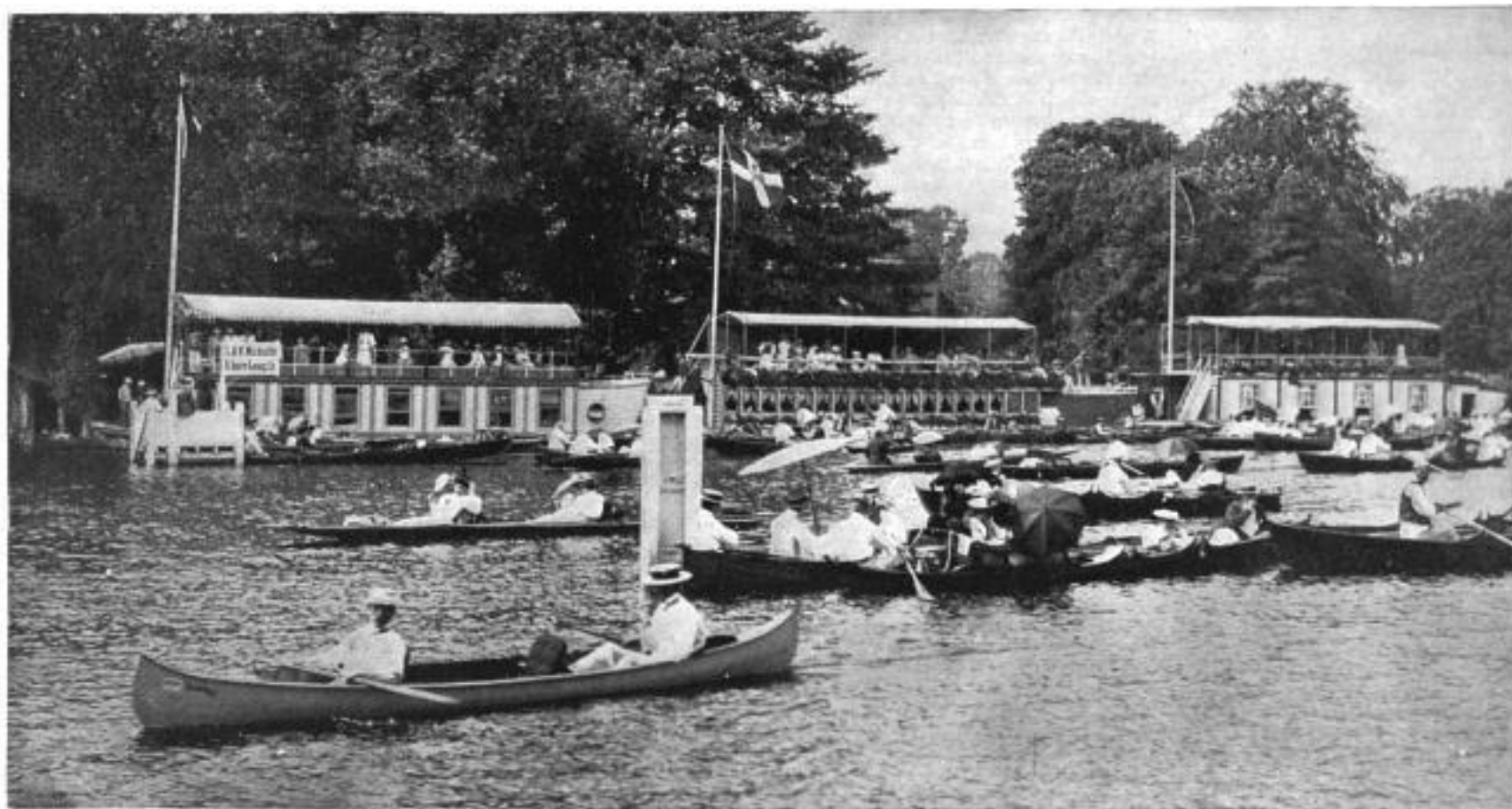
In my air-ship, by means of a screw-propeller swinging within a rigid arc, power can be applied at any linear angle, for propulsion up and down, backward and forward.

As I am limited in space, I must hope that the accompanying drawing will convey to the reader some general idea of the air-ship. I may say, in brief, that an entirety of rigidity is secured in the construction of my air-ship by means of a complete system of horizontal, lateral, and vertical tubing, thoroughly gird-lined, Professor Carl E. Meyers, who was present at the debut of my small model, wrote me, June, 1901: "It is altogether the most practical construction for the direct application of power for the purpose of navigating an air-ship, and for directing the same upward or downward and for steering at any angle, that I have seen; and I am familiar with all the various inventions and mechanisms and experiments therewith that have appeared in this line up to date. Its operation should convince any observer of its entire capacity to move in any direction or manner the operator may choose, and as natural laws favor increase in the size of aerodynamical vessels, a larger construction than your model should proportionately better demonstrate its qualifications and advantages; therefore, in the interests of the establishment of air navigation as a practical fact, beyond the scientific skepticism and popular incredulity which have so long densely obstructed achievement in this field, I hope you are planning a larger ship, such as will more adequately exhibit your admirably feasible design."

The air-ship built large enough to carry and be propelled by a common motor will prove useful as a means of public travel, for health purposes, excursions, commerce, exploration, communication between different races of men, etc., etc. It can be constructed for individual use, as in the case of the bicycle. Such air-ships would, of course, be the privilege of the wealthy until universal desire should create the demand which, by increasing manufacture, would reduce price and gradually bring it into range with the bicycle, and for business journeys, short and long, it would wholly supersede the bicycle in mud and snow time. The question of aerial transit in large numbers, as now represented by the railroad and ocean steam systems, is merely a matter of time and money, and of time only because of money; and of money in the sense of risk—only until after the initial stage has merged into that of established use, as in the case of the land and water systems—for that passenger and traffic transport and interchange as now confined to land and water will ultimately be successfully re-enforced and largely supplanted by aerostation as its inevitable progress itself.

And that man may indeed be called happy before he dies who is both wise and rich enough to realize this by throwing open to the race the Barnyard of the air. WARD BARNES.





BOAT-HOUSES ON THE RIVER THAMES, NEAR FAWLEY COURT—SCENE ON A REGATTA DAY.

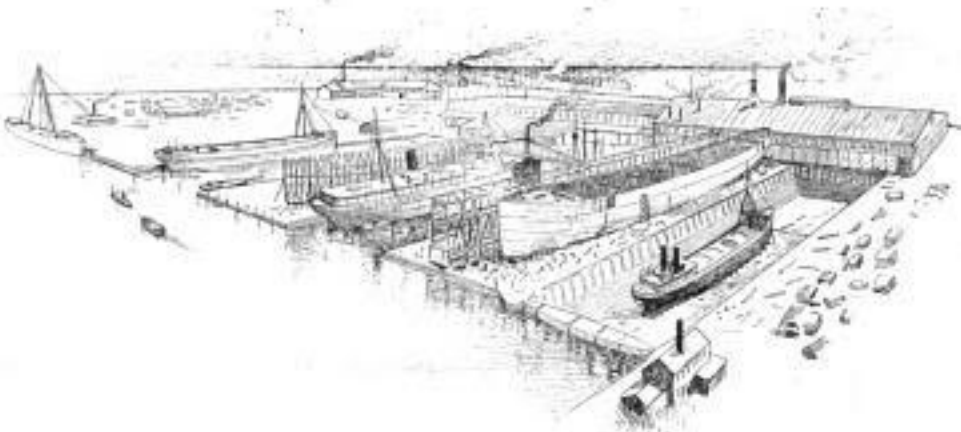


THE FINISH OF A REGATTA AT HENLEY.



AFTER A RACE.

THE REGATTA COURSE AT HENLEY ON THE THAMES, SCENE OF THE INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.  
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 26]



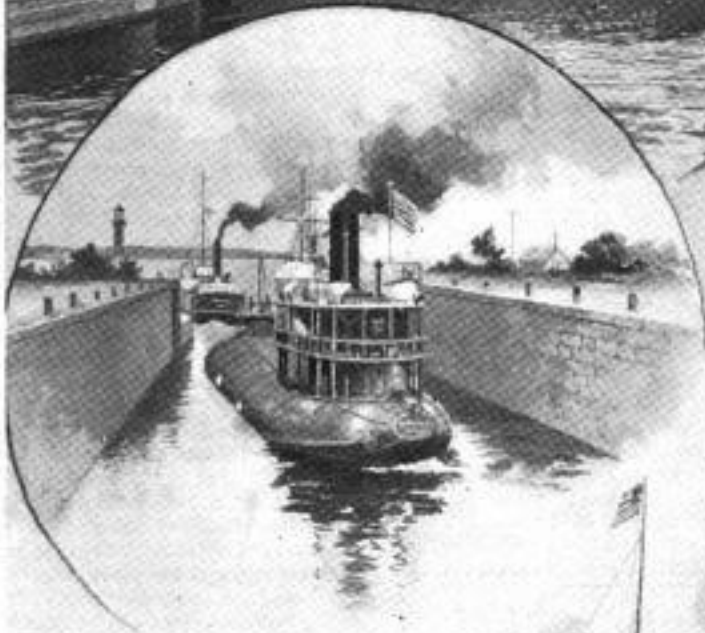
SHIP-YARDS, SOUTH CHICAGO.



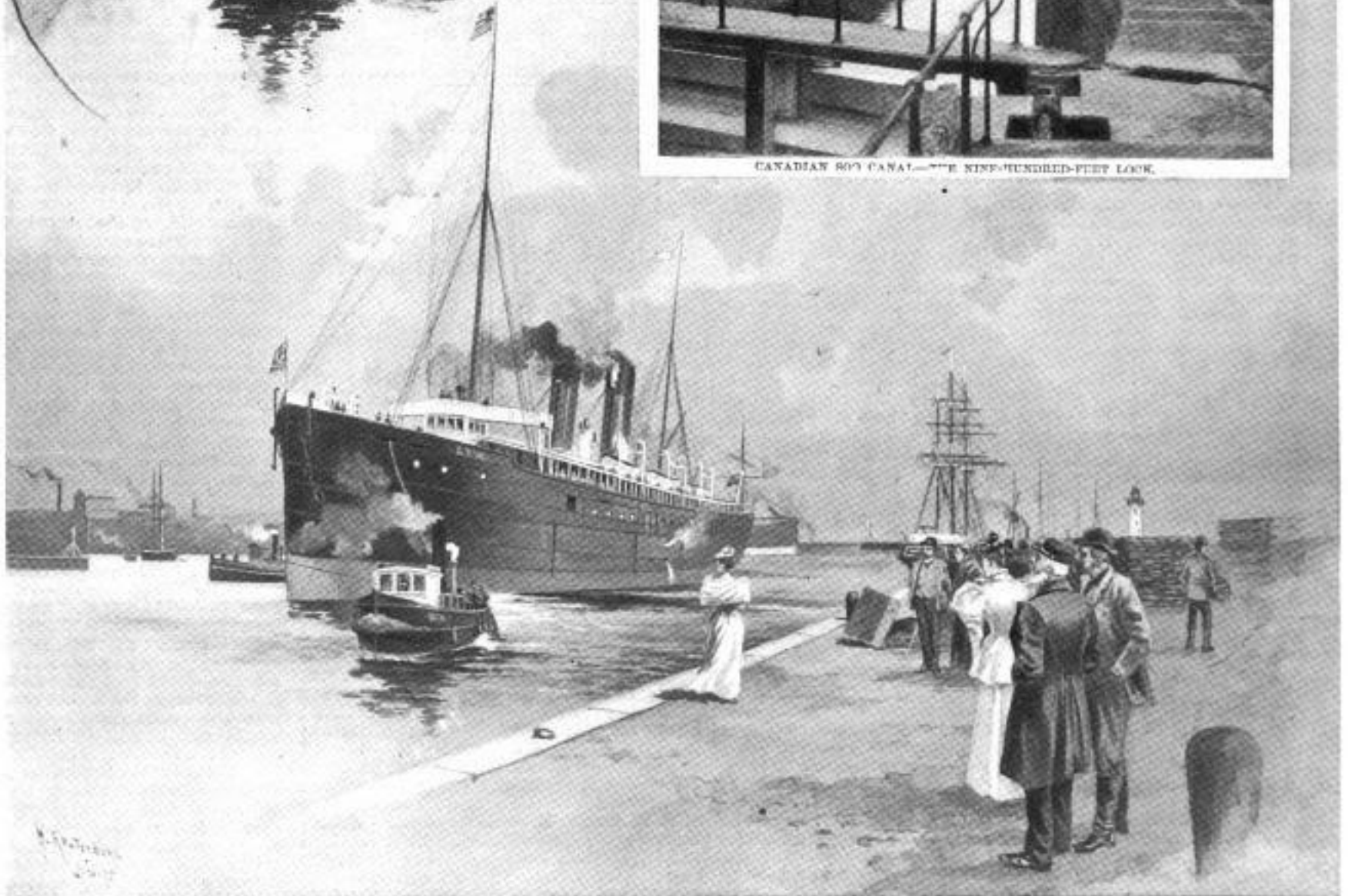
OLD-CONVEYERS, SOUTH CHICAGO.



AMERICAN 800 CANAL—EMITTING THE BIG LOCK.



CANADIAN 800 CANAL—THE NINE-HUNDRED-FOOT LOCK.



CANADIAN 800 CANAL—LOCK FROM THE EAST.  
A WHALEBACK ON HER WAY TO THE SEA.

PROPOSED DEEP-WATER HARBOR, CHICAGO.

THE "800" CANAL, CONNECTING LAKES SUPERIOR AND HURON, AND THE COMMERCE OF OUR INLAND WATERS—TWENTY FEET OF WATER FROM THE LAKES TO THE SEA, THE POLICY OF THE FUTURE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## Cornell and the Henley Regatta.

It has been said, and with truth, that the Henley regatta is the pride of all English oarsmen, and the race for the Grand Challenge cup, in which Cornell is entered, is considered by experts to be the fastest race in the world. Seldom, indeed, are the competing crews more than a half-length apart, and the race is, in consequence, nothing but a spurt from start to finish. It is estimated that not less than ninety thousand people yearly witness this one race, to say nothing of the grand total who go to make up the attendance for the week.

The going of Cornell to England several weeks ago, and the reasons which inspired her to such an adventurous end, have already received attention. It would seem, however, in order now to speak more particularly of the regatta in which they are a conspicuous entry, and to whom many and many an American looks to either win the great race, or row a race reflecting only the greatest credit upon American methods and the science of rowing.

The Henley course is reached from London by a thirty-five-mile ride through the most beautiful country in lower England. During the week of racing some two dozen trains are run daily to the fairyland scene, where houseboats, gayly decked and crowded with guests, line the river banks, as shown in the illustrations on page 24. While originally the course was over a mile and a quarter against a current, and afflicted with sharp turns, time and reform have shortened the course to one mile, five hundred and fifty yards, causing but a slight bend at the start, the remainder of the course being straight-away. Stakes on either side, one hundred and thirty feet apart and marked with white flags, mark the course unmistakably.

The manner of drawing for places, right or left bank, is interesting, and shows the extent to which luck enters the races. First, each crew is allotted a number, and a card bearing that number is placed in a hat. Two little girls then draw from the hat each a number, and the crews representing those numbers meet in the first heat. A second heat is arranged in like fashion, after which cards of the winners of heats are drawn.

Besides the element of chance in the drawings there enters another; for whereas, under ordinary conditions, the Berkshire side is the better, when the wind blows so as to make it a lee shore, the crew having the Buckingham shore are considered to have the advantage by at least seventy feet.

In explanation of the ineligibility of three of Cornell's best men from competition at Henley, the following from the *Washington Star* will be read with interest:

"The English definition of an amateur requires that no oarsman shall ever have worked as an artisan for support, even for a day; he must never have been employed in the construction of boats; he must never have been an instructor in boating or athletic sports of any character, and he must never have competed with professional oarsmen. The requirement regarding foreign entries is strict. Applications for admission must be filed by foreign crews three months in advance of the date required for entries of English crews. This is to give the regatta committee time to verify the affidavits made by those desiring to enter that they are in true amateur standing. The rule was adopted in 1873, when it was learned that one of the speedy Shoreham regatta four from this country, who had entered the Henley, had worked for a living. The Englishmen were determined that such a slip should not be repeated."

The scene at Henley may be briefly described as follows: Along the Berkshire banks lie groups of nesting greenwood-trees which are kind enough to permit glimpses from the river of widening, richly green lawn and undulating field. Under the shade, and more than a mile in extent, lies an unbroken string of college barges and house-boats, all decked out in a perfect glory of flowers, vines, and flaring red-and-white awnings.

The Buckinghamshire side of the course is the more popular of the two, for its gradually sloping shores offer to the wayfarer, the boys, and the college men a chance to run along, and, keeping up with the crews, for a time cheer their favorites to renewed effort.

Back of this class of race enthusiasts are the carriages, coaches, and the magnificent private equipages of the rich and the nobility of all England. Further removed still from the water are the thousands and one showmen, fakirs, jugglers, and book-makers.

Of course the Grand Challenge cup race for which Cornell is entered is the race of the week,

still there are other famous races to be decided which claim the interest of all. As an instance, there are the Ladies' challenge plate for eight oars, established in 1845; the Thames cup for eight oars (1858); Stewards' challenge cup for fours (1842); the Visitors' challenge cup for fours (1847); the Wyfold challenge cup for fours also, which was established in 1855. Then there is the silver goblets race for pair oars, and the diamond skulls for single men, which was established as early as 1844.

The English stroke has been aptly described by an old Oxford oarsman as a quick stroke and a long one, with a fairly long slide, which varies, of course, according to the make-up of the men. There is nothing choppy about it, and the men in pulling row port and starboard, and not all directly in line over the keel. It is said upon excellent authority that few crews ever row the race at less than forty strokes to the minute, while the records show that so high as ninety-six strokes have been taken in the first two minutes, and that after that forty-two to forty-four were maintained to the finish.

The following record of the past ten years will give one an excellent idea of the time the winners of the Grand Challenge cup have made:

1880—Jesus College, Cambridge.....	7	22
1881—Trinity Hall, Cambridge.....	6	54
1882—Trinity Hall, Cambridge.....	6	50
1883—Thames Rowing Club.....	7	1
1884—Thames Rowing Club.....	7	4
1885—London Rowing Club.....	7	45
1886—Leander Club.....	6	52
1887—Leander Club.....	7	48
1888—Leander Club.....	7	45
1889—Leander Club.....	7	42

Now, when it is considered that Cornell on dead water at home, on Lake Cayuga, did, many times, the distance under seven minutes, and over the Henley course since their arrival in England within a few seconds of seven minutes, it will be seen that, win or lose, Cornell is none other than a crew of more than average ability.

### ENGLAND'S CHAMPION TENNIS MEN HERE.

The recent West Newton tennis tournament, in which Dr. Joshua Pim, greatest of lawn racket-wielders in the world, and his partner, H. S. Mahoney, competed, started a boom in the game which cannot be too highly appreciated. While it has been acknowledged by experts in this country without exception that we are not up to the best men of England, the desire has been a warm one, indeed, to see on our own courts tennis in its greatest perfection. In fact, this desire has been a hobby with a few of our enthusiasts for some years. The great Renshaw was invited time and again and year after year during his prestige—then he who defeated Renshaw, and finally Pim. Pim himself was only induced to come after a mass of correspondence.

Pim's game, as shown against our best men, Hoyer, Hobart, Chase, and Larned, is simply a marvel. A past-master of every known stroke, he seems ever in front of the ball, with the expenditure of the least possible energy, showing rare judgment of distance and speed, and possessing withal snap, patience, accuracy and strength, almost fierceness in smashing, in equally strong quantities.

Indeed, it is not saying too much to declare Pim head and shoulders a better player than our best man, Champion Wren, and a brief study of his masterly work is alone sufficient to show that our American experts have much yet to learn. Not only have our men got to learn to expend power only when power is going to count, but to observe patience, acquire greater accuracy and more daring in placing by the side lines.

Of course, it is too much to expect that great good can come by the foreigners' sheet stay among us, still it seems probable that a few points well worth the knowing were picked up. Were Pim and his partner to stay the season out, the play of several of our best men would be improved appreciably. This is so for the reason that tennis, of all games, requires that the opposing player play against the strongest possible opponent.

H. S. Mahoney also showed excellent tennis, and while easily better all round than Goodbody, being more active and a harder hitter, it really seemed as though our champion might give him a close rub, if not actually defeat him. Mahoney's greatest stroke appears to be a back-hand smash, which is cut fiercely but with great accuracy, and, employed with a very

varied style of play, becomes puzzling in the extreme.

Pim's first game on American soil was played with young Malcolm Chase as opponent, and though the "boy wonder" did well, the game was apparently a practice game only for the English star. Now and then Pim would give an inkling of what he could do in playing a net game, rushing up and smashing right and left. His service was so strong and accurate that one double fault only was scored against him.

### COLUMBIA'S GOOD FORTUNE AND ADMIRABLE WATERMANSHIP.

Columbia won the great three-cornered race and should feel proud of it. Cornell should feel no less proud of making the fight she did against adverse conditions, all of which favored the wearers of the blue-and-white. As Captain Armstrong remarked to me at Gales Ferry, and whose words were quoted in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, the heavy and more powerful crew have a great advantage in a head wind and sea. Columbia, with her great weights, when once under way, made nothing of the weather conditions. On the other hand, Cornell, with her one-hundred-and-sixty-three-pound crew, was tossed about like a shuttlecock in the choppy sea, and back by the head wind.

Many experts who saw the race agreed, after it was all over, that the story might have been different had the conditions been those under which crews usually delight to row races. But no matter what might have been. Columbia could not have won, even with the weather on her side, had her eight been men of fair ability only. On the contrary, the crew, a strong and good one, took advantage of their opportunity to its full, being handled by their coxswain ably.

Pennsylvania's showing was not such as to warrant the assertion that under more favorable conditions she would have won the race.

*A. T. Ball.*

### A Talk with Liliuokalani.

FRESH conspiracies against the Dole government in Hawaii are said to be organizing on the Pacific coast, the principal actors in them being exiled royalists, among whom are several persons of wealth. One report associates Claus Spreckels with these revolutionary schemes, which, it is said, include the sending of two armed expeditions to unprotected points on the islands, whence they will move on Honolulu and attempt the restoration of Queen Lili. One of these islands is controlled by Spreckels, and it is thought that both men and arms could be landed there without difficulty.

The renewal of these plots in behalf of the dethroned Queen revives public interest in her person.



EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

personality and justifies some description of her characteristics and of her daily life since her dethronement.

Mrs. Dennis, for by that name is ex-Queen Liliuokalani known in the councils of the newest of republics, lives in a large square house situated only two hundred yards from the executive building, Honolulu, the place where she reigned as monarch until January 19th, 1893. She is ostracized, rather than exiled, attended by only a few maids and a handful of her old bodyguard.

Returning to Honolulu some months ago, I was granted an interview with this fallen monarch, the condition being that no attempt should be made to "talk politics." It was ten o'clock in the morning when we passed up the long walk, a grove of coconut palms on one side, a group of acacia-trees on the other, and a ring at the door-bell brought a maid-servant who conducted us to a large front room, the furnishings of which told a story; it was a throne-room in miniature—a place where Liliuokalani might sit and imagine herself queen again. At one end of the room, the platform of which was but a few inches above the floor, stood a large gilded arm-chair, behind which stood several beautiful

*kukui*-poles of the koa wood, surmounted by spheroids of feathers, plucked from the rare birds—emblems of Hawaiian royalty.

"Good-morning, your Majesty," uttered my escort a moment later, to a powerfully built woman who had entered the room. Conversation between them having been exchanged, I was introduced. She motioned us to be seated, stepping on to the dais, took her place in the gilded chair.

A woman at least six feet tall, whose weight must be two hundred and fifty pounds, she reclined in a loose, flowing robe of white, the ornament being a gold brooch studded with diamonds that clasped the collar. This costume is the national *hololei*, worn by all Hawaiian women in the morning. The light fluffy material contrasted poorly with her square face. It was not the face of a negro, yet it reminded one of the African type. The nose, broad and shapeless, with large nostrils, the thick lips, those hints of negro ancestry, but on her head was coiled a mass of jet brown hair that any woman might well envy. Her eyes were dull and spiritless, and not during the conversation that followed did her face lighten with a smile.

Liliuokalani, clad in black, with crown and scepter in hand, might be a typical queen, but the impression made by the woman seated in that tawdry chair was, to say the least, disappointing.

A few commonplace phrases were exchanged, the climatic conditions of the island being discussed. She spoke English well, but fluently, as some of her admirers had argued. Her sentences were constructed strictly according to rules laid down by grammarians, so they were heavy and evidently the result of considerable effort. From the slow, deliberate manner in which she spoke it was evident that her mind kept well ahead of her tongue and framed the words far in advance of their utterance. Her pronunciation was too staid, the words lacking the smoothness of blending one into the other. Turning to me she said:

"May I ask what opinion you have formed regarding these islands—I mean the land, independent of the people?" To this I willingly replied that I had greatly enjoyed the visit especially the trip to the volcanoes.

"Yes," said she, "Kilauea is grand; it is something beyond the comprehension of any one. But have you thought," she added after a moment's pause, "that the Hawaiian Islands have nothing indigenous with them; that not a flower, not a tree grows here but what the seed or plant came from some other clime?"

Then, after a long pause, she continued: "These islands are of volcanic origin, and it was not so many centuries ago that they rose from the sea, and for years they have been great heaps of red and black lava. Then birds, passing overhead, dropped a seed and a plant sprang up; other birds passed, more seeds fell into a soil which wind and rain had made out of the lava, then trees grew."

Was she quoting sentences from a book, or were these ideas original? This question I was not answer. In reading about Hawaii I have never seen this phraseology, yet the manner in which she spoke smacked more of rotation than composition. She continued: "Man came from another group of islands, and the Kanakas were originated. Later other men came, and finally they began to arrive from all quarters of the globe. They brought seeds and plants, so that to-day Hawaiian vegetation is mass that owes its origin to climes temperate and tropic, but there is nothing, nothing that speaks of Hawaii."

Liliuokalani's voice was more pleasing during the latter part of this monologue, for a tone of sadness softened the staid articulation. She resumed:

"I am mistaken perhaps in one thing. There is a bird which seems indigenous to Hawaii. It is the *ou-bird*, and I have never heard of its having been found in any other land. The woods were filled with them years ago, so our historians say, and their sweet notes filled the air from morning till night. But a peculiarity in their plumage led to their almost total destruction. They were black as ravens with the exception of two little yellow feathers that grew out from the breast. One day Kanakakucha I said that he must have a robe that would reach from his shoulders to the ground, and that it must be made of the feathers of the *ou-bird*. His will was law, and the little *ou-birds* were slaughtered by the millions. It took years to make that cloak, and it is probably the most expensive habilliment in the world. One day, but smaller, was exhibited in the States, but the original Hawaiian royal robe I have in my possession and will be pleased to show it to you some day, but I must be excused now."

She rose, thus signifying the interview to be at an end, and passed out of the room, and a moment later the maid-servant conducted us into the garden. With that we bid adieu to the home of the melancholy Queen.

C. H. HARTLINE.



# Edison the Elder.

THE purple asters were nodding in the crisp September air down under the great oaks and pines which stood shoulder to shoulder on the wide expanse of unkempt lawn, as I walked from the electric tramway up to the yellow house among the pines, where was lying in a dim delirium the father of one of the most wonderful men of the century. I had gone out to this suburban part of this little city of Port Huron, Michigan, while waiting for my boat to leave, to make a call on Samuel Edison, father of Thomas A. Edison, to gather what I might of the earlier history of the man who now stands so high among the inventors of the age.

For twenty-two years "Tom's" father—everybody calls him "Tom" here—had been living in this same yellow cottage. I knew of his extreme age—he was ninety-two August 1—and yet I had heard before I went to call on him how spry of foot he was, how keen of mind, how quick at humble repartee. So I had hoped to find this quite remarkable man both an interesting study and an encyclopaedia of information. But instead, I saw a long, gaunt frame, lying upon what seemed to me must be his bed of death, the light of reason faded from the keen, old eyes. He was moaning in his sleep, and now and then calling out for some one, maybe his son—the son of whom he has been so proud.

You cannot ask a man on the streets of Port Huron if he knows where Mr. Edison lives without receiving an affirmative answer, and, if you seem a stranger to the place, there is sure to follow a recital of the old gentleman's many striking characteristics. And you will at once be corrected in your pronunciation of the name—*if you follow the one in common use. It is Edison here, a very long "e."* One man will tell you that the old man has no care whatever about his personal appearance, no more than did his famous son when he was straining every nerve to get money to make investigations, and was quite willing to part with his best shirt if thereby he could purchase a few chemicals otherwise unobtainable; another recites some of the witticisms for which the old gentleman has become locally famous; another tells of the gifts of silk hats from son to father, the more battered and ratty the better suited to the latter's taste, providing they had only been worn by "Tom"; another discusses at length the acumen of the old gentleman; another, and many another, speaks of his uniform goodness of heart.

Samuel Edison was born, so his wife told me, in Amsterdam, New York, August 18th, 1801. His father lived to be one hundred and four years of age, his grandfather to be one hundred and seven. With such a long-lived ancestry to look back upon, what years, what marvellous years, may not be before the man who so splendidly bears the family name! And, by the way, Mrs. Edison, who is the step-mother of Thomas Edison, adds several years to the future for him, for she told me what her husband had always contended, that the published statements as to her son's age were all incorrect—that he was but forty-six years of age last February, instead of being, as has been stated, fifty-one. His birthplace was Milan, Erie County, Ohio. When he was seven years old, he came to Port Huron with his father, and from that day to this, people have associated him with that city.

It is not at all hard to find the ancestral influences which have moulded the inventor and made him one of the most persistent and indomitable of men. His father has been a man not only of gigantic physique, but equipped with a powerful mentality. The old gentleman, say these people who have known him all these years, was a man of tremendous reserve force—something which shows in the son, whose ability to utilize this reserve strength has on many an occasion been shown to splendid advantage. The father was the most unpretentious of men, and cared little or nothing for the elegancies of life. The room where I saw him stretched upon his bed, a fallen giant, was comfortable, but plainness itself. The whole house is the simplest of places—the commonest of rag-carpeted on the floor, walls with little adornment, homely rooms, yet cheery—just such lovely rooms as delighted the owner's heart.

In the "parlor" of the little home, from which I could hear the sharp, monotonous ticking of a self-satisfied clock, and the spasmodic breathing of the old man, lying upon his bed of sickness, I could see pictures of the son, neatly framed and hung on the wall, and there were several fat albums containing pictures of both branches of the family. On the slender table in the corner were two of the famous hats—hats which both father and son have contributed to, to make famous—battered affairs of ruffled black, never too old for the proud size to wear. A cabinet organ in the corner added the last touch of the country-home of the days gone by.

"They wanted me to have a nurse," said the

other friend whom we stood at the side of the old man, who seemed to be so near to the entrance to the last voyage, "but he won't let anybody look after him but me. He had never been sick in his life until seven years ago, when he had a fever, and since that time he has never been so well."

When I left the little yellow house among the trees the purple asters nodded me a good-bye, something the old man, lying in the low bed with his parchment hands crossed over his shrunken breast, could not vouchsafe me.

W. S. HARWOOD.

## The "Shut-Ins."



HE humor that lies midway between mirth and pathos is much fed by an associate membership in the Shut-ins Society. The "Shut-ins" are sick

women and men in all parts of the land and over the sea; and the Associates, being in sound mind and health, are pledged to a friendly interchange of letters and small kindnesses with as many of these unfortunate as time and means may allow. An Associate of some eight years' standing finds great delight in her seven correspondents, to whom she sends, beside occasional letters, books, secular and religious, magazines and illustrated papers, scraps for patchwork, worsted for knitting, stationery and postage-stamps at Christmas. To one of these women—a very lovely and almost helpless cripple up in the forests of Maine—goes at every Christmas-tide a delightful construction called a "wonder-hall." The first one was a surprise, for as the recipient proceeded to knit off the bright pink taphyr wool whereof it was composed, out dropped two-cent pieces in a shining shower, and strange humps and inequalities in the ball developed into packages of flower-seeds, skeins of silk, and all sorts of amazing trifles. Before a pair of baby's socks were knitted, two dollars and a half had been shed into the knitter's lap, and a long letter of rapturous and incoherent gratitude told this surprising fact, and minutely recorded how each dime had been laid out, as Mr. Wegg has it, "to the best." It was gratifying to know that these small coins—"change"—begged from many masculine pockets—had procured not only medicines and warm flannel and a package of penny-seed, but a course of three lessons in flower-painting from a neighbor of exceptional gifts and culture. These had imparted great happiness, but a satisfaction greater still flowed from the "wonder-hall." "What was best of all," wrote the pen in the cramped, rheumatic hand, "I was able to give something for the first time, and contributed twenty-five cents toward buying a floral pillow for our dear Sabbath-school superintendent, with 'Rest' in violets."

Your after year a ball is sent on its way, and each new one brings a fresh excitement to the expectant shut-in knitter. One contained a silk handkerchief. "I never saw a silk handkerchief before," came the reply. "I hope you will not mind, but it was so beautiful that I gave it to my sister. She goes out, of course, more than I do, and can carry it." From another New England village a farmer's wife writes of all the surprise-parties and church societies to which her kindfolk repair, and of which lively echoes come to her sick-room. The girls rehearse before her their "pieces," to be spoken at a great entertainment given by the Ladies' Benevolent Association at one of the churches. "This is their first entertainment," writes Mrs. S—, "and I expect it will be a good one. They are going to take the proceeds to buy a horse; it is very much needed."

No account has yet reached the Associate of the success of the entertainment, and she is anxiously awaiting some light on the subject of the horse and the crying need which it is to fill.

G. A. DAVIS.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

### THE ISLAND SHRINE OF MOLEZ.

ONE of the most picturesque of the Breton *parcours* or saint's-day observances, so dear to Dagnan-Bouveret and other French painters, is that of St. Molez, whose ruined shrine is situated on a tiny island lying about a mile and a half from the mainland, on the north coast of Brittany, near the mouth of the Trieux. St. Molez was the son of an Irish king in the fourth century, and withdrew to the solitude of the little isle, which at that time was so infested with serpents as to be rarely approached by man. The prayers of the good saint drove out the snakes here, as those of St. Patrick did from

Ireland, and the monastery which he founded became a famous religious resort until the year 878, when the sacred relics were removed to Bourges. The edifice fell into decay, but the soil of the island retains miraculous qualities to this day. A handful of it will exterminate reptiles from field or farm; and milking horses are made sound by rubbing it on their hoofs. Annually, on June 9th, the Saint's day, Breton peasants in large numbers, mostly on horseback, visit the isle of Molez, where Mass is celebrated at the ruined oratory shown in our picture from the Paris *Illustration*. Low tide enables them to cross dryshod from the mainland. They deposit their *ex-votos* of horse-shoes and wooden images, and then scurry back over the sands lest they be caught by the incoming flow.

### THE SUFFRAGE AGITATION IN AUSTRIA.

The suffrage agitation in Austria has reached an acute stage. The premier has recently introduced into Parliament a measure which, while satisfactory to himself, is very distasteful to the workmen, over one million eight hundred thousand of whom, out of a rate-payers list of five million six hundred thousand, are left without representation in Parliament. Reaction has lately been strengthened through the active efforts of certain influences in clerical circles. Not only is universal suffrage refused, but even freedom of public meeting is now denied to the public in Vienna. In some recent instances popular excitement has been so great as to compel the adoption of repressive measures by the police. In one case the Parliament House was garrisoned with a force of over two hundred policemen. The indications are that in spite of the efforts of the authorities to repress the growing agitation, it will be continued until the demands of the working classes are recognized by a considerable enlargement of the suffrage.

### MUSIC AT NOONDAY.

One of our foreign pictures shows the Press Band playing at mid-day in one of the gardens of the Thames Embankment in London. This garden is situated at one of the feet of the great printing works of Fleet Street and the Strand. The Press Band was established with the view of providing good music for printers and workmen at the noonday hour, and the enterprise was from the first a marked success. Here the men get a glimpse of summer, away from the noise and unvarying odors of the great establishments in which they work. The subscribers to the enterprise include many of the leading daily and weekly papers of London and a number of prominent gentlemen who sympathize with practical efforts for the entertainment of the working classes. This provision of a pleasant resort for a hard-working class of men at the luncheon hour might be imitated elsewhere with profit and advantage.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

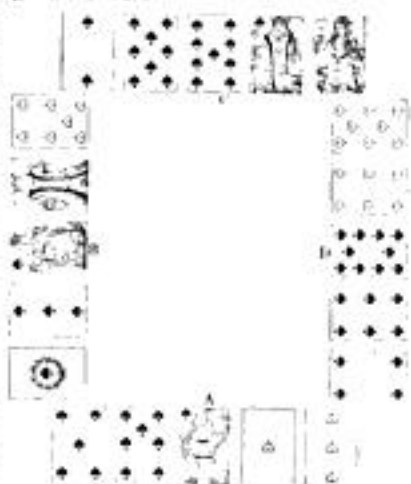
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 22 was a good lesson in trump play, and despite of its apparent simplicity, puzzled many an old hand who thought that the winning of the odd trick was all that could be expected. A leads off with the quiet little play of deuce of diamonds, and leaves the battle to the others. C discards queen of hearts, and D declines the lead in a similar manner. B is then compelled to sacrifice D by throwing both of his trumps to A, who then leads up to his partner's ten-ace. Many commenced with trumps, which will only secure three tricks. It was correctly mastered by Messrs. C. F. Allen, Frank Buckley, "P. H. B.," J. Barnett, J. W. Crawford, G. Clark, T. Cox, H. Drake, M. J. Evans, C. F. Duke, Dr. Eastman, W. Edwards, Fort Schuyler Club, G. Flemming, C. N. Givens, H. George, A. W. Hall, C. F. Hunter, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," C. Knox, Eddie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, M. Lyons, E. M. Long, C. H. Masters, Mrs. H. T. Meener, T. J. Morrison, E. Moore, C. Nefuss, A. Odelschmidt, Jr., J. Peck, W. Porter, J. W. Russell, F. Stafford, "A. J. S.," J. F. Smith, W. Seward, Dr. Tyler, C. K. Thompson, G. Underwood, H. H. Unger, and W. Young.

To such as have asked for something harder we recommend the following as being wonder-

fully deep and replete with curious surprises, given as No. 27.



Hearts trumps. A leads, and with C for partner takes how many tricks against any possible play? Look out for pitfalls!

## The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 22. BY P. F. BLAKE, Black.



White to play and move in two moves.

The above clever strategem, which shows the work of a master hand in all the little details which characterize a perfect problem, gained the first prize in the recent tourney of the Liverpool Mercury. It was highly complimented by the talented Mrs. W. J. Baird, who adjudicated the prizes.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 22. BY MARIN.

White. 1 Q to Q 3? Black. 1 Any thing.

Correctly solved by Messrs. P. Stafford, F. C. Nye, T. B. Miller, W. L. Fogg, T. Cox, R. Rogers, A. W. Hall, R. E. Hatheway, C. V. Smith, "Ivanhoe," E. C. Jones, H. Dearborn, C. F. Ellery, G. Edridge, and P. H. Newall. All others were incorrect.

## Royal State in China.

THE accounts of the royal state in which the wife of Li Hung Chang lives in her magnificent palace on the banks of the Pei-Ho read much after the style of fairy stories. A thousand attendants, it is said, stand ready to fulfill her slightest wish. Song-birds make the air melodious in the great gardens about the house, and there are more enchantments about the palace than are pictured in the "Arabian Nights." Her wardrobe embraces two thousand costumes, and she bathes in the oil of oranges. How great the fortune of her famous lord and master is, the Western world will never definitely know, but it ranges, by estimate, from five million to fifty million dollars.

## An Asthma Cure at Last.

ECUADORIAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



THE HOME OF SAMUEL EDISON, FATHER OF THE GREAT INVENTOR.  
[SEE PAGE 27.]



SAMUEL EDISON AT NINETY YEARS OF AGE.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. WHITE & CO.



LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT, VALEKYRIE III, AS SHE APPEARED AFTER LEAVING THE WAYS AT HENDERSON'S SHIP-YARDS.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST & SON, NORTH-SEA, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 21.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE "DEFENDER"—THE BOAT CLEARING THE SHIP-HOUSE.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLLES.





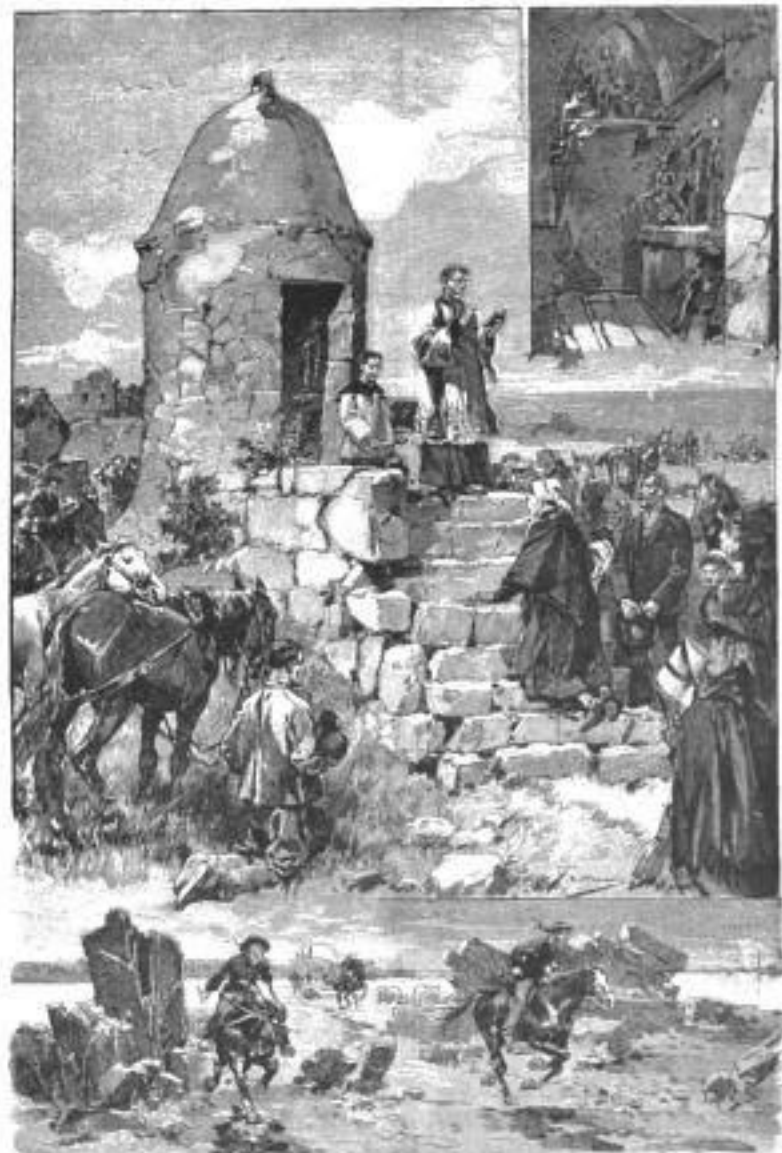
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD ON THE WAY TO THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.—Black and White.



AN ENGLISH TYPE OF BEAUTY, BY THE SPANISH PAINTER, R. MADRAZO. Black and White.



THE SUFFRAGE DISTURBANCES IN AUSTRIA—COLLISION OF THE POLICE AND SOCIALISTS IN VIENNA.—London Daily Graphic.



FRANCE—A BRETON "PARDON" AT THE ISLAND SHRINE OF ST. NODÉZ.—L'Illustration.



THE PRESS BAND PLAYING AT LUNCHEON HOUR IN THE THAMES EMBANKMENT GARDEN, LONDON.—Daily Graphic.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



## Surviving Confederate Generals.

THERE are seven surviving lieutenant-generals of the Confederacy—S. D. Lee, Longstreet, Wade Hampton, Buckner, Wheeler, A. P. Stewart, and Gordon. Not the least interesting fact in connection with these veteran leaders of the Confederate armies is that the son of one of them, General Wheeler, was one of this year's graduates from West Point. General Wheeler himself left West Point thirty-six years ago to cast his lot with the South.

NATURAL domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

### HER PREDICTION.

Old Mr. Bently—"I see that they are going to have a Carlyle museum in London."

Old Mrs. Bently—"Huh! Didn't I tell you that them foreigners would do something for him on account of that last bond issue?"—Judge.

### LOW RATES TO DENVER.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will place on sale at all ticket-offices on its lines east of the Ohio River round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, and Pueblo, for all trains of July 25, 31, 4th, and 5th, valid from starting-point on day of sale and good returning from Colorado points July 15th to 15th inclusive. The rate from New York will be \$47.50, and correspondingly low rates when from other stations. Tickets will be good via St. Louis or Chicago.

AMONG the items of information vouchsafed about Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress of the hour in London, is that she suffers from insomnia, and rarely obtains more than four hours' sleep a night. But this does not appear to affect her health. She is fond of pug-dogs and the piano, of boating, sailing, and driving, but she has an ingrained dislike of exercise. It is hardly four years since Mrs. Campbell made her debut as a professional actress, and her instantaneous success has been continuous.

### SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent post-paid upon receipt of ten cents by Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

### A DANGEROUS RESEMBLANCE.

"Our friend McMudd had quite an experience lately; he was taken for Grover Cleveland."

"He must be stuck on himself now."

"Stuck on himself? Why, they nearly killed him."—Judge.

### DO YOU KNOW ITS CAUSE?

INDIGESTION: Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause and cure? Ask your druggist for Ripans Tablets. One gives relief.

To keep your digestive organs in order get a bottle of the genuine Anker-Pain-Expeller, manufactured only by Dr. J. C. B. Sievert & Sons.

### CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

THE Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 15 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray Street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children's teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures and colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cent bottle.

### A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gold Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food, so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

THE musician or artist who buys a Sohmer Piano gets an instrument that is a work of art, and the result of many years' hard study and labor.

**Arnold Constable & Co.**  
MEN'S OUTING AND DRESS SHIRTS,  
NECKWEAR, GLOVES,  
UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY,  
ETC., ETC.  
CARTWRIGHT & WARNER'S  
Light Weight  
Natural Wool Underwear.  
**Broadway & 19th St.**  
NEW YORK.



"If you don't  
at first succeed

IN REMEMBERING  
TO GET

**Constantine's Pine Tar Soap**  
Persian Healing.

BUT you need to  
try this Soap  
only once to know  
how durable it must  
be. Other soaps are  
soft and melt away  
rapidly. This lasts  
well, and is pure.  
Its friends know all  
its excellent qualities.  
Do you?  
—Druggists.

Try,  
try  
again."

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10  
to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Dr. J. STEWART, Lebanon, Ohio.

**THE CELEBRATED  
SOHMER**  
Pianos are the Best.  
Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-  
fuse the Sohmer Piano with one of a similarly  
sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—  
**S-O-H-M-E-R.**

**TAMAR  
INDIEN  
GRILLON**  
A laxative, refreshing  
fruit lozenge,  
very agreeable to take, for  
Constipation,  
hemorrhoids, bile,  
loss of appetite, gastric  
and intestinal troubles and  
flatulence arising  
from them.  
E. GRILLON,  
33 Rue des Archives, Paris  
Sold by all Druggists.



HE WAS RIGHT.  
PEDAGOGUE (severely)—"Now, sir, for the  
last time, what's the square of the hypotenuse  
of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?"  
Boy (desperately)—"It's equivalent to a lick-  
in' for me, sir. Go ahead."—Judge.

CONTROVERSY BY SHOVEL.  
WIFE—"Don't I hear some one beating a car-  
pet?"  
Husband—"No. I hired an Irishman and  
an Italian to put away the coal, and they are  
arguing."—Judge.



Opium, NEW DISCOVERY, Liqueur.  
Cocaine, and kindred diseases, permanently cured.  
Treatment inexpensive. Full particulars for stamp.  
Northern Ohio Medical Institute, Cleveland, O.

LONDON.  
THE LANHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situ-  
ation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with  
Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table  
d'ôte.

**Delaware & Hudson  
Railroad.**  
THE SCENIC AND DIRECT LINE TO  
**The Adirondack Mountains,**  
Lake Champlain, Lake George,  
Saratoga, Montreal, Sharon Springs,  
The Gravity R. R., Etc.  
THE SHORTEST, QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN  
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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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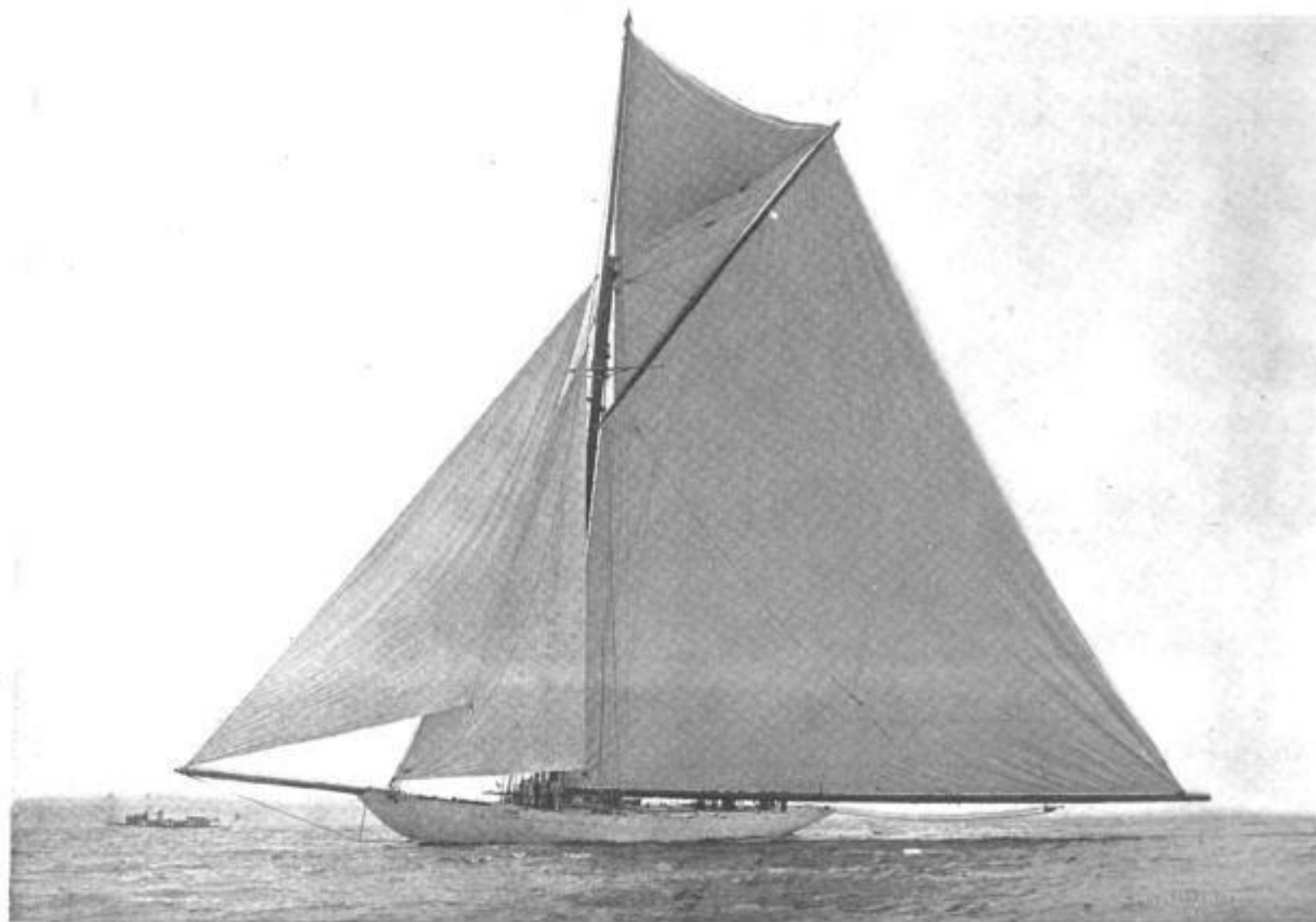
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THE "DEFENDER" BEATING TO WINDWARD.



THE "DEFENDER" RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND IN HER TRIAL RACE WITH THE "COLONIA" IN NARRAGANSETT BAY.

THE COMING INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY C. E. BOLLER.

THAT the initial trial of *Defender*, which occurred on the afternoon of July 6th, should have proved eminently successful is not to be wondered at when the genius who planned and built her is considered. Just prior to her launching, those experts in yacht architecture who were granted the privilege of a peep at her lines were unanimous in the opinion that such a beauty could not possibly prove other than a wonder. When, on Sunday afternoon, the 7th instant, she met in her second trial *Colonia* and practically sailed all around her, this opinion was confirmed in no uncertain way. Of course *Colonia* is not a flyer, neither is she as fast a boat to-day by a minute or so as *Vigilant*; still it speaks pretty well for any boat to show *Colonia* the way in runaway fashion. The most careful estimate makes *Defender* to-day a faster boat over a cup course by twenty minutes, a most remarkable result when it is considered that *Defender's* sails do not assist her anywhere near what they will later on, when use and possible alterations make them fit perfectly.

Like *Valkyrie III*, she is very fast in light winds—though, unlike *Valkyrie III*, she gives greater promise of standing to her work in a blow. Her entrance is of the easiest kind, and she leaves the water behind her cleanly and without kicking up a sea. In windward work she points certainly as high as *Vigilant*, and in going about she consumes about one-third the time. In running she is fast, though not quite proportionately so to her windward work.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Table address—"JUDGE,"

## Give Us Clean Men.



HERE is some ground for encouragement as to the future of Republicanism in New York in the fact that practically all the influential party leaders are united in opposition to the nomination for re-election to the Legislature of persons who distinguished themselves by infidelity to the party at the recent session. Mr. Warner Miller, Mr. Platt, and Mr. Hackett, chairman of the executive State committee, have all voiced the opinion that it would be in every respect unwise to permit these gentlemen to return to the places they have dishonored. There ought to be no doubt at all about the result of the contests which are now in progress in the interior counties. No man who has failed his party, who has played into the hands of the Democracy, or whose moral integrity is in the least degree doubtful, should be nominated in any Senatorial or Assembly district. The Republican party cannot afford to sanction or encourage the debauchery of the public service; it cannot afford, even in order to secure a temporary local success, to condone disloyalty or impurity on the part of any man who has ever enjoyed its favor. It must image and epitomize in its nominations and in its policy the highest popular intelligence and the most elevated public sentiment. It is in that way only that it can hold its own before the people, and perpetuate its influence as a dominant factor in public affairs. It is to be hoped that right-thinking Republicans in the districts where disreputable men are seeking renomination will assert themselves in a positive and organized manner, to the end that all schemes which would bring dishonor upon the party may be overwhelmingly defeated.

## Tendencies to Lawlessness.



HE appeal of the Tillmanites of South Carolina to the old-time "Ku-Klux" methods for the suppression of freedom of speech is not, perhaps, surprising. This faction of the Democracy has so long been given over to utter degeneracy of mind, and seems to be so fully possessed of the devil of mischief and unrest, that every imaginable excess may be expected of it. Its present purpose is to control at all hazards the convention which is to revise the constitution of the State. To that end it has declared war upon everybody who is disposed to favor a policy of fair play. The other day a mob of these Tillmanites drove out of Edgfield (which has been the theatre of several other disgraceful exhibitions of partisan malice) a well-known journalist who had an appointment to speak in favor of fair treatment to the blacks in the coming election of delegates. But for the interposition of a few fearless friends, this American citizen, presuming upon his rights as such, would probably have been shot to pieces or hanged upon the first available tree. It is not impossible that this sort of thing will be persisted in until these intimidators have accomplished their purpose of disfranchising the blacks and obtaining control of the convention. The best citizenship of the State is, it is true, becoming alarmed, and efforts at organization are making in certain quarters; but the demoralization of public sentiment is so great, and the bullying methods of the Tillmanites are so arrogant and desperate, that no very great confidence can be entertained that they will be defeated in their purpose. Ultimately, however, the right will triumph and the lords of misrule will be sent to their own place.

The spirit of lawlessness and of contempt for wholesome statutes is not, unfortunately, confined to South Carolina. Manifestations of it are frequently made elsewhere, taking the form of assaults upon person and property. Just now this spirit is finding expression in this metropolis, embodying itself in a demand that the enforcement of the excise laws shall be suspended, and that the police authorities shall wink at wholesale violations of the provisions in reference to Sunday selling. Some of the newspapers, and some

leaders of public opinion, are actually demanding that the liquor traffic on Sunday shall not be interfered with, and that the law which is designed to secure rest from labor, and to prevent invasions of the public morals, shall be deliberately ignored. It is said that our population is so polyglot in character, and the Sunday law so utterly antagonizes personal rights, that a decent regard for public sentiment demands this particular course. Of course this is an entire begging of the question. The statute with reference to the observance of Sunday is a law of the State. The authorities are as solemnly bound to enforce it as they are to enforce any other law on the statute-book. If it is a bad law, if it interferes with the comfort and convenience of citizens, the proper course is to demand its repeal. But while it remains a law, any demand that it shall be openly disregarded and violated with impunity is a demand which proposes anarchy and license. The request recently made to the mayor that he would call off the police commissioners from their purpose to insist upon the enforcement of this law was a deliberate insult, and the persons who were engaged in it were guilty of substantially the same offense as the South Carolina Tillmanites in their proposition to ignore the law as to the rights of suffrage.

It is time that the better sentiment of the community should assert itself with reference to this question of the maintenance of law and the administration of justice. There will be no safety to any individual or public interest so long as the existing misconception of the obligations of public officials and the prevalent tendencies to lawlessness and misrule are permitted to go unchecked.

The notion which seems to be gaining ground that the constituted authorities may elect what laws they will enforce—that they may and ought to ignore any and all laws which may be objectionable to any considerable number of citizens—threatens the very foundations of the social order. There isn't a law on the statute-books of any State in the Union which could be enforced if this were made the standard of official responsibility. Theorize as we may, the simple fact is that the citizen of New York who demands that violations of the excise law shall go unchallenged because a certain class of citizens object to the law's enforcement gives practical encouragement to the spirit of lawlessness which is the most deadly foe of free institutions. Every man has a right to his personal opinion as to the justice or propriety of existing laws, and may with propriety labor in behalf of their repeal; but when he undertakes to preach a crusade in favor of their nullification, and demands that the authorities shall acquiesce in their violation, he becomes a practical anarchist, and makes himself a partner in every crime committed against those interests of society which these laws are designed to protect.

## Lord Rosebery.



ONE man comes from under the fall of the Liberal administration in England in worse shape than Lord Rosebery. Sir William Harcourt will be recalled as a brilliant leader in the House of Commons. Mr. Morley, although unable to carry the Irish Land bill, leaves Ireland in a more settled condition than it has been in since the 'seventies. Mr. Asquith has made a reputation at the Home Office which has placed him in the front rank of English statesmen. Mr. Fowler, at the India office, has shown himself a man with a backbone. He was especially strong and statesmanlike when the Lancashire cotton-mill owners attempted to bully him into abolishing the tariff on cotton goods going into India. Mr. Asquith has been the most energetic and loyal administrator of the education laws since the days of the late Mr. Forster.

All these ministers have been able to enhance their reputations while in the Gladstone and Rosebery administrations of 1892-95; but their late leader has retired from his high office with no added lustre, and practically in a worse position than that in which he stood before the general election in 1892. He has had his opportunity, but it has gone without his improving it. In 1892 he was a coming man, with the Liberal and Radical press at his back. In 1895, if he is not exactly a back number, he is perilously near it. Yet, after all, the blame for Lord Rosebery's loss of prestige is not all his own. When he took office in 1894 all the conditions, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, were against him. His party had been repulsed in the House of Lords, and was all at sixes and sevens. It was made up of five or six groups, each group committed to some particular measure and determined to carry it at any cost. In years gone by English Cabinets determined for themselves what legislation they would recommend in the Queen's speech at the opening of each session of Parliament. When Lord Rosebery became premier his Cabinet had lost the real initiatory power. The Queen's speeches were made up nominally by the Cabinet; but in reality by the irresponsible wire-pullers of the groups of the ministerial following in the House of Commons. The Cabinet had to obey the bidding of these men or be told in the bluntest language that they would be thrown out.

When Mr. Gladstone retired, two courses were open to Lord Rosebery. He could go on with his demoralized following or he could force a dissolution. The first course, in spite of its dangers, was tempting to a young statesman,

especially to a man of Lord Rosebery's well-known gambling instincts. It gave him at once a place in the list of English premiers, and a place in English history. On the other hand, a dissolution might have involved some years of waiting before a similar honor would fall to his lot. Lord Rosebery adopted the first course. He essayed to go on with things as they were in the House of Commons, and as a result he has made the poorest record of any prime minister for seventy or eighty years past. Nothing marks his term of office either as regards legislation or administration; for the only great legislative success of the Liberal ministry, the reform of rural local government by the Parish Councils act, was achieved in Mr. Gladstone's time, and it was while Mr. Gladstone was still premier that the administrative successes of the late government were achieved. For his permanent place among English statesmen it would have been far better for Lord Rosebery if, when Mr. Gladstone retired, he had insisted on a dissolution. A general election at that time might have placed the Liberals in a minority; but it would have consolidated the party and weeded out the faddists, and a few years later Lord Rosebery might have been at the head of a party upon which he could rely. Now that chance is gone forever.

## An Opportunity for Enterprise.

TWENTY-EIGHT Chinese ports are now open to trade, as the result of the recent war, and every country having the "favored nation" clause in its treaties has equal privileges with Japan. Here is an opportunity for American enterprise which ought not to be neglected. European nations will be quick to avail themselves of the opening. Doubtless English and German traders are already exploring the field. American capitalists and merchants should bestir themselves in the same direction, first making a close and careful study of the conditions with which they will have to deal, and then utilizing the knowledge so obtained as the basis of intelligent investments and of active efforts to supply the needs of the Chinese market.

It is well understood in financial circles that China has been looking with some confidence to this country for the money required to meet the Japanese indemnity. Apparently the amount needed to reimburse Japan for relinquishing the Liao-Tung peninsula has been obtained in Russia, but the vastly larger sum which must be paid in pursuance of the terms of peace is yet to be secured, and it is not at all impossible that when the matter is taken up in the fall the loan may be effected here. Such a consummation would have a most important bearing upon our future trade relations with China; it would, in fact, give American capitalists a prestige and an advantage which would vastly more than offset the greater commercial enterprise and activity of other countries in seeking the conquest of the new market. But even if American money should not help decisively to relieve China of her present financial embarrassments, there is no reason why we should not enter promptly upon a vigorous competition for a share, and a large share, of the trade which is now within our reach, and which, in the nature of things, will grow and expand with every advancing year. There is, on the contrary, every reason why we should push our way into the thick of the struggle and win in that field, as we have done in others, a practical supremacy for the products of our invention and skill.

## Woman and the Atlanta Exposition.



NO better evidence of the social changes of the present day can be found than in the part taken by Southern women in the making of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta. Not that there is any particular novelty to the fact. The Woman's building at the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago will long be remembered as a wonderful monument to woman by woman. In every part of the Eastern, Northern, Central, and Western States the sex vies with man in industrial, professional, and intellectual progress. In all these districts the old order has yielded to the new. But in the South it has heretofore been very different. The old order prevailed everywhere. Conservatism was the universal rule, and change seemed impossible. The Atlanta exposition has wrought a peaceful but rapid revolution in Dixie. Within a twelvemonth it has effected a change such as would have utterly horrified Mrs. Grundy in 1892. It has put the South in line with the rest of the Union, and opened up a new era for its people.

The story is brief and interesting. When the male directors began their plans and arrangements for the exposition there was little or no provision made for what is now known as a Woman's department. But there were thousands of cultured Southern men and women who had attended the World's Fair, and been amazed at the Woman's building and its exhibits within the fair grounds, and the great Woman's Temple in the city proper. This acted as an incentive, which resulted in the formation of a board of lady-managers, including a large number of the leading women of the State. The exposition directors being unable to furnish a building, the women raised, by their own efforts, the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, to which



the directory afterward made an addition of ten thousand dollars. Then the energetic woman's board opened a competition for female architects, and selected the design of one of the competitors, Miss Mercier, of Pittsburg, for the Woman's building. This much accomplished, the board formulated a plan of action so far-reaching and comprehensive as to equal that of the Chicago fair. A board of visitors was established, consisting of Mrs. Cleveland, the Countess of Aberdeen, a dozen distinguished society women from the great cities of the land, and another dozen from Georgia. This gave the woman's department a social tone and character of the best type. A second move was to enlist the interest of the many women's organizations of the country; a third, to obtain the invaluable aid of the press, domestic and foreign; a fourth, to attract exhibitors from distant points, both at home and abroad; and a fifth, to increase the attractiveness, variety, beauty, and utility of the exhibits to be shown in the Woman's building. Along all these lines work is now going on continuously. Assuring responses have come from every quarter in the New World and the Old.

But it is in regard to the exhibition of woman's industry and work that the largest labor has been done. The mere list of the committees affords a good insight into what is being accomplished. Practically everything in which woman is concerned is covered. Among others there are committees on decorative and applied art, floriculture, agriculture and pomology, fine art, sculpture, hospitals and charities, kindergartens, day nurseries and children's schools, woman's professions, patents, inventions and discoveries, literature and the press, architecture, building and housekeeping, bee-culture, poultry and ornithology, cooking, embroidery and education, music, normal schools and colleges, and household economics.

The Woman's building under such auspices promises to be the feature of the exposition. It is artistic, home-like, and elegant. The exhibits will be enough in number and interest to stock a great museum. It will undoubtedly be an important factor in improving the condition of the women in the South, and especially of those who are dependent. Credit for these achievements must be given to the members of the board of lady managers, and particularly to Mrs. Joseph Thompson, the president, Mrs. Maude Andrews Ohi, Mrs. W. M. Dickson, Mrs. A. B. Steele, Mrs. A. E. Thornton, Mrs. W. H. Felton, Mrs. W. D. Grant, Mrs. W. A. Hemphill, Mrs. L. M. Gordon, and Mrs. W. C. Lanier.



MR. JAMES PAYN, who supplies the entertaining editorial page of the *Illustrated London News*, announces in a recent issue of that paper that "in the State of Albany a law against ladies wearing tall hats in theatres was recently proposed in the Legislature." Some generous American ought to enrich Mr. Payn's library by the gift of a gazetteer.

A GRATIFYING evidence of the improved condition of business is afforded by the fact that an increase in the wages of operatives is reported from nearly all the important manufacturing centres in New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States. The advance in some cases is as much as twenty per cent., and in none is it below six per cent. These advances appear to have been voluntarily made in every instance. Such a fact goes to show a restoration of confidence between employers and employes, and justifies the belief that industrial relations are gradually being adjusted to a standard of justice and fair play. There is every ground to believe that business generally will from this time forward show steady improvement, and that the producing classes will not again be reduced to the extremities of the last year or two, unless the persistent agitation of the silver question shall operate to repress intelligent and generous enterprise.

THE proposal of the Swedish engineer, Monsieur Andree, to make a balloon voyage toward the North Pole has received the indorsement of King Oscar in the form of a liberal subscription, and the voyage is likely to be seriously undertaken. Monsieur Andree proposes to make his flight in a balloon of sufficient bearing capacity to carry, for a period of thirty days, three persons, with their scientific instruments and supplies for four months, a sledge, canvas boat, etc., weighing in all six thousand six hundred pounds—the gas employed to be hydrogen manufactured in the Arctic regions. A feature of the balloon will be the attachment of a sail and cable by which M. Andree is confident he will be able, in some measure, to direct his course. He believes that, starting from the islands off the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, the Pole can be reached inside of two days in a moderate current, and much sooner if the current should be exceptionally strong. If this expectation should be realized, the journey would be continued to the northwestern shores of America. An attempt would be made, en route, to survey and map the Polar wastes by means of photography. The scheme seems a visionary one, and would certainly be attended with great risk, but its

projector has evidently inspired some prominent savants with something of his own confidence, and there will be no lack of means for carrying it into execution.

THE men who write the songs which are sung around the world do not always—very seldom, indeed—profit by their peculiar gifts. There died, the other day, in the charity ward of one of our city hospitals, a composer and song-writer whose songs were once on every lip, but whose life had been, from first to last, a hard and bitter struggle. His first composition, which brought the publisher a fortune, was sold for fifteen dollars. For another, of which half a million copies were sold, he received two hundred dollars, while the publisher cleared by it fifty thousand dollars. So it was all through his career; he filled the world with song, but his own life was a prolonged lamentation; a wail of discontent and despair. In his later years misfortune led him into the excesses which are so often the refuge of the weak, and he was wont to quench his thirst by the proceeds of impromptu compositions, some of which were among the most popular of his productions. How little we know, as we listen to the melodies which catch and bewitch us, out of what heartaches and fierce wrestlings with eager appetite and fierce temptation they may have been born.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, who has been delivering lectures in various cities on the subject of good government, has eminently sound ideas as to the matter of immigration. He is not opposed to immigration, but holds that it should be regulated in accordance with public policy, and that the inestimable privilege of citizenship should be bestowed upon no immigrant who is not familiar with our form of government, and not in hearty accord with the spirit of it. Upon this subject the archbishop says: "No one should be invested with the franchise until a sufficient length of residence in America has given full opportunities to understand her institutions and her laws. No encouragement should be given to social and political organizations or methods which perpetuate in this country foreign ideas and customs. An Irish-American, a German-American, or a French-American voter is an intolerable anomaly. We receive from America the right to vote as Americans, for America's weal, and if we cannot use our privilege as Americans we should surrender it." No member of the A. P. A. could advance juster or more distinctively American views than these.

IT is the fashion with some silly-minded people to berate the press as ministering to sensationalism, and as inclined to encourage rather than to hold in check the disturbing forces in society. It is destructive, these persons say, rather than constructive; it has no reverence for established forms, and no regard for the sacred things of life. There are, undoubtedly, newspapers to which these criticisms justly apply, but as to the great majority of journals they are wholly without justification. The press in this country is the supreme conservative force in affairs, the palladium of the rights and the liberties of the people, the foe of injustice, and the potential ally of every really deserving cause. Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, expressed this fact none too strongly when, in his recent address to the students of the Yale Law School, he said that the bar and the press are the great safeguards of liberty, and that the newspaper is indispensable to the maintenance of the social order. A striking proof of this statement is afforded by the recent triumph over municipal corruption in this and other cities, which was due primarily and chiefly to the vigorous and determined course of the press in advocating reform. There has not been in our later history a crisis of any sort, involving high moral or civic issues, in which the influence of American newspapers has not been asserted determinatively in behalf of sound and just conclusions.

### Men and Things.

"This passage year by year and day by day."

THE death of Glave, the African explorer, the news of which has just been brought to us, will be a keen misfortune to that small band of adventurous and intrepid spirits whose fortitude and determination have year by year laid open to the world more and more of the mysterious "Dark Continent." His first experience was gained with Stanley, in the famous relief expedition, he being then but a lad of nineteen, but such was his courage and aptitude that he became one of Stanley's most trusted lieutenants. After his return he undertook several journeys into unexplored parts, notably a trip into the Alaskan mountains. What has proved to be his last work was undertaken two years ago, under the auspices of the *Century*, and was but just completed. The results will be given before many months in the pages of that magazine. I saw a letter from him last week—undoubtedly one of the last, if not the last, he ever wrote—dated May 6th. It was full of boyish joyousness at having ended his task, which had been one of bitter struggle and privation, and of glee at the prospects of return to his own people and friends. He was just sending his luggage on board the steamer, and bade a hasty goodbye, with his speedy return but a matter of a few weeks. In the same mail with this letter came one from an English missionary, with whom he had been staying, saying that

Glave had been taken suddenly ill on the 7th of May, and that he had been buried on the 12th near the little mission-house. There is a poignant, pitiful pathos in it. This strong, resolute man, in the pride of youth and successful accomplishment, on the eve of receiving the worldly reward for that accomplishment, laying down his life way off there on the coast of Africa. All honor to him. All sympathy for those who lost him.

It is very ungracious to look a gift-horse in the face, no doubt, but in the case of the late Mr. James Renwick's collection of old masters, which, with certain restrictions, he bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum, I think that a rather close scrutiny—even though there was seeming ingratitude in it—as to the authenticity of the various pictures is very desirable before they are accepted by the trustees. There is too much worthless truck in the museum; too much valuable space taken up with pseudo-old masters, and now that there is such a nucleus of really fine and exceptional pictures to be found there, it would be advisable, I think, to institute a careful supervision over all bequests and gifts. This is all brought forth by the imposing list of names to be found in the Renwick collection, Correggio, Rubens, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Greuze, and Ruysdael being among them. It is certainly too good to be true, and I quote the opinion of an expert regarding it: "I have not seen the paintings left by Mr. Renwick, but it is highly probable that there is not in the entire collection a single work of art, whether it be the work of the master to whom it is attributed or a later copy, which is entitled to be classed as a 'museum' picture. I do not know Mr. Renwick's collection, but this opinion is the result of my experience with other American collections of old masters." This is rather disappointing, but it gives some weight to my suggestion.

Most of us have read by this time Mr. Robert Bridge's (better known as Droch) charming fantasy, "Overheard in Aready." In it he has evolved the delightful conceit of having half a dozen or so of an author's characters, chosen at random from his different books, discuss with critical freedom the idiosyncrasies of their creator. It is very clever and most amusing. Glancing over the one on Henry James the other day, I ran across one or two little discrepancies in Droch's description of the details of what he calls "Henry James's Household." Henry St. George and Paul Overt, both taken from "The Lesson of the Master," are sitting in St. George's study, *smoking*. As Droch says, the room was full of "solid chunks of smoke." There's the slip. One of the things that James lays stress on in the story is that St. George's wife wouldn't let him *smoke*. I called Mr. Bridge's attention to this just for fun, and was met with the reply, given with airy inconsequence: "Oh, everything goes in 'Aready.'" Well, it might, in such a delightful section of it. LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE at eighty-four is in surprisingly good physical health, but her mind has lost much of its vigor, and there are unfortunate indications that she will realize the fate that Swift feared—of dying at the top first. Her closing years are made as cheerful for her as is possible by her relatives, and she spends much of her time out-of-doors among the roses around her Hartford home, and in the fields of daisies near by, where she weaves floral chains and sings snatches of old songs that come to her lips. Two women attend her on these rambles and a little pet dog. Mrs. Stowe is still a fine-looking woman, with a sweet and kindly face beneath a crown of silvery hair. It is forty-three years since she wrote her famous book, and it still finds a ready sale in more languages than any other book except the Bible.

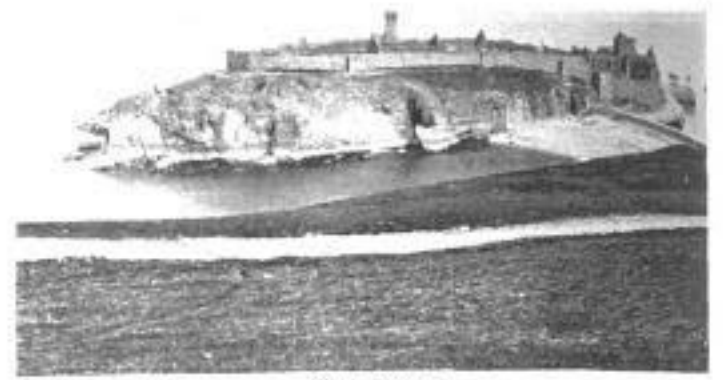
—The new chief of the Weather Bureau, Professor Willis L. Moore, is forty-eight years of age, and was educated at the signal-service military school at Fort Myer, Virginia. He has made his way by sheer merit, and in a competitive examination in which thirty scientific experts and forecasters participated, scored the highest average, and was selected for forecast duty. His record while in charge of the Chicago office is regarded as phenomenal. He predicted one hundred and thirty cold waves last March, one hundred and fifteen of which were verified by the waves themselves, and accurately predicted the severe cold wave which passed over Florida last December, ruining the crops in that State.

—Zola has taken the old Latin motto, "No day without its line," and had it carved in letters of gold over his mantelpiece at Medan. It is his methodical regularity of work, a few hours every day in the year, that explains the vast output of the novelist's pen. He writes about fifteen hundred words a day—perhaps a column and a quarter of newspaper space—and this, at the end of a year, represents an expansive volume. Zola looks like a business man. He is short and thickset, with a large head, his face pallid and furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes deep and impatient. His hands and feet are small and delicate.





"LARGE, WELL-APPOINTED HOTELS ARE EVERYWHERE; THE STREETS ARE CROWDED WITH PEOPLE."



PERK CASTLE.



CASTLE MONA (NOW A HOTEL, ONCE THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT)



THE GRAND PIER AT DOUGLAS, THE PRINCIPAL TOWN OF THE ISLAND.



"RUNNING ALONG THE EDGE OF A CRESCENT-SHAPED BAY, LIES THE BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF DOUGLAS."



ROCKS ALONG THE COAST.



ANNUAL PROCLAMATION OF THE LAWS.



THE ELECTRIC TRAM ALONG THE CLIFFS.

GLIMPSES OF THE ISLE OF MAN, THE HOME OF THE MANXMAN, AND A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT OF ENGLISHMEN.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS. [SEE PAGE 42.]



"That dispatched, he arose and proceeded with shaking limbs to shave and dress."

# LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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VIII.—(Continued).



DESMOND will be Lord Kilpatrick," Moya answered, simply. "'Tis for his sake, Mr. Peebles, that I ask you for help. Not for mine, God knows. There were tomes," she went on after another and long pause, "long, long ago, when I'd have given me life to hold him—Henry Kilpatrick—in my arms for just one minute; tomes when all the shame and sorrow he'd brought on the poor ignorant girl who'd loved him seemed

nothing; when, if the broad sea had not been betwixt us, I'd have gone to him and said, 'Take me as your mistress, your servant, anything—let me see your face and hear your voice now and then, one day in the year, and I'll follow ye barefoot through the world.' But they've gone, long since, and all my love and all my anger are gone with them. As to bein' Lady Kilpatrick," she went on, with a short and mirthless laugh, "'tis not a chance of that that brings me here. A fine lady I'd make for any lord, wouldn't I?—and much at me aise I'd be among the grand folk he'd introduce me to! But Desmond's a gentleman—as good a gentleman as any in Ireland, as Henry himself—and if the title's his by rights he shall have it. I sha'n't trouble him. I shall go as I came, when I've seen him happy and honored in his place. The thought has been food and drink, fire and shelter, to me this months past, since God sent the message that it might be so. Will ye help me, Mr. Peebles?"

"Will I help ye?" cried Peebles, springing to his feet almost with the vivacity of a young man. "Dell ha'e me, but I'll know in four and twenty hours. But, eh, lass, if ye're mistaken? If it's not so? Oh! I'd just gang clear daft in the disappointment. But it must—it must be true; eh, lass! To see the faces o' they two Conseltines. To see the bonny lad that ye wryted on for a beggar and a bastard established wi' title and estates! To see Lady Dalcie Lady Kilpatrick, and Desmond's wife. Oh! if it's no true there'll be a braw end o' one guid Scot, for I'll

just gang neck and crop o'er the headlands in sheer vexation. Curse it! That I should say see—it must be true! It s'all be true if I squeeze it out o' yon scoundrel Blake wi' me ain ould hands, and his worthless life along wi' it. But I maun awa', lass! I maun awa'! There's a hantle o' things to be doon at the castle, and the lazy loons o' servants are at sixes and sevens if they haven't me ayeat their lugs. I'll see yon drucken ne'er-do-weel this day, and I'll ha'e news for ye the morrow's morn. Keep a guid haist, lassie. The king shall enjoy his ain again. Eh, I'm just daft!"

Indeed, anybody who had witnessed the scene might have thought so, he was so topful of excitement.

"God bless ye, Peebles," said Moya. "I'e're a true friend to me and the boy."

"Aye, am I?" returned Peebles, "and that ye shall see e'er lang. Gang hame, lass, and pray for the bonny bairn."

"Pray for him!" cried Moya. "Has there been a day this eighteen years I've not prayed for him? No, nor a waking hour. God go with ye, sir; but—" she checked him with an outstretched hand as he turned to go, and laid her finger on her lips with an imperious command to silence.

"Don't fear me," said the old man. "I'm na chatterbox wi' business like this afoot."

## IX.

IN WHICH MISCHIEF IS BREWING.

IT was late in the afternoon of the same day when Mr. Blake rose from his bed in the tenement to which he gave the sonorous and impressive title of Blake's Hall, a tumbledown hut of two stories which long years of neglect had reduced to a condition of almost complete ruin. The ground floor was occupied by Blake himself, the upper portion by an ancient peasant woman who acted as his cook, housemaid, caterer, and general factotum. There was not a whole pane of glass or an unbroken article of furniture in the whole building, and the little plot of ground in which it stood was a wilderness of stones and weeds.

Biddy was made aware of her employer's awakening in the

fashion familiar to her for years past, by his roaring at the full stretch of his lungs for a draught of whisky. That dispatched, he arose, and proceeded with shaking limbs to shave and dress. He was still occupied with his toilet when the voice of the elder Conseltine was heard in the outer room, demanding him.

"Give him a glass of punch," Blake called out to Biddy. "I'll be with him in the squaring of a lemon. So," he continued, reeling out of his bedroom a minute later, "ye've brought the cub with ye, though I forbade ye."

Richard, sullenly flicking at his boot with his riding-whip, looked at Blake from under his lowering eyebrows, but took no further heed of his ambiguous welcome. Blake unsteadily poured out a second bumper of spirit, and the glass rattled against his teeth as he drained it.

"And what's the news with his lordship this day?" he asked.

"Still very ill," answered Conseltine. "He's been upset by that old fool Peebles, who's been hammering at him all day long to recall that brat of a boy-love of his."

"Faith!" returned Blake, "and he might do worse, by a great deal. 'Tis a fine lad, Desmond; as clever and handsome as that cub of yours is stupid and ugly. Don't shtand there, ye imp of perdition, glowering at me like a ghost. Sit down and dhrink like a Christian."

Richard obeyed a scarcely perceptible motion of his father's eyebrows, sat at the battered table, and poured out for himself a glass of whisky, to which he put his lips with an awkward affectation of good fellowship.

"Have ye got that two hundred pounds?" asked Blake.

"I have," said Conseltine; "I've brought it with me."

He unbuttoned his coat and took a bundle of bank papers from the inner breast pocket. Blake took it with shaking hands and rammed it in a crumpled mass into his breeches pocket without counting it.

"You're as good as your word, Dick Conseltine, for once in your life," said he. "Have another dhrink."

Conseltine profited by Blake raising his glass to his lips to fling the contents of the tumbler which Biddy had filled for him



on to the earthen floor of the hut, and filled it again, principally with water.

"Why," said Blake, "ye're gettin' friendly and neighborly in your ould age. Ye'll be a decent man before ye die, if ye live long enough."

"Blake," said Conseltine, "I want to talk to you. Did ye ever think of emigration?"

"Did I ever think o' what?" asked Blake, pausing with his fourth tumbler half way to his lips.

"Emigration," repeated Conseltine.

"Sure, I never did," returned Blake. "Why would I?"

"Well," said his companion, "there are many reasons why ye might think of it. Ye're just spoiling here—wasting yourself. If ye'd go out west, a man of your abilities, with a little capital, would do well. Land and hiring are cheap, it's a lovely climate, and there are no end of chances for making money. I'll tell ye what, now. 'Tis a sin and a shame to see a man like you wasting himself in this cursed country. I'll make that two hundred five, and pay your passage out, if ye'll take the next steamer to New York."

"Be jabers!" said Blake, "ye're mighty generous all of a sudden. Ye want to get rid of me. Spake the truth now, isn't that it?"

"Well," said Conseltine, with a great appearance of candor, "that is it. I'd rather have ye out of the country. You're dangerous here, Blake—dangerous to us and to yourself."

"To meself!" echoed Blake. "And how am I dangerous to meself?"

"Ye'll be splitting some day on a certain matter that we know of—aisy now, we needn't name names—and if ye did speak, 'twould be as bad for you as for us."

"Make that good," said Blake.

"Well," said Conseltine, "ye'd very likely get a handsome lump of money down from the other parties, but that once spent—and ye know it wouldn't take ye long to spend any sum ye might get—ye'd get no more. Now, so long as you're faithful to our cause, you know you have a loyal friend in me. I'll give ye five hundred down to go to America, and another two hundred a year as long as you live. Don't answer now," he continued as Blake opened his lips to speak. "Think it over, and I'm sure ye'll see things as I see them, and see that it's best for ye to be out o' the way o' temptation."

Blake swallowed another tumbler of punch.

"'Tis a mighty queer idea," he said, thoughtfully, with a thickening of the voice which showed that he was fast nearing his normal pitch of intoxication. He rubbed his head dubiously and, to clear his wits, poured out and drank a half glass of neat whisky. "Lave me ancestral possessions! Desert Blake's Hall! What are ye grinning at, ye thafe of darkness?" he demanded angrily of Richard, who looked round the barren room with a smile of pitying contempt. He lurched forward in his chair, with bloodshot eyes glaring at Conseltine, who, having thrown away his second glass of whisky, filled a third. "Tell me now," he said, "is the whisky good out there?"

Conseltine nodded.

"Well," said Blake, "an Irish gentleman ought to travel. Five hundred pounds, ye said?" Conseltine nodded again. "Five hundred on the nail, and two hundred a year for loife?" Conseltine nodded a third time. "Hand over the bottle," said Blake. "Twil take a dale o' whisky to settle this question."

His wavering hand had scarcely steered his glass to his mouth when a hurried step was heard in the garden, and a moment later the lawyer Feagus burst into the room, panting and perspiring. Blake stared at him for a moment without recognizing him, and then rose, with the obvious intention of falling foul of this unwelcome visitor.

"Hould him back!" cried Feagus. "Hould him back for the love of heaven!"

"Ye sneaking coward!" cried Blake, trying to get past Conseltine. "I'll have your dirty life!"

Feagus, who under ordinary circumstances would have at once accepted the challenge, once more called to Conseltine to keep Blake back, and, unbidden, filled and drank a glass of punch.

"I've no time to waste with ye, Pat Blake. I've news, Mr. Conseltine; we're ruined!"

Conseltine thrust Blake into his chair, and turned.

"What d'ye mean?" he asked.

"Moya Macartney's alive!" cried the lawyer.

Conseltine staggered as if he had been shot, and Blake, who had risen to his feet to make a rush at Feagus, checked himself and stood still, swaying heavily on his feet as he glared at the bearer of this extraordinary news.

"Are ye mad or drunk?" asked Conseltine, with an ashen face.

"Save, and fasting from all but sin, God be good to me," said Feagus. "I tell ye, Moya Macartney's alive. I've seen her." Conseltine

stared at him like a man newly awakened from a nightmare, and he went on. "'Twas last night, in the ould churchyard down by the lake. I was passin' by and I saw her standing there among the graves, and ould Peebles was coming along the road. Thinks I, 'The ould rip! I'll have a foin story to tell my lord next time I dine with him,' and I just slipped behind a grave-stone and listened. He didn't know her till she told him who she was—who would, and she drowned and in her grave this eighteen years! Holy Moses! I'm wringing wet only to think of it!"

"Get on, man; get on!" said Conseltine, hoarsely.

"I kept as still as death," continued Feagus, "though 'twas all I could do to hould meself from cryin' out when I heard her say, 'I'm Moya Macartney.' Then she went on to say that she'd come back to the ould place to see the boy, and at that very minute he kem along the road singin'."

"Desmond?" cried Conseltine.

"Desmond himself," said the lawyer. "Peebles sings out to him, and he comes into the churchyard and talks with Moya."

"For God's sake," cried Conseltine, "what did they say?"

"She never let on who she was. She said she was a poor, wandering crathur who wanted to give him her blessin'. And she did, and she cried, and he cried, and ould Peebles cried, and I was near cryin' meself, it was so affectin'."

"Well!" said Conseltine. "And what was the upshot of it all?"

"Faith, there was no upshot at all," said Feagus. "The boy went away no worse than he kem, promisin' not to lave the district till he'd seen ould Peebles."

"If this is true!" cried Conseltine, shaken out of his ordinary cynical calm by the news, and stopped short, staring before him with a haggard face.

"True!" cried Feagus. "Go and see for yourself. She's stayin' incog. at Larry's mill."

"And Peebles knows it?" said Conseltine.

"By heaven! I thought something had happened. The ould devil's been going about all day long as full o' mystery as an egg's full o' meat. If Henry hears of this!"

"He won't, yet awhile," said Feagus. "She swore Peebles to silence till she gave him leave to speak."

"My God!" said Conseltine, scarcely above his breath. "What's to be done? We're standin' on a mine of gunpowder while that woman's in the district."

Blake laughed. He had been as much astonished at the first hearing of the news as either of his companions, but by this time had shaken himself back into his usual condition of half-solden, half-ferocious humor.

"Faith!" said he, "'tis a case of the devil among the tailors. By the Lord, Conseltine! but things are looking mighty queer. I'm thinkin' I won't emigrate just yet. Sure, I'll stop and see the fun. There'll be great doin's at the castle by and by, I'm thinkin'."

He laughed again, and drank another tumbler of whisky.

Conseltine took no notice of the interruption, which he seemed scarcely to hear.

"What are ye goin' to do?" asked Feagus.

"I don't know yet," answered the other, slowly. He sat down and leaned his head upon his hand, Feagus and Richard watching him keenly. "She's living at Larry's mill, you say?" he said, presently, without raising his eyes from the floor.

"At Larry's mill," repeated Feagus. "She's living all alone, under a false name, at that ould antiquated rat-trap."

"Alone?" repeated Conseltine, meaningly.

"Alone!" repeated Feagus.

"It's ruin!" said Conseltine, looking up. "It's ruin for all of us if we don't get that woman out of the way."

"Bedad, it is, thin," said Feagus. His pale face went whiter as he looked from Conseltine to Richard and then back again, before stealing a look at Blake, who, with his chin propped in his hands and his elbows on the table, followed their dialogue as well as his muddled wits would allow, with his habitual expression of dogged humor slightly deepened. "See here, now," continued the lawyer, "we're all friends here. The danger's pressin', and what's goin' to be done has got to be done quick."

Conseltine's generally smooth and expressionless face was as a book in which he read strange matter. Richard's heavy, hang-dog countenance was white with rage and distorted with apprehension. Blake was the only one of the trio who preserved anything like his customary appearance. He reached out his hand mechanically for the whisky, and drained another glass, the vessel rattling loudly on the table as he restored it to its place.

"I was thinkin'," said Feagus, "as I kem along, unless—you see, now, the mill's a mighty ould place, worm-eaten and dry as tinder, and if—by an accident intai'rely—in the noight, when there's nobody about to rin'er help—a

stray spark'd do it, for there's hay and straw scattered all round convenient—and if—of course by accident—the ould place were to catch fire, powers afove! wouldn't it be an odd happenin'! And if it did, what fault o' yours or mine would it be, and who'd be the wiser?"

"God in heaven!" cried Blake, rising to his feet; "'tis murder ye mane! Now, mark me, Conseltine, I'll be no party to this! The curses of the son, the remorse of the ould lord, and the spirit of that poor woman would haunt me to me grave! I'll have nayther art nor part in such a plan."

"Blake's right," said Conseltine, turning his white face from the last speaker to Feagus. "There must be no murder."

Feagus, looking at him, read more in his glance than could Blake and Richard, from both of whom his face was hidden. What it was he did not yet know, but in the score of years during which he had known Conseltine he had never seen in his eyes such a deal of rage and cunning.

"We must find other means," Conseltine continued. "Good-day, Blake; ye'll think of what I said to ye just now?" Except for an added shade of gloom, for which Feagus's news of the presence of Moya Macartney in the countryside would quite well have accounted, his face was the face of every day. "I'll see ye again before long. Come, Dick. Come, Feagus."

The three left the hut.

"By the powers!" said Blake, as he filled his seventh tumbler that day, "if the devil wants a fourth he'll have to come in propria persona himself an' join them. Bedad, I'm more than half inclined to take Dick Conseltine's offer and go across the wather. Yer sins are findin' ye out, Pat Blake. Ye've lived on his money for years past; 'twould be shabby conduct if ye turned on him now. But thin, there's Moya! Poor colleen! Eh! the handsome slip of a girl she was—a long sight too good for Kilpatrick, and 'twas I that ruined her, or helped. And the boy. A fine lad, that. A handsome lad. Sure, many a time I've seen his mother lookin' out of his eyes at me, and heard her spake to me wid his voice. Ah, be — to ye, now, ye're gettin' ould and crazy. 'Tis an ould story—eighteen years ago. Ye might have got used to the thought of it by now, Pat Blake. Put more of the right stuff into ye, and forget it!"

He obeyed his own prescription so promptly that, half an hour after his guests had left him, he fell into a sodden sleep, with his head upon the table and his glass clinched in his hand.

Conseltine and his two companions had meantime walked on at a rapid pace, and in dead silence, for the first half-mile. It was Conseltine who was the first to speak.

"That's a good idea of yours, Feagus."

"It would be," responded the lawyer, "if it were not for that cowardly, drunken villain, who stops us puttin' it into execution."

"But he won't," said the other. "My mind's made up. It's that or nothing."

"But if he splits?" said Richard.

"Splits?" repeated Conseltine. "The job once done he has my leave to split as wide as the Liffey. It's one oath against three; the oath of a drunken blackguard and beggar against the oaths of three men of substance and position."

"And sure that's true," said Feagus. "By the Lord, Mr. Conseltine, ye should have taken to our profession. Ye'd have been an honor to us."

"Besides," said Conseltine, "he'll not split. He has his own skin to save, and he's as deep in the mud as we are in the mire." He paused and looked all round cautiously. The plain stretched to the mountains on the one side and the sea on the other, empty of any possible observer. "We mustn't be seen together," continued Conseltine. "We'd better separate here. But before we part we'll just arrange the details."

(To be continued.)

## She.

A MISTY MASS of lace and such  
Ethereal things you dare not touch;  
A crown of wavy, filmy hair,  
(One strand of which you'd like to wear  
Upon your coat); two dancing eyes,  
Whose glance your love-lorn look defies;  
A nose that has a saucy air,  
And mouth—"Why, kiss me if you dare!"

That's she.  
And this is

He:

A conscious clump of tailor clothes;  
A loush head; a Roman nose;  
Chameleon eyes of blue and green  
And gray—eyes seldom seen;  
A mouth that talks a steady stream  
In reverie or idle dream.  
But scarce can utter or express  
One single thought. If but her dress  
Touch but his foot as she goes by—  
Blushing, I pause—you wonder why?  
Why, he is I and I am he.  
And you, my darling—you are she!

L. T. E.

## Queen Victoria as Seen by an American Girl.

It is not, perhaps, generally known to the New-Yorkers and others who were delighted during the last season by Miss Zelle de Lussan's singing of "Carmen," that the only *Carmen* whom the Queen of England associated with the artiste who sang it was the New York girl of whom we are all proud. Three times her Majesty "commanded" her appearance at Windsor Castle, a distinction which Patti herself has not enjoyed.

I will use Miss de Lussan's words as near as possible in telling the story, for they described a most apt and graceful picture of her Majesty as she is to-day:

"Before the performance commenced, an arm-chair was placed close to the foot-lights, with a small table beside it. This chair was occupied by Queen Victoria, and the table she used to hold her opera-glasses, her fan, her handkerchief, and her smelling-salts. Her Majesty applauded liberally, and compelled certain calls quite frequently. When the performance was over I was conducted by Sir Henry Ponsonby to the Queen's presence. She had charmed me so much by her kindly attention and evident enjoyment of the opera we had just played that I felt I was being presented to some very delightful old lady who understood music.

"Your Majesty, this is Miss de Lussan," said Sir Henry Ponsonby. I bowed very low, and



MISS ZELLE DE LUSSAN.

the Queen, with the most welcome smile on her face, came forward, meeting me half way. She was most simply gowned in black silk; her hair was white and soft; she wore a white lace cap with long strings attached, and hanging loosely; and a decoration, a diamond star, was on her right side. Her first question was about my name, where I was born; then she asked me something about my ancestry, all in the most natural and chatty fashion. Then she talked of music, and paid me some pretty compliments. Presently the Princess Beatrice was presented to me, and, without any further formality, we talked standing. The interview was brief, but not at all difficult. When I was leaving, Princess Beatrice presented me with a gift, saying: "The Queen desires that you will accept this as a token of the pleasure you have given her this evening." I accepted it, of course.

"Sir Henry Ponsonby asked me later for a photograph, and I sent one to him. Her Majesty saw it, and asked him to give it to her. He immediately wrote me, explaining the Queen's request. I had a portrait elegantly painted, set in a costly frame, and sent to her Majesty. Shortly afterward, I received a large portrait of the Queen beautifully framed, with her personal autograph upon it.

"A few months later I was commanded to appear again. On that occasion we presented 'Fra Diavolo.' After the performance I was again presented, when, to my astonishment, the Queen came forward and, waving her chamberlain aside, said: 'I know Miss de Lussan now; an introduction is not necessary'; and, extending her hand, we shook hands like ordinary people. This was a most unusual occurrence, I was told, as it is the custom always to kiss the hand of royalty. The Queen led me to a seat beside her, and we had a long chat about music, in which she is most wonderfully well informed. Her Majesty is very fond of music, and during the performance her hand would often beat time gently with her fan. After this performance I received, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, a decoration from her Majesty, being a ribbon with the monogram, V. R., surmounted by a crown, all set in diamonds. I wear this with much pride. In a short while I appeared again at Windsor Castle.

"Queen Victoria is the most lovable, unassuming, tactful woman I have ever had the honor of meeting, and I must say that she is



the ideal of what a sovereign would be, were the title possible in America. She is extremely interested in American women, and knows a great deal more good about them than we know ourselves."

"You regret the absence of conservative royalty in America?" I asked, observing the pleasure this representative national compliment had given this American girl.

"No; not quite that. I love my country, and I am as democratic as you like; but I must say that those ceremonial compliments are an incentive to art that we do not seem to value in America. I think if Mrs. Cleveland were to assume something of the ceremony of European courts, that Americans are quite ready to appreciate it, to understand it, without considering such ceremony as any menace to the political freedom of our land. To be 'commanded' to appear at the White House for a private entertainment, to be personally complimented by Mrs. Cleveland, would attract national attention to certain phases of artistic labor in the United States, which, used with discretion, would be a wonderful encouragement and incentive to artists."

"But there is the ever-present danger of the free advertisement it would involve," I said, cautiously.

"Surely no one in America would believe it possible for the President's household to go into the advertising business," she said, smiling.

There is a good deal of grain in the chaff of our republican government which a courtly and disciplined ceremony would plant in the hearts of our national pride.

This American girl, at any rate, has made a good suggestion, gathered from her European success.

W. DE WAUSTAFFE.

## Studio and Student Life in Paris.

THE art student here has her own Paris, quite distinct from the glittering, effervescent town the traveler sees. It is different, too, from the Paris of the Frenchman, be he butcher, society-veteran, author, or millionaire. It is absolutely unique, absolutely her own—a curious little world nestling among ancient, unsavory streets, where every stone recalls some incident of tragic history.

She is from the Bois, and seldom sees the crush of perfectly-appointed carriages moving at a snail's pace in the Avenue des Arcins; the Arc de Triomphe, on its dusky hill against a sky of rose and gray, seldom delights her eyes, and only on red-letter days of her life has she bought a hat anywhere near the Rue de la Paix. But her simple life on the unfashionable side of the Seine has compensations unknown to the *bon vivant* who has no desire beyond a *fiat de sole* at Marquise's.

You cross one of the many-arched bridges

variety of noses and every shade of hair natural and acquired; there is but one *atom*—and that in italics.

The principal schools are Julian's, Gérôme's, Delacour's, and Madame Vittet's. The latter is shown in the illustration, the best male model in Paris sitting in the foreground.

On Monday morning the model for the week is chosen, and every canvas bears the same subject seen from the different points of view. At twelve o'clock, breakfast hour, the work is suspended, and a walk under the rainy or sunny sky helps banish the smell of turpentine from hair and clothes. In the afternoon the scene of the morning is repeated—a model on the platform, easels and cane seats everywhere, pinnated figures, scores of heads rising and drooping, brushes flashing in eager fingers.

As the light changes the work-day ends; for those who are ambitious the session is longer in spring than winter.

Then comes the social side of the student's life—and she is a social soul. In twos and threes they wander through the streets, where the clatter of the omnibuses between high, encroaching walls is like thunder, and at five find their way to a *pittoresque*. The cozy custom of five-o'clock tea, learned from the English, probably, is universal in Paris. Between the noon repast and seven-o'clock dinner the little marble tables under the awnings are crowded, and within, plate in hand, customers go from counter to counter choosing what creamed and sugared dainties they prefer.

An hour at a picture-show may follow, or shopping at the Bon Marche, and sometimes anticipation of a student's reception at night, seats at the Odéon or in the gallery of the Grand Opera.

The home of the student may be in the romantically-located American Girls' Club on the Rue Chevreuse, where fifty or more kindred spirits reside; in a French *maison* patronized almost solely by students determined to make the pretty speech of the country their own, or perhaps in an apartment, *en studio*, shared by a chum.

This last is best, of course; it means independence, individuality, possession; it means bare rooms transformed by all-knowing fingers into a home of artistic beauty. And with what odds and ends a student can evolve an Oriental interior out of four white walls and commonplace windows! Every neighborhood in Paris is punctuated with dim shops, where curios to charm the imagination can be had for a song. The price is always high at first, but by the time the experienced purchaser is about to leave, empty-handed, what was ten francs may be had for five. No one knows this better than the art student. She is the despair of the dealer athirst for voracious profits, and she tells the story of her bargains with a sweet smile.

I have had tea in several studios where girl bachelors, who were also art students, were

settled in a brass milk pail from Brittany, holding a reflection of the spouting flames.

Such is the typical home of the girl who spends her days painting or modeling the human form with various degrees of success.

When her apprenticeship at a forming school is over, only one thing in life has importance in her eyes—to create something which will be admitted to the Salon. What economies she practices, what pleasures she forfeits, to give her leisure to this! Once admitted, she begins gradually to make a livelihood from the product of brush, chisel, or pen. A book is illustrated, a bust sold, or a picture is disposed of by a dealer, and another requested. Great careers commence this way. But there is always the artist of one success—only one.

KATE JORDAN.

## Pioneer Women of To-day.

THE woman official has ceased to be a novelty. The office of postmistress was, for a long time, the only place she could hold in the public service of the United States. Mrs. Emily Todd Helm, postmistress of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, was a younger sister of President Lincoln's wife. She held on in spite of politicians, as has Miss Mary Todd, also a kinswoman of Lincoln, to the post-office at Cynthiana, Kentucky. The postmistresses of Louisville and Richmond, Virginia, have been successful in their time. But woman soon began to aspire higher than post-offices. There are a number of them in office in New York City to-day.

Mrs. Yates was elected Mayor of Onehunga, New Zealand. She was not re-elected, but women at once began running for the mayoralty in other towns. School commissioners and trusteeships seemed especially attractive to them. The teachers are mainly women, and they favor women commissioners.

Miss Mary A. Quistrell, a prominent member of the Sorosis Society and a lady of wealth, made known her candidacy for the school council of Cleveland. She was the first woman there to announce such a candidacy, the first graduate of the Cleveland high school, and the first phonic teacher there. She resides in the most aristocratic portion of the city. Miss Clara Beatt Martin, the leading woman lawyer in Canada, has been nominated for school trustee of Toronto. She is endorsed by the Woman's Civic Reform Committee. Mrs. M. B. McDonnell, who is serving a second term as school trustee in another ward, has also been nominated.

As the founder of the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames, Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, of Philadelphia, won title to the admiration of all who value properly the pioneer women of a century ago. For hers was the parent society from which have sprung the thirteen State organizations which constitute the national society. But it is as the historian of those "Colonial Days and Dames," in her newest book of that name, that she has made a most valuable contribution to pre-Revolutionary lore. Here we learn how Flora McIvor, who was really Flora McDonald, came from her native Highlands to North Carolina, after Scott had made her famous in "Waverley," and urged her clanswomen who emigrated after her to fight as loyally for King George of Hanover over here as for Prince Charles Edward, of the house of Stuart, across the seas. Miss Wharton introduces us to Patrick Henry's mother, the lovely Sarah Syme; to Thomas Jefferson's unresponsive sweetheart, Rebecca Burnell; and to Franklin's mother, Abiah Folger. She shows us in cold type, but in warm flesh and blood, beautiful Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, whom Washington Irving so glowingly described to Scott that the author of "Dunbar" set her, over seas, into those immortal pages as Rebecca the Jewess. Miss Wharton comes of a family which played an important part in Revolutionary times.

Law and medicine have fairly capitulated to the new woman. A comprehensive course of law lectures has been given at the Brooklyn Institute by Mrs. Cornelia K. Hood, LL. B., a wealthy lady of that city, who was graduated some time ago at the Woman's Law School of the University of the City of New York with high honors.

From teacher to principal is an easy step. Women make the very best professors. Miss Mary M. Patrick, of Lyons, Iowa, is to be president of the new American college for girls in Constantinople, for the creation of which the Sultan has recently signed a permit.

At diplomacy women have long been adepts; since the days, indeed, of Semiramis, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, and the great Catherine. Woman's equality to rule, which has never been questioned, implies not only her ability to negotiate, but the power to govern, in time of war as well as peace, and to lead armies. It seems absurd that a woman rules Great Britain to-day, and yet women are disfranchised in Great Britain. Nowhere, however, has the new woman made greater progress.

Baroness Gardett-Coutts has been a power in finance for a generation in London. The first

woman in Great Britain to serve on a railway board is the Duchess of Sutherland, in the London and Northwestern Company.

Madame Norikoff, the Russian diplomat, who is Gladstone's friend, lives in London. There is no more successful journalist in Paris than Emily Crawford. There are young girls in the East End of London whose sole duty it is to test eggs by holding them between the eye and the light. From skill and experience they are able instantly to determine their condition. An English woman furnishes appropriate names for children for the sum of twenty-five cents.

The woman doctor is the glory of her sex and profession. Dr. Anna Williams, a pretty, dark-haired woman of twenty-five years, has recently begun her duties as an expert bacteriologist in the New York anti-toxine laboratory, under the charge of Dr. Herman M. Biggs, of the Health Department. Dr. Williams studied at Leipsic, and is a graduate of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, where she is now an assistant in the pathological laboratory. Miss Kate Crawford, one of the first Afro-American graduates of the Ann Arbor high school, after teaching many years in the public schools of St. Louis, is now studying medicine at Ann Arbor. There are a number of Afro-American women practicing medicine in the United States.

Miss Morrison, of San Francisco, was recently graduated from the medical department of the University of California. She received the highest degree of scholarship the faculty had given in ten years, and her class was the largest ever graduated from the university.

A Boston business woman, Mrs. D. Henry Cram, has made arrangements to furnish for the Paris Exposition of 1900 the derricks and paraphernalia to be used in the erection of all the buildings, which will be built entirely of stone. The work of placing the seventy-five derricks required will be personally superintended by Mrs. Cram, who will go over for the purpose.

Mrs. Emma D. Mills, now president of the Mills Publishing Company, originated the idea of the typewriting stand in hotels, and began by establishing one in the Windsor, New York. Within a few weeks all the leading New York hotels followed the lead. Mrs. Mills had been left an orphan, and is a widow, but she resolved to be her own employer, and she has broken through masculine prejudices time and again a path to preferment and profit. She secured appointment as notary public in New York by testing the question whether a woman is a citizen. On Mrs. Mills' victory, thirty other women were appointed.

A very new woman is Annie B. Grandtner, better known in railroad circles as "Switch Annie," who has been for years in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, enjoying the distinction of being the only regularly-employed woman switch-tender in the country. Mrs. Alfred Bishop Mason, of New York City, is said to be the one "society woman" in the United States who can take out a railroad locomotive.

The pioneer girl-dentist of New York City is said to be Dr. Olga Neymann, daughter of Churn Neymann, the woman-suffragist. Dr. Luella Cook was the first woman dentist in San Francisco. She was the first dentist in the world to set diamonds in the teeth. She inserted two solitaires in the butter-teeth of a pair of fair San Franciscans. Fifty dollars per tooth is the lowest price for a diamond filling.

The first woman to be admitted to the Bar of New York was Miss Melle Stanleretta Titus, of 131 East Eighty-second Street. She was passed in the general term of the Supreme Court, June 10th, 1894. She is twenty-four, of medium height, and won a faculty prize of one hundred dollars in the University of New York. Miss Florence Danglefield, the next New York lawyer in petti-coats, has been sworn.

The first American woman to build, own, and navigate a yacht is Mrs. Lucy Carnegie. Captain (Mrs.) Leathers, wife of a famous Mississippi River steamboat captain, is the first woman licensed to navigate the Father of Waters. The Countess Fostetier de Tolna, who was Miss Huggins, is the first woman licensed to sail a yacht in the Pacific Ocean. She and her husband have been away down in the South seas on a pleasure voyage, and were reported to be eaten by cannibals, massacred by a mutinous crew, and otherwise. But they were all right when last heard from, in their yacht, *Tolna*.

There are plenty of Englishwomen who sail their own yachts. The *hull-water, Woe Woe*, was built by the Herrschoffs for the Misses Sutton in 1890. Miss Maud Sutton is the most skillful English yachtswoman. Mrs. G. A. Schenley is the skipper of the five-water *Platfish*. Mrs. Harlie Jackson, of Basingstoke, sails the *Je-ne-sais*, and Miss Constance E. Bennett the *Spartan III*.

Mrs. Aseneth Turner, New York State's only prisoner of the Revolutionary war, lives four miles south of Palmyra. She is eighty-nine years old, and draws a pension of thirty dollars a month.

JOHN PAUL BAYNE.



GIRLS' SCHOOL, WITH MODEL.

over the swollen, narrow river, and find yourself in the Paris of Hugo. Notre Dame soon comes in sight upon the island of La Cité, a line of sparrow-circling its gray towers, and near it on every hand are narrow, crowded streets, like twisting clefts in a river mountain. Go up any one of them and at once you notice how many shops there are selling only artists' materials. The art student is legion here, and these shops contain the important implements of her profession.

While the embryo painter or sculptor is learning the elementals she goes to school as regularly as when she learned the multiplication table. She wears a linen blouse, has a mark around her thumb from her palette, and affects turned-down collars and brushed-back hair. There are a hundred or more of this particular "she" in each school, and though there is a

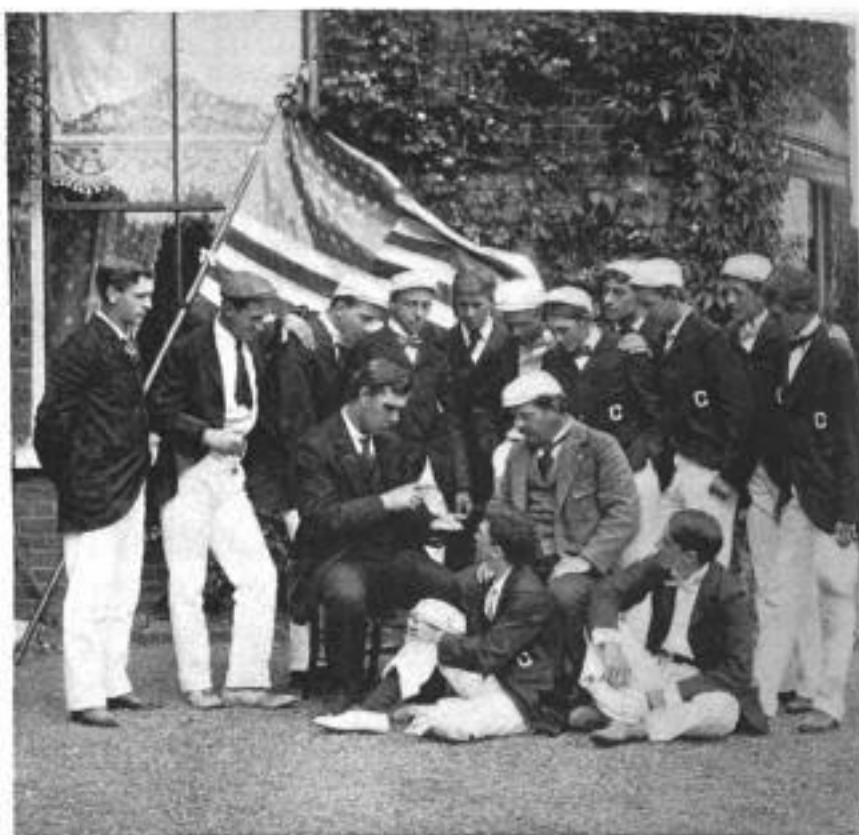
mistresses. On a wet day, toward evening, you could not have a more cheery experience.

In these small households, when the raindrops on the glass send like tears, and the drab rooftops of Paris are a melancholy sight, you may be sure of the welcome clink of tea-cups, and the flash of twigs in the tiny grate which might, in emergency, be used as a toast-rack. It is a story-telling hour, and you can curl up on a divan while under the threadbare rugs of Persian origin is very likely a practical soap-box for holding stove-polish; or you can lean back in a battered but genuine Henri Quatre chair—"only three francs in the Rue Cherche-Midi, Fancy!" Before you, against the rain-spattered glass, hang queer curtains of cathedral-window pattern, purchased at a ridiculous price in the Temple on Sunday morning. The lamp is evolved from a Chianti bottle, and the coal-





QUARTERS OF THE CORNELL CREW AT UNDERWOOD, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.



THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY CREW RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM COACH COURTNEY AT THEIR QUARTERS AT HENLEY.



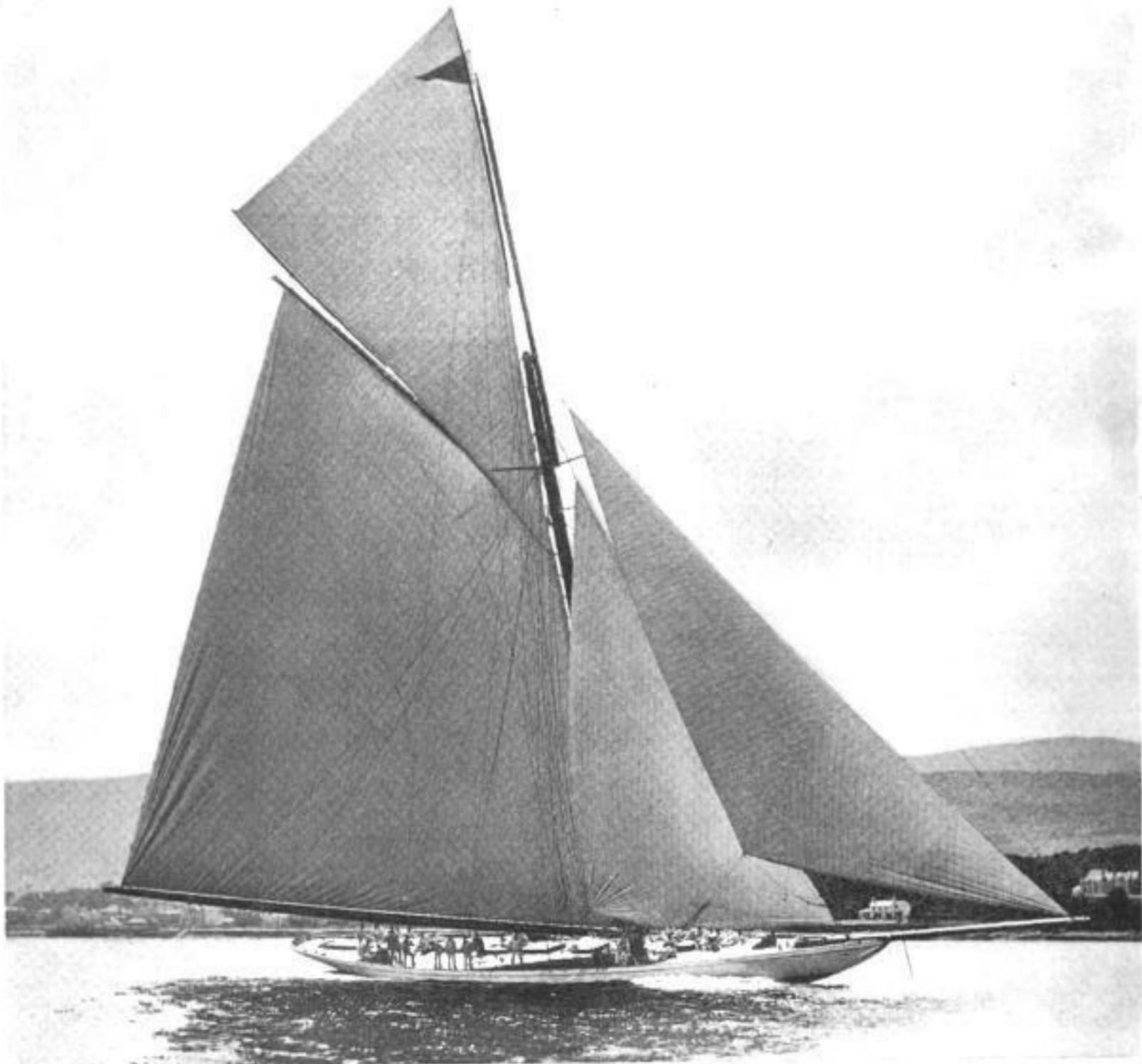
BETWEEN HEATS AT HENLEY REGATTA.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY CREW IN ENGLAND—THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE CHALLENGE CUP.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

When it comes to driving a shell through the water at almost record speed, we deserve favorable mention with the best of the amateur oarsmen of the world. This, too, in spite of the recent Cornell failure at Henley. But though we are well versed in the science of rowing, we have not, unfortunately, a Henley course of our own, where a hundred thousand people may see demonstrations of the science in ease and comfort. The scene between heats gives a very good idea of the

capacity of England's Henley for social intercourse and fine vantage points to see the crews pass on their way to fame. Perhaps when the house-boat becomes an American fixture, and rowing more general, we may have a yearly meet—a grand rowing carnival of a week; still, with any amount of American enterprise in such an undertaking, it would seem almost a hopeless task to rival Henley week in England, the most distinctive features of which were described in last week's issue of LESLIE'S

WEEKLY. The picture of the Cornell quarters, removed but a short distance from the Henley course, bespeaks comfort and quiet. Though Coach Courtney, Mr. Charles Francis, graduate adviser, and the Cornell crew were grouped specially for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, the scene is true to the daily life at Underwood, where the work of the crew in their daily practice spins invariably received words of praise or of criticism, as the case demanded.



LORD DUNSHEAVEN'S YACHT "VALKYRIE III," AS SHE APPEARED IN THE RECENT CONTEST WITH "BRITANNIA" AND "ALBA."—PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS & CO., PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.



THE CREW OF "VALKYRIE III."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

THE BONNY CRAFT AND HARDY CREW UPON WHICH BRITISH YACHTSMEN BASE THEIR HOPES OF WINNING THE AMERICA'S CUP. (SEE PAGE 43.)



## MANXLAND, OR THE ISLE OF MAN.



ANCIENT TOMB AND CROSS.

HE caricatures of Manxmen frequently represent them as being three-legged; to anyone knowing the national emblem this apparently absurd reference is at once apparent. The Manx heraldic emblem consists of three legs radiating from a common centre. This device is an allusion to the geographical relation existing between the Isle of Man and the three neighboring countries; for it is the centre of the British kingdom. A compass placed on the map with this fragment of land as a centre will sweep with its other arm through Scotland, England, Wales, and Ireland. Another island in another sea has adopted this same trine emblem. Coincidences in life are more curious than in fiction, but the Trinacria of Sicily has a different significance, being merely a reference to the shape of the island. The treatment of each emblem expresses each national character; the Manx emblem is made with three armor-covered legs, and is, in consequence, stiff and feeble, while the Sicilian treatment shows three powerful, bare limbs, bold, strong, and graceful, typically Grecian in outline.

Although the Isle of Man lies sandwiched in between three larger countries, it is none the less a separate nation, distinct and individual in every way. The Manxmen are a separate race from their neighbors; their sandy complexions and prominent cheek-bones, approaching the Welsh type, betray their Scandinavian origin. The Norsemen, in their gigantic undertaking of exploring and settling Europe, left nowhere more marked traces of their race than can be found on this little island, for islanders cling more closely to an original type, from their enforced isolation from the shifting world.

The Isle of Man has two great features in government—"home rule" and woman-suffrage; of these they are most proud, and a visitor is not long left in ignorance of Manx superiority. They have retained their separate government, despite the nearness of powerful overreaching neighbors. It consists of an executive council which includes two judges or "deemsters," and a Parliament called the "House of Keys"; while the only recognition of the tie which binds them to their neighbors is the presence in the island of a lieutenant-governor appointed by the crown. Their Parliament they claim to be the oldest in Europe, dating back some eight hundred years. It consists of twenty-four members who are elected by men and women voters, women householders having equal rights with the men, despite the name of this island; for the Manxmen did not intend to reflect any glory on their sex when they named the island; the word is only a corruption of the Manx word "Vannin," or "Mannin," meaning middle—a further recognition of the position of the island.

This ancient "House of Keys" retains many old-time customs, even to the promulgating of its new laws for the year at an open-air meeting on Tynwald Hill on the fifth of each July, which is the great national holiday. This hill is the site of the ancient government by clans, and here, in a covered tent, on this important day, are read all the new regulations to govern the law-adding Manx for the next year. This custom, a remnant of the days before the newspaper and the railway, has fallen into a hollow observance, for no one of the great crowd that throngs the hill on this day listens, or even remembers what is going on. As far as utility or information goes, the performance would have been dropped years ago but for the fact that the Manxman is stubbornly conservative.

From first to last the visitor to the Isle of Man is surprised; at every turn his preconceived notions receive rude shocks. When he leaves Liverpool or Dublin he imagines he is going out of the world, but in four hours' time a powerful steamer has carried him to Douglas, the principal town of the island. As he draws near to the huge stone pier he sees a big, beautiful, bustling town, running for several miles along the edge of a crescent-shaped bay, while above it tower the cliffs, crowned with castles, once the property of the Dukes of Athol, the former hereditary rulers of the island. Everything is arranged to see Douglas at its best; even

to land here is a delight. Various placards on the steamer state the porter's charges down to the smallest duty, and inform the traveler that any attempt to overcharge will submit the carrier to a fine, if complaint be made. As a result, the porters are respectful and obedient, never presuming to force their attentions on any one unless bidden. It is the antithesis of the landing at Capri.

Once landed, the visitor's surprise continues. Large, well-managed hotels are found everywhere; the stores and offices are all imposing and substantial; the streets are crowded with people and vehicles; the bay is filled with small craft, darting to and fro; and there is a snap about the place which suggests indescribably an American town.

The most conspicuous feature of the island at first sight is the summer visitor. In Douglas they have destroyed the native features of the town; the Manx must be a sturdy people to maintain any individuality at all in such a human maelstrom. The traveler who wants to find the natural essence of a place still undisturbed would be in despair in Douglas; but to the wandering philosopher who is disposed to take things as he finds them, this condition of affairs is just as interesting as any other might be, for he is able to study unawares the methods of life and thought of a class of English people well worth the trouble of observing.

The great majority of these English visitors to Man come from the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, forming in appearance and language as distinct a type as the Manxmen themselves. They are big of frame, slow of movement, slow of thought, ponderous in gait, and broad in accent. The observer is again impressed with the fact that the middle-class English "go in for things," as they term it, by extremes; when they go on a holiday outing they are disposed to become extremely free and easy. The English visitors on the Isle of Man do not take their pleasures sadly; they are lively beyond all preconceived ideas of the average English tourist. The traveler fresh from the over-rated French watering-places is shocked by their license and general lack of decorum; for these Yorkshire people frequently go far beyond the limit allowed in France or America for respectable people. They crowd the sport and nonsense of a year into their fortnight's stay on the island. Generalities are often misleading and too sweeping. I will give instances of this tendency. Of course, as elsewhere in the United Kingdom, except in Wales, the sexes must bathe separately, but here in Douglas a sort of "deadline" has been established, and no man is allowed to cross it during bathing hours, under heavy penalties. The Manx authorities claim this rule to be a necessity to preserve decorum on the beach. Again, in the various dance-halls scattered along the cliffs, the entertainments often include dancing by various troupes, right in the midst of the crowds present, as bold as anything could be in Paris. On the nights that these dancers appear, that particular dance-hall is crowded to the doors by the visitors on the island. There is nothing hidden about it; everybody goes, everybody talks about it, and nobody is afraid to express his or her opinion.

The cliffs at Douglas give the chance, which has been fully seized, for development into pleasure-grounds. Having been used for centuries as the parks of the Earls of Derby and Athol, they are most surprisingly picturesque. Filled with broad winding walks, with casinos scattered here and there, with now and then a chance castle which now serves no better purpose than as a hotel or dance-hall, these towering heights suggest at once the Riviera, especially the grounds of Monte Carlo. In fact, if the gilding which vice puts over that intensely over-rated place be forgotten, these Manx grounds are fully as fine and cultivated as those of their southern prototype. Wandering past the various amusements, I found more American devices for catching the heavy English copper than anywhere else in Europe. Atlantic City, in all its midsummer glory, does not outdo in "attractions" this little northern island dropped in the waste of the Irish Sea. The farther one goes from Douglas the more will be penetrated into the real life of the Manx people. The crowds do not gather at Ramsey, Peel, or Port Erie; Douglas appears to be a sieve through which the Lancashire peasant seems impossible to sift.

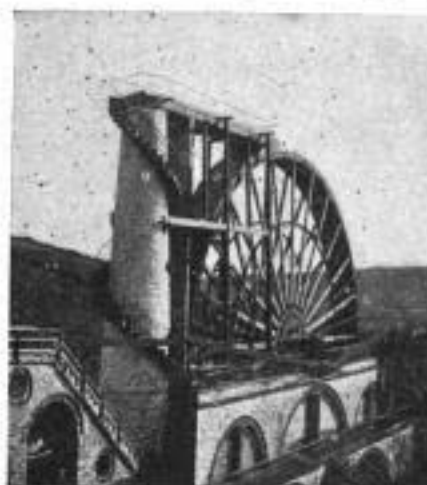
When Douglas and a few of its neighboring picnic glens are left behind, the scenery of the island grows charmingly rural. There is but little boldness or grandeur about Man, and the sight-seer who expects magnificent coast lines or bold cliffs and precipices will be woefully disappointed; but the hills are steep enough to give character to the country, but not too steep to be fertile, while the vegetation is most green

and profuse. The island seems to receive the full force of the Gulf Stream, for it is said to have a warmer, more equable climate than the neighboring parts of England and Ireland. At any rate, its warm winters attract the invalids who dread the fogs and colds of the English season. Never becoming very cold, plants grow profusely out-of-doors which with us must be tenderly cared for.

There is over the island a spirit of restful contentment and prosperity very different from Ireland. No one seems to be in want; no hands are held out to beg, and each little thatched cottage is surrounded by a flower garden whose luxuriance excites envy and admiration. Great broad, white roads wind in all directions, bordered by great hedges; the crops are all heavy in the fields; the effect of the scene is the same as that of a typical English landscape, only more rolling, more prosperous, and more luxuriant in foliage and vegetation.

These islanders have shown their progressiveness by adopting the trolley-car, under the guise of the "electric tram," and it is the intention of the company owning the line to encircle the island. At present the line runs along the cliffs, skirting the shore from Douglas to Laxey. In this way it is pleasanter and easier to see the cliffs than from the carriage road or railway.

Fortunately for the jaded traveler who has not the courage to avoid resorts of the country which he visits, there are not many places to which one must go on Man. The Laxey wheel and Peel Castle are the only two show-places outside of Douglas which one must see. Both are as yet largely unspoiled and worthy of a visit. The great Laxey wheel, which has been for many years a feature in text-books dealing with engineering and the production of power,



THE LAXEY WHEEL.

is a great overshot water-wheel, seventy-two feet high, supplying the neighboring lead mines with power. It is the largest of its kind in the world, but not a Ferris wheel, as many of the proud islanders are disposed to believe.

The other great attraction of Man is Peel Castle, on the west coast. There are spots on the seashore for which the imagination demands castles to complete their picturesqueness. Harlech Castle and Dunluce Castle, at the Giant's Causeway, are the creations of poetic minds which have answered nature's demand. The ruin of these castles increases their beauty and sympathy with the landscape. Here at Peel the same proper process has been carried out. Jutting out into the sea boldly and proudly on the promontory lies the great ruined Peel Castle. Sir Walter Scott, the great glider of nature in his northern region, has touched this castle in his novel of "Feveril of the Peak," although he never visited the island.

The Isle of Man, like much of the other countries of Europe, is in a stage of transition from its original condition of unique picturesque Manx customs and thought to that commonplace, monotonous state termed, most misleadingly, cosmopolitan. When, in a few years, the whole world thinks the same thoughts, eats the same food, and wears the same clothes, this little isle will lose half its charm.

J. HOWE ADAMS.

## From Shore to Shore.

COMFORT, like charity, should begin at home; but in this *fin de siècle* age the average man begins to demand not only the conveniences but the luxuries of life when he travels. He will be royally wine and dined while speeding over terra firma at sixty miles an hour, and he regards a bath and barber-shop of as much necessity as the sleeping-car. One may readily imagine that the advantages in railway facilities have been not only equaled but surpassed by improvements in marine architecture. Even the halcyon days of the boasted transatlantic packets appear as a tallow dip to our electric light compared with the ocean greyhounds.

What does it cost to run a passenger steamer

across the Atlantic? Not necessarily one of the palatial twin-screw racing type, where every extra mile of speed means a heavy proportional consumption of coal, the steamer's life-blood, but one of regular proportions, where the element of substantiality and conservation is associated with good living. Just think of the investment in the fleet of the North German Lloyd, comprising eighty-nine steamers whose individual cost is from five hundred thousand to one million six hundred thousand dollars, all being either iron or steel compartment steamers, whose propelling forces may vary from moderate powers to triple-expansion engines of thirteen thousand horse-power. The routes of this line almost girdle the globe, sailing from Bremen to New York, Genoa, Brazil, eastern Asia, and Australia. On the steamer *Havel*, for instance, there are two hundred and sixty men employed. They are a perfect lot, from Captain Jungst downward, including a professional music band, which now accompanies every steamer on this line. The force is under military discipline, and many of them have served in the German navy.

But the North German Lloyd is particularly famous for its table. In season the ship carries fifteen thousand pounds salted, and as much more of fresh meats, over four thousand pounds of butter, twelve thousand eggs, thirty thousand pounds potatoes, three thousand pounds rice, one hundred and fifty pounds tea, twelve hundred pounds sugar, and very nearly one hundred and fifty barrels of flour, a large lot of beans and peas, with about nine hundred pounds of cheese, of which Limburger is a "perceptible" portion. In liquors they never carry under eight thousand bottles of various wines, valued at about twelve thousand dollars, with four thousand bottles of different mineral waters and nearly nine thousand liters of lager, much of which is to be had "on tap." It is a well-known fact that the wines on this line are not only of undoubted quality, but at unusually low prices. The trip "from shore to shore" seldom exceeds seven days, from all of which it will be seen that the modern steamship is an expensive as well as a resourceful affair. When the *Havel*, or the *Laka*, for that matter, starts on her eastward voyage she carries nearly three thousand tons of coal in her bunkers, costing on an average three dollars and fifty cents a ton. The gangs of sweating and sooty stokers daily shovel into her roaring furnaces three hundred tons. Gallons and gallons of oil are used to lubricate her ponderous engines, pumps and dynamos, so that the supplies for the vitality of her running forces amount to nearly eight thousand dollars. Triple-expansion engines and improved machinery of the present day have made it possible to so economize coal that the consumption per indicated horse-power per hour has been reduced in ratio to much less than two pounds, as against nine pounds in 1836 and five and one-half pounds in 1840.

The engine is indeed a colossus, with a maximum height of forty-six feet—equal to an ordinary three-story building. Carefully I step along the oily corridor, down into the depths, on the iron plates spanning the spine of the ship. Giant pillars, firm beyond dispute, are embedded here. Everything is in motion, all is industry. The register above the railing indicates seventy revolutions per minute. This beautiful triple-expansion machine, with five cylinders—two high-pressure, one middle, and two low-pressure—requires the attention of one hundred and eighteen men. Besides its proper sphere of propelling the ship, it also keeps in motion some thirty-eight machines—down to the coffee-grinder.

It would require considerable space to tell of the constant attention, frequently invaluable advice, and generous treatment rendered travelers by almost every official of this company. The directors, Messrs. Wiegand and Marquardt, are experienced gentlemen of social eminence, with broad commercial views. Herr Fehrmann, the chief manager in Bremen, has spent the major portion of his life in looking after the passengers' welfare, and I have often heard appreciative opinions, and not infrequently extravagant praise, of him expressed by many of our leading citizens. The North German Lloyd has just completed arrangements with the railways of the continent whereby American travelers may buy at their offices railway-tickets to any part of Europe, and via any route, good for one year from date of issue. This privilege includes also the hitherto unknown permission of expressing the baggage in advance of your start, if you prefer, and the additional privilege of having your money refunded in case the traveler is by some unforeseen accident prevented from using the ticket.

This unusual convenience, together with beautifully-furnished reading-parlors at their general-inquiry office in Berlin, where Captain Arnold is ready to forward letters and store baggage, free of charge, is largely due to the liberality and progressive spirit of the present management.

C. FRANK DEWEY.



## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The Recent Yale-Harvard Boat-Race.

THE result of the Yale-Harvard boat-race at New London, Friday afternoon, June 28th, illustrates the fact that good coaching is more than half the battle. No one will question the fact that, individually, the members of the Harvard crew were physically strong men; almost, if not quite, as strong as those of Yale. If we assume, then, that the crimson scullers were not lacking in beef, the reason for their defeat must be found elsewhere.

A crew to win must combine strength with skill. Strength the Harvard crew had in plenty but skill in smaller quantities. Strength is not acquired in the boat, it must be natural; skill can only be attained by the hardest kind of practice under the watchful eye of an experienced coach. Skill, however, in the individual oar, counts for little if the members of the crew do not possess it equally.

Thus the winning crew is one which rows as a machine. The eight men row as one; the blades take water exactly at the same instant, are pulled through evenly, and taken out together. On the catch the crew heaves as one man, and in every point, indeed, unison becomes untold strength.

When a crew rows in perfect unison and their shell glides through the water on an even keel and without perceptible halt between strokes, that crew may be said to be a winning crew; but to have attained this degree of excellence, the coach has been the one important factor. The science of rowing cannot be acquired in a day. Even the most apt pupil requires months of study to perfect separately the different points, and finally blend them into a whole.

The Harvard crew, in its race, showed it, to be sure, better form than last year, yet it was hardly possible to believe, almost directly after the start, that they had been training and rowing together continuously for more than six months. After the first mile, wherein they displayed a certain knowledge of crew rowing, they went to pieces, and from then on to the finish each man seemed to row for himself alone. Time was not observed, rushing the slide was a frequent occurrence, and clipping the stroke very noticeable.

The men responsible for Yale's victory are "Bob" Cook and Dr. Percy Bolton. Coach Watson, however, was not responsible for Harvard's defeat, for, with untiring energy and a faithfulness remarkable to a degree, he worked for victory. He was unsuccessful partly through a long chapter of accidents which broke up the regular training, and to the undeniable fact that the crew did not row the race creditably—viz., in the form which he had taught them.

Where candidates for crews such as is possible to procure at Yale and Harvard enter strict training for months for one race, it should result only in the closest of contests. That the past has not shown this is because of the faulty system which has marked Harvard's coaching. Now that she has fully realized this, and has set up a Cook of her own, to abide by him to the total elimination of all friction among different graduate coaches, each one of whom may think his ideas the best, we may reasonably look forward to steady improvement which can mean but one thing, namely, a gradual move-up on Yale; or, in other words, blood-stirring finishes, such as they invariably have in England when Oxford and Cambridge meet.

#### "VALKYRIE III." UNDER SAIL.

Looking at Lord Dunsen's 1895 cup-challenger, *Valkyrie III.*, as she stands along the shore off Gourock, close hauled, a feeling of astonishment is instantly induced by her great spars, and the question is forced upon one, how can she possibly stand up under such an enormous sail-spread? And, rightly enough, this first impression finds an echo among *Valkyrie's* English following, who fail to see how she can sail at all in a bit of a blow, when a strong breeze, in which *Britannia* stands up like a church, shows her up as tender as a woman.

But it must be understood that Designer Watson did not try to turn out an improved *Britannia*, suitable for racing in English waters. On the contrary, his one idea was to produce a boat which would meet the conditions alone of wind and water most likely to be met with off Sandy Hook in September, and better proof of his probable success could not be had than the showing of *Valkyrie III.* in light weather. She has simply proved herself a ghost, and able to fly almost in light airs, which but gently belly her monstrous jackyard.

While Old Probability is a particularly uncertain quantity when a yacht-race is on the card to be settled, we would not be so rash, after all, as to lay odds on light weather prevailing

here during early September, when the races will be sailed. Lord Dunsen has studied our weather records sufficiently to know this, and it is undoubtedly quite as true that Mr. Watson, when at work on the plans for *Valkyrie III.*, remembered his experience here in 1893. Then *Valkyrie II.* might have carried with profit a greater sail-spread, but her spar plan, which could not be altered, prevented. Hence the new boat's monster spread is a logical conclusion which we have all foreseen, and even though she fails to defeat *Britannia* a single time when the wind is high, the fact must not be given too much weight.

It is well, however, to remember that a boat may be over-spiced for moderate weather, though in the case of *Valkyrie III.* it hardly seems probable. When a genius like Watson enters into the consideration it is safe to judge the boat by her maker, and though her trials thus far have caused much adverse remark, the chances greatly favor her showing marked superiority over *Britannia* except in heavy weather, just as soon as she gets in anything like smooth running order. *Valkyrie III.* today has not begun either to be tuned up or to show her true form.

The great length of her counter, which the picture does not show, might be considered a blemish, but her great boom doubtless requires it. Her bowsprit, it will be further noticed, is unusually long, by reason of which she carries larger head-sails proportionately to her size than any English racing-yacht ever did. According to experts, the fact that her head-sails are sheeted high, and are high in the hoists, means increased ability to jam the wind. The shovel-nose, or spoon-bow, is something quite as new as homely. It holds certain advantages, however, for yachts of the size of *Valkyrie*, which no other style could. In this respect the big cutter is an enlarged edition of the new forty-rater, *Carees*, which was also designed by Mr. Watson.

It will further be noticed that she has little sheer, though a fine entry, and looks more like a monster canoe than anything else. On a broad reach, with sheets checked and a fair breeze, she moves beautifully, leaving no wake, and raising comparatively a small amount of bow wave.

#### ATHLETIC PROMINENCE.

The record which Yale men of muscle have made the past academic year is one in which all Yale men glory and the athletic world at large applauds. Victories in foot-ball and base-ball, on track, field, and water, is the unsurpassed record which must be attributed to the logical effect of an efficient management, together with the warm interest of graduate coaches. Victory after victory has not perched upon her banners because of "Yale luck." Luck could not have won the day against the unusually strong aggregation of ball-tossers from New Jersey, nor Harvard at New London. Nor, indeed, could chance have won the foot-ball games with Harvard and Princeton, or the most points in the track and field sports of the Intercollegiate Association.

To-day Yale's athletic prominence and superiority are more unquestioned than ever, and at this time, when international contests are all the go and all the talk, when strained relations with Harvard render the prospect of a race at New London in 1896 gloomy indeed, it would seem quite in order to suggest a boat-race, Yale vs. the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race next year. To be sure, the suggestion is not a new one, still it must be considered timely, in view of "Bob" Cook's evident desire for such a contest.

When the question came up on different occasions in past years and was quietly dropped with nothing done, it would be said in explanation, "Well, Bob isn't ready yet—he can't feel certain enough. Crafty old boy he is—lukewarm through lack of confidence." At the same time it would be predicted that "just as soon as Bob is ready, Yale will try her luck without fail. Money, time, nothing will deter so long as Bob is willin'."

Of course no one will question Yale's right to challenge. The New Haven oarsmen surely have acquitted themselves sufficiently well on the water to merit the honor. And if a popular vote were taken to-day Yale would be declared the leading representative of amateur four-mile rowing in this country.

Not only does a Yale crew hold the record for the distance, but year after year Yale crews demonstrate without fail their thorough knowledge and mastery of the sport.

This year's Yale crew proved no exception, and in the opinion of experts would have rowed under 20.10 with the weather conditions favorable. What's more, a more consistent crew never rowed for Yale or any other college. Day after day, with unfailing regularity, the crew could and did row the four miles in less than twenty-one minutes. And such regular performances fall short of the marvelous only when it is considered that the New London course is moderately fast only under the very best weather and water conditions.

Compared to the Oxford-Cambridge course upon the Thames in England, it is quite dead, and owing to the river's channel, which shows a regular snake course, running first to one bank and then the other about every one hundred yards, renders difficult for the coxswain the keeping of a straight-away course.

Among Yale coaches, without exception, the feeling is one of confidence in the result of a meeting with English university oars. They believe that in the matter of rigging and the use of patent swivel oar-locks we have a certain advantage over the old-fashioned idios which prevail to-day in the English shell. That eight men could be gotten together whose physical condition was quite up to the very best in England, they do not doubt for one moment; and as for rowing a "got thar" stroke, they point to the work of Yale eights at New London.

As an instance, take this year's crew. As I have already said, they rowed four miles in practice under twenty-one minutes; in one particular case it was twenty minutes, thirty seconds. The question then is, if they can perform in such style over a slow course, what would they not do over the English course, having in their favor an even-running four-miles-an-hour current?

In fact, the contemplation of the possible in this case is not without interest nor wanting in proof of the small gap which a contest would surely show there is between an English college crew and a representative American one.

*W. T. Ball.*

### A California Water Carnival.

OUR illustrations, on another page, of the recent water carnival at Santa Cruz, California, afford but a faint portrayal of the magnificence and extent of that display. The procession of courtiers who escorted the queen, whose float was drawn by six black horses, mantled in carnival colors; the ceremony of the coronation, with all its brilliant accessories; the presentation of the keys of the city to Queen Anita, as she stood surrounded by maids of honor and groups of flower-girls, all becomingly be-gowned; the picturesque decorations of the streets and public and private buildings—all combined to give splendor to the event and make it memorable in the thought of all spectators. But it was the night pageants which most of all provoked enthusiasm by their wonderful scenic effects. *Laguna de caracoles*, a lagoon created for the occasion, was crowded with graceful gondolas, big barges, electrical launches, and fairy craft of every size, all aglow with Japanese lanterns or Venetian lamps, and all carrying their cargoes of white-gowned and happy women, each tossing a merry laugh to friends who "passed as ships in the night." The gondola which bore the queen and her court was an especial object of interest. It was modeled after a Venetian pattern, and was white and gold in color. Other conspicuous features were the capital float, with poppy gardens; the barge of the Merchants' Association, the float of the Clerks' Association, and the "Mystic Shrine," a gondola draped in gorgeous Islamic draperies, gay with Moslem pennants, and brilliant with jeweled lanterns. Upward of eighty lesser water-craft of varied form and sizes, decorated, illuminated, and occupied, each in a distinctive but uniformly beautiful manner, carried out the details of this unique picture, of which the Santa Cruz *Surf* says: "It was not Venice; it was not the Danube nor the storied Rhine which flowed so black beneath the boats—it was Santa Cruz, unique, and most beautiful of all the world—a Santa Cruz that is just coming to her own and assuming her rights as Queen City of the Pacific."

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

#### Whist Practice.

SOME of our whistites were only looking to win four tricks in Problem No. 23, and therefore failed to appreciate the clever discard with which A opens the play so as to avoid taking the lead. A begins with spade ten, B the jack, C the queen, and returns with the nine followed with the three. The play then turns

upon the discard of C. Correct answers were received from W. B. Aiken, G. Allen, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," C. W. Barry, J. W. Crawford, E. Cook, H. Doane, G. Dixon, C. E. Ellis, G. Falwell, C. N. Gowan, F. H. Greene, "H. D. L. H.," E. A. Haskell, W. Hopkins, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," Lillie C. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, G. Long, C. H. Masters, A. H. Moody, E. Moore, Mrs. H. T. Menner, T. J. Morrison, E. Norris, August Odebrecht, C. F. Peck, J. W. Russell, P. Stafford, "A. J. S.," J. F. Smith, Dr. Tyler, C. K. Thompson, W. Udemann, G. Vroeland, W. R. White, W. Young.

Here is a wonderfully confusing bit of whist play given as Problem No. 28.



Diamonds trumps. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 22. BY F. W. ANDREW.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above oddity appeared in a recent issue of the *British Chess Magazine* in connection with a continuous solving tournament, and tripped up twenty-one solvers, whereupon an English exchange remarks that "the editor was neatly trapped by an unsolvable." The question naturally arises as to whether the joke is on the editor, the solvers, or the author.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 20. BY LOYD.

White. 1 Q to Q 2 R. Black. 1 K to Q 2 R to R 2 mate.

The presence of that black queen discouraged many of our solvers, although some of them expressed their doubts as to the possibility of a solution even with the assistance of the white one. Correct solutions were received from Messrs. T. Cox, Porter Stafford, Dr. Baldwin, H. Avery, C. V. Smith, Dr. Orr, G. T. Hammond, T. B. Miller, W. L. Fogg, W. E. Hayward, R. G. Fitzgerald, C. Toumy, G. Deride, and C. H. Nash. All others were incorrect.

### A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

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PIONEER WOMEN OF TO-DAY IN LAW, MEDICINE, EDUCATION AND BUSINESS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 39.]



QUEEN ANTIA GONZALES.



WATER CARNIVAL—NIGHT SCENE.



A GENERAL VIEW.

THE RECENT BRILLIANT WATER CARNIVAL AT SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER.—[SEE PAGE 43.]



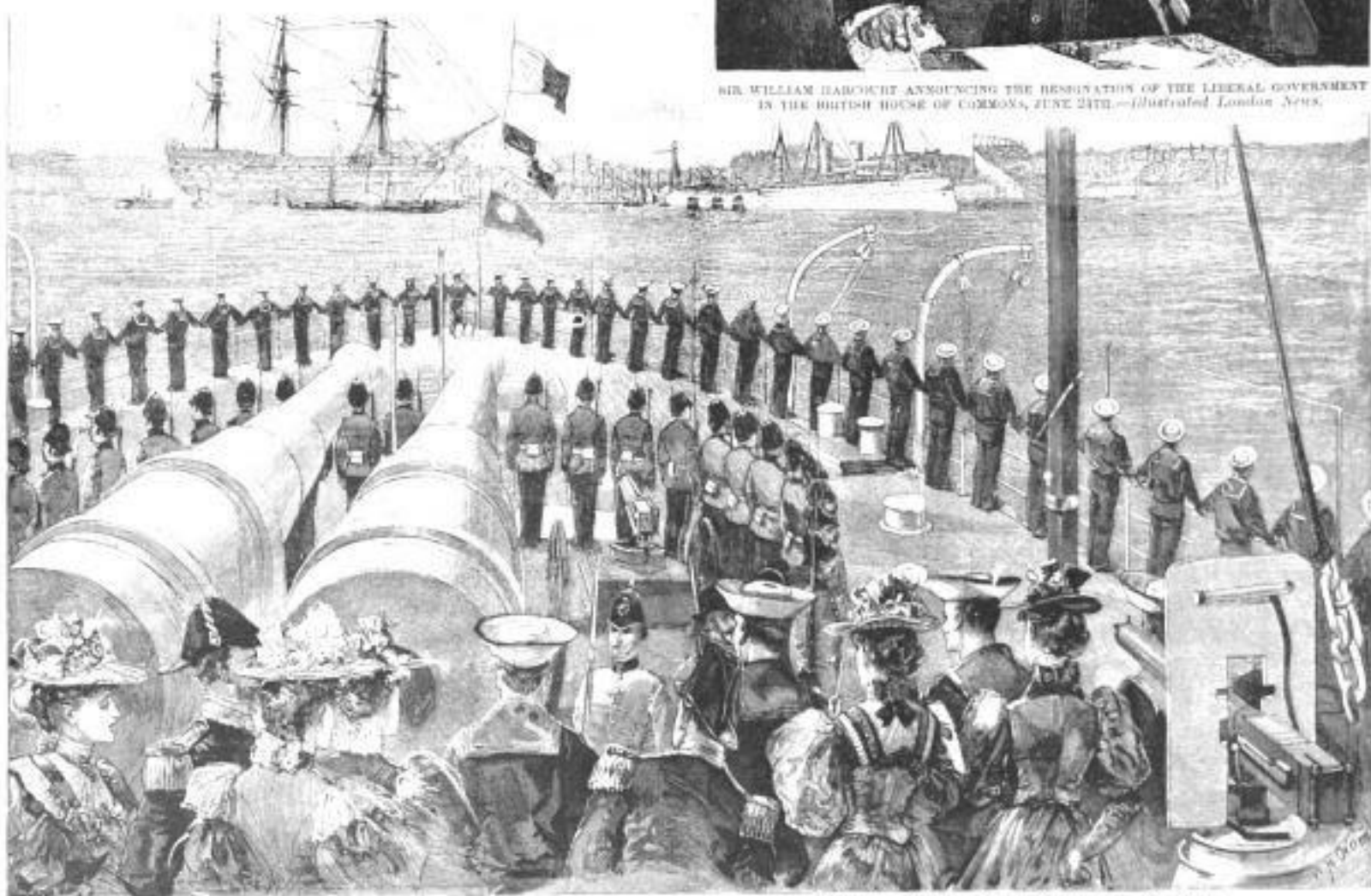
THE CELEBRATION AT KIEL—THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT, THE "HOHENZOLLEHN," LEADING THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE CANAL.—*Illustrated London News*.



MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS PARTY AT THE KIEL CELEBRATION.—*Black and White*.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ANNOUNCING THE RESIGNATION OF THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, JUNE 24TH.—*Illustrated London News*.



THE CELEBRATION AT KIEL—THE "HOHENZOLLEHN," WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR, COMING OUT OF THE CANAL.—*Illustrated London News*.

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# PRACTICAL.

FARMER JONES—"What her yer larned at yer college, son?"  
 Son—"Why, dad! I can throw the hammer further than any one there."  
 Farmer Jones—"That's good. I guess yer'll her no trouble in gittin' er job in er blacksmith's shop, then."—Judge.

## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

CLARA (on a bicycle)—"Ethel, dear, I have a question I want to ask of you."  
 Ethel—"Yes, Clara."  
 Clara—"Are my bloomers on straight?"—Judge.

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The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 24, North River, foot of Murray Street.  
 Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 15th.

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## SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent post-paid upon receipt of ten cents by Charles O. Smith, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

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CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT & HOPS  
FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS, SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA AND DYSPEPSIA.  
SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER MALT EXTRACT ON ACCOUNT OF ITS PURITY, AND UN-EXCELLED AS A PLEASANT APPETIZER, INVIGORANT AND A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS  
IT CONTAINS A GREATER AMOUNT OF NUTRITIOUS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER LIQUID MALT EXTRACT IN THE MARKET.  
**TEUTONIC** IS A DELIGHTFUL TABLE BEVERAGE  
S. LIEBMANN'S SONS BREWING CO.  
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"It may be true what some men say.  
It maun be true what a' men say."  
**PUBLIC OPINION**  
endorses Sapolio.—  
It is a solid cake of scouring soap—  
For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

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There is substance in it; it is refreshing, life producing; gives vim and bounce—it braces.  
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Mr. Lee—"Why, Abbie, you needn't cry about it! I only said Mrs. Allen was a very well-informed woman, and I wished you would follow her example."

Mrs. Lee—"Yes; and last week you said you wished I could manage to look as stylish as Mrs. Allen—and she makes all her own clothes. But she has what I haven't."

Mr. Lee—"What is that?"

Mrs. Lee—"Well, she gets all of her information from the magazine they take. I admit that she knows all that is going on, and is bright and entertaining in conversation; but I could do as well as she does if I had the same source of information. She lent me the last number of her magazine lately, and I learned more, in one hour's reading, about various social matters and the topics of the day than I could pick up in a month by my occasional chats with friends. It certainly covers every topic of interest, from the news of the day down to the details of housekeeping, and everything is so beautifully illustrated, too. Every time Mamie goes over to the Allens' she comes back and teases me to get you to take *Demorest's Family Magazine*, as the stories are so good. Even the Allen boys watch for it every month, as a place is found for them, also, in its pages; and Mr. Allen swears by it. It is really wonderful how it suits every member of the family!"

Mr. Lee—"Well, perhaps I had better send for a specimen copy; for, if it is anything like what you say it is, it will amuse and instruct the whole of us."

Mrs. Lee—"I see that the Demorest Publishing Company, the publishers, are offering to send a specimen copy for ten cents, so we can't lose anything, as each number contains a 'Pattern Order,' entitling the holder to any pattern she may choose, and in any size—which alone makes each copy worth thirty cents; and I just want a jacket-pattern like Mrs. Allen's. The subscription price is only two dollars a year; and I must say I can't see how they can publish so elegant a magazine for so little money."

Send ten cents for a specimen copy of *Demorest's Family Magazine*, containing an order for a pattern worth thirty cents, to the Demorest Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. Liberal commissions offered to local canvassers.

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**DIVORCE LAWYER** (interrupting)—"That is sufficient for a divorce, madam; he is suffering from hallucinations."

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*Knowledge is Economy!*

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will save you many an anxious thought, provide the basis for many a pleasant meal and effect a veritable economy in your household expenses. Our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles" mailed, free, for the asking. Your own ingenuity will suggest a hundred other receipts. Address

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**SAPONACEOUS**  
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**FOR THE**  
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The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.

To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,  
 Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
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 Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
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Pears' soap  
 is a reason for  
 being clean,  
 as well as the  
 means.

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**Allcock's Corn Shields,**  
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Have no equal as a relief and cure for corns and bunions.

*Food For Both.*



Every nursing mother  
 needs the kind of  
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**ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S**  
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The baby needs it in  
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IN  
**YELLOWSTONE**  
**PARK**

NEAR

**OBSDIAN CLIFF.**



This spot is a gem in  
 the **PARK TOUR.**  
 The road winds  
 along its eastern  
 shore, at the base  
 of the celebrated  
**CLIFF of Natural**  
**Glass,** which is re-  
 flected in the waters of  
 the lake.

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS TO  
**CHAS. S. FEE, GEN. PASS. AGT. NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD,**  
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and after a day's work  
 ing on the water, use

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**TALCUM TOILET POWDER for**

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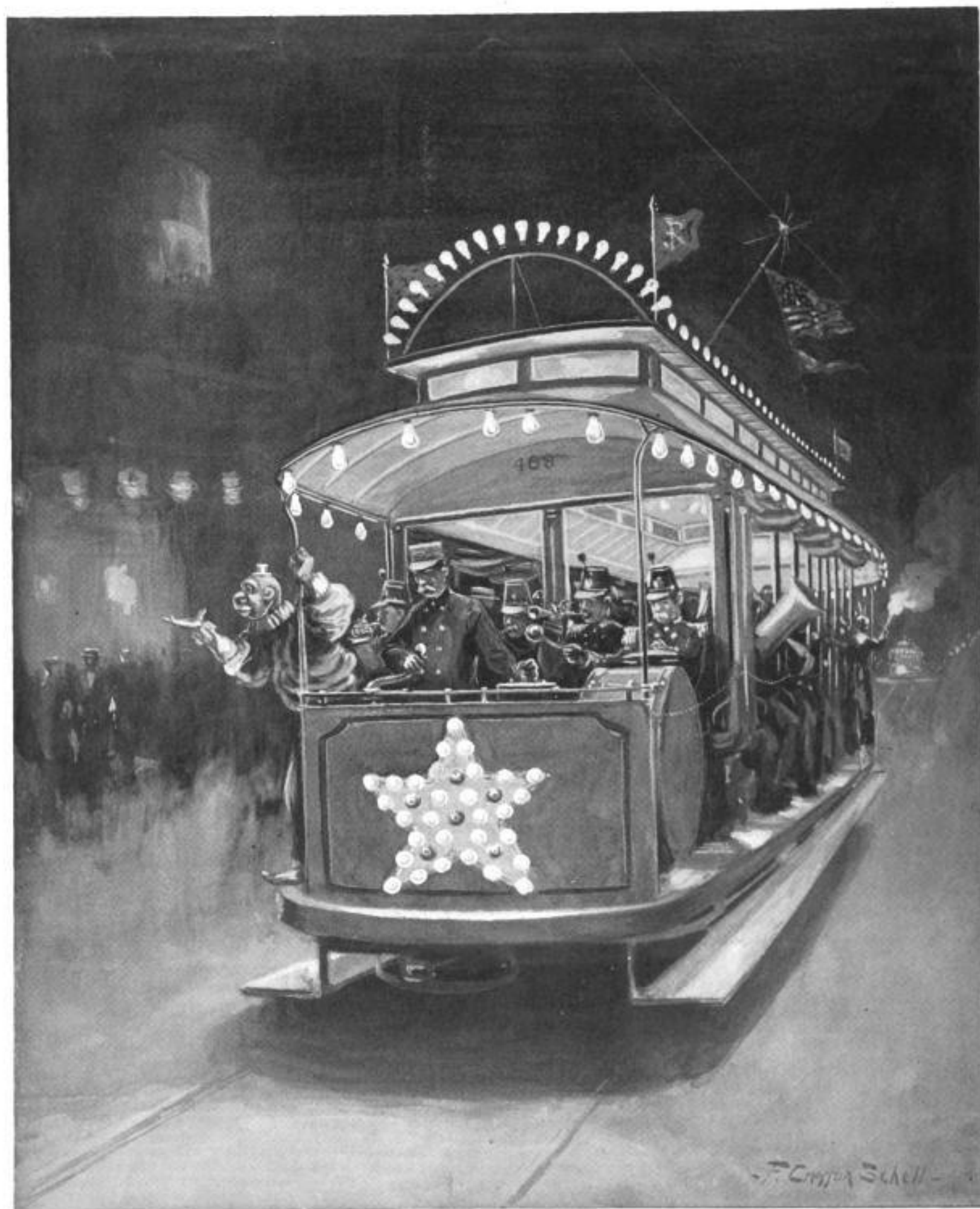
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The people of Philadelphia are now in the throes of a "trolley" excitement which is peculiar to that city. It takes the form of long evening rides, in extravagantly illuminated private cars, to the suburbs, where, in various resorts, they regale themselves according to need and inclination. Some of the outings take on the character of masquerades, which, with the bands of music, afford considerable entertainment and amusement to the residents and sight-seers who throng the thoroughfares over which the excursionists pass.

THE TROLLEY AS A POPULAR PASTIME IN PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—(SEE PAGE 50.)



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Signs of Political Activity.

THERE is little inspiration to political activity in the torrid heats of summer, and ordinarily we have a let-up in partisan work when the thermometer is in the nineties. The present season, however, promises to be exceptional in this particular. In nearly every State political affairs are more or less actively engaging popular attention, and in some of the larger commonwealths the excitement is already at fever heat. Kentucky is in the throes of a gubernatorial contest; in other Southern States the debate on the silver issue dominates the public mind; in Iowa the Republicans have been stirred by a heated contest for the gubernatorial nomination, and, now that the candidate has been selected, are entering upon a campaign which promises to enlist all their energies; in Ohio the lines are forming for a vigorous contest which will involve the selection of a United States Senator and several State officials; in Pennsylvania Senator Quay has provoked a contest over the question of the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee which is rousing violent antagonisms; and so on through the list of commonwealths.

Here in New York the Republicans have not as yet manifested any considerable activity except in the way of local contests for Legislative nominations, but the leaders of the Democracy are by no means idle. Senator Hill and his trusty henchmen are busily engaged in perfecting the party organization and completing arrangements for a vigorous contest in the State at large, while here in the metropolis the Tammany chiefs are getting ready to supplement, with all the resources at their command, the effort to recover control of the city and the Legislative branch of the government. They are doing this quietly and without blare of trumpets, but their work is all the more effective because it is without ostentation.

It seems to us that it will be a grave mistake for our Republican leaders to ignore this activity of the opposition. It is idle to assume that our ascendancy in the State can be maintained without coherent, organized effort. We have in some measure forfeited the public confidence by our failure to measure up to the standard of duty as to certain vital questions. Spite of all that may be claimed to the contrary, the simple truth is that the party was discredited before the people by the scandalous action of the last Legislature in putting contempt upon the reform sentiment which created it. It is true, indeed, that some pledges were carried out, but in most cases the performance was sullen and reluctant. It is true, also, that the charge of infidelity and inefficiency applies only to a minority of the Republican legislators, but there were enough of these to defeat the public wishes, and the party in control cannot escape the responsibility of that result. If, therefore, we are to hold the State, and prevent a return of the Democracy to power, we must recognize the necessity of eliminating the discreditable element of the party and effecting a thorough organization in every county and Legislative district, on a basis of principle and supreme regard for the public interests. The party as such has nothing to do with the rivalries or ambitions of would-be leaders. It cannot afford to lend itself to their purposes. It must keep clear of entanglements of whatever sort, and make its fight distinctively along the lines of high public policy. The only excuse the Republican party of New York can have for existing as a political factor is that it can give the people better government, assure them larger prosperity and ampler enjoyment of all the rights of citizenship, and more effectively carry out every needed reform, social and political, than any other party. When it ceases to do that, or permits its sincerity as an agent of the popular will to be called into question, it forfeits its only claim to the public confidence, and deserves to be, as, in average political conditions, it will be, beaten.

## Japanese Toleration.

ONE fact which has provoked wide attention in connection with Japanese progress is the toleration which is given to all forms of religion. When it is remembered that three decades ago the country was given over almost entirely to paganism, it is certainly remarkable that now the Christian faith is placed everywhere upon an equality with the national beliefs. It is stated, as an illustration of the liberality of the government, that during the recent war two hundred thousand copies of the New Testament were distributed among the soldiers of the army in China, and that Christian chaplains were employed for the benefit of such soldiers as had embraced that religion. Perhaps a

yet stronger evidence of the impartiality of the government is furnished in the fact that recently the Department of Home Affairs has issued a circular to the hierarchy of the Buddhist and Shinto priests, calling attention to the immorality and general unworthiness of many of the clergy of those two sects, which embrace ninety per cent. of the Japanese people. The bishops of both these sects are warned that they must relieve from responsibility as teachers and preschers all those priests who are mentally and morally disqualified. It is believed that this order will result in the removal of many of those now in holy orders who, by their immoralities, have brought discredit upon the government and the religion they profess. One is almost ready to conclude, in view of these evidences of Japanese toleration, that the "heathen" are in advance of some communities in our own country in this particular matter. Even in Boston, where there was recently an assault upon a peaceable procession because of certain notions carried by it, the Japanese example might be studied with profit.

## Electric Motors on Railways.



THE results of the recent tests of electric motors on a branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad seem to justify in every respect the prediction of Mr. Westinghouse, who ranks as an authority on the general subject, that the development of electricity as a motive power is destined to be, within a very short period, "more startling, on a greater and more comprehensive scale, more suggestive of the remote possibilities of the use of electricity for commercial purposes, than all the developments in recent years put together." The experiments referred to were of a twofold character, having reference both to passenger and freight transportation. In the first test, made with a train of passenger cars weighing one hundred and seventy-five tons, a speed of forty-five miles was attained with ease, while at one time the rate was eighty miles an hour. It is believed by experts that this rate of speed can be maintained for long distances, and there can be no doubt that sixty miles an hour can be sustained with perfect ease. In the trial of the power of motors in the hauling of freight, the results were even more satisfactory. The motor-car was attached to a train of eleven heavily-loaded cars, which it moved easily at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour or more. Then five other cars were added to the train, increasing its weight to over four hundred and fifty tons. The train, with this addition, was drawn without any difficulty whatever, and the conclusion of the railway officials was that practically the capacity of the motors was without limit.

If these experiments stood alone, possibly their results would be less impressive, but every other test so far made seems to be equally conclusive as to the adequacy of the new force to the demands of modern railway service. That question may be regarded as settled. What yet remains to be determined is the question whether electric propulsion can be maintained at the same, or less, cost than propulsion by steam, and whether as great stability can be assured in the new form of service as in the old. Of course no general adoption of the electric motor can be expected until this point is definitely and satisfactorily determined. Railway companies will not discard the locomotives which represent an investment of millions of dollars—the locomotive equipment of the New York Central alone is quoted at six millions and a half—so long as there is the least uncertainty as to the superiority of electricity to steam. We believe, however, that this will, at no distant day, be clearly established, and that with this demonstration will come changes in the methods and facilities of transportation which will not only immensely benefit all commercial interests, but add largely to the popular convenience and comfort.

## Silver as an Issue.



FOR more than a year past it has looked very much as though the next Presidential campaign would have as its chief issue the question as to the policy of the free coinage of silver. The majority of the Democratic party seemed to be committed to the madness, and the fear that they would forsake all the principles of financial sanity has largely aggravated the evils of the commercial panic precipitated upon the country by their assault upon the policy of protection.

This silver craze in its development was very like to an epidemic of the influenza—it spread in every direction, and appeared in the most unexpected places, no man knew why, no man knew how. Starting in those Western States whose chief industry is the mining of silver, it spread over most of the other Western States and over all the Southern States, manifesting itself in most malignant form in sections that had everything to lose and nothing to gain by a debasement of the currency. Pessimistic thinkers came soon to believe that the majority of Western and Southern

people must be either knaves or fools to advocate a measure that was opposed to reason, to honesty, and to the teachings of history. But day by day we are learning more and more that the Western and Southern people are neither knaves nor fools, but that for a season or so they were the victims of demagogues who inoculated them with a political virus which made them mad. A little of the sunlight of reason has had a wonderful effect, and, as was shown in a recent article in this paper, the disease is losing its virulence and is rapidly passing away.

Two months ago, if a vote had been taken among the Democrats of Kentucky, quite seven out of ten would undoubtedly have voted for the free coinage of silver. In the Democratic party in that rock-ribbed Democratic State, however, there was a small minority of sane and prudent men who did not lose their heads. Among these were some prominent journalists and influential leaders of the old school who had never been seduced into an abandonment of Democratic traditions. These began to reason with their fellows who were "silver men," they knew not why, but in reality merely because they had become the victims of the prevailing epidemic. The effect of this appeal to reason was soon apparent, a six weeks' campaign by the sound-money Democrats sufficing to convert a small minority into an overwhelming majority. And so it will be, as the result of intelligent discussion, in all the States in the South, for the sound-money men will take courage by this Kentucky victory, and be stimulated to further and more effective efforts.

From a purely partisan standpoint it would have been to the advantage of the Republican party if this return of sanity in Kentucky had been deferred, for in that event the Republicans, aided by the Democrats who will not support any party in its efforts to debase the currency and ruin the business of the country, would have swept the State, from the Ohio River to the Virginia mountains. That would have given the silver craze its death-blow, and would have secured a Republican party advantage at the same time. But the death-blow has been struck in another way; the mischievous doctrine has been throttled in the house of its friends, and we rejoice with those who did the deed. The good of the country demanded that this folly should end, and the quicker the better. The Republican advantage will come soon enough, for the people have learned through a sad experience that the Democrats, subject to mental and moral lapses from sanity and virtue, cannot be depended upon for either wise or efficient administration of national affairs.

## Bishop Potter in the Tenements.

THE fact has been widely heralded that Bishop Potter, of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, has taken up his quarters for the present summer season in the most thickly-populated tenement region of this city. The fact is significant not that it indicates any abrupt departure in Bishop Potter's modes of thought or methods of work, for he has long been known as an earnest and sympathetic friend of every movement designed to help the masses, but because it gives prominence to the new and better methods which religious teachers generally are adopting in their efforts to reach and influence the lives of poor and churchless people. They are the methods which the Salvation Army has used with such conspicuous success, and by which that religious organization, in spite of all its eccentricities, has been able to do an enormous amount of good, and to win the respect of honest and intelligent men everywhere.

These methods, in brief, are those which bring the workers down, in a certain sense, to a level with those among whom and for whom they work. It is the actual and personal contact of man with man, of life with life—the actual entrance, so far as possible, into the circle of duties, burdens, cares, and responsibilities which make up the larger part of the existence of the men and women for whose welfare the religious worker is concerned. This same idea of personal association forms the basis of the "settlement" movement, now so popular and successful as a means of philanthropic work among the poor and dependent classes.

It has been found that depraved men and women, and the people of the tenements generally, are much more receptive of the ideas and teachings of those desirous of giving them help when the helpers themselves are living among them and sharing, so far as possible, their common lot. The reason is obvious enough. It is founded on a universal trait of human nature. The average man, no matter how poor or how depraved he may be, has a natural aversion to being made a subject of charity, and shrinks from those who deal with him only in a distant and patronizing way. This is true of all, except professional tramps or beggars. It is a trait which honors human nature, and it must be recognized in all successful philanthropic efforts. It is because of a failure to recognize this principle of true helpfulness that many well-meant mission enterprises and other humanitarian movements have fallen short of success. The masses of people, even in the lowest tenement regions, are averse to being "missioned," and they cannot be reached in that way. The better and more rational method is that adopted by Bishop Potter in going down among these people, being "one of them" for a time, and thus making them feel and know that the one who comes to lead them into better ways of life comes as a neighbor or brother, in an open, manly way, with sincere



and honest purpose, and not as one who throws them a dol from the tips of his gloved fingers.



THE Democratic managers in Kentucky appear to be determined to enforce discipline among the active party orators as to the financial question. They have recently "called off" Senator Blackburn, who is well known to be rabidly in favor of free coinage; and in humble compliance with their demand he has announced that he will not make any further speeches. It is not yet stated, however, that their candidate for Governor, who is represented to be a moderate free-silver man standing on a hard-money platform, has been called upon to abstain from speech-making.

ACCORDING to a report recently issued from the War Department, the total organized strength of the militia of the several States of the Union is 114,146. New York leads in the number of her citizen soldiery, which is placed at 12,806; Pennsylvania follows, with Ohio, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, South Carolina, and Georgia in the order named. During the past year the militia of fifteen States were called into active service, mainly for the purpose of suppressing disorder growing out of labor strikes. The whole number of citizens in the United States liable to do military duty is given at 9,945,043; so that, as a matter of fact, one person out of every eighty-seven so liable is enrolled for service, while of our total population the enrollment is only one out of five hundred and seventy persons.

IT is to be hoped that the effort which is now making by the Republicans of Virginia to depose General William Mahone from the chairmanship of the State committee will be successful. General Mahone's dictatorial policy in the direction of party affairs has operated enormously to its disadvantage during the last eight or ten years, and the party can never become a coherent and aggressive force until it breaks away entirely from his influence. It is altogether due to his persistent opposition that it failed in the last two campaigns to align itself on party issues. Just now General Mahone is said to favor an aggressive campaign; but it is quite generally believed that his purpose is to overcome the party feeling against him in order that he may retain the chairmanship he now holds; and it is not probable that the masses of the party will be deluded by this pretense into perpetuating him in authority.

THE work on the eleventh census is still incomplete. The table relating to occupations has yet to be finished, and the indications now are that the full report, which will comprise twenty-five volumes, will not be in the hands of the public before the beginning of next year. It is claimed, with some show of elation, that if that result is reached, the report of this census will be available two years and a half sooner than was the report of the census of 1880. It seems to us, however, that it ought to be possible to complete a census and place its results before the public in much less time than is ordinarily consumed in the work. The statistics, which are collected at great cost, lose very much of their value by the delay in their publication. The total cost of the last census, it is said, will be eleven and a half millions of dollars. It may well be doubted whether, coming so late into the possession of the public, it is worth that amount of money. Would it not be well to establish a permanent census bureau, so fully and perfectly organized as to be able to give us a decennial census, accurate and thorough, and available within at least one year after the enumeration?

THERE seems to be no doubt that Mr. John W. Foster, the American adviser of Japan in the recent treaty negotiations, exerted a determinative influence in the final adjustment of the terms of peace. He introduced promptness, candor, and directness of method, and, in fact, seems to have conducted the negotiations entirely along the lines familiar to modern diplomacy. It is obvious that the Chinese government fully recognizes its obligation for the service he rendered it. He was paid a large cash sum for his services—by some estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—and it is intimated that he will have conferred upon him the highest decoration that the Emperor can give to a foreigner. Large packages of valuable silks and other specimens of Chinese art and industry have been shipped to his home in Washington. It is said, also, that Li Hung Chang has added a large sum to these gifts by way of indicating his own appreciation of the very valuable assistance rendered him by Mr. Foster. The ex-secretary, who has recently returned to Washington, speaks with great confidence as to the maintenance of permanent peace between the Powers recently engaged in conflict.

THE demand that the Legislature of this State shall be summoned in extra session for the purpose of revising the excise laws is not likely to be heeded by the Governor. The fact that it is made shows the unreasonableness of those who desire that the liquor traffic shall be placed upon

a different basis from every other branch of business. There is no reason at all in public policy why the existing laws should be modified. Neither personal comfort nor the public morality are in any wise promoted by permitting drinking-places to be kept open on the Sabbath. No man's rights are interfered with by the refusal of the State to give to that peculiar business exceptional privileges. Even if it were otherwise, it is certain that no public interest would suffer by the postponement of this question until the next regular session of the Legislature. It is eminently desirable, on the contrary, that an opportunity should be given the police authorities to demonstrate what can be done in giving us quiet Sundays under existing conditions. It is perfectly well understood that one of the main sources of the corruption of the police in the past has been in the opportunity for the establishment of corrupt relations with liquor dealers by members of the force, either for personal or partisan purposes. It is equally well understood that the evil resulting from the Sunday traffic have largely increased the expenses of our courts and the burdens of the tax-paying public. We suspect that if the question whether the saloons may be opened on Sunday or otherwise could be submitted to the voters of every community, it would be found that there is no foundation for the claim, so arrogantly insisted upon, that public sentiment is overwhelmingly opposed to the restriction of the traffic.

It was natural that Englishmen should exult in their recent victory at Henley, but we are not inclined to agree with the view of some of our newspapers that the Cornell crew has not received fair and honorable treatment at the hands of the English press, and that they suffered some indignities at the hands of the boating authorities. However this may be, it is to be hoped that when the Cambridge men come over to compete with Yale in track athletics, and the London Athletic Club visits us for the purpose of a boat with the New York Athletic Club, they will be received with genuine cordiality and treated with the utmost possible fairness. Even if it were true that the London press has failed in courtesy to the representatives of Cornell, every instinct of American hospitality should inspire us to a different course of action. We assume in advance that those who have charge of the contests in which our visitors will engage will see to it that they have absolutely fair play. The growing interest in these international contests is shown by the cordial reception which has been given to the suggestion of the editor of our Athletic Department, that the Yale crew should go abroad and secure for America the prestige which it was vainly hoped that Cornell would establish. This crew is undoubtedly the best we have ever had, and in every way worthy to represent this country in England or elsewhere. We have heretofore beaten our English friends in every form of athletics, even on their own ground, and if the Yale crew could be induced to make the trial, we believe our supremacy in aquatic sports would be made as obvious as in other fields of competition.

## • MEN AND THINGS •

"This passage year by year and day by day."

OF the little group of younger poets who are slaying the century out in England, William Watson seems to have drawn to himself the greatest number of admirers, and for reasons, it appears to me, far from whimsical or accidental. Matthew Arnold has said that "What distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life." If this be so, and I think it is, there can be no uncertainty as to an element, a quality of greatness, in Watson's poems. His recent volume, "Odes and Other Poems," bears out the faith which his earlier work inspired, and gives token of a rich, full future. I quote from it one piece, that to me is particularly inspiring, picturing as it does, what many of us look forward to, an "Ideal Popular Leader":

"He is one who counts no public toil so hard  
As city glittering pleasures; one controlled  
By no mob's haste, nor swayed by gods of gold;  
Prizing, not coveting, all just men's regard;  
With none but manhood's ancient order stained,  
Nor crowned with titles less august and old  
Than human greatness; large-brained, limpid-soled;  
Whom dreams can hurry not, nor doubts retard;  
Born, nurtured of the people; living still  
The people's life; and though their noblest flower,  
In thought removed above them save alone  
In loftier virtue, wisdom, courage, power,  
The simpler vision, the surer will,  
And the fixed mind, to no light dalliings prone."

Surely there is a dignity in this—a high sense of duty, an ideal of popular leadership, full of beauty and pregnant with suggestion; an idea profoundly applicable to certain aspects of our present life.

I spoke last month of the first number of a miniature magazine, *The Lark*, which had drifted east across the Rockies and lodged itself down stairs in Brentano's. Number 2 has just made its appearance, and it was really with an anticipatory sense of pleasure that I picked it up. There is the same dozen pages of common brown paper on which is

the same meagre amount of letter-press, but, as before, full of happy mood and excellent spirit. Especially interesting is the picture of Robert Louis Stevenson, never before published, from a photograph taken by his wife during those sickly days spent at Bournemouth in 1885, and this bit of Stevenson memorabilia, a quaintly pathetic but erring provision:

"I think now, this 5th or 6th of April, 1883, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year: a very quiet, dreamy, studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy: work and science calm the mind and stop gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognize that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey: not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

O dass mein Leben

Nach diesem Ziel ein ewig wandeln sei:

DESIDERATA:

I. Good health.

II. Two to three hundred a year.

III. O du lieber Gott, friends!

AMEN.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

This at twenty-two. That touch of hopelessness that comes to youth always in its first realization of impotence against the relentlessness of encompassing forces. Good health he never had. Money and friends were his beyond the stint of man.

The curricula of the modern university are supposed to possess many of the attributes of an all-embracing universality, and we are in no wise astonished at what they may turn out. Literature, law, the stage, science, and business are but a few of the professions adopted by university men of to-day, and there is really nothing that is not open to them. In fact, the future belongs to them. Very few people who have been amused by the new comic opera, "The Sphinx," that has been running for a fortnight at the Casino, however, know that the composer, Mr. Lewis S. Thompson, and the author of the book, Mr. William M. Browne, are recent graduates of Harvard. To tell truth, "The Sphinx" itself is a graduate of the same time-honored institution, for it was the "Hasty Pudding" play of several years ago. Messrs. Browne and Thompson have been so successful in this, their first effort, that probably before long the already crowded list of college courses will be stretched to admit a department of opera, vaudeville, and drama. If so, possibly we may get some operas worth hearing and some plays worth seeing.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

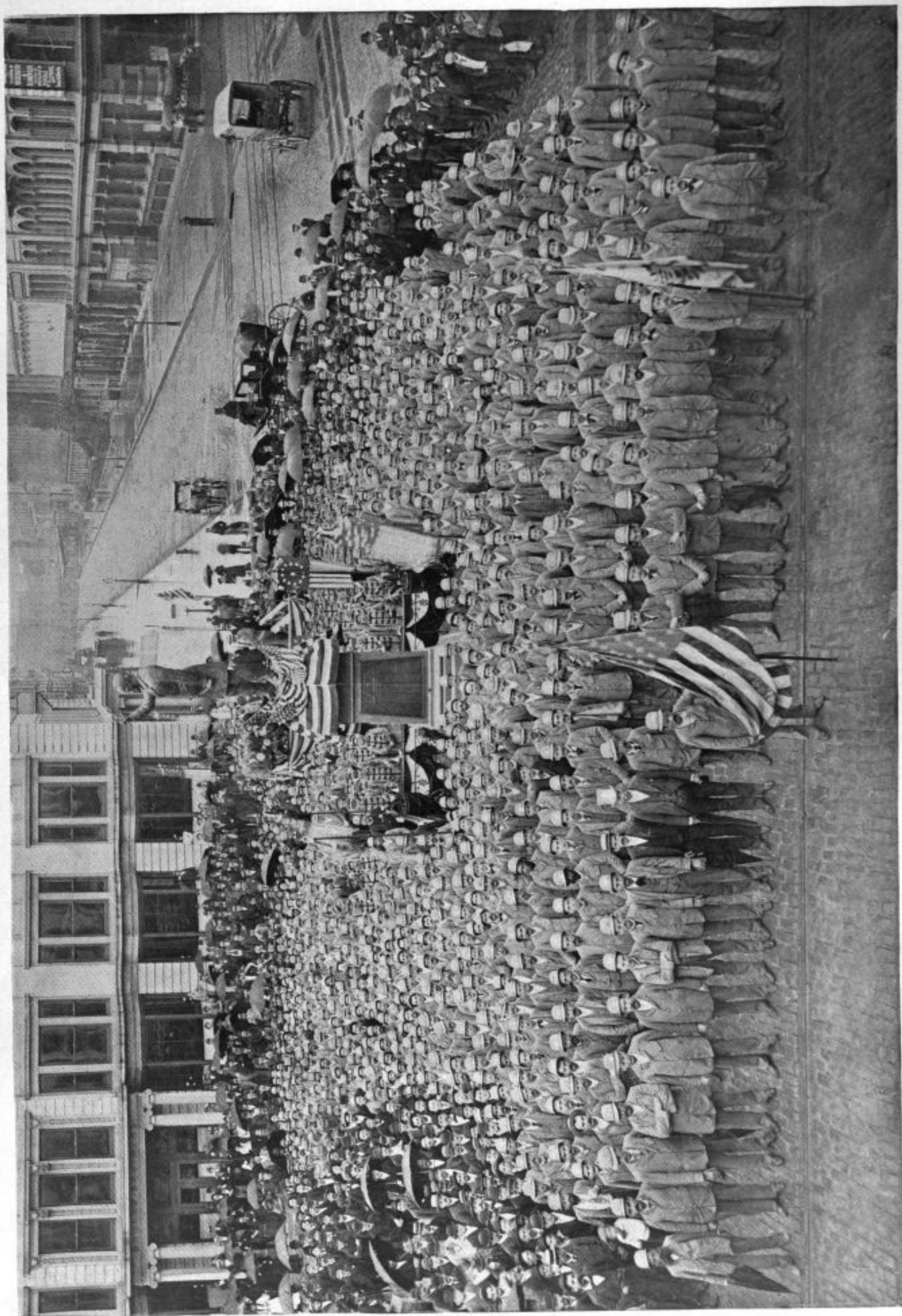
—THE prize of two thousand dollars which Miss Mary Wilkins recently won in the detective-story competition is not her first success of the kind. Her earliest published story, "The Ghost Family," secured her the prize of fifty dollars for which it was written. Miss Wilkins had chirography handicapped her early efforts to gain a publisher's favor. She writes an immature, school-girl hand that used to prejudice publishers' "readers" against her, though now they are glad enough to see it. For this reason a story she sent to a New York periodical remained unread for a long time, and reached the editor's notice only in a rare moment of leisure. Miss Wilkins lives in a pretty little cottage a short distance from Randolph, Massachusetts.

—Like Lord Salisbury, who is an expert in chemistry, Arthur J. Balfour, the new British First Lord of the Treasury has abundant claim to recognition outside of politics. His studies in philosophy and psychology have given him high repute among scholars, and as an investigator of psychic phenomena, including ghost-stories, to which many psychologists have devoted their attention of recent years, he is an authority. Physically Mr. Balfour appears to be one of the laziest of men, but this outward semblance of languor screens one of the brightest minds in England. As a Parliamentary orator he is easy and graceful, but seemingly lacking in force.

—Before she turned her attention to literature Beatrice Harraden had made a local name for herself as a performer on the cello. Ill health, which left her physically unable to stand the fatigue of playing the musical instrument, forced her to lay down the bow and take up the pen, but she occasionally entertains friends in her California home with music. Miss Harraden likes California, though she thinks its climate overrated. She has been doing but little work, and she returns to London in September for the winter. In refusing to give a reporter her impressions of things in general she said: "Impressions are what I sell; they are my stock in trade."

—One of the most promising of the younger school of authors in the West is Miss Lillian Bell, of Chicago, of whose newest book, "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," five thousand copies were sold in three weeks. Miss Bell is a very charming and unaffected young woman of thirty, who became known to Eastern readers a few years ago by her "Love Affairs of an Old Maid." She had written two complete novels before she was fifteen, but they are not destined ever to see the light of publication.





THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION OF THE LETTER-CARRIERS OF THE COUNTRY AT THE DEDICATION, ON JULY 4TH, OF THE STATUE ERECTED BY THEM, AT FOURTH AVENUE AND ASTOR PLACE, IN NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF THE LATE SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BOWERS.—(SEE PAGE 51.)





"'Alive, thank God, alive!' sobbed Desmond, falling on his knees beside her."

## LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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### X. ANOTHER INTERVIEW.



TWO hours later the shades of evening were beginning to envelop the landscape as Peebles made his slow and toilsome way toward Blake's Hall. The old man had been in a ferment of excitement all day long, and nothing but his long years of habit as chief officer and general director of Lord Kilpatrick's household had sufficed to hold him back from fulfilling his momentarily recurring desire to throw his duties to the winds for that day, and at once proceed to put to Blake the question dictated to him by Moya Macartney. His discomposure had not escaped the notice of his master, who, since the shock occasioned by Desmond's renunciation of him and his abrupt departure from the house, had kept his room and had resented all approaches, even that of his favorite Dulcie, with an exaggeration of his usual snappish ill-temper.

"What the— are you dreaming about, Peebles?" he had asked, as the old servitor had made some slight blunder in his service at his master's solitary dinner-table.

"Gin ye had an inkling o' what I am dreaming about," Peebles had responded, with his customary drawl, "ye'd be in me steven a hurry to spier, maybe." At which his lordship had muttered an angry "I snaw!" and turned his face away. "Is there any news of—of Desmond?" he asked, a minute later.

"Nay," answered Peebles; "none that I ken o'."

He was in such mortal dread of prematurely letting slip the secret of Moya's presence in the neighborhood that he would not trust himself to speak.

"Where is he?" asked Kilpatrick.

"They say he's at Doolan's farm," answered Peebles.

"They say," snapped his lordship. "As if you didn't know where the brat is, you dingsensous old brute."

"Oh—ah!" said Peebles tranquilly. "Swear at me, wi' a' my hairt, if it will aise your lordship's hairt or your conscience."

Kilpatrick pushed his plate aside.

"Take these things away and bring the wine."

Peebles obeyed, and filled his master's glass, after which he lingered for a moment.

"Well, Peebles, well? Have you anything to say?"

"Just that I'm gaen' out for an hour or twa. I ha'e a visit to make. Gin ye want anything in my absence the footman will look after ye."

"Very good," answered Kilpatrick, who thought he knew the object of Peebles's visit. "Peebles!" he called, as the old man reached the door.

"My lord!"

"Has—the boy any resources—any funds?"

"Deil a boddie that I ken o'," answered Peebles. "He was aye too open-handed."

"Well, if he wanted money—he wouldn't take it from me, I suppose—lend him what he asks and look to me for repayment. There, there; that will do."

Peebles saluted and retired, and set out half an hour later for Blake's Hall. Entering the rude sitting-room he made out, through the gathering shadows, the figure of Blake leaning on the table.

"In his general condition, the drunken wastrel!" said Peebles. "'Tis odd, but he's see drunk he'll not understand me when I speak to him. Mr. Blake! Mr. Blake!" He shook the recumbent figure, gently at first, and then more roughly, and at last elicited a husky growl. "Mr. Blake! Wake up, and speak to me. Man, I've news for ye, and a question to ask o' ye. Wake up, ye downreel drunkard, for the love o' heaven!"

Blake swayed back in his seat and opened his eyes. His first act, half unconscious, was to hold out his hand toward the bottle, which Peebles snatched from him with the quickness of a conjurer.

"Ye've had enough o' that for one while, ye disgraceful object," he said. "Wake up, I tell ye! Wake up, and tell me what I want to know."

"Oh, 'tis you, Mither Peebles!" said Blake.

"Aye, 'tis myself," said Peebles. "I've news for ye, when ye're sober enough to hear it."

Blake, like the practiced toper he was, pulled himself together and succeeded in looking solemnly and preternaturally sober.

"We're by our lave!" asked the old Scot, glancing cautiously around.

"We are," said Blake. "Biddy's gone to the village for whisky."

"Then listen," said Peebles. He made the communication slowly and distinctly, and paused to mark its effect. "Moya Macartney's alive!"

"Boshad, I know it!" said Blake, as calmly as if Peebles had said "good-day."

"Ye know it?" cried the old man. "And how the deil d'ye know it?"

"Sore, that's my business," said Blake. "I do know it. She was in the churchyard last night wid yerself."

It was difficult to throw Peebles off his mental balance for long at a time, and, surprised as he was at Blake's knowledge of the interview of the preceding night, he went on with a perfect apparent calm.

"Man, it should lighten your hairt! Aye, ye should fall on your knees and thank God, who's kinder to ye than ye deserve, that ye have not that puir lassie's death on your conscience."

"Have ye come here to preach?" asked Blake.

"Na, na!" said Peebles. "That's not my business, but it's yours, Mr. Ryan O'Connor, if a' tales are true."

There could be no mistaking the effect of this speech on Blake. He half rose from his seat, clutching the side of the table with trembling hands, and stared at Peebles with his eyes standing out of his head with surprise.

"And how the devil did you know that?" he asked.

"That's my business," retorted the old Scotchman, dryly.

"Holy powers!" muttered Blake, falling back into his chair and passing his hand across his eyes in a bewildered fashion. "'Tis dramin' I am."

"Listen to me, Patrick Blake," said Peebles, solemnly. "I met Moya Macartney last night. Fuir lae! Her spirit's sadly broken. Says she to me, 'Peebles, it's eighteen years since I spread the report of my ain death; my hair is white, and my



heart is broken. Gang to Mr. Blake and ask him, as he values his own soul, to tell ye if ever he was in holy orders."

Blake breathed hard, staring at Peebles with a face gone white.

"Answer!" cried the old man; "and for God's sake answer truly."

"Well, then," said Blake, "I was, but not when I married Moya Macartney to Lord Kilpatrick."

"Had they unfrocked ye?" asked Peebles. "Tell me that."

"I'd unfrocked myself," answered Blake. "Me bishop said I was a disgrace and scandal to the church, and took from me the only cure of souls I ever had."

"But at the time ye married Moya were ye drummed out o' the kirk?"

"Divil the drum about it," responded Blake. "The bishop gave me notice to quit, so I just civilly retired and changed me name. 'Twas convenient at the time, for sure I had creditors enough to man a Queen's ship."

"But ye were a priest, and properly ordained?" asked Peebles.

"Faith, I was as well ordained as any priest need be, though 'twas not under me own name. What the divil's the matter wi' ye?" he asked, as Peebles sprang from the seat he had taken and broke into a Highland fling. "Is it mad ye are?"

"Clean daft wi' joy!" cried the old man. "Gie's your hand, mon!" He seized Blake's hand and wrung it heartily. "By the piper that played before Moses, ye're the Reverend Mr. Blake still!"

"And what about it?" asked Blake.

"What about it?" echoed Peebles. "Why, Moya Macartney is Lady Kilpatrick, and Desmond Macartney is Desmond Conseltine, his lordship's son and heir."

The mention of the name of Conseltine electrified Blake. He clutched his whisky-muddied head in both hands, staring wildly before him.

"My God!" he cried suddenly. "Is it dramin' that I am? No, by the Lord, 'tis no drama, Peebles! Get up, man; get up! 'Tis no time to be sittin' here! They mane mischief—already it may be too late."

"Too late! Too late for what?" cried the old man.

"Richard Conseltine and his boy and Feagus the attorney—bad 'cess to the lot o' 'em—was here this afternoon. They know Moya's alive. They know where she lives. They mean murder! Oh, my head, my head! what was it the blackguards said? Ah!" he screamed, "the mill! 'Tis at Larry's mill that Moya's livin'."

"Yes!" cried Peebles; "she's there. But what o' that? Speak, man; what is it?"

"O' that? I'll tell ye, man; and her with it!" cried Blake. "For the love o' God, run! Run and find Desmond—get Moya out o' the mill before nightfall. 'Twas here that they plotted it. Man alive, they mean murder!"

"Murder!" gasped Peebles. "Murder Moya Macartney?"

"Isn't it life or death to them to kape her out o' the way? Run, man! Run every step o' the way! Ye've time to save her yet. They daren't try it before nightfall. Doolan's farm is on the way, and ye'll find Desmond there. If ever ye loved him, run!"

## XI.

### MOTHER AND SON.

PEEBLES, far spent though he was with his unwonted exercise in the early morning and the anxiety of the day, made good speed to Doolan's farm, urged as he was by those most powerful of stimulants, love and fear. It was a long and rough road, but a younger and stronger man than the old Scot might have been satisfied at the speed at which he covered it. He arrived, panting, at the humble cabin, where the farmer and his family, with Desmond among them, were just sitting down to the plain but plentiful evening meal of potatoes and buttermilk, supplemented by a rasher of bacon in honor of the guest, whom Doolan felt a great pride in entertaining, and who would have found a welcome similarly warm at almost any house in the district.

"By my soul!" said the hospitable farmer, as Peebles broke into the room and fell exhausted into the nearest chair; "'tis me lord's butler. 'Tis Mr. Peebles. The top o' the avenin' to ye, see. Bridget, I'm thinkin' Mr. Peebles will be takin' a drop o' whisky. Saints above! what's wrong wi' ye, sor?"

Peebles slowly panted his breath back, while the farmer and his wife, the latter a ruddy, handsome peasant woman, who had been Desmond's nurse eighteen years before, stood sobriety over him.

"Get the bottle, Bridget," said the farmer. "The poor old gintleman's clane blown."

Peebles took a mouthful of the liquor and felt the better for it.

"What is it, at all?" asked Desmond. "Faith, ye look as if ye'd seen a ghost. What is it, ould friend?"

"You must come with me, Desmond," said the old man. "I've news for ye—news that will mak' your ears to tingle."

"If 'tis good news," said Desmond, "sure 'tis welcome, and all the more welcome for bein' unexpected."

"Good!" cried Peebles. "It's the best! It's better than I ever dared to hope."

"Faith, then," said the boy, "let's have it!"

"Not here, laddie; not here!" said Peebles. "'Tis only in your private ear that I can whisper it yet."

"We'll have ye alone," said the honest farmer. "Come, Bridget! Come, children."

"Na, na!" said Peebles. "I've no time to bide. Ye must come wi' me, Desmond. It's not a good news I bring ye. There's danger near one ye love, lad."

"Dulcie!" cried Desmond.

"Na; Lady Dulcie's a' safe, for a' I ken, and I saw her not three hours syne, the bonnie doo, blooming like the rose o' Sharon. Come, lad, put on your hat—I'm rested noo. We'll gang thegither, and I'll tell ye as we go."

Desmond obeyed, in a great state of bewilderment, and Peebles, when they were a hundred yards away from the farm, began his story by a question:

"Ye'll remember the puir woman ye met last night wi' me in the kirkyard?"

"Yes," answered Desmond.

"Man," said Peebles, "I scarce know how to tell ye, or if ye'll believe me when I've told ye. Maybe ye'll think I'm daft or doiting. Ye've just got to prepare yourself for the greatest shock ye ever had in your life. It well-nigh dinged the soul o' me wi' surprise when I heard it, and it will hit ye sairer still, I'm thinkin'."

The old man's voice was so tremulous with emotion that Desmond stopped short and peered into his face questioningly in the pale moonlight which was struggling with the thick dusk of the summer night.

"For God's sake, Peebles," he said, "what is it?"

"It's just this," returned the Scot. "That puir woman was Moya Macartney—your mother."

For some seconds Peebles' speech carried no meaning to Desmond's mind.

"My mother!" he repeated, in a voice whose only expression was one of pure bewilderment.

"My mother! Moya Macartney!"

"Aye," said Peebles. "She that was dead is alive. 'Tis a long story, and I've neither time nor breath to tell ye all. She spread the report of her ain death eighteen years ago, and went across the seas to America. All these long, weary years she's denied her heart the only pleasure she could ever know—the pleasure of seeing her son's face and hearing his voice. At last she could bear it no longer—she came. It was she ye talked wi' last night in the kirkyard—she who kissed your forehead and gived ye her blessing."

Desmond clutched at his throat with a choking sob.

"For God's sake, laddie," cried the old man, "don't break down now. There's work to be done. Ye don't know all yet, nor the half o' it."

"My mother!" cried Desmond. "My mother!"

He took off his soft felt hat, crushing it in his hand, and pulled his collar open, stifling with surprise and emotion. Peebles, seeing it vain to continue his story for the moment, paused, waiting till the first shock of his communication should have passed.

"My mother!" Desmond repeated again, after an interval. He spoke mechanically, with an utter lack of emotion in voice and manner. "My mother! Well?"

"The puir bairn's stunned wi' the intelligence," said Peebles to himself, "and sma' wonder. Can ye understand what I'm saying, Desmond?" he asked, taking the lad's arm. "We must gang on, lad. There'll, maybe, be serious work for us this night. D'ye understand me?"

"Yes," said Desmond, slowly, his mind still feeling numb and dim. "I can hear what ye say, Peebles, but it—it all seems so strange. Is it dramin' that I am?"

"'Tis no dream," said Peebles. "It's as real as the soil beneath your feet, and as true as God's above ye. Pu' yerself thegither, lad; pu' yerself thegither!"

"Well," said Desmond, resuming his way in obedience to the impetus of Peebles' hand, "go on—I'll try to understand."

"She came back," continued Peebles, speaking slowly, that the words might better penetrate the stunned intelligence of his companion. "She came back a' that weary way just to see the face and hear the voice o' the bairn she'd suffered for eighteen years ago. But, laddie, she's had strange news. You don't know all the sorrowfu' story. I tauld ye, when that young cuth, your cousin, taunted ye wi' the accident o' your birth, never to think shame o' your mother. I've had no chance since to tell ye the tale; I must tell it now. Your mother was entrapped by a sham marriage—or, at least, the marriage

was believed to be sham. It was Blake, of Blake's Hall, who officiated as priest. Somehow Moya got news that Blake had really been a priest, and asked me to gang till him and spier if it was so. I went this afternoon and saw him, and he confessed that he had been in holy orders, and that, though the bishop had ta'en his cure o' souls from him, he had never been legally unfrocked. D'ye ken what that means, laddie?"

"My brain's reeling," said Desmond. "I understand nothing."

"It means," said the old man, his voice breaking with glad emotion, "it means that ye're Desmond Conseltine, my master's legitimate son and heir, the next Lord Kilpatrick. Oh, laddie, it's braw news! It's braw news, and my heart was just bursting wi' it."

Desmond spoke no word, and his silence after the communication of such tidings a little frightened his old friend, who peered into his face as they walked on quietly side by side.

"Ha! ye naething to say, Desmond?" he asked.

"What can I say?" asked Desmond. "Where is my mother?" he asked, suddenly. "Is it to her that ye're taking me?"

"Aye," said Peebles. "We're gaein' to Larry's mill, and there we'll find her. Desmond, my man, she mustn't stay there. There's danger abroad."

They were in the middle of the wide, waste country, but the old man could not repress the searching look he cast around him.

"She has ill-wishers, blackguards, who'll stick at nothing to gain their dirty ends. Blake tauld me this afternoon o' a thing I find it hard to credit. Your uncle, Richard Conseltine, and his son and that scoundrel Feagus know that Moya's alive, and where she's living. Feagus saw her wi' me in the kirkyard, and listened to our talk. Blake swears they mean to fire the mill while she's there asleep. We'll just hope it's naething but one o' his drunken hovers, or that he dreamt it, but I've kenn'd Richard Conseltine for well-nigh thirty years, and, man, he's a dour creature. There's not much he'd stick at, I'm thinkin', for the price of the title and estates of Kilpatrick. Anyway, 'tis just sober prudence to warn Moya and get her awa' out o' danger. Her proper place is the castle, but if she'll no consent to gang there, we'll just find her another shelter for a while, and keep our eyes open for the tricks o' they—blackguards—God forgive me for swearin'. Lash!" he cried, suddenly, "what's that? I saw a sprink o' fire. And look, look! It's spreading. It's rising. By the God that made me, they've fired the mill! Run, Desmond, run! Your mother's life's at stake!"

A flaming banner was waving in the wind a thousand yards away, crimsoning the sky and flinging out its blood-red folds wider and wider. After a momentary pause of doubt and horror, Desmond's mind began to work. He started at a rapid run. Fortunately the way lay down hill, and he knew it inch by inch. He cleared the distance with incredible speed, and as he came sufficiently near to the conflagration to determine its extent and the general aspect of the burning mill a piercing shriek broke through the roar and crackle of the flames.

He answered with an appealing cry,

"Mother!"

"Help! help! for the love of heaven!"

A ghastly white face showed through a rift in the drifting veil of smoke and fire. Desmond dashed himself at the mill as if it had been a living enemy, and strove to clamber up the side. He might as well have tried to climb a perpendicular wall of ice; his feet and hands slipped from the smooth boards.

"Help me, for God's sake!" clamored the voice above.

"The water-wheel!" roared Desmond in return. "Drop from the window; it's just below."

"I daren't!" cried Moya.

"'Tis your only chance for life," cried Desmond. "Better be drowned than burned. Mother! Mother! Jump, for the love of God!"

A wall of flame shot up between them, singeing his very eyebrows.

"Jump, for God's sake!" he roared again as he sprang back. A moment later the sound of a flying leap into the water, and in the very act of rising from his dive caught sight of an opaque object between himself and the light of the flames. He got his feet well against the bottom of the stream, and then with one desperate effort shot his mother's body to the shore.

"For the love of Heaven!" cried Peebles, clattering eagerly down the further bank, "is she livin'?"

"Alive, thank God, alive!" sobbed Desmond, falling on his knees beside her. "Oh, mother, mother!"

Her arms were round his neck, and with a choking sob she drew his head to her bosom.

(To be continued.)

## Urban Dialogues—III.

I DIDN'T quite catch her name when old Shaw presented me to her, and I must have shown it by staring rather blankly, for as we passed into the dining-room he leaned back and whispered something, but it was lost in the buzz of hungry conversation, and I sat down to dinner without the faintest idea as to whom she was, and I doubted if she knew me. But not for long. She began:

"How did you like the Rosen performances?" With that my heart fell. She didn't know me, and I was in for it.

"Oh," said I, rather nonchalantly, but full of trepidation, for I wasn't sure whether Rosen was a new acrobat or a pianist, or what. You can never tell where these Boston women are going to break out next, anyhow. "Oh, I didn't care for him. A little too much, don't you think?"

"Yes," she acquiesced, "he is very strong."

I thought it was an acrobat. Ever since Sandow was in Boston they've been crazy over 'em.

"Too much muscle on his neck," said I at a venture.

"What a queer way to put it. Tell me, is that a new expression?" She took a little tablet with a gold pencil attached from somewhere and prepared to write. "You see," she said, "I am making a list of unusual idioms, colloquialisms, and bits of slang. I intend, some day, to trace their growth, development, and passage into general use. 'Too much muscle on his neck.' I think that most expressive and full of connotation. It might be applied with equal appropriateness to parts of Browning, and I think it describes Sudermann perfectly." As she proceeded with this I could feel my appetite slipping from me. I gulped at a glass of wine, and was dimly conscious that there was no escape. She went on: "It has just flashed on my mind; I think I've traced the origin of it already."

"The origin of what?" said I, a little wildly.

"The expression 'Too much muscle on his neck.' It must be derived from a conjunction of the two very common phrases, 'To have a thing on the brain,' and 'To get it in the neck.'"

"Yes," rejoined I, feebly, "that seems very plausible." I made mental note of the fact that the one was especially applicable to her and the other to me. She evidently had something on the brain, and I was getting it in the neck. When I emerged from the mazes of this thought she was holding an animated conversation, as she thought, with me, but in reality with herself. "Do you know," she was saying, "this is quite the most interesting expression I've run across in some time; its perfectly evident connection with the two I've mentioned, added to the elusiveness of that connection, makes it in many respects the most important and interesting on my list."

"I am very glad to have been able to give it to you," said I, with a ghastly attempt at looking pleasant.

"But tell me," she went on, having put away her tablet; "which do you really think he is best in, 'The Pillars of Society' or 'The Master Builder'?"

"Who?" said I, absently. I had forgotten all about the acrobat.

"Why, Rosen."

"Oh, yes; Rosen." I laughed nervously. "Why, I think he was better in 'The Master Builder.' That is a much better test of pure strength. The 'Pillars of Society' is a mere trick. Salvini did the same thing in 'Samson,' and he was nothing but a big, soft Italian."

"I quite agree with you regarding the strength in 'The Master Builder,' but I don't quite understand your other comparison," she said.

I didn't understand it myself, and I didn't see how she expected to. I supposed, of course, the "Pillars of Society" and "The Master Builder" were the names of acrobatic acts, and I simply bluffed about Salvini in "Samson" as the "Pillars of Society" sounded about like the scene where he pulls the temple down about him. It was time to change the subject. That was plain. So with cool irrelevance I asked:

"Have you read 'Chimnie Faddon'?" It was an immense relief to find that she followed the diversion.

"No," she replied; "I have little or no chance to read ordinary biography. I am engaged this winter almost entirely on the history of slang, and what time I have aside from that is devoted to the Browning and Walt Whitman clubs and the Christian Science Circle; besides I take two courses at the Harvard Annex—one on Dante, the other on the town tax during the Middle Ages; so you see I have little time for outside reading."

"Yes," gasped I, "I see."

An hour later I was reviving, with the aid of one of old Shaw's cigars and a glass of cognac. "Tell me," said I,—"that Miss—n—n—what's her name. She's some sort of a new woman, isn't she?"



"I guess not," said old Shaw. "We've had that kind in Boston ever since I can remember."

"Indeed?" I remarked, vaguely.  
LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### When the Chickens Crow for Day.

It's well enough of winter nights to snuggle down in bed.  
An' draw the homespun kiverlid around your face an' head.  
An' lay an' spouse till daylight comes a-sneakin' in your room.  
An' takes the age off o' the cold an' drives away the gloom;  
But when it comes to summer-time you'll find 'twill allus pay  
To git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows for day!

It looks so ra'n an' peaceful like, it makes you want to shout;  
An' in the sky a single star that hasn't been put out.  
Keepe winkin' an' a-blinkin', like it tried to flirt with you;  
An' then the sun comes peekin' up, an' sparkles on the dew;  
An' if you want a tonic to drive the blues away,  
You git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows for day!

You hear the jay-birds callin' in the oak an' elum trees,  
An' through the open window comes the cool, refreshin' breeze.  
A wuffin' spicy odors from the tassels on the corn,  
An' the smile of nature makes you thankful you was born.  
Oh, it's better then a circus, an' makes you peart an' gay.  
To git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows for day!

You hear the cows a-mooin' in the barn lot, one by one,  
A-sokin' plain as may be when the milkin' will be done;  
An' you hustle out to milk 'em, a-whistlin' as you pass,  
An' turn 'em in the pasture, while the dew is on the grass;  
An' if you want to prosper, you'll find 'twill allus pay  
To git up bright an' airy, when the chickens crows for day!

HELEN WHISKEY CLARK.

### Modern Life and Longevity.

MODERN inventions, in spite of all the good they may have done, have brought more new forms of death into the world than the people of former times ever dreamed of in their calm, happy lives. And, after all is said, are we really any happier? Before steam, electricity, and all their various forms, people did not travel so fast nor live so fast, neither did so many of them get killed every year.

In all ages men have spent much time trying to discover some mysterious secret of prolonging life.

About the age of twenty is the period at which most of us would prefer to linger. Before that we do not know enough; after that we know too much. Judging from reports, old bachelors' chances of becoming centenarians do not appear to be as good as the married men's. Nearly all reports on longevity are prepared by married men. Centenarianism seems to require a calm sort of temper, not given to extremes either of joy or sorrow. Artists and poets do not usually possess this kind of disposition. Excitement is the life of such beings, and is as wearing to the physical organs as hard manual labor. To promote longevity it is essential to pay attention to early rising, for many of the old people attach great importance to this trait. But it must be borne in mind that early rising must be supplemented by early going to bed. It is the eight or ten hours of sleep, or at least rest in bed, which is the important matter. Moderate mental work promotes sleep, as all know who have ever given the subject a thought. Excessive brain work is exciting, and keeps one awake. All writers and mind workers will testify to this fact. An intellectual exertion, if indulged in to excess after sixty years of age, is just as injurious as physical overwork. A curious truth in some English statistics of centenarians is the art they seem to have acquired of being able to fall asleep as soon as they went to bed, and to continue in this state long and tranquilly. Athletes, a class of people that the modern public—like that of ancient Rome—crowds to see by the ten thousand, have not a good record as long lived. The pace at which they travel on the road of life is usually too exciting to the heart, too exacting, if kept up for years. What Sir Richard Barton said of the King of Dahomey might be applied to the fast men of the world: "It is really wonderful to see the amount of labor he endures in the form of pleasure and the cheerfulness which he maintains under his many enjoyments."

Many writers on longevity, especially physicians, lay great stress on what they call an inherent or inborn quality of endurance and persistent nutritive force. Resistance of all disturbing influence must also be the gift of

inheritance or birth. Another point not often thought of or discussed, but which no doubt is quite as important as any other, is proportion or balance between the several organs. It is not alone necessary that the heart be sound in itself, but its strength must be properly adjusted and have due relation to all the other connecting organs. For if the digestive system and the heart be out of proportion or excessively strong, they are apt to overload the others and oppress them by giving them too much to do. Some of these, being disproportionately weak, will then give way, resulting in disease and often death. A chain is always to be judged by its weakest link; so with our mysterious human bodies.

While there is nothing in brain work or any kind of intellectual labor of itself that is really detrimental to long life, yet it cannot be denied that most persons of poetic and artistic temperaments are at a great disadvantage in the race for centenarian honors, when they compete with farm laborers and out-door workers. Prevention is better than cure, is an old and true saying. In the twentieth century perhaps physicians will be paid, not for curing disease, but for preventing it. As one of the signs of the coming time, see this from the *New York Medical Record* of October 14th, 1893. The editor is counseling his medical brethren on the hard times, and tells them they cannot expect the public to sympathize with them, for people always argue that the less doctors have to do the better it is for the community. "On the other hand, it is quite possible that another factor is at work, and one which will in time become a most important one. We refer to a decrease in sickness on account of the prevention of disease through the observance of the rules of health and hygiene. For years, now, the people have been instructed day in and day out, regarding the best methods of preserving their health, preventing infection, and prolonging their lives. Boards of health have multiplied and are becoming every year more powerful and efficient." Which is bad for the doctors. Keeping the system in good health without the disagreeable need of medicine is more likely to promote longevity than the finest kind of climate of California, Ecuador, or Mexico. Using distilled water with from ten to fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each goblet is a harmless experiment after middle life, and if it does not in all cases retard physical decay, it is useful in keeping off stone in the kidneys and bladder. Most men live too fast in every respect. Worry and wear kill as many as disease. If one expects to live long, out-door exercise is indispensably necessary. No substitute can be offered. All reports of centenarians fully support the belief that the ability to take and enjoy exercise out in the clear, clean, fresh air contributes very largely not only to daily good health, but also to long life. One English centenarian of one hundred and one years of age walked four miles the day before the returns were made, and he was a farm laborer. Another old person—a woman, too—went into the hay-field and amused herself by making hay on her one-hundredth birthday anniversary. "Out every day—walked four miles yesterday," is the lively report we got of a gay and festive farm laborer of the age of one hundred and one. Physical exercise and love of out-door activity and life characterize long-livers. And yet it is an indisputable fact that women live longer than men, although they do not take so much exercise as men do.

Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century seems to have believed the absurd stories of his day in regard to the possibility of extending life to extreme periods by the use of an elixir, as it was called. This also gave perpetual youth and retarded all physical decay. In fact, even Lord Bacon, in the sixteenth century, appears to have believed that this secret of nature had been once known and unfortunately lost. All kinds of absurd stories were told during the Middle Ages of mysterious personages who had lived three or four hundred years, and then concluded to allow themselves to die from utter weariness of this world and the desire to try some other one.

WILLIAM KINNEAL.

### A Letter-carriers' Tribute.

THE formal presentation to the city of the bronze statue of the late Samuel Sullivan Cox, by the letter-carriers of the United States, at whose expense it was erected, is illustrated on page 52 of this issue. This statue, which stands at Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, was erected four years ago, but the final subscriptions were not paid until recently. Its erection was designed as a perpetual memorial of the gratitude of the letter-carriers of the Union for the lively interest manifested by Mr. Cox in their behalf during his Congressional career. Its cost was ten thousand five hundred dollars, and the carriers of nearly two hundred cities contributed to it. The presentation address was made by Mr. George H. Newson, chairman of the statue

committee, to whom Mr. Job Hedges, secretary of the mayor, made fitting reply. The number of letter-carriers present on the occasion reached into the thousands.

### The Weather Service in Chicago.

THE gardeners within a radius of twenty miles of Chicago, when they saw a beam of white light sweep slowly across the sky, some of these chilly nights in the last week of May, knew that it was a warning of frost, and with blankets and straw mats made haste to cover their tender plants, and so saved their early crops. Out on the lake, and in the harbor where vessels deeply laden with grain were ready to go down to the straits, when the pilots saw a streak of red-and-white light shoot across the sky from the direction of the big city, they knew that it was not a display of aurora borealis, but a warning of a marine storm with high westerly winds. And if the beam was solid red, it was quickly interpreted as presaging a storm with high easterly winds. And, remembering the big storm of last May, the boats kept the harbor in safety until the storm went by. These lights came from the government signal station, high up on the tower of the Auditorium, from the level top of which the big electric projector can throw a light twenty or thirty miles over the horizon in any direction.

The use of the search-light for this purpose is entirely new, and is the result of the progressive policy of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, who has brought the weather bureau to a state of efficiency and usefulness never before attained, and who has been ably seconded in his efforts by Professor W. L. Moore, who won the post of chief observer of the district of the Northwest by his success in a severe competitive examination, in which problems in weather forecasting formed the chief part. Professor Moore was trained by Major H. H. C. Dunwoody, the assistant chief of the weather bureau, who is rated by scientific men as the foremost practical meteorologist in the world. Professor Moore's recent promotion to the position of chief of the weather bureau service is only a just recognition of his high capacity and eminently useful career. The search-light used for the Chicago weather signal is a thirty-inch projector which was made by the General Electric Company for the cruiser *Albatross*. When needed on the ship it will be replaced by a forty-eight inch (if not one still larger) reflector, similar to those powerful lights which throw their beams from the great roof of the Manufactures building at the World's Fair down upon the Wooded Island and the Court of Honor, and illumined the heavens for miles around. The apparatus at present used is rated at twenty thousand candle-power, and the light sent forth is increased by the reflector to about one hundred thousand candle-power. The carbon used is an inch in diameter, and the current is taken from the house mains at a potential of one hundred and seventeen volts, and reduced to forty-seven volts by rheostats. The present projector is directed by hand, but the larger one will be operated by a keyboard in the tower. The beam of white light from the big apparatus, it is calculated, may be thrown, in clear weather, over a circle having a radius of forty miles or more.

The Chicago weather office is the headquarters of the service for the upper lake region, extending from Indiana on the east and Indian Territory on the south, to the international boundary on the north and the crest of the Rocky Mountains on the west—a region that floats a commerce as heavy as the Atlantic seaboard, and includes the great cereal-growing States of the country.

It is curious to note how far the popular fiction of the actual control of the weather by the official observer has grown into a vulgar belief. In times when a change of weather, for hot or cold, wet or dry, is anxiously looked for, it is not uncommon for rough-visaged, gray-whiskered men to invade the sky parlor of the "weather man" and earnestly beg or vehemently demand the desired alteration in meteorologic conditions. Others, of the class known as "cranks," come to divulge their peculiar "systems" and to plead for an exchange of confidences, that they may be the better enabled to deal out rain or shine to the satisfaction of their patrons. Such people are briefly referred to the weather chart and the various indicators, and are obliged, many of them being unable to read even a barometer, to make the best of such means of information.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

### A Popular Philadelphia Craze.

THE people of Philadelphia are now in the throes of a "trolley" excitement which is peculiar to that city. It takes the form of long

evening rides to the suburbs, where, in various resorts, they regale themselves according to mood and inclination. Usually parties of friends (or it may be a regular social club or lodge) make necessary arrangements with the trolley companies, and at the appointed rendezvous board the handsomely-appointed and extravagantly-illuminated private cars and proceed to the destination selected. Some of the outings take on the character of masquerades, which, with the bands of music, afford considerable entertainment and amusement to the residents and sight-seers who through the thoroughfares over which the excursionists pass. In many places Chinese lanterns and hunting assist in lending a carnival aspect to the occasion. On one route as many as seventy or eighty parties are out every evening.

The cost of these trips is inconsiderable. While the charge varies according to route, ten dollars per car per night is about the average. This makes the expense per capita very light. The craze commenced last summer, but bids fair to reach greater proportions this year than ever before.

### The Great Christian Endeavor Convention.

THE city of Boston extended a characteristic cordial welcome to the thousands of Christian Endeavorers who flocked there during the second week of July to attend the international convention. The first signs of welcome which confronted the visitors was at the railway stations, all of which were beautifully decorated with the national colors, intermingled with the crimson and white, the Christian Endeavor colors. Many of the large and prominent buildings of the city were also handsomely decorated, some of them being hung with the red and white from roof to sidewalk, while appropriate mottoes and inscriptions appeared everywhere. At night, illuminations of the Public Garden added to the picturesqueness of the general scene. In point of fact, the city surrendered itself to the visitors, putting on festival attire, opening its homes and places of public resort, and in every possible way indicating its sympathy with the great work in which these organizations are engaged. The formal welcome extended by Governor Greenhalge fitly voiced this popular sentiment.

The extraordinary size of the convention was illustrated by the fact that on the opening day nineteen simultaneous meetings were held in Boston, Cambridge, and Somerville churches, and that for four subsequent days every available place of meeting, including two big tents on the Common, was crowded with enthusiastic audiences. The list of speakers at these meetings included many of the foremost clergymen and laymen of this country and Europe, and the subjects discussed were all of a practical character, having relation to the social, moral, and municipal life of communities, and the development of individual Christian character along the lines of practical activity. It is a marked characteristic of this organization that its members are taught to deal with practical questions, rather than to expend their strength in the promotion of creeds or peculiar beliefs.

In nearly every State of the Union the Christian Endeavor organization has actively participated, during the last five years, in all the reformatory movements which have resulted so immensely in the elevation of the standard of official responsibility and in the minimizing of public evils. It is peculiarly an organization for the promotion of good citizenship. In many of the States salutary laws have been passed as a direct result of its efforts, and a great deal has been done for good municipal government, its members asserting themselves at the primaries by concerted action. Along the lines of practical benevolence the work of these organizations has been immense. They concern themselves in rescue missions, in hospital efforts, in the visitation of almshouses and jails, in the establishment of public reading-rooms, and in the dissemination of good literature. In some of the seaboard cities they have been especially earnest in the work for sailors. It is, however, in the quickening of the missionary spirit in the churches that the organization has manifested especial activity. An estimate based on figures of the secretaries of the denominational boards places the amount given to missions last year by the Christian Endeavorers at nearly half a million dollars. The society has also furnished more men and women for the foreign mission field than the boards are able to commission. The report of the general secretary shows that there are in this country 31,412 societies, of which 7,750 were established last year, while in the world at large there are 41,220. The aggregate membership is 2,473,740. It cannot be otherwise than that this great body of active, earnest men and women will be a most influential factor in moulding the life of States and empires.

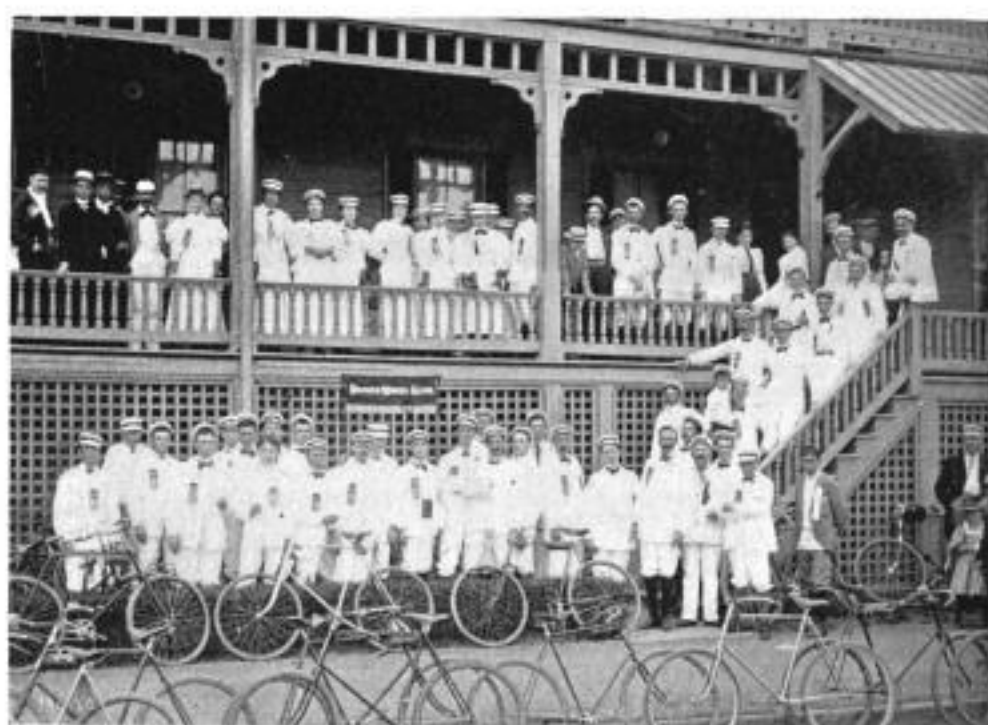




THE WHEELWOMEN OF THE DENVER CLUB.



CLUB-HOUSE OF THE ASBURY PARK WHEELMEN.



THE DENVER WHEEL CLUB.

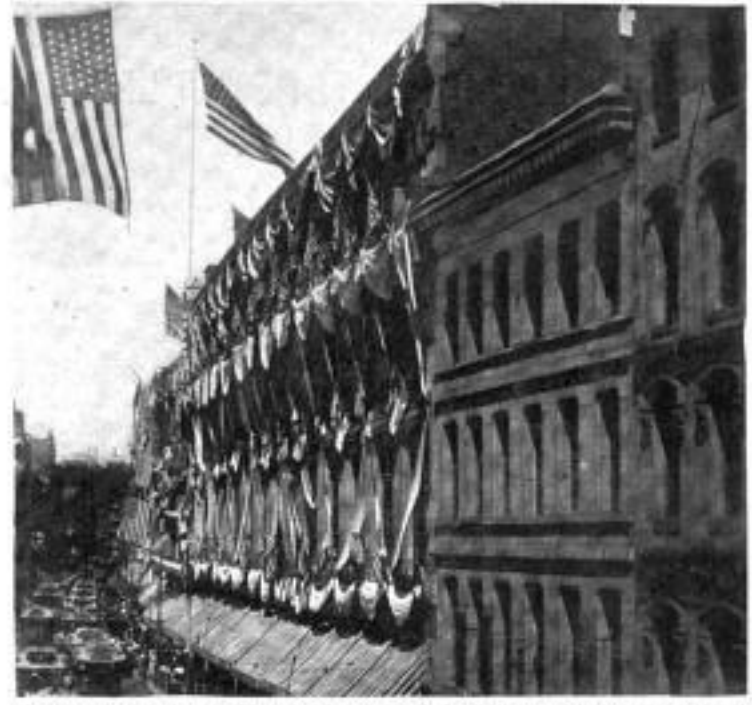
THE NATIONAL MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN AT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 59.]



THE AL FRESCO DINING-ROOM OF THE NEW YORK INSURANCE CLUB, ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING ON NASSAU STREET.  
DRAWN BY SHIPLEY.—[SEE PAGE 59.]



DECORATIONS ON BRIDGE IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.



DECORATIONS ON WASHINGTON STREET LOOKING NORTH FROM ADAMS HOUSE.



GOVERNOR GREENHALGE DELIVERING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.



DECORATIONS ON NEWSPAPER ROW,  
WASHINGTON STREET.



Endeavor.

THE TWIN TENTS ON THE COMMON.

Williston.

THE GREAT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION IN BOSTON, ATTENDED BY SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND DELEGATES REPRESENTING ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. STEBBINS.—[SEE PAGE 55.]



## HOW PARIS PAINTERS SELECT THEIR MODELS.

THE artist is everywhere, yet never quite where you expect to meet him. He is as numerous in Paris as the buttercup broadening a June meadow, but he is not so self-evident. You have to search for him, in small houses away from the narrow, teeming streets, whose only door opens on a back garden; up twisting passages, or behind lichen walls which keep privacy inviolable; or under the eaves on *ciccone*, where clouds and swallows are his intimates.

But there is one who seems to know by superlative instinct how to unearth him—knows his habits, what he prefers for breakfast, what boulevard tunes he most delights in, just what his intricacies of temperament are. And this sage being is the model—man, woman, or child—but particularly, because of her birthright of curiosity and intuition, the woman.

Where do they come from, these old, lined *grand-mères*, posing in Dutch caps, with knitting in hand; these stalwart youths of excellent profile, who, in perpetual feathered caps, appear to strum a mandolin; these children of dimpled, delicate beauty; the young women frankly nude, who run the gamut of mythological deities and historical heroines, who, like Trilby, get their daily, crusty bread and bottle of wine out of the "altogether"?

was her airy defiance of all conventionalities in the students' procession which led to the riots two years ago. Sarah is exactly what her fascinating, wicked face proclaims her—a moth in the Paris glare. She has the manners and wit of a street urchin, never misses an opportunity to proclaim herself a rebel against all decorum, and is regent of her world.

"Innate vanity, self-consciousness, a desire for display, light morality, lead many women to choose this profession," said the sculptor. "They apply for trial, and an artist is always glad to make a 'find,' so if the new-comer is sufficiently well-formed she soon becomes known by her first name in the studios. Ten years ago Sarah drifted into this life merely because she had a perfect body and knew it. She made a hit and has spent a fortune. She only poses where and when she feels inclined. Vanity first led her to the life—she's walked over us in a triumphal march ever since."

Another girl, posing as Eve, the apple lifted to her smiling lips, her down-dropped eyes filled with soft curiosity, had but lately come from behind the counter of a *patisserie*. An artist seeing her selling tarts had noticed the lithe wrist, the expression of a graceful body under the chic black gown, had told her so, and spoken of the romance and good pay to be



SELECTING A MODEL.

How do they commence the life? Do they seek it? Are they born to it? Is it thrust upon them? What are its requisites? Do women seek it from vanity, wantonness, or fitness? Is it a degrading profession? What does the model think of the painter, and *vice versa*?

In getting an answer to these questions by personal inquiry I spent a week among the studios. "How did I get Marie?" asked Robb-hoven, one of the first Americans in the glittering, artistic colony. "Why, it was like this. The model who had posed for my 'Loretto the Beautiful' had gone the way of all models." He pointed his index finger downward. "I was in despair, daily staring at the sketch of my next painting, and running over in my head the names of a dozen models I knew. Not one appealed to me, lovely though many of them were. I wanted a very young girl with clear-cut, soft outlines to the lines of the throat and head, yet a southern type. A child of opulent, Italian beauty, just budding into womanhood, would exactly suffice my needs. I could think of none. Youthfulness of line, innocence of mien, soon wither in this life. My only hope lay in finding a novice. A day or two after a timid knock sounded on my door. Shyly hiding in the shadow stood a *grecque*, poorly-dressed child of twelve or fourteen, with a radiant little face of pure, Italian coloring. It was Marie. She wanted to be a model. A companion of her elder sister's had formerly been with me, and when the child had to earn money some way, she followed Adele's suggestion and came here. I put her through her paces at once; under those shabby clothes was the exquisite child-woman I wanted. That was four years ago. She has been with me ever since. She takes pride in her work, and frequently goes to see the canvases when it's hung. I consider her head the most beautiful in Paris, her smile an inspiration. She is a thoroughly good girl." Marie, having no interest in the English conversation, was squatting near the stove, a few yards of green gauze wrapped around her for warmth. She was softly singing and counting her toes. In Macmonnies's, white, plaster-crowded studio the famous red-haired Sarah Brown was posing as Venus wooing Adonis. It

found on the model platform. Thereafter tarts had become tame, and puffed cream-cakes a weariness to the flesh.

There are many like her among the studios, recruits from glove-shops and bonnet-shops. Sometimes it becomes a question whether the theatre or the pose for so much an hour. The glamour of the free-and-easy studio attracts like the limelight and the crowd; net backons, and the little milliner decides.

I went one day to a low, gray-walled house in the Rue de Colisée. The artist with me led the way to a room on the first floor. A moment later, in an onion-scented atmosphere, I saw for the first time a family of professional models, all out of work.

They vanished to an inner room—father, mother, three children—while we awaited their reappearance. "They are going to show their specialties, as I haven't quite decided what character I want to practice on," said the artist. Suddenly a half-nude Indian emerged and assumed a variety of poses, changing with lightning-like rapidity, and holding each position while it lasted, as if made of steel. He knelt, his ear to the ground, gazed at the horizon under a curved, intense hand as if thirsting to decry a pale-face there, assumed postures of defense, attack, etc. Afterward he was a tormentor, a beggar, a brigand. Meanwhile, on the other side of the room, his wife, in Neapolitan costume, nun's robes, Spanish dancer's skirts, lived a variety of little lives. The children in the centre were everything from Cupids to Japanese, or simply avowedly naked specimens of the genus "kiki." The kneeling Indian was hired at four francs a morning.

The engaging of a model at an art school is a pitiable spectacle. Monday morning is usually selected for this test, and the poor creatures who through the school stairs must hate the ordeal far worse than the traditional horrors of wash-day. I sat among a class of girl students who, in fresh blouses, before fresh canvases, awaited in judgment. A nude in a crouching position was to be the study, and the first applicant was a country girl with stolid eyes and knobby elbows. What she felt as her various anatomical defects were wrangled over, one could not tell, for she

went out as expressionless as she came in. A score of others followed, old and young, and after patient posing were rejected. Each model was voted upon, and the least objectionable at last elected—a girl with thick ankles and large feet, but a tragically fine face, and shoulders which suggested the Milo.

I found, on talking with painters, that a woman or man physically perfect according to stern, artistic judgment is almost unknown. Six models have often been required for one ideal nude. At best, when a model is perfect from chin to ankles, two others must be found—one for the ideal face, one for Trilby's chief and rare charm—the ideal foot.

Artists have frequently married their models, but more than romance, a certain close chumship as between two friends of the same sex, is to be found between master and subject. She becomes a confidante, the sharer of his dreams, and takes enough interest in the work she inspires to go and see the canvases when hung, listen to the criticism of the crowd, and rejoice or sorrow over it as if her own reputation as a painter were at stake.

This cozy chumship has been admirably treated in one of the gems of this season's Salon. It is by Barrios, and is called "An Interval Between the Sittings."

KATE JORDAN.

## Junior Members of the Turf.

THE condition of racing is not as satisfactory as those who are most interested in its welfare and prosperity could wish. There are dissensions within and without. This season, however, has been a marked revival not only in the character of the sport, but also in the quality of the attendance. This is due in part to the great prominence taken in the active management of turf affairs by the Jockey Club, which succeeded the so-called board of control. Then, again, many of the younger men of the turf, gentlemen who race solely for the love of the sport, have taken a more prominent part in turf affairs, all of which has stimulated public confidence in turf management, and made new friends for the interest of the thoroughbred.

The American turf owes as much to the name of Belmont as the English turf does to that of Admiral Rous. If it had not been for the generous patronage of the turf by the late August Belmont, Esq., there never would have been any American Jockey Club, nor any Jerome Park, both of which were the strongholds of thoroughbred racing in the North.

Mr. Belmont not only did more than any one else to establish both of these institutions, but he also founded the celebrated Nursery Stud, which the unbeaten Kentucky, Kingfisher, imp. The Ill-Used, and later imp. St. Blaise, made famous in turf history. Mr. Belmont's turf interests have been taken up by his son August, who is also the head of the old banking firm of August Belmont & Co.

Mr. Belmont races under the name of the Blenton Stable, well known in the early 'eighties in the steeple-chase meetings of those days, when he was frequently in the saddle himself, being an active hunting man and a crack polo-player. He is a thorough horseman, and devoted to everything connected with horses. His colors are a variation of his father's well-known colors, maroon, scarlet sash. The Blenton colors are scarlet and maroon sleeves, black cap.

The Nursery Stud still flourishes in Kentucky with imp. Bayou D'Or, Fiddlersicks, and The Ill-Used's two fast sons, Magnetizer and Badge as stallions, as does also the Nursery farm at Babylon, where so many of the Nursery celebrities received their schooling over its mile track. As to brood mares, there are at the Nursery Stud in Kentucky fifty-eight in all, thirteen of which, purchased at the Nursery Stud dispersal sale, include such well-known matrons as Nellie James, Princess, dam of His Highness; Fides (which holds the record for half a mile at Morris Park), Lady Margaret, Felicia, etc. Added to these, Mr. Belmont has imported a batch of mares by the best-known sires abroad, such stallions as Bend D'Or, sire of Ormond, Galopin, St. Simon, Kisher, Tristan, Barcaldine, South Hampton, etc., being liberally represented.

Mr. Belmont is exceedingly modest in laying claim to any great distinction as a breeder. He admits that, so far, he has not succeeded in breeding great winners, nor is it yet time. He contends, however, that in the long run it is cheaper to breed than buy yearlings, although he has been one of the most liberal buyers this year, and besides which there is the additional prestige of breeding celebrated winners like Count D'Orsay, Countess, Prince Royal, Poto-mac, Fides, Lady Primrose, His Highness, and a host of others which first saw the light of day at the Nursery farm.

Mr. Belmont intimates also that when he has done something which he deems worthy of his father's great successes upon the turf he will in all likelihood race under his own name. At all events, Mr. Belmont's connection with the turf

is an honor to it. Besides his active part in turf affairs, Mr. Belmont, like his father, is interested in music, the arts, and in public affairs, and is in every way one of our first citizens. His patriotic spirit in taking the initiative with Mr. Iselin and others in building the *Vigilant and Defender* is one more evidence showing how broad and unselfish is his public spirit.

We may go further and say distinctly that through Mr. Belmont's efforts in behalf of proper legislation at Albany thoroughbred racing has been saved in this country. In spite of the usual "stand and deliver" tactics of our legislators at Albany, Mr. Belmont fought on, declaring that he would not pay a cent to have the Gray-Percy bills passed, and they finally became a law and Mr. Belmont won the fight—won where everybody said he must fail.

Mr. Foxhall P. Keene is perhaps better known to the average race-goer than any of the younger racing confederacy, probably because he is celebrated in two countries as a gentleman jockey and cross-country rider; and besides is a crack polo-player, and perhaps has done more than any one man to make polo-playing popular with a certain class. Mr. Keene is as practical a horseman as any of his colleagues, and thoroughly understands how to handle a horse, and besides is a natural judge of the good qualities of a race-horse. Two years ago the Keenes had a phenomenal season, Domino being the star of his age, but their good luck has not followed them since, and they are likely to have two poor years of it. The Keenes now have a stock farm in Kentucky, where they have Tournament and Callistrates as stallions, and a number of highly-bred stud matrons, besides twenty-five choice brood mares in England, which Mr. Keene tells me will probably be brought over in the autumn to join those already at Castle-ton. Mr. Keene rarely bets, and in every sense of the word represents the best element upon the turf.

Alfred Hennen Morris is one of the triumvirate popularly spoken of as the Morris Stable. The famous Barbarity colors, all scarlet, are being perpetuated on the American turf by the son and grandson of Francis Morris, who was one of the old-time sportsmen. When Mr. Morris first came back to racing in this part of the country Britannc was the only horse that ran in their colors, but they were extensive buyers at the yearling sales, and have besides an immense stock farm of some sixteen thousand acres in Gillespie County, Texas, of which between eight and nine thousand are in pasture.

Mr. Morris tells me that their ambition is to breed each year about two hundred yearlings, select from among these, for their own use, twenty absolutely untired youngsters, and sell the balance in the paddocks of Morris Park for what they will bring. As the number of yearlings brought under the hammer will be so great, there cannot fail to be just as many prizes left in the grab-bag as have been taken out of it. Mr. Morris speaks enthusiastically of the climate of Texas for breeding thoroughbreds. The youngster can remain out all the year round, the only drawback being the annual dry spell, which parches the grass. The soil has a limestone foundation—in fact, the foundations of all the buildings on the ranch are of limestone, quarried on the place. There are now, so Mr. Morris informs me, over one hundred and fifty brood mares on the place, and the following stallions: St. Florian, Cayuga, Winfred, Britannc, Plevna, and Cassius. Then, at Bowling Brook, Middleburg, Maryland, where Wyndham Walden retires every year to train and prepare the string for the following season, there are imp. Galore, sire of Gutta Percha (one of the best fillies of last season), and also Russell, Rainbow, and Old Tom Ochiltree. But, long after the Morris family have ceased to take any active part in racing, if such a thing ever happens, they will be remembered by the attractions of Morris Park, not only as a race-course, but for its splendid opportunities for health and recreation. It is the only racetrack in the East which possesses an appropriate club-house for the entertainment of its members. Some idea of its vastness may be gathered when it is stated that the interest charges alone on the property amount to seventy thousand dollars a year. In the autumn Morris Park commences a new lease of life, under the auspices of the Jockey Club, for a term of years.

Mr. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., is one of the younger lights of the racing firmament that have come upon the turf without any previous connection by heredity. He displays, however, great courage, for the venture has not been over successful, from a financial standpoint. Nevertheless, Mr. Ruppert keeps in the ring, buying yearlings each season, and proving himself to be made of more than ordinary stamina. He has, however, his father's experience on the turf to help him out, which is, of course, a valuable guide. Mr. Ruppert is also a great dog-fancier, and his St. Bernards take first place at the American Bench Show. At the opening of this season it looked as though the Ruppert



stables has a mortgage on the great three-year-old stakes with Gotham and Countess Tenor, but both trained off and neither has started in weeks.

Mr. Follansbee's racing venture is regretfully upon too small a scale for the good of the turf. Gloaming was a success, but, in spite of this, Mr. Follansbee does not increase his interest in racing. This is to be regretted, because this gentleman belongs to a class all too few in numbers for the best interests of racing, a grand and exhilarating sport in itself, but which, through certain causes not necessary to mention here, has in the past few years been made a "grab game" to suit a few selfish racing officials and track owners.

Mr. Edwin D. Morgan, one of the State racing commission, has heretofore been more identified with yacht-racing, having been several years commodore of the New York Yacht Club; but as he has always been interested in everything that is associated with clean, honest sport, in the near future we may see Mr. Morgan directly interested in the sport of kings. His presence on the commission is an additional guarantee that racing is not to be made a toy for the rough element in our community.

H. P. M.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The Cornell-Henley Crew Was Sadly Overtrained.

THERE is a certain hard, cold fact connected with Cornell's defeat by the Trinity Hall eight in the race for the Grand Challenge cup at Henley on July 10th, which cannot be disputed, to wit—the American crew, after getting away fast and rowing over the course least favored by the prevailing weather conditions, led their English cousins for a mile.

In the remaining five hundred and fifty yards they sustained a crushing defeat. But why? Was it due to the Courtney stroke? If so, how was it that they managed to show themselves for one mile a faster crew than the one which, as a result of the "finals" race on July 11th, proved themselves to be the fastest crew entered by winning the Challenge cup? If so, how is one to explain Cornell's past records, which fail absolutely to show an inability to row out any race from one mile up—indeed, to explain how this defeated Henley crew could row the distance time after time in 7:30, and repeat after a short interval of rest only; or row, in dead water over Lake Cayuga under seven minutes and finish fresh. If the Courtney stroke is so wearing, so useless, as many have claimed, how can these cold facts be explained? Indeed, they cannot be, without showing cause beyond the stroke as a reason for defeat.

Surely it would prove a hard task indeed for one to prove the Courtney stroke useless when confronted, say, with the work of the Cornell eight at Poughkeepsie. This crew, it will be recalled, met defeat at the hands of Columbia. Yet what were the conditions with which they contended? Firstly, a strong head wind and rough water; secondly, a poor start; and thirdly, a shell full of water almost from the very outset. Notwithstanding, all the crew rowed the Courtney stroke from beginning to end hard and fast and finished strongly. In fact, I will challenge any one to declare the Cornell crew unable to have immediately gotten into another boat after the finish and gone another four miles. Add to this the fact, which may be vouched for not only by the captain of the crew, Troy, the coaches, Mr. Hitchcock, and others, that on a number of occasions, both at home and at Poughkeepsie, prior to race-day, they had rowed four miles under twenty-one minutes, and it seems a poor indeed for one bent on arguing the Cornell stroke out of the business.

I do not care to place myself on record as one who upholds the Courtney stroke as the stroke, for I believe that the Cook stroke, so-called, offers more advantages in speed though granting the men who row it less wearing exertion. On the other hand, the Courtney stroke is neither a poor stroke nor is it one which a crew dies in rowing. On the contrary, it is a fast stroke, and, as rowed by Cornell men, who have been brought up on it, a hard one to beat. Cornell's record in rowing in the past proves this.

If, then, it is no more than fair not to give the Courtney stroke a black eye as a result of the Henley race, where must we turn for a reason for defeat so crushing?

Here, and here only—the Cornell eight were overtrained. And where, may I ask, lives the man who has an acquaintance through experience with rowing, or indeed any branch of sport requiring endurance, but will declare the overtrained man a worse man by twenty-five per cent. than the undertrained man; and assert that whereas the overtrained man, when he

reaches the limit of his already overtaxed powers, collapses, the undertrained man, by ordinary care only about keeping *within himself* in his work, finishes almost strongly, or, if not strongly—so far as rowing is concerned—in such form as not to throw his mates out by catching a crab, getting out of swing, etc.?

I do not believe it possible for a carman whose organs are sound, and who is trained to the hour, to drop or "keel over" after a hard pull of a mile, or, expressed in time, after great exertion for a period of five minutes and some seconds. Of course it is possible to assume that a man without a brain may engage in a contest and so work in the space of five minutes as to drop in the end exhausted, even dead. But athletes without brains do not enter this consideration. The Cornell men not only had brains, but it must be assumed that each one of the crew knew by heart this maxim in crew rowing—row within yourself always; that is, always keep in store a bit of reserve energy so that the finish may be made strongly. The man who rows thus, granted his condition is at all right, will finish with strength still for another spurt, though to have shown honest work he must of necessity finish tired.

The condition of the overtrained man, however, is a peculiar one, even dangerous, for the system has become weakened and the vitality sapped to such a degree that any one of a number of serious things may happen, notably heart trouble. The overtrained man is more of a dead man than a live one; he has no ambition, nor energy—nothing. Perhaps for a few short moments he may nerve himself to supreme effort, but how quick and far-reaching the collapse!

There was every reason to fear the overtraining of the Cornell men. The greatness of their venture, the prize at stake, and what a victory would mean to their future, all combined, as one would suppose, and in reality did combine, but with so subtle a hand as to be unrecognized in time.

Only a few days before the race did Coach Courtney and Mr. Francis, graduate adviser, notice the never-failing signs. Then it was too late, and the crew—or, at least, a part of them—went to the post whipped before the first stroke.

Whether or no the Cornell crew could have won if their condition had been just right is not the question; but it may be said without fear of contradiction that they would have rowed out the race as they had begun it and finished strongly. Thus they could not have failed to meet the expectations of their admirers by making a close and hot fight, though a losing one. In fact, a fight wherein defeat is strangely akin to victory,—for who will attempt to measure the difference in two crews who, after rowing alongside each other from the start, finish with the nose of the one shell only a foot or two in front of the nose of the other?

Cornell's defeat has taught her coaches a lesson which they cannot fail to remember should a crew be sent again to Henley in 1896. It is a lesson which may prove beneficial to Yale, should she try her luck in English waters next year.

Though there was much talk after the race among Cornell men about going to England next year, in fact, sending two crews, it does not seem probable, on the score of the great expense attending such an expedition. It was difficult enough to raise the money this year. Then, too, Coach Courtney may not recover his nerves in time to begin operations upon a '96 crew.

So far as a comparison of English and American rowing is concerned, it may be said that the long stroke of the Englishmen is a get-there one, and does not apparently exhaust. Its exponents, however, do not show the form of a Yale crew, though in the matter of hitting the water together they are by no means inferior. Their stroke is generally longer than Yale's, while Yale's is longer still than Cornell's.

#### YALE VS. CAMBRIDGE.

The meeting of the Yale and Cambridge track and field athletes—probably September 5th—will be awaited with unusual interest. Though the Yale men look to be sure counters in the weights—perhaps the broad-jump and high-jump—the running events may prove too much for them. Indeed, Cambridge is apparently so strong on the track that a close contest, if not really an English victory, is assured.

#### PEERLESS "DEFENDER."

Joy supreme rests in the hearts of all the well-wishers of the Vanderbilt-Iselin-Morgan syndicate, through whose enterprise, money, and patriotism we have such a peerless *Defender* to guard the America's Cup from the hungry clutch of Lord Dunraven and his *Volkyrie III*. Each succeeding trial seems to show that the Bristol boat is a stronger light in all points of sailing and in all kinds of weather—light, moderate, or heavy. Conservative men, however, notwithstanding the English boat's poor showing in anything but a light wind, do not grant as yet a hollow victory. On the

contrary, these wisecracks declare that what *Volkyrie III* did in England and what she will do here are two altogether different things. In light weather it is claimed that *Volkyrie III* will give *Defender* a close call, and light weather may be banked on for at least one of the three races.

Then, in a breeze, *Volkyrie III* may reasonably be expected to stand up much better here than in England, where the wind seems to be so much heavier. And to stand up means fast sailing, with a cloud of canvas to drive her fine and beautiful shape through the water. The first or second week in August should surely see the English boat in these waters. Her capabilities to a great extent may then be judged.

*W. T. Bull.*

### The Bicycle Meet at Asbury Park.

THE recent meet of the League of American Wheelmen differed from other affairs of the kind chiefly in the conditions under which it was held. Asbury Park is not only a seaside resort, with its beach, surf-bathing, hotels, and cottage life, but it is a lively, bustling town, with wide avenues, electric railways, and business marts, set in and partly sheltered by the remnants of the forests which a few years ago lined all that part of the coast. Out from the Park proper excellent roads reach in all directions into delightful rural neighborhoods, with old-fashioned hamlets and villages dotting here and there the smiling landscape. Thus the wheelmen had at once all the advantages of close proximity to the sea, and of easy access to the inviting inland; and they seem to have embraced to the utmost their opportunities for enjoyment. All parts of the country, as well as Canada, were represented in the concourse of cyclists, and for three days the town was absolutely in their hands. All sorts of diversions were provided for the entertainment of the visitors; there were hops, races, clam-bakes, water-carnivals, and so on indefinitely.

The parade, which took place on the first day of the meet, was an imposing demonstration, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators. The woman's division attracted special attention. It included fifty-seven riders, thirty-three of whom wore the bloomer costume. The Denver Wheel Club carried off first prize for both numbers and appearance, parading fifty-four men and women, all attired in spotless white linen suits and yachting-caps. The costume of the women, fourteen in all, was especially "fetching." They wore white waists, short skirts, and white leggings and shoes. A family in gray—father and mother, one son of six years, two daughters of four and seven respectively, and a baby on the front of the father's wheel—attracted much attention.

### Elevated Dining.

OUR picture on page 56 afforded an excellent idea of the pleasant conditions under which New York business men are sometimes able, in their intervals of labor, to seek refreshment and enjoy "the pleasures of the table." The New York Insurance Club, composed of gentlemen identified with that important interest, occupies the top floor of the handsome building of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. Here they are accustomed to dine, and the scene depicted represents members of the club enjoying themselves on a summer day, far removed from the tumults of the street, and with a panorama stretched out before them which may well encourage appetite and stimulate digestion. There is a far greater number of these elevated cafés in the metropolis than is generally understood. They have not only the advantage of seclusion, but the still greater advantage of atmospheric conditions favorable to personal comfort.

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

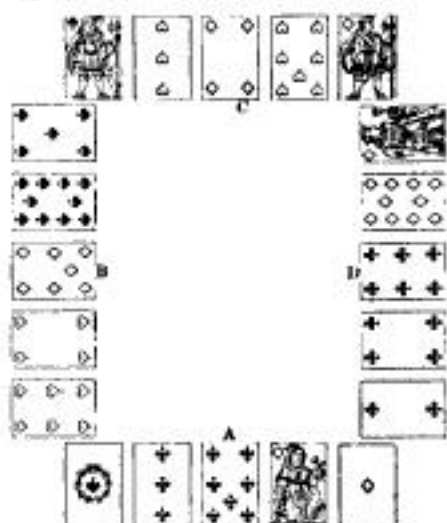
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

#### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 24 puzzled a good many who attempted to solve it without handling the cards, and who failed to observe the advantage

of withdrawing C from the fight. A leads spade seven, B club queen, C a diamond, D takes the trick and throws the next one to A. If B discards a diamond, C does the same, which makes A's diamond good; whereas if B threw his last club, C takes one trick in diamonds and two in clubs. Correct answers were received from Messrs. G. Abrams, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," C. E. Bruce, A. Barrett, Dr. Cole, J. W. Crawford, D. Chapin, A. E. Danka, W. H. Ellery, C. Flemming, G. A. Field, C. N. Gowen, W. Hart, "H. D. L. H.," R. E. Higgins, M. C. Ibel, "Ivanhoe," Lillie L. Knapp, G. Kearsted, A. W. Lowe, C. H. Masters, Mrs. H. T. Monner, T. J. Morrison, G. E. Nugent, A. Odebrecht, Jr., E. Parsons, H. E. Peters, J. W. Russell, P. Stafford, J. F. Smith, Dr. N. P. Tyler, W. Truen, C. K. Thompson, W. Van Riper, "W. W. W.," W. R. White, W. Young, and T. Zeraga.

Here is a pretty ending which will be appreciated by such as admire good whist strategy, given as Problem No. 29:



Diamonds trumps. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 24. BY H. K. KIDSON.  
Black.



White. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 21. BY PULITZER.

White. 1 Q to K B 6. 2 R to K 5 mate. Black. 1 P to K 5.

Correct solutions were received from Messrs. T. P. Miller, G. M. Rose, E. L. Van Cleft, W. L. Fogg, Porter Stafford, J. Winsow, Dr. Baldwin, W. E. Hayward, "Ivanhoe," T. Cox, E. Hull, C. V. Smith, T. Stout, A. Hardy, A. J. Conen, R. G. Fitzgerald, E. H. Baldwin, J. J. Kraus, and E. Howe. Many others gave Q to Q B 6 for the key, apparently assuming that the black knight could not resist the temptation to capture the queen.

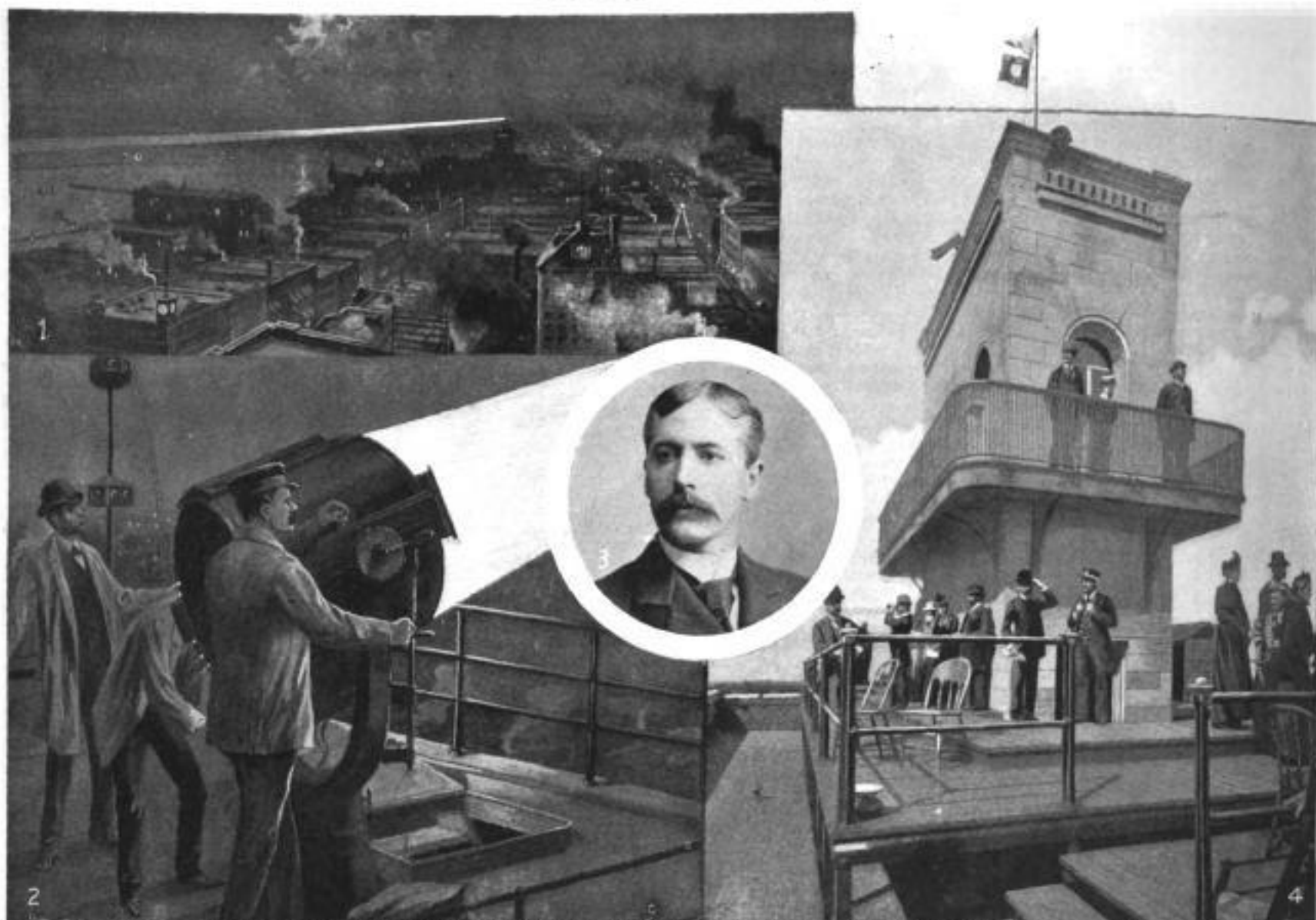
### Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1184 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.

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The use of the big search-light of the battle-ship *Maiae*, on the summit of the Auditorium tower, Chicago, the headquarters of the northwestern meteorological district, was the first attempt to use the search-light for weather and storm signaling.

THE WEATHER SERVICE ADOPTS THE SEARCH-LIGHT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH AND DRAWINGS BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 55.]



E. D. MORGAN.



AUGUST BELMONT.



J. G. POLLACK.



JACOB BUFFERT, JR.

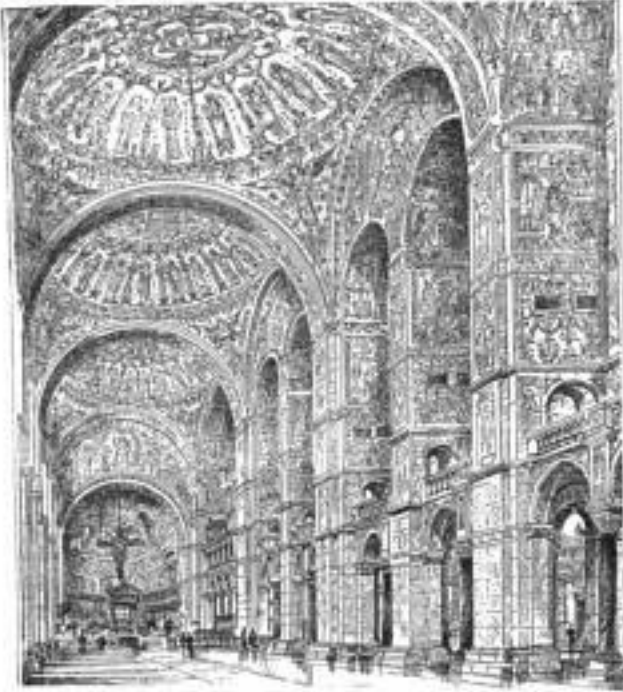


FOXHALL P. KEESE.



A. H. MORRIS.

THE REFORM OF THE TURF AND THE YOUNGER MEN WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO ITS ELEVATION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 58.]



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PROPOSED ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT WESTMINSTER.—*London Daily Graphic.*



THE HOTEL AT CHE-FOO WHERE THE TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN, WAS RATIFIED.—*Paris L'Illustration.*



WAGNER'S SACRED OPERA OF "CHRISTUS"—SCENE OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, RECENTLY PRODUCED IN THE STADT THEATRE, BREMEN.—*London Graphic.*



EMPEROR WILLIAM LAYING THE KEYSTONE OF THE NORTH SEA AND BALTIC CANAL AT KIEL.—*L'Illustrazione Italiana.*

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#### CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray Street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, **Mrs. Thomas Barnes**, lock-box 628, Marshall, Michigan.

#### SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio Book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent post-paid upon receipt of ten cents by Charles O. Seidl, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

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**THE MARCHIONESS OF CARMAR-THEN.** "Serenata." A Story.  
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**S. R. CROCKETT** (Author of "The Raiders" and "The Stick Minister"). "Love Among the Beech Leaves." A Scottish Idyll.  
**R. S. HICHENS** (Author of "The Green Carnation"). "A Re-incarnation." A weird and powerful story.  
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on page 56 were made by J. C. Hemment with the Ross Patent Lens used in the

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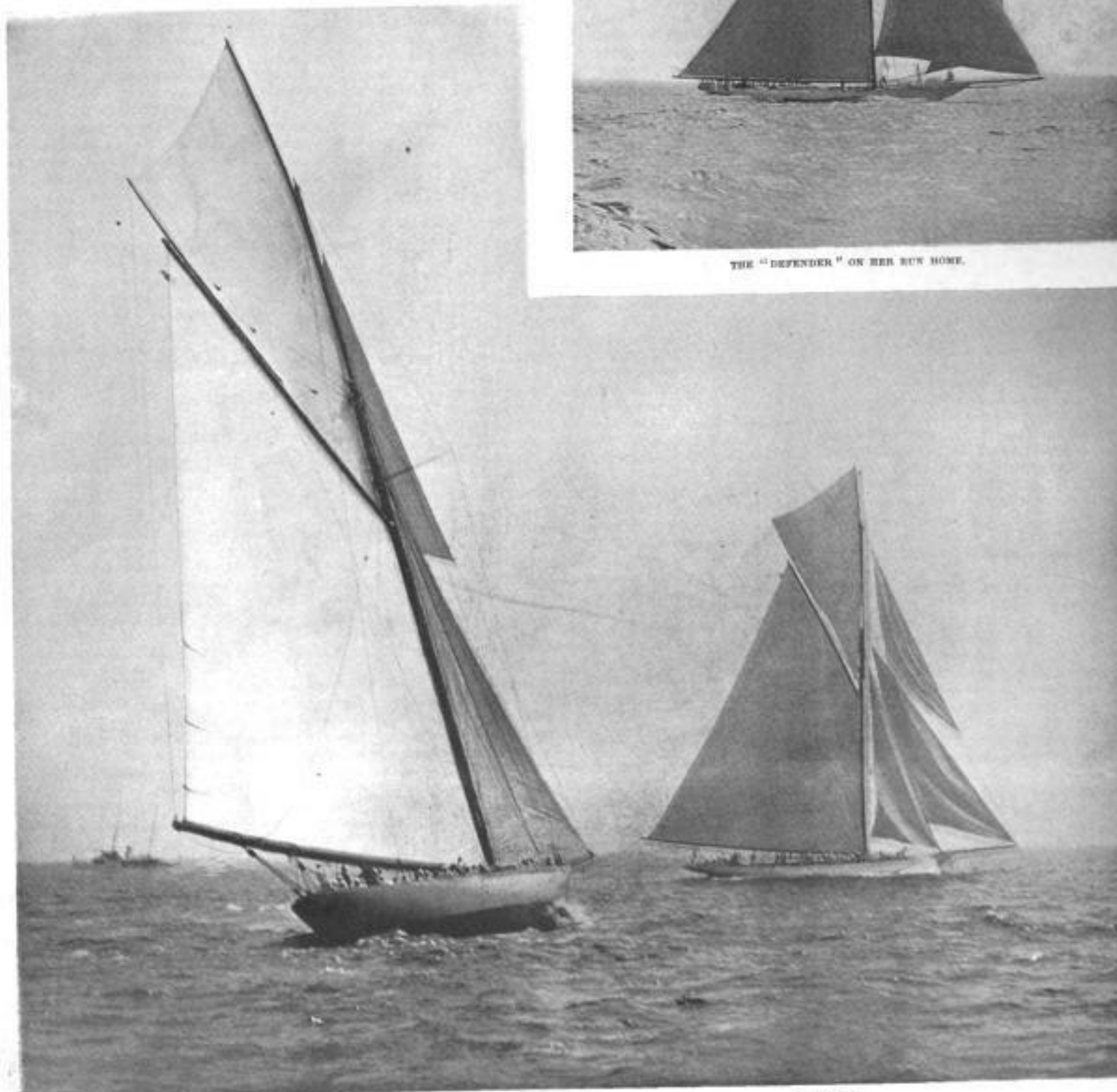
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THE "DEFENDER," IN HER MAIDEN RACE OVER THE CUP COURSE OF FIFTEEN MILES TO WINDWARD AND RETURN, FULFILLS THE EXPECTATIONS OF HER BUILDERS, OWNERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY EXPRESSLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 15.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## The British Elections.



THE overthrow of the Liberal party in the British elections affords an illustration of the power of popular opinion hardly less significant than that embodied in the crushing defeat of the Democratic party in the last general election in the United States. Indeed, in some of the populous constituencies of England the revolution was even more striking than any of the remarkable local results which attended the Democratic downfall. The defeat, for instance, of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, in Derby, which he had for fifteen years represented in the House, and which had always been staunchly Liberal, is a peculiarly impressive incident. In 1885 Harcourt had a majority of 2,687, and he never had less than 2,000; in 1892, when, after accepting office, he returned to his constituency he was elected with only a show of contest, receiving 6,508 votes. Now, in a direct contest, he has polled only 6,785 votes, while the Conservative vote exceeds by 3,500 the poll of 1892. The defeat of other Liberal leaders, who have been for years conspicuous and influential factors in affairs, still further emphasizes the change of popular thought and purpose. The result cannot be said to be surprising. The Liberal party came into power upon distinct and positive pledges as to matters of vital public concern. So long as Mr. Gladstone was at the fore it was held to the performance of its engagements. But from the moment that the leadership was transferred to other hands the party policy became fickle and uncertain; personal rivalries and animosities, rather than regard for principle, acquired dominating force, with the result that the confidence of important constituencies was alienated, and opportunity was afforded the hostile political elements in the country at large to wage an effective agitation for a new and radical change.

There are indications, however, that the Liberal overthrow is not entirely due to a reversal of enlightened public opinion. All accounts agree that the elections were more corrupt than any in recent years. The Conservatives appear to have appealed to the basest instincts of the electorate. In some districts seats were won by a prodigal and open expenditure of money. Then the entire saloon interest was converted into an electoral agency by the Tory managers. The vast significance of this fact becomes apparent when it is understood that there are in the (London) metropolitan district alone over ten thousand licensed saloons, whose influence was concentrated against the Liberals. In Ireland the contest seems to have been debauched by every possible accessory of brutality and corruption. Then the labor vote was largely controlled in the same disreputable fashion. Indeed, the labor candidates seem to have performed the same service for the Unionists that labor nominees in this country have generally done for the Democracy. In all the larger constituencies the Tories have gained seats by the diversion of the distinctively labor vote from the Liberal candidates, and there seems to be no doubt that in many cases the labor nominees were paid for their service out of the Tory funds. Even John Burns narrowly escaped defeat in the general demoralization of his old-time followers.

But, making all allowance for these special influences in the summary of the situation, the fact remains that the Liberals have been defeated chiefly because of their insincerity of purpose and their inability to measure up to the demands of official duty and responsibility. A party that, coming into power with a clear and distinct majority upon definite statements of policy, cannot hold together in support of its own principles, cannot expect and does not deserve to maintain itself in any enlightened democracy. The Liberals of Great Britain have had more than one admonition on this score. They failed to give heed to the warning, and they are now paying, in this present disaster, the penalty of their folly.

## The Struggle in Cuba.

WHILE only dribbets of information as to the situation in Cuba are permitted by the Spanish authorities to reach the outside public, enough is known to justify the conclusion that the rebellion is every day becoming more and more serious. Accounts as to engagements here and there show that the insurgents, who number approximately nineteen thousand men, are well armed and tolerably efficient in warfare, and that at many points they have secured

decided advantages in conflicts with the Spanish troops. Within the last month the insurrection has spread to provinces where there had been previously little manifestation of sympathy with it, and as yet Marshal Campos seems wholly unable to arrest the swelling tide. He now has at his disposal some sixty thousand troops, thirty thousand of whom have been called from Spain since February last. Two months ago he was confident that he would be able, with the force at his command, to suppress the revolt. He now realizes his mistake, and has asked that twenty-five thousand additional men be sent him before September next, when he proposes, with the coming of cooler weather, to initiate a more aggressive campaign. The Spanish government has already ordered a number of new launches and gun-boats, in the hope that, with these and other resources of the navy, men and munitions may be prevented from reaching the island. Meanwhile, Spain is expending five millions of dollars a month, and proposes to raise ninety millions additional for war purposes by the issue of one hundred and twenty millions of bonds. The expenditure on war account will, of course, be largely increased when the re-enforcements reach the island and more active measures are adopted. It will presently become a serious question how long Spain can stand this extraordinary strain. She is already practically bankrupt, and there are no apparent means, by taxation or otherwise, of raising any considerable sums of money. The insurgents, on their part, subsisting on the country and supplied from without with such money as they need, are not troubled by any difficulties of this sort. Their chief disability is, of course, in the matter of arms and ammunition. The home-rule party, which was at first opposed to the insurrection, is now understood to sympathize with it to a considerable extent, and the treasury will no doubt be benefited by this fact.

So far as can be judged from the facts now at hand, the problem is one of endurance. If the insurgents can maintain themselves for a few months longer they may be able to dictate terms to their oppressors. Of course the business losses to the island are becoming enormous, and if the struggle should be long continued, a sentiment in favor of peace, upon conditions favorable to the revolutionists, would no doubt assert itself with such emphasis as to compel attention at Madrid.

## Recent Anti-Gambling Legislation.



NOTHING in the history of legislation in this country has been more remarkable or more encouraging to the cause of public morals than the action of our State Legislatures during the past year or so with reference to the gambling evil. Laws designed to repress various forms of this evil were enacted by no less than ten States during the legislative sessions of the season of 1894-95. This does not include the action of Congress at its last session in passing the bill placing further restrictions and prohibitions around the lottery business, nor the action of various municipal bodies like those of Boston, New York, and Brooklyn, in securing a strict enforcement of the laws against gambling. Mayor Swift, of Chicago, has succeeded, it is said, in absolutely closing the gambling-houses in that city for the first time in many years. A new local administration in Saratoga has signaled itself by giving out orders that gambling at that resort shall be strictly prohibited hereafter. This for a town where gambling of all kinds has been permitted for years without let or hindrance, is a very significant fact. The result of all this action has been that the gambling industry in this country in all its branches, from the lottery to "craps," is at present in a languishing state—a state from which it may be hoped it will never emerge.

Race-track gambling in its various forms has been the chief object of attack by the State Legislatures. This was the case in New York, where the Wilds bill was passed by the last Legislature for the ostensible purpose of carrying out the provisions of the new constitution with reference to pool-selling and book-making. Thus also in Pennsylvania, where the recent Legislature passed a law against all forms of betting, so severe in its provisions that it put an end at once to the preparations being made to open several large race-courses in that State, with the usual pool-selling accessories. It was this same issue which precipitated a sharp and bitter controversy among the people of Connecticut at the recent session of their State Legislature. It was then proposed to enact a law giving town authorities the right to license pool-selling in racing inclosures for a certain period of each year. A bill making this provision passed the State Senate with a large majority vote, but the measure brought down upon the Legislature such an avalanche of protests and petitions from the people that the lower house killed the bill. Illinois had an experience somewhat similar to that of Connecticut. Here a measure known as the Humphrey bill, legalizing pool-selling on race-tracks with certain limitations, was passed by the Senate without much difficulty, but so much opposition was stirred up and so much pressure brought to bear against it, that the bill was allowed to die in the lower house. Still another phase of the controversy was presented in Minnesota. A bill was introduced in the Legislature of that State early in its session last winter, prohibiting pool-selling or betting upon any trial of speed in the State or elsewhere. The action of

the Senate on this bill was practically unanimous in its favor, but in the Assembly a strong opposition was encountered, and the measure had a long and stormy passage. It became a law eventually, however, and all forms of race-track gambling are now under the ban in that State. Brief mention may also be made of the new statute which went into effect in Virginia last year, forbidding book-making and pool-selling except under the auspices of agricultural associations or driving-parks which were chartered prior to the passage of the act. Book-making in cities at a distance is also entirely prohibited. But the Virginia law has proved to be very ineffective in reaching such places as St. Asaph, and it is said to be a certainty that the next Legislature of that State will pass a much more stringent measure. In Delaware betting and wagers on horse-races at any time or anywhere are strictly forbidden by a law recently enacted. Maryland, also, has a new law permitting racing and pool-selling for only thirty days in the year on any one track—a measure similar to the former Ives Pool law of this State.

It will thus be seen that a great advance has been made in the direction of anti-gambling legislation, in both a negative and positive way, during the past twelvemonth. As to the causes of this sudden upgrowth of public sentiment against race-track gambling, it is probably not too much to say that it is due chiefly to the bad management of the racing associations themselves. If these associations had been content with a fair degree of profit on their investments, had not outraged all decency by permitting winter racing, electric-light racing, and all manner of crooked and dishonest practices on the turf, and had not drawn into their business so many professional gamblers and disreputable persons of both sexes—if it had not been for these things, in all probability there would have been little or no legislative interference with racing. It was only because of such excesses as these, which came to be positively unendurable, that the people of New Jersey rose up two years ago and crushed out all the racing associations in that State. The present movement against horse-racing throughout the country had its origin chiefly in the fear, hatred, and disgust which seized the public mind over the abominable action of the race-track men in New Jersey in attempting to capture that State and run it to suit their own purposes. It was this, and this only, that brought about the anti-pool-selling amendment in New York State last fall. The people generally have no prejudice against horse-racing *per se*, and no desire to suppress it when carried on purely as a sport, any more than they have to suppress ball-playing, boat-racing, or any other form of recreation. But they do object to having the race-tracks turned into great gambling machines, with all their attendant evils, and they also object to having their Legislatures managed purely in the interests of these same machines, as was the case in New Jersey. If the interests of the turf are now under a dark and heavy cloud the turf associations have only themselves to blame. The way out is simple enough. It is to do away with the abuses spoken of, and give the public honest, clean, and legitimate sport.

## The Summer School.



N the twenty-two years since the elder Agassiz opened his school at Penikese on the 8th of July, 1873, the agency known as the summer school has greatly developed. This, the first of the more conspicuous schools, proved to be the beginning of what has become a large educational work. In the summer of 1874 Harvard University established courses of instruction in chemistry and botany. In the same season, also, other schools were opened in several parts of the country, though largely in Eastern States. The summer school in the beginning was a school of science. It is now so developed as to be a school not only of science but of nearly all the subjects taught in the ordinary curriculum. The schools also have gone outside the ordinary undergraduate curriculum and have now come to embrace nearly all the subjects that are taught in professional schools. It is probable that there are more than one hundred schools in session now in different parts of the country. Among the more unique of these schools the present season are the school of Christian Philosophy, which meets at Chautauqua, the school of Sociology, which met at Oberlin in June, and also the school of Theology, which meets at Cleveland under the auspices of Western Reserve University in the middle days of July.

These schools are commanding as their teachers some of the ablest men of this country or coming to us from abroad. Teachers of the widest and highest reputation are willing to spend four or six weeks of a summer in giving tuition to earnest students. Among those that are thus employed in the present season are Professor A. B. Bruce, of Scotland; Principal A. M. Fairbairn, of Oxford; Dr. Casper René Gregory, of Leipzig; and also scores of college presidents and college professors at home.

These schools are usually held in connection with some university, as those at Cambridge, of Western Reserve at Cleveland, and of the University of Chicago. But, again, they take on a peripatetic relationship. Not a few of the



scientific schools seem to consist primarily of excursions, in which, however, the purely scholastic element is not suffered to be neglected.

The great development of this system in the last two and a half decades proves the need of this agency and of the valuable service which it performs. The larger part of the students in these schools are probably of two classes: First, teachers, who compose a majority of the whole. The teaching profession is exceedingly arduous, and is especially so at the present time,—for the progress in methods of teaching has been exceedingly rapid. The advance, also, in the content of many subjects that are taught in the high and lower schools is also rapid. Teachers who are, therefore, eager to meet these increased demands, and who also desire to be leaders in educational reform and service, find themselves unable in the ordinary school year to study as they feel they ought. They consequently turn to the summer school for aid. Thousands of such persons are now found in the various Chautauqua schools which are existing in various parts of the country, and also in the schools that are found in scores of university towns.

A second class which finds these schools of special value consists of students themselves. The summer school furnishes an excellent opportunity for those who wish to anticipate certain work in college or to prepare themselves the better for entrance into college. Colleges usually credit students with the work done in these schools as of the same value as work performed in the ordinary semester. If a student, too, has been so unfortunate as to be "conditioned" in the work done in the college, the summer school is a good substitute for a private tutor.

Although the professional teacher and student represent by far the larger share of those in attendance upon these schools, there are also to be found in them persons who are neither teachers nor students,—for the terms of admission to these schools are somewhat more generous than the terms of admission to the ordinary college. Therefore persons who desire to extend or enrich their education under university auspices find the summer school an excellent agency. It cannot be doubted, also, that many persons are finding four weeks in old Cambridge, engaged in the study of chemistry or of geology, quite as pleasant as a month at Saratoga or the White Mountains.

The thought is often expressed that the summer vacation for the college student is too long. Thirteen weeks are surely a too large share of the year to be given up simply to the usual form of summer rest. The summer school comes in to fill up this education and social gap.

We look forward to the yet further development of this system. It is in itself a great benefit for both the teacher and the student, and for all classes of society who desire to extend their education. The perils of it are neither so numerous nor so strong that they deserve special attention. The chief peril lies in the possibility of overwork. This peril belongs no less to the teacher than to the student. But the peril is one common to every faithful worker in every department.



THE Japanese correspondent of the *Chicago Record*, Mr. W. E. Curtis, confirms the statement, which has been made on less trustworthy authority, that the Japanese government proposes to use the greater portion of the indemnity paid by China for the construction of naval vessels of the highest class, and the extension and improvement of the fortifications that protect the coast of the empire. The Krupp and Armstrong guns from the captured fortresses of China are already being removed, and will be mounted for the defense of Tokio. In the letting of contracts for new men-of-war, it is said that American firms will be given a preference, and this will be done, Mr. Curtis says, "even if the American prices are higher than those of Europe; first, because they are convinced that the best ships in the world have come from American yards; and second, because they desire to show their friendly interest in the people of the United States." Newspaper dispatches state that Japanese agents are already in this country for the purpose of inspecting the facilities of the Cramps and other ship-builders.

It looks as if the British Conservatives will be able to get along without the Liberal-Unionists in the new House of Commons. If that should turn out to be the fact, Mr. Chamberlain and his followers may be obliged to abate their pretensions very materially. While the Tories have been glad enough to avail themselves of a Unionist coalition so long as they were in a minority, they have never had any real love for Mr. Chamberlain, and his arrogant demands since the overthrow of the Rosebery government, and especially his displays of nepotism in providing places for his son and other henchmen since his appointment as Colonial Minister, have by no means diminished their dislike. The *Saturday Review* describes Mr. Chamberlain's course as "unscrupulous," and other journals apply much stronger characterizations to his utilization of his position for the benefit of his family. But the Birmingham representative is a sturdy fighter, with a very clear conception

of his own capacity and importance, and he will not go to the rear without a very stubborn struggle; and it may be that Lord Salisbury will find it wiser to endure him and his pretensions for a time than to drop him entirely. But it is inevitable that, with the Conservatives buttressed as they now are by a clear majority of the House, the Liberal-Unionists must cease to be a decisive or controlling factor in legislation. A very interesting article concerning Mr. Chamberlain's valuable services to the people of Birmingham is printed on another page of the WEEKLY.

THE gentlemen who are named in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency do not seem to be worrying themselves about the existing situation. Ex-President Harrison has gone into retirement on First Lake, one of the Fulton chain in the Adirondacks, where he occupies the camp of a St. Louis friend. The camp is admirably located, and is fully equipped with all the essentials of domestic comfort. There are fish in the lakes, there are mountains to climb, and there is just enough of society scattered about the vicinity to give a social side to the summer life of the ex-President. Besides, he has as his next-door neighbor a leading St. Louis Presbyterian divine, who will no doubt see to it that he does not spend his days amiss. Mr. Reed, whose Maine friends regard him as the coming man, is spending the summer at an unpretentious cottage at Grand Beach, on the Maine coast. Those who have visited him there do not find him inordinately concerned about the Presidential succession. Governor McKinley, of Ohio, is engaged in the performance of his official duties, taking a day's vacation now and then at near-by resorts, and does not seem to be doing much in the matter of his Presidential "fences." It is quite possible that all of these gentlemen give a thought now and then to the possibilities of the future; but they are wise enough to let things take their course, and it would be well, perhaps, if the leading politicians of the party would imitate their example in this respect. Nothing is to be gained for any candidate by attempts to "set up the pins" a year in advance of the struggle.

ONE of the chief grounds of complaint against the old Tammany police commissioners was that they winked at the violation of law and sustained the police in giving protection to certain classes of offenders. It was largely upon the evidence showing the existence of a corrupt understanding between the police and the keepers of disorderly houses, proprietors of saloons, and places where gambling was carried on, that the newspapers, almost without exception, based their demand for reform. Isn't it a little remarkable that some of these journals, now that the condemned commissioners have been supplanted by others who are resolutely enforcing the laws, should engage in violent denunciations of these officials, and fill their pages with lurid protests against the execution of the very laws whose neglect was a little while ago regarded as a crime? It is not surprising that Senator Hill should raise an outcry against the enforcement of the present excise law, passed by a Tammany Legislature, for, as Mr. Roosevelt says, "it was not meant to be honestly enforced. It was meant to be used to blackmail and browbeat the saloon-keepers who were not the slaves of Tammany Hall, while the big Tammany bosses who owned saloons were allowed to violate the law with impunity and to corrupt the police force at will." Besides, Senator Hill has never been conspicuous as a supporter of laws which militated against the vicious and disreputable elements in society, upon which he mainly relies. But to find intelligent and presumably honest journalists who were eight months ago active for reform, traducing the public officials whom they helped to elect, for honestly trying to effect reform along the lines of existing law—that is a spectacle which may well provoke surprise.

## Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

SOME time ago Frederic Remington, who has pictured for us so successfully the life of the West and Southwest, among the "cow-punchers," "greasers," and different army posts, told me that if there was one thing he wanted to do above all others, it was to draw a picture of Rudyard Kipling's famous trio, Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Searoyd. And I see in a current magazine that the opportunity was given him and taken. As a tail-piece to Kipling's stirring story of a polo match, "The Maltese Cat," we find the three musketeers with the superscription, "Three old friends." The picture has nothing whatever to do with the story, but I suppose the temptation was too strong, and Remington simply threw it in with the other illustrations for his own personal satisfaction. It must be confessed, though, that this presentment of the "three old friends"—for they are friends to all those who have followed them through their toils and troubles—is not satisfying. Mulvaney looks suspiciously like a Seventh cavalryman, and Ortheris might belong to our own Troop A, while Searoyd is a nondescript. I remember some years ago seeing the three pictured on a paper-covered volume of their adventures in a way that pleased me much more. While Mulvaney is on the tip of my pen I must quote a letter from Kipling concerning his wild Irishman. It seems that a paragraph has been going the round of the papers to the

effect that "William McManus, the original of Kipling's Private Mulvaney, is now a resident of San Francisco. The incidents of his life," it is added, "are very similar to those related in 'Soldiers Three,' and he describes Kipling as 'a plucky, inquisitive, little fellow in the civil service, who passed his bottle around among us privates and then got us to tell all the yarns of the barrack-room.'" In answer to an inquiry from the editor of a literary monthly as to the truthfulness of this, Kipling wrote:

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter, I can say that I know nothing of the Private McManus mentioned in the cutting you forwarded. At the same time, I should be loath to interfere with a fellow-romancer's trade, and if there be such a person as Private McManus, and if he believes himself to be the original of Terence Mulvaney, and can tell tales to back his claim, we will allow that he is a good enough Mulvaney for the Pacific slope, and wait developments. At the same time, I confess his seems to me rather a daring game to play, for Terence alone of living men knows the answer to the question: 'How did Dearsley come by the pelanquin?' It is not one of the questions that agitate the civilized world, but for my own satisfaction I would give a good deal to have it answered. If Private McManus can answer it without evasions or reservations he will prove that he has some small right to be regarded as Mulvaney's successor. Mulvaney he cannot be. There is but one Terence, and he has never set foot in America, and never will.

"Very sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING."

Which is very amusing and interesting, and a most unusual way for Mr. Kipling to call a man a liar.

Speaking of soldiers, it gives me pleasure to tell something of one of our own regiments, the Ninth Cavalry—one of the two colored regiments in our army, and one of the finest in the service. As the result of a recent inspection by Lieutenant-General Schofield, the following letter of commendation and praise for the men and their commanding officer was forwarded from headquarters:

"Colonel James Blodde, commanding Fort Robinson:

"DEAR SIR:—I am directed by the lieutenant-general, commanding the army, to convey to you his sense of pride and satisfaction, in his recent inspection of Fort Robinson, at finding the troops under your command in all respects in a high state of efficiency, and prepared for active field service. Besides which, it was highly gratifying to find your regiment so thoroughly instructed in all the duties prescribed by the regulations for occasions of ceremony, and all of the complicated manoeuvres attending the inspection and review of the troops, both in full-dress uniform and campaign dress and equipment, and in battle exercises. Every portion of all those exercises was performed with great accuracy. As an old companion-in-arms, who well recollects your meritorious services during the period of the Civil War, the lieutenant-general is especially gratified to be able to pay you this high and justly-deserved compliment.

"Very respectfully, I. P. SANGER,

"Military Secretary to Lieutenant-General."

A letter of which any regimental record or any regimental commander might well be proud.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—THERE have been six children born in the White House, of whom the first, Mrs. Wilcox, a gray-headed lady of sixty-five, is a clerk in the Treasury Department; and the last, little Esther Cleveland, is an important member of the Gray Gables household. Mrs. Wilcox is the daughter of Mrs. Andrew Jackson Donahson, a niece of President Jackson, and the wife of his private secretary. A brother and sister of hers, also born in the White House, died in infancy. The fourth White House child was Richard Tyler Jones, who died in poverty in Washington recently, and who was a grandson of President Tyler. The fifth White House baby was Julia Dent Grant, the daughter of Colonel Fred Grant.

—A man who knew Mark Twain's mother says that it is from her that Mark derives his strain of dry wit and quaint humor. Mr. Clemens's parents were Kentuckians, but long before the war they moved to Hannibal, Missouri, the town that has furnished a great deal of the local color of Mark's two great stories for boys. The famous Tom Sawyer cave, which thousands of picnic parties have explored, is near there, and it was at Hannibal that Mr. Clemens gained his intimate knowledge of steamboating. During the early part of the war he piloted the *Great Republic* on the Mississippi.

—Sir Walter Besant is said to be one of the most charming men in London in social intercourse. He is now fifty-seven, though his thick brown hair and beard make him look younger, and he lives in a secluded red brick house of his own design in Hampstead. He is perhaps the busiest man in literature, for every hour of the day has its allotted tasks for him, and his stories are written out with painful perseverance with his own hand. He began his career as a college professor, and it was due to ill-health, of which there is now no trace, that he turned his hand to novel-writing.

—When Samuel R. Crockett, the Scotch novelist, was a student at Edinburgh University he lived on nine shillings a week and lodged in the garret of an old house. His life was vigorous, and there is a trace of it still in his habit of rising before dawn. Mr. Crockett is out of bed and at his desk before five in the morning, and by the time a man in mercantile life is on the way to his office he has done a day's work. Six hours sleep is all he takes, and the long day from ten in the morning till eleven at night is his own to do with as he pleases.





MR. GEORGE W. V. SMITH, DONOR OF A NOTABLE ART COLLECTION TO THE MUSEUM.



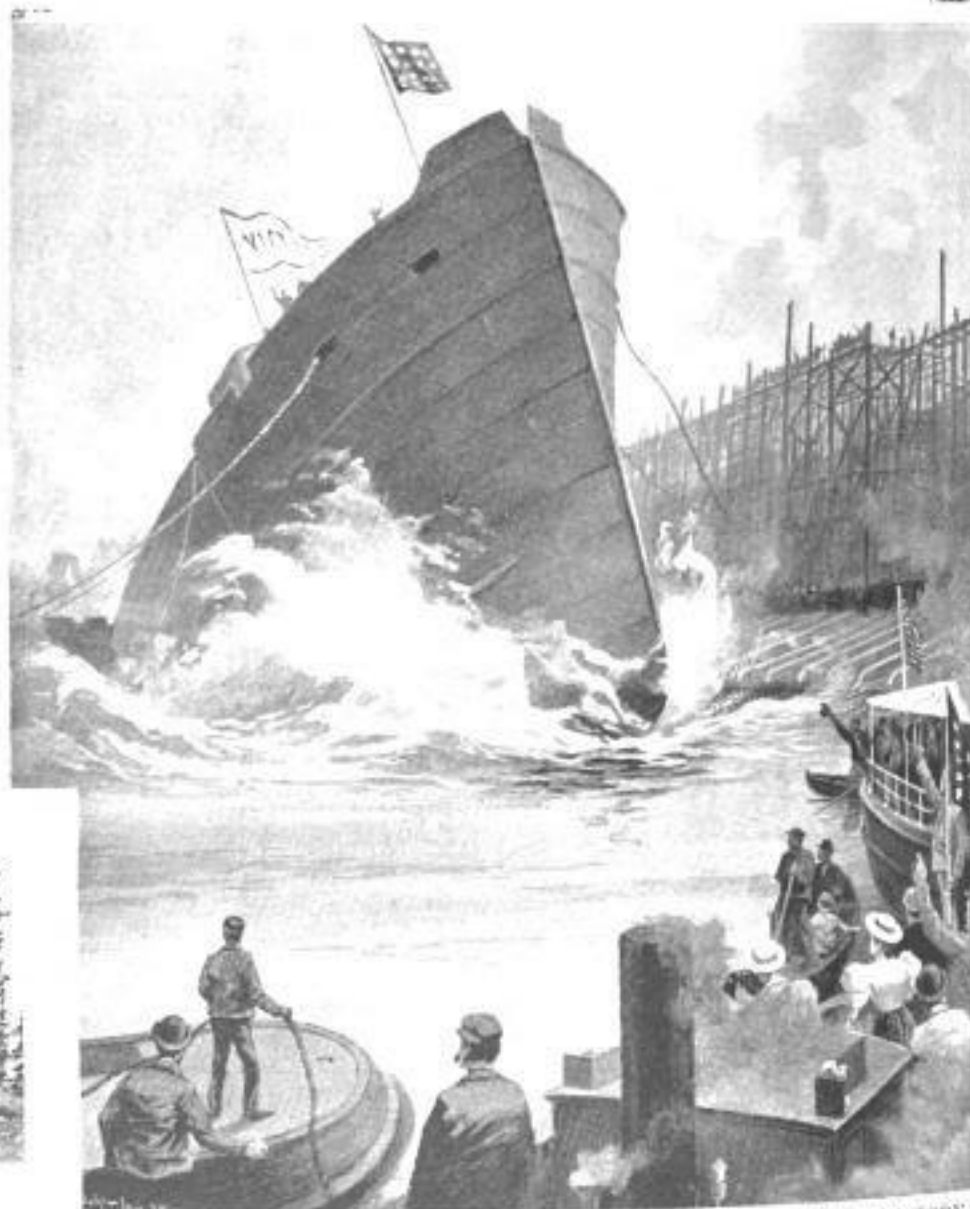
THE NEW ART MUSEUM AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—(SEE PAGE 74.)



FOLLOWING UP THE SOTARY FIVE MILES FROM ALPINE PASS.



EASTERN ENTRANCE TO ALPINE TUNNEL, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN JUNE 1ST, 1906. ALTITUDE, 11,600 FEET.

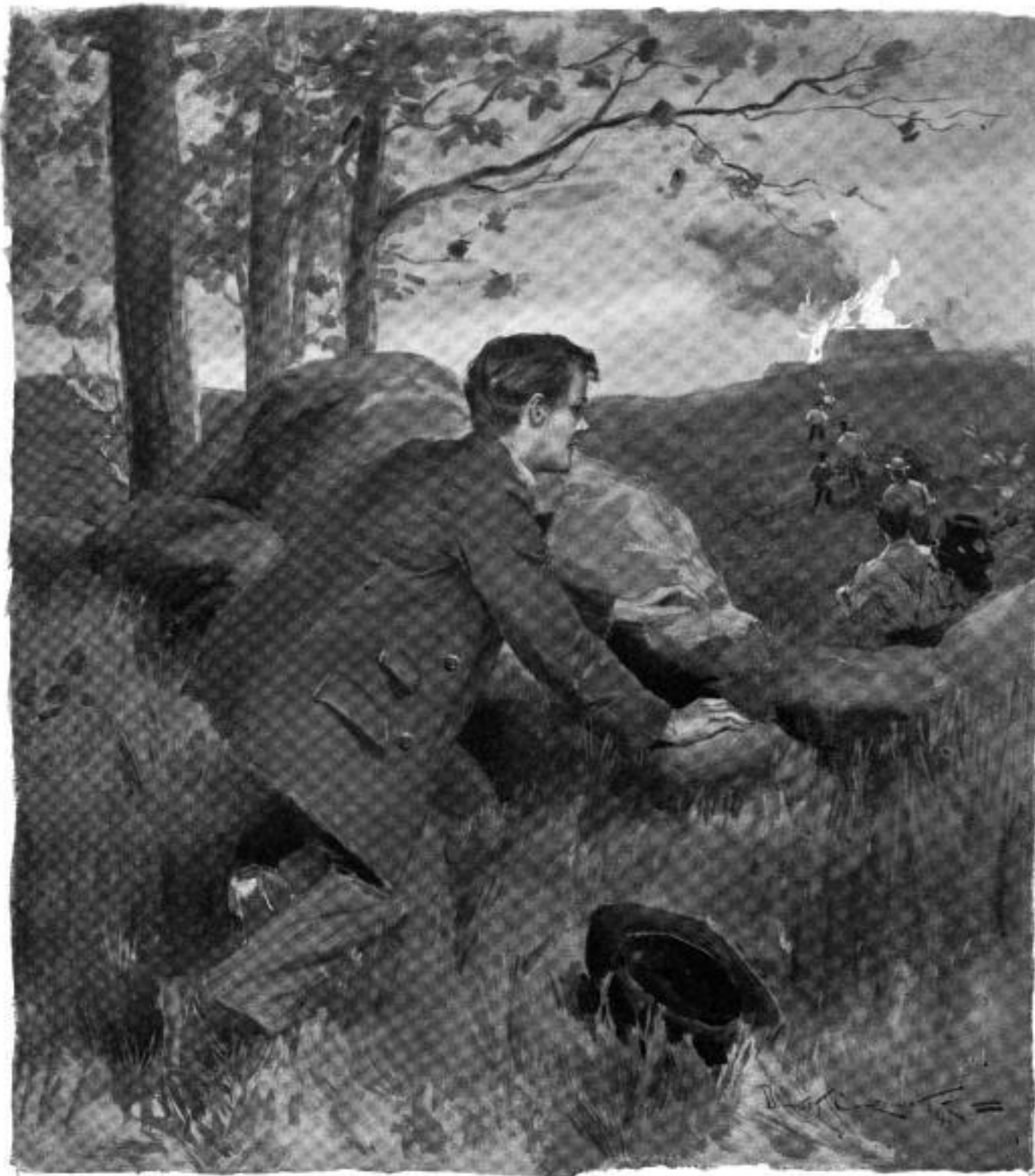


A CATASTROPHE OF THE LAKES. LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "VICTORY," 1,000 TONS, AT SOUTH CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY H. H. BOYDORF. (SEE PAGE 74.)



COMING THROUGH A DRIFT UNDER FULL HEAD OF STEAM, THREE MILES FROM ALPINE. ALTITUDE, 11,100 FEET.

SUMMER SNOW-PLOWING IN COLORADO AT AN ELEVATION OF 11,000 FEET.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—(SEE PAGE 74.)



"Once or twice he had to hide, behind trees and boulders, from the people who were passing toward the mill."

# LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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## XII.

### MR. PEBBLES PREPARES FOR WAR.



OR a long, sacred moment the mother and son thus strangely reunited knelt together, their arms about each other, their hearts full of a whirl of many mingled emotions which made speech impossible. When at last Moya broke the long silence, it was with a voice curiously calm, despite the deep, underlying tremor which told by what an heroic effort she was able to speak at all.

"Desmond! My son!"  
 "Mother!" was all Desmond could sob in return.  
 "Ye know me? Ye know who I am?"  
 "Yes. Peables has told me all," returned Desmond.  
 "Ye don't shrink from me! Ye don't despise the poor woman that loves ye!"  
 "Shrink from you! Despise you!" cried the boy, straining her to his heart, and speaking between the kisses with which he covered her face, her hands, her dress. "I'm like to burst with joy for finding ye. I was alone in the world, with scarce a friend, nameless and hopeless and homeless, and God has sent me you!"

He raised her to her feet and fell on his knees again before her, looking up at her with eyes bright with fast-running tears.

"Mother! mother! mother!"

It was all that he could say, and there was at once infinite pleasure and poignant grief in his repetition of the word. He fell forward, embracing her knees.

"God's good, after all," said Moya. "Many and many has been the bitter hour, all these weary years, when I thought he had forgotten me; when I doubted if there was a God at all. Oh, my son! my son!"

She tore him from his kneeling posture and fed her hungry eyes upon his face. "Ye're my own boy, Desmond. I can see the face that I remember years ago, smilin' at me from the glass, when I little thought of the bitter trouble in store for me. I can die happy now. There's nothing more that God can give me, now that I've held you in my arms and heard ye call me mother."

"Not for many a long year yet, please God," said Desmond. "Not for many a long, happy year that you and I will pass together. I've something to live for, now; something to work for. We'll go together, back to the land you came from, and forget the past and all its wretchedness."

"His face, too!" said Moya, who, in her passionately loving scrutiny of Desmond's face, had let his words pass unheeded. "His face, as it was when I loved him."

"Ye mean my father!" cried Desmond. "I've disowned him. I've cast him off. I have no father. Nobody in the world but you, mother."

"Hoots, man!" said Peables, who had been forced to make a detour to cross the bridge two hundred yards distant, "are ye going to retreat just when the battle's in your hand! That's mighty pair generalship, laddie!"

The events of the last quarter of an hour had quite banished from Desmond's memory the story the old man had told him as

they walked from the farmer's cottage toward the mill. At this sudden interruption he stared at Peables with the empty look of one aroused from a day-dream by words which bear no meaning to his mind.

"A' this sudden excitement has turned the pair lad's brain," said Peables to Moya. "Ha'e ye forgotten," he continued to Desmond, "a' that I tauld ye not an hour syne?"

The boy gave a sudden cry of recollection, and again threw his arms about his mother's neck.

"Come!" he cried, "come to the castle and take the place that's yours by right."

"Not yet, laddie, not yet," said Peables. "Soft and cunning goes far. My lord's no in a condition to ha'e sic a surprise sprung on him wi' no sort o' warning. 'Deed, 'twad kill him, I'm thinking."

"And serve him right," cried Desmond, hotly.

"Hoots, man!" said Peables again, "ye're in over much of a hurry to inherit."

"I!" cried Desmond. "I never thought of myself. 'Tis for her, Peables. Think of the long years of misery she's endured, of all the anguish—the—the—" His voice broke.

"Aye!" said Peables. "Ye think as the young, who have never kenned sorrow, are apt to think. She has suffered so long that anither day or twa will hardly matter much, I'm thinking. Ye must bide a wee, laddie. Ye must trust to auld Peables. I'm just as anxious to see ye and your mother get your rights as ye can be yersel', but lookers-on see most of the game, and me lord's mind is cooler 'an yours is like to be."

"He is right, Desmond," said Moya. "We must think of—of your father, and then—'tis meself, too, that has need of time and need of prayer. If the news had come years back I



couldn't have held myself back. I should have run to him at once. But now—'tis not of him I think. 'Tis of you. 'Tis little enough pleasure to me to know that I am Lady Kilpatrick, and the love that would have carried me to him is gone—gone all to you, Desmond."

She fell silent for a time, looking straight before her with an expression which her two companions strove vainly to interpret till she spoke again.

"Those villains think that they have killed me," she said, presently, speaking quietly, almost dreamily. "I was thinkin' that maybe—Peables—"

"Yes, lassie—I mean Lady Kilpatrick," said the old man, substituting the title for the more familiar form of address, with all the respect of a good Scot for the upper ranks of the social hierarchy.

"They think I'm dead," she said again, in the same slow and dreamy fashion. "Wouldn't it be better if I were dead?"

"God guide us!" exclaimed the old man; "her wits are wandering."

"No," she said. "But couldn't I go away quietly to some place where Desmond could come and see me at odd times. I'd not disgrace him then, nor—nor Henry. If Blake will speak the truth Desmond will be the next Lord Kilpatrick, and that will make me as happy as I can ever be this side o' the grave."

"Disgrace me!" cried Desmond. "Oh, mother! How can ye speak so? What is it to me that I am Lord Kilpatrick? Sure, I'd rather be the poor squireen, and have you to love and work for, than be king of all Ireland."

"Well said," cried Peables. "Eh, there's the real grit in ye, laddie. But I'm thinking that maybe ye'll find mair virtue in the title o' Lord Kilpatrick than ye think for. Think o' Lady Dulcie, Desmond. Can ye ask her, the bonnie doo, to share sic a life as ye'd ha'e to live for years and years to come before ye've made a name and position for yersel? It looks easy at your age to conquer the world, but the fight's a long and bitter one. And then, here's the plain justice of the case. Let right be done. Your mother's Lady Kilpatrick, and ye're Desmond Conseltine, my lord's heir, and I'm just—the Lord forgie me for swearin'—before I'll see you trace o' murderin' thieves prosper at your expense. Na, na, Moyra, my lass. There's use hurry for the moment. We can afford the time to bide and turn it over till we've hit on the best means o' gettin' your rights, but ha'e them ye shall, and Desmond, too, or my name's as Peables. And, sacred heaven! here are ye two pair creatures standing here drippin' water. Ye'll be takin' yer deiths o' could. I must find ye another shelter, my lady, whaur ye may bide quiet and cunny till matters are arranged. I'll ha'e to find how the land lies, and prepare my lord's mind. I ha'e. There's Patsy Maguire's cottage. He's gone to Dublin to buy his stock for emigrating to America. He'll not be back for a week, and the bit sticks o' furniture are a' there. 'Tis a lonesome place. Ye'll not be disturbed, and nobody need ken that ye're there. I'll send ye all ye can want by a sure hand. Kiss your son, and say good-bye to him for a day or two. Trust to me."

Desmond and his mother took each other again in their arms, and for a minute the deep silence of the night was broken only by the babble of the brook and the sound of their sobs and kisses. Then the old mill, which had been blazing furiously though unheeded, fell in upon itself with a thunderous crash.

"Lord save us!" cried Peables. "Come awa' if ye don't want the hail country-side about us! It's just a wonder that nobody's come already. Hoot! They're coming!"

A noise of distant voices and the patter of feet became audible.

"Quick, quick!" cried the old man. "Get back hame, Desmond; I'll see to your mother."

He took Moyra by the arm, and with gentle violence forced her from the scene, while Desmond moved off in the contrary direction. Once or twice he had to hide, behind trees and bowlders, from the people who were now passing toward the mill, attracted from all quarters by the blazing timbers.

Once clear of them, and out again in the wide silence of the summer night, he tried hard to fix his mind on the events of the evening, but his brain was bewildered, and seemed like a screw too worn to bite; he could think to no satisfactory result. Half mechanically, his feet bore him in paths he had traveled thousands of times, and he found himself on the outskirts of Kilpatrick Castle. Then his wandering wits fixed themselves on an idea—Dulcie! He stole noiselessly as a thief about the great house. It was still as a tomb, and dark but for a single ray of light which shone from a window which he knew to be Dulcie's. His heart glowed with love and hope. At last she should be his! There was no question now of accepting her heroic self-sacrifice. He could give her the position that she had a right to aspire to. She had descended from her lofty station like a pitying

angel to love the poor, nameless squireen. He could raise her to a higher. His heart was so full of love and pride and triumph that he knelt on the turf beneath that friendly gleam of light and prayed to it as a devotee would kneel before the shrine of his favorite saint, the happy tears running down his face.

"God bless my darling!" he said, softly. "God bless her!"

The desire again to see her face, to hear her voice, was too strong to be resisted. He threw a few pebbles of gravel against the glass, and a moment later the blind was drawn aside. She saw him standing pale and still in the broad moonlight, and softly raised the window.

"Desmond!"

"Yes, my darling. Speak low. Maybe they are loitering. I couldn't stay away longer. I longed so to see you."

"I'll come down to you," she whispered; "go to the west door."

He slipped away, and a minute or two later Dulcie issued from the house, enveloped in a white dressing-gown, her naked feet glistening in rose-colored slippers. Desmond made an ir-repressible motion to take her in his arms, but remembering his soaked condition, drew back.

"Why," said Dulcie, "you're all dripping wet, you silly boy. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I've been fishing," said Desmond.

"Fishing?" repeated Dulcie.

"Yes, sure," said the boy, with a happy laugh. "I've landed the biggest fish of the season. I'll tell you all about it by and by, Dulcie. Not yet, 'Tis a saycret. Haven't ye a kiss for me?"

Dulcie pecked at the cheek he extended toward her, making a comie little face.

"What is your secret, Desmond?" she asked. "Can't you trust me?"

"Not yet, my jewel," said Desmond. "Trust me a bit. I'll tell ye this much, dear. Our troubles are over. I'll be coming in a day or two to claim ye. Is that as swate to you to hear as it is to me to say, I wonder?"

"This is all very mysterious," said Dulcie. "But you look very happy, Desmond. Won't you tell me what has happened?"

"Not yet. Wait a bit, and be as happy as your curiosity will let you."

"You provoking wretch!" cried Dulcie. "I am sure something has happened, you look so ridiculously happy."

"Then I look as I feel. Tell me," he went on, to stave off further questioning on her part, "how are things going on here at the castle? How is Lord Kilpatrick?"

"He's better in health," replied Dulcie, "but he's very glum and silent, and he keeps his room. He has seen nobody but Peables and Mr. Conseltine and me. He's dreadfully changed—quite snappish and disagreeable. Oh, by the way, Mr. Conseltine and that nasty boy of his were out nearly all day, and when they came back, about an hour ago, I happened to pass them in the hall. They were both as pale as death, and looked awfully disturbed and frightened. Has your secret anything to do with them?"

"Maybe," said Desmond. "Sure, 'tis no use you asking questions. But 'tis good news I have for ye, when the time comes to speak. And now, darling, give me another kiss and go back indoors."

He tried hard to hold himself from embracing her, but his arms were round her before he knew it, and he strained her to his breast with all his strength.

"I've ruined your gown," he said, penitently, when the embrace was finished, "but I couldn't help it. Ye'd draw the soul out of a stone when ye look like that. The mischief's done now, so I'll take another. Good-night, my angel. Sweet dreams and a happy waking for ye. If I stay any longer I'll be breaking down and telling ye all, and 'tis best ye shouldn't know for a while."

### XIII.

#### FATHER AND SON.

At breakfast next morning at the castle the two Conseltines, father and son, who were usually punctual in their appearance at meal hours, both descended late. They were both pale and quiet, and Richard, who had his nerves very much less under control than had his astute and resolute parent, was so obviously ill at ease as to bring down upon himself the notice and comments of his lordship. The old nobleman, sick of the seclusion of his solitary chamber, had appeared at the breakfast-table in hopes that a little cheerful society might aid in dissipating the unwelcome reflections which, since Desmond's departure from the castle, had beset his waking hours and broken his nightly rest. At no time gifted with the most equable temper in the world, he was particularly snappish and irritable that morning.

"Your lordship will no' ha' heard the news, I'm thinking," said Peables, standing at the sideboard and breaking in upon the uneasy silence. His eyes dwelt as if by accident upon

Richard Conseltine's face as he spoke, and the young man's pale face assumed a greenish hue.

"What news are you talking about?" asked Kilpatrick.

"There was a fire last night," answered Peables. Richard, conscious of his father's coldly threatening eye, spilled half the contents of the glass of brandy-and-soda by which he had that morning replaced the soberer beverages usually in demand at the breakfast-table, and conveyed the remainder to his lips with a shaking hand.

"A fire! Where?" asked Kilpatrick.

"At the auld mill, down by the burn," said Peables. "Twins burned to the ground, I'm tauld, and there's some talk of an auld peasant woman—a gungrel strangebody that Larry had gien shelter to—having been burned wi' it."

"God bless my soul!" said his lordship. "Has the body been found?"

Richard emitted an involuntary gasp, and clung with his feet to the leg of the table.

"Na," returned Peables, "not yet. There's just the chance it never may be. A guid pair o' the blazing timbers fell into the barn and were carried awa', and it's like enough the body went wi' them—or maybe they'll come upon it digging among the ruins."

"Who was the woman?" asked Dulcie. "Did nobody know her?"

"Nobody that I ken o'," returned Peables, with an immovable face. "A bit tramp body."

"Deseed odd?" said Kilpatrick. "How could a place like that, miles away from anywhere, catch fire? Is there any suspicion of arson?"

"Deed," said Peables, "I don't know why there should be. Larry's a dour, honest lad. Who is there that wad do him a mischief? To be sure," he added, with a reflective air, "the woman might have enemies. Those tramps are a woesome lot to deal wi'—but it's maist likely that she did it hersel' by accident, pair thing! We'll just hope so, for the sake o' human charity—till we get further information, anyway." He looked at Richard again as he spoke the last words, and had some difficulty in repressing any sign of the angry scorn he felt at sight of the young man's livid face. "It's hard on Larry, decent lad," he continued. "I'm thinking that your lordship might do worse than start a subscription for him."

"Certainly, certainly," said Kilpatrick. "I'll give twenty pounds. You have my leave, Peables, to say so, and to ask for subscriptions in my name."

"I'll give five," said Dulcie.

"I shall be glad to follow so good an example," said Conseltine. He strove hard to speak in his usual smooth fashion, but his voice sounded harsh and unsteady to his own ears. He gave Richard an angrily prompting look, and the boy tried to speak, but his tongue rattled against the roof of his mouth. "I thought you would," said Conseltine, quickly interpreting the inarticulate sound issuing from his son's throat as an expression of charitable sympathy. "Put Richard and myself down for ten pounds, if you please, Mr. Peables."

"I thank ye, Lady Dulcie and gentlemen," said Peables. "It's guid to ha'e feeling hearts, and the means of proving that ye ha'e them. I'll let ye know any later news—if the body's found or anything o' that kind."

"What the devil's the matter with you?" his lordship asked of Richard with sudden acerbity. Richard was as white as death, and shivering like a leaf.

"It's the heat, or—or something," he managed to stammer out.

"Let me help you to your room, my boy," said his father.

He rose and supported Richard from the table, hiding so much as he could his semi-paralytic condition.

"You cowardly fool!" he hissed in his ear when he had got him to his own chamber and locked the door. "Do you want to ruin us? What are ye afraid of, ye shaking poltroon?"

"He knows!" gasped Richard. "I could see it in his eye he knows."

"Knows!" echoed Conseltine, scornfully. "What does he know?"

"He knows that the woman at the mill was Moyra Macartney!"

"And if he does," said Conseltine, "what then? What can he prove?"

"He knows more than that, I'll swear," cried Richard. "I saw him look at me. He knows enough to hang us."

"Hang us?" repeated the elder. "By the saints, I've a mind to save the hangman half his work, ye white-livered, creaking coward!"

"If he doesn't know, Blake does," said Richard.

"Leave Blake to me," said his father. "I'll look after Blake. 'Twill be a question of money—he'll bleed us pretty freely, I expect, but if he opens his mouth too wide I'll bluff him, and swear he dreamt it. 'Tis two against one, anyway—two men of good position and unblemished record against one drunken vagabond. They can prove nothing, let them talk as they may. Feagus will hould his tongue for his own

sake, for if the case comes before the court there are three to swear that he suggested the business. There's no danger at all, except from your—cowardice. Pull yourself together and trust to me. They can prove no motive. Why should you and I go burning mills and killing tramping peasant women? Feagus is the only creature alive who knows that we were aware of Moyra's identity. Keep a cool head, and you'll be Lord Kilpatrick before long."

The task which Peables had undertaken was no easy one, and the more he contemplated it the more difficult it seemed to grow. He racked his brains over the problem of how to make known to one in so precarious a condition of health as Lord Kilpatrick, the secret of Moyra's continued existence and of her presence in the neighborhood. The difficulty was complicated by the cowardly and criminal attempt on her life by two members of his lordship's family, for the honor of which the faithful old servant was deeply concerned. That two such scoundrels should still be permitted to prey on the kindness of his master and diminish Desmond's patrimony was intolerable; that they should be publicly charged with their crime, impossible, Feagus, too, was in the same boat, and must also be permitted to escape, for it was impossible to denounce him without bringing the crime of the Conseltines to light. But then there was the chance—the strong chance—of the gossip of the country-side bringing to their ears the knowledge of Moyra's continued existence, and what three such scoundrels might do to cover their unsuccessful attempt and to secure their endangered booty, it was hard to say.

The need for decisive action was pressing, but in what direction was that action to be taken? One course, and one only, seemed to Peables clear for the moment. It was in his power to secure Moyra's safety from any further attempt. That could be done by simply telling the two villains now in the house that their nefarious proceeding of the night before was known. Once resolved, Peables was as bold a man as any that ever trod shoe-leather, and with such a weapon as was furnished by his hold over the two Conseltines, would have freed an army. His resolution taken, he walked with an assured foot upstairs to Richard's bedroom and knocked at the door; it was opened by the elder man.

"I'd like a word with you, if ye please, Mr. Conseltine," he said.

"Presently, Mr. Peables; presently," said the other, who did not care to expose his son and confederate to the old man's keen eye in his present pitiful condition of nervous excitement. "We have business of importance together."

"It must be business o' very great importance," said Peables, "if it can't wait till mine is finished."

Conseltine's hard eye dwelt on the old man's face, and his lips twitched in a hopeless attempt to maintain their impassivity.

"You are importunate, my old friend," he said.

"Ye'd better listen to me," said the grim old servant.

Conseltine stood aside to allow him to enter, and closed and locked the door behind him. Richard was seated on the bed. He made a terrible and clumsy effort to seem at ease as Peables's gaze passed lightly over him before it settled again on his father.

"Well, sir," said Conseltine, as calmly as he could.

"Before making the communication I ha'e to mak'," said Peables, his usual slow and deliberate drawl more slow and deliberate than ever, "I ha'e to tell ye that, but for the honor o' the auld house I've served man and boy for five and forty years, I should ha'e considered it my duty as a guid citizen to hand you and your son, Mr. Richard Conseltine, here present, into the hands o' justice."

Neither of the persons he addressed making any reply to this preamble, Peables continued:

"When Larry's mill was burned down last night, the woman once known as Moyra Macartney, best known to you and me, Mr. Conseltine, as Lady Kilpatrick, was living there."

That Conseltine knew of Moyra's claim to the title Peables gave her was only a shrewd guess of the latter's, but the start and pallor with which Conseltine heard the words showed the old man that the shaft had struck home.

"The mill," continued Peables, "was fired by you and your son there, in complicity wi' Joek Feagus, the lawyer, wi' the object of destroying the unfortunate lady, your brother's wife."

Richard gave a sort of feeble gulp at this, and cowered terror-stricken on the bed.

"It's by no virtue o' yours, Richard Conseltine, that your wicked will was not worked, Moyra Macartney, Lady Kilpatrick, is alive and safe. She was rescued from death by her son, Desmond Conseltine, sole lawfully begotten son and heir of my master, Lord Kilpatrick."

"Curse you!" cried Richard, leaping from the bed at these words with a flash of hysterical anger conquering his fears. "You come and tell us that! Father—!"



"Hold your whist!" said the elderly man, quietly. "What can ye do, Dick? Sure, the game's up."

Peebles looked at him with a kind of loathing admiration of his courage and coolness.

"If ye've any more to say, Mr. Peebles," Conseltine continued, "ye'd better get it over."

"Just this," said the old man: "ye'll haul your tongue about the business till I see fit to speak. Ye'll cease to sponge on his lordship's generosity, and rob the pair had ye've kept out of his rights all these years and the pair woman ye've tried to murder. And if in a day or two ye can manage to find some business o' sufficient importance to tak' ye awa' out o' this place, and to keep ye awa' out o' the rest o' your natural lives, so much the better. I don't think," he added, reflectively, as he scraped his lean jaws thoughtfully with his longer fingers, "I don't think there's any fither thing to be arranged. Ye'd better keep clear o' Blakes, perhaps."

"One word, Mr. Peebles," said Conseltine, as the old man turned to go. "When do you intend to break to my brother the news of—that woman being alive?"

"I canna precessely tell ye," returned Peebles. "As soon 's I think he's strong enough to bear it. In the meantime, Mr. Conseltine, ye'd best caw cannie. I'm secret on the game till ye try another move, but if ye do I'll split on ye, as sure as God's in heaven!"

(To be continued.)

## Colorado Snow-plowing in Summer.

Who can appreciate the delights of bucking snow in June; of standing on the pilot platform of a rotary snow-plow, wrapped in "slicker" and sou'wester, signal-cord in hand, braced against the rail like an ocean captain, and straining veiled eyes through swirling snow and sand? Above, the sun is shedding a fervid heat, while down at the bottom of the cañon green ranches inckee the roaring mountain torrent in a frame of deep-hued alfalfa. The ride is exhilarating, and, as a novelty, few have partaken of the delicious sensation.

Epitomized, it is indulging in winter sport in an almost tropical temperature. All nature is sweet with the breath of spring, and even here, in the high altitude above timber-line, in banks of perpetual snow, the perfume of golden-rod, baby's-breath and pond-lilies mingles with the balsamic odor of spruce and pine, borne on the balmy breeze that soon loses its tropical warmth on receiving the frigid caresses of the snow-banks. Nevertheless the air is fragrant with spring memories from the valley below, while the lingering shades of winter are nursed on the breast of old Boreas Hill in the vicinity of Alpine Pass.

Alpine tunnel, the highest connecting link between the eastern and western slopes of the Rocky Mountain range, has been reopened to traffic after an enforced idleness of five years. At an altitude of 11,600 feet the first builders of the South Park, Denver and Pacific Railway decided to make a bore for the passage of railway trains. The undertaking was one of the most arduous in the history of railroad-building in the West, and in many respects the rehabilitation was more difficult than the original task of construction above the clouds. The tunnel was pronounced a failure from an economical standpoint soon after the South Park fell into the hands of the Union Pacific, and in spite of the fact that the road owned fifty miles of track, with numerous stations and coal-mines, on the western side of the range, it was deemed expedient to deliver traffic from that section to the Denver and Rio Grande Railway at Gunnison, and pay that company for hauling freight two hundred and fifty miles to Denver rather than use their own but altitudinous line that covered the same haul in a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

A few weeks ago, while the entire country was sweltering in the torrid sun, forces were set at work on the route to Alpine Pass. Thousands of men, dozens of engines, and a formidable equipment of snow-plows were engaged in paving the way for a resumption of travel over the crust of the continent. Drifts and glaciers of stupendous proportions were encountered in progressing from the lower level to a distance of almost three miles above the sea. Huge sections of the mountain were impeded by the formation of ice that had not been disturbed for five years, and in that time had formed to a consistency of concrete in layers superimposed each winter. The elements had had their way for so many seasons that faint hope was entertained of making a success of the plan to open up the Gunnison route, but as the forces grew accustomed to their singular summer work they improved in their methods, with the result that the summit was finally reached, and the first actual entry made into the tunnel. Storm-doors were found at either end, closed as they

were left on the day the last train slid down the side of the mountain, taking with it the solitary watchman who for ten years had kept watch and ward at the gates that would have answered nearly for the famous portals where St. Peter is supposed to wait for the sanctified. The interior, however, was a disappointment, for the sides of the bore were lined with huge masses of blue ice, and icicles depended from the roof like so many stalactites. Having cleared away the icy ruins the housing was examined with critical eyes, for on the result of that examination depended the fate of the road in opening to traffic. Cold air had preserved the property in the best of shape, and with the expenditure of a trivial amount the tunnel that had cost the company two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the lives of fifteen men would again be ready for the reception of trains. The tunnel is 1,780 feet in length, and at the greatest depth from the surface a plummet records a thousand feet in the central air-shaft. It is scarcely possible that the road can be made to pay, and the experiment will be watched with interest by railroad managers as a matter of scientific value.

JOHN C. MARTIN.

## A Leviathan of the Lakes.

No more significant indication of the increasing magnitude of the lake commerce could be found than the launch, at South Chicago, recently, of the steel steamer *Victory*, by the Chicago Ship-building Company. The *Victory* will register six thousand tons at a draught of eighteen feet, and her sister-ship, on the stocks beside her, is of equal burden. As the big hull of two thousand tons of steel dropped rather than slid into the water the spray thrown from her huge side nearly covered the Spanish caravels, riding in a slip beyond—types of the naval architecture at the time of the discovery of the continent. Near at hand were vessels of two thousand and two thousand five hundred tons, which are large for the present state of lake commerce. The *Victory* will carry four thousand tons at fourteen feet draught, the present depth of the Soo Canal, and six thousand tons when the new lock is opened. The size of this load may be better understood if it is expressed in sixteen trains of twenty-five cars each.

Built entirely of steel, her keel is three hundred and eighty feet long, and she is four hundred and five feet over all, forty-eight feet beam, and twenty-eight feet depth. In her construction her builders have made use of the very latest improvements and devices of the ship-builder's art, so that, although intended solely as a freight boat, she will be as complete as any ship sailing out of an American port. She has a double steel bottom, with a space of thirty-six inches between, which will be used for a ballast of two thousand five hundred tons of water when the ship is going light. In case of damage to the outer shell the inner bottom is strong enough to hold her up, while watertight bulkheads tend to insure the safety of the vessel in the event of more serious disaster. The quarters of the crew are placed 'tween decks, leaving the long deck clear of deck-houses and all obstructions save the two big Washington spars, the smoke-stacks, and pilot-house. The *Victory* will be equipped with Scotch boilers, while the *Zenith City*, her sister-ship, will have water-tube boilers of a new design. Commodore Melville, chief of the bureau of steam-engineering of the Navy Department, will seize the opportunity of making a test of the relative merits of the two types of boilers, and the results, based upon otherwise equal conditions, may have an important bearing upon the navy of the future.

J. T. B.

## Yachting on Our Inland Waters.

ALTHOUGH more or less open-boat pleasure sailing has been done on the great lakes since the first growth of the cities from Buffalo west, the history of yachting on the lakes as a gentleman's sport may be said to date from the notable contest between the *Isis* of Toronto and the *Proie* of Chicago (thirty-five footers), off the latter port, in which the American was the winner. This was in 1877. The Chicago Yacht Club was organized the year previous, and was incorporated in 1882. The international regatta of 1883 was a great event in the history of lake yachting, and was participated in by some twenty boats, nearly a third of which were from Canada. The *Cora*, an American fifty-five-foot schooner, was the winner.

Among the notable yachts of the Michigan fleet may be mentioned the Clyde cutter *Vivide*; the *Viking*, of the New York Yacht Club; the *Wasp*, a big seventy-one-foot sloop built at Chicago; the *Grusander*, now carrying the flag of the Chicago Yacht Club; the able little *Valiant*, a forty-two-foot sloop built at Racine, and whose claims to a likeness to the *Vigilant's* model are supported by her numerous victories; and the *Jeller*, a one-hundred-and-five-foot

schooner, the flag-ship of the Columbia Yacht Club. The latter vessel, originally built at Fairhaven, Connecticut, in 1865, was rebuilt in 1876 by Henry Steers, of Greenport, nephew of the George Steers who built the *America*, who succeeded in combining the best points of the New York pilot-boat and the Yankee yacht in a boat that presents the rare combination of equal ability on a wind or running free, and able both in rough and smooth water. She was one of the most noted schooners of her day, and her time over the Brenton's Reef course in the regatta of 1878 has been beaten, I believe, only once.

In the recent regatta of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association at Milwaukee, the *Jeller*, however, met more than her match in the *Priscilla* (the old rival for cup-defender honors with the *Peritox*), which has just been added to the Lake Erie fleet, and made the flag ship of the Cleveland Yacht Club. Although measuring a trifle less than the *Jeller*, the *Priscilla* carried all her racing canvas, while the former was under cruising sails alone and entered the race entirely without preparation. The result was a walk-over for the steel yacht, which distanced everything in the light, puffy wind except the little *Valiant*. The *Priscilla* is owned by Dr. E. E. Brennan and Colonel George S. Worthington of Cleveland, and the *Jeller* by Mr. W. D. Boyce of Chicago. The fact remains that although the *Priscilla*, on her run from Mount Desert to Halifax, logged two hundred and ninety-seven miles in thirty hours, and has even beaten the *Jeller* upon uneven conditions, she has yet made no record to equal those of the older yacht, and the Lake Michigan yachtsmen are anxious for another match, later in the season, when the merits of the two schooners may be more satisfactorily tested. Yachting on the great lakes, as upon the seaboard, means something more than purse-hunting, or than gentlemen's sport. It is a naval school, from which must be graduated the successors of Oliver H. Perry and the brave seamen who enabled him to report: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," and to win from the British, sea-dogs as they were, the supremacy of the waters on our northern frontier.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

## Woman's Exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition.



MISS ELLA M. POWELL.

AN interesting feature of the Cotton States and International Exposition, to be opened next September at Atlanta, Georgia, will be the Woman's Exhibit, in which New York will be worthily represented by a special committee, whose chairman is Miss Ella M. Powell. This lady has suggested the formation of a musical library, to illustrate the achievements of women as composers, singers, and teachers of music. The collection will include personal relics of women distinguished in the musical art; biographies and other works, portraits, original manuscript compositions, and every object of interest which can be secured. Miss Powell, who is peculiarly qualified for the work assigned her, will be assisted by a lady prominent in the social life of the metropolis—Mrs. Theodore Sutro, who occupies, on the New York committee, the position of chairman on music and law. Mrs. Sutro recently took a leading part in the exhibition of living pictures given by New York society women in aid of a charitable cause.

As to the general scope of the Woman's Exhibit, it may be said that, besides the musical library above referred to, it will include a display of the artistic work of women; oil-paintings, etchings, water-colors, designs in architecture, sculpture, and modeling in clay. There will be educational exhibits, a department of technical instruction in connection with the industrial arts, a display of art designs for tiles, book-covers, furniture decoration, and wood-carving. Specimens of embroidery, plain and fancy needle-work, ceramics, and china-painting, will be received. A cooking-school and kindergarten exhibits will also be on view. In general charge of all is the Woman's Board of Managers, organized under direction of the exposition company, and of which Miss Ella Powell, in addition to being chairman of the New York committee, is an honorary member.

T. DONNELLY.

## The New Art Museum at Springfield, Mass.

THE love of art and appreciation of its finest representations has been growing rapidly in Springfield, the largest city of western Massachusetts, during the past twenty years, and the building of a fine new museum for the housing of art treasures means much not only to the city but to the valley of the Connecticut, whose inhabitants make frequent pilgrimages hither.

It began with the art exhibitions inaugurated by a public-spirited citizen, and soon taken up by an art dealer who loved art and intended to make others love it. Each year he has selected pictures from the best studios of New York and Boston, and the artists of the valley come together to study and criticize. A large number of the best paintings are purchased in the vicinity before the exhibition month is over.

The museum itself has been in the minds of the City Library Association for several years. The collection of natural-history specimens and of valuable historic relics and documents which one would naturally expect to find in a town which celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary some years ago seemed to demand better lodgment than was afforded them in the crowded room of the library building.

But when to the treasures already in hand Mr. George W. V. Smith, an enthusiastic and discriminating art collector, proposed to add the results of forty years' seeing and buying in the cities of the Old World, the Library Association acted promptly, and by the liberal gifts of public-spirited citizens, it is able to present to-day a beautiful, extremely artistic building which will be at once a delight and an education to all the region around for generations to come.

Situated in close proximity to the library's fine building, on a pleasant elevation a little back from the broad street going up the hill toward the "Boston Road," the museum is very favorably placed among a group of the finest buildings in the city. It is of Pompeian brick, long and thin, with handsome ornaments of terra-cotta, in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, and every detail of the external and internal construction has been carefully planned to meet the needs of the building and to gratify the lover of architectural beauty.

Within the building the halls are finished with handsome mosaic, fine staircases, and decorative iron-work. Every detail shows the thought of some interested artist. On the lower floor is found the large collection of natural history specimens and the various relics and objects of interest which have been contributed at various times. The Connecticut Valley Historical Society is to place its valuable collections here. On this floor, also, are two large and beautifully equipped lecture-rooms, which can be thrown into one when occasion demands. These rooms have long been needed for the various historical and scientific gatherings in the city. On the second floor is found one long gallery, beautifully finished in native woods, in which is placed the art library, now large and valuable. Here, also, is the Arundel collection of pictures, arranged in swinging side frames so that their full beauty may be easily seen, even by a child. An alcove is provided for the use of those wishing to study here. The thirteen stained-glass windows which light this room are decorated with the old printers' marks and monograms of the early centuries of printing. Across the hall are two large rooms designed for paintings.

But the chief beauty of the museum is found in the seven rooms reserved and especially built for the Smith collection of Oriental curios, tapestries, fabrics, paintings, armor, bronzes, porcelains, and especially of the choicest Japanese products, valued at over a hundred thousand dollars. Every detail of each of these seven rooms has been executed under the supervision of Mr. Smith, who is an accomplished gentleman of rare taste. The decoration of one room is pure Ionic, of another Italian Renaissance; the room designed for the display of armor is tinted in dull Pompeian red; for the squarules there is a background of faint blue. Handsome mahogany cases are provided for the reception of jars and vases and bronzes. To the collection Mrs. Smith has added her own rare collection of costly lace. The nine rooms on this floor are so arranged that they open into each other by beautiful archways, producing a very happy effect of form and color.

The exceedingly generous gift of the Smiths remains in the form of a bequest during the lifetime of the donors, but the larger part of the collection is placed in the museum as a loan exhibition, at once, and the design of the giver is to enable all artists and artisans to enjoy and profit by the best workmanship of many lands.

The museum, together with the library of a hundred thousand volumes and a large reading-room, is entirely free to all citizens.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.





ITALIAN TYPES.



ITALIAN BANK IN MULBERRY BEND.



GOOD-BYE TO "THE BEND."



SLUMMING AT PARADISE PARK.



MOVING OUT OF MULBERRY BEND PREPARATORY TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW PARK.



DENIZENS OF "THE BEND."



"YOUNG ITALY" ON THE EAST SIDE.



FRESH AIR AT THE BATTERY.

CITY PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE—THE WORK OF CONVERTING NEIGHBORHOODS IN NEW YORK, NOW OVERCROWD.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN RICHARDS AND





NORTH SIDE OF SQUARE OF THE NEW PARK ON BAYARD STREET.



THE MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE ON THE EAST SIDE.



SIDEWALK VENDOR IN A TENEMENT DISTRICT.



BREAKING GROUND FOR THE NEW PARK AT CORLEAR'S HOOK, EAST RIVER.



A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE.



EAST RIVER PARK.



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE" IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.



SALVATION ARMY AT WASHINGTON SQUARE.



PARK AT COENTIES SLIP.

DED AND WITHOUT HEALTHFUL SANITARY CONDITIONS, INTO ATTRACTIVE PLEASURE-GROUNDS FOR THE PEOPLE.  
DRAWING BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.— SEE PAGE 74.]



## BIRMINGHAM AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

BIRMINGHAM of recent years has been regarded as a model municipality. Manchester and Liverpool stand high among English cities; but Birmingham is invariably pointed to as the place in which the modern municipal spirit has achieved its greatest and widest development. It was not always so. Birmingham's municipal eminence is of comparatively recent date, and much of it is due to the organizing and administrative genius of one man.

Twenty-five years ago Birmingham was a third-rate provincial town, possessing neither municipal life nor municipal institutions which in any way lifted it above the ordinary run of manufacturing and commercial towns in England. It was a badly-built, slow-going town. How slow it was, and how lacking in municipal spirit and municipal enterprise, was shown by the fact that although the Municipal Reform act was passed as long ago as 1835, it was not until 1851 that the people of Birmingham availed themselves of the provisions of that famous measure, and sought to establish a really representative system of local government for the town. Even when the act of 1835 was thus tardily adopted, and an elected town council superseded the old system of town commissioners, matters were not much improved. There was no enterprise about the town council in its earlier days. Most of its work was of a paltry and makeshift character, no attempt being made to deal with any of the municipal problems which were pressing themselves upon public attention.

About 1868, however, national and local political life all over England was stirred by the passing of the Reform act, which gave the Parliamentary franchise to the workmen living in the large towns. Workmen had previously had votes at municipal elections; but the possession of the Parliamentary franchise

possessed itself of its gas undertakings. These were then in the hands of private companies, paying high dividends as the result of the monopolies they enjoyed. The price of gas was at once reduced, and nearly every year since 1874, a sum of not less than twenty-five thousand pounds has gone to public purposes,—a sum which, before the new era in municipal affairs, went into the pockets of the shareholders of the gas companies. It is calculated that the city has saved four hundred and fifty thousand pounds by the success of the scheme which Mr. Chamberlain carried through in 1874.

Mayors of English municipalities are elected for a year. A mayor who distinguishes himself is generally elected for a second term. This was so with Mr. Chamberlain. During his second term of office he was instrumental in securing for the municipality the possession and control of its water supply. He appeared before a Parliamentary committee in support of this, his second great scheme for the development and advancement of municipal life in Birmingham, and he insisted with convincing earnestness that the control of the water supply was a matter of life and death to the people, and that the water-works should be managed by the representatives of the people. From January, 1875, the Birmingham water-works have been so managed, and since then Birmingham has had a better and more adequate supply of water, and along with this better supply a substantial reduction in water rates.

In the same year that the town possessed itself of its water-works, Mr. Chamberlain was ready with another great project, which in its realization is one of the wisest and most courageous acts ever performed by an English municipality. Birmingham, as it existed up to the 'seventies, has already been described as a poorly-built town. Its central parts were covered with slums and rookeries, dating back for a century and a half, and the town lacked anything like a decent avenue of approach from the suburbs on its northeastern and eastern sides. In 1875, Mr. Chamberlain saw his opportunity of getting rid of the slums and also of giving the town a handsome central thoroughfare in keeping with Birmingham's commercial importance and its large and growing population. The government of Mr. Disraeli had just passed an act of Parliament empowering municipalities to make large clearances of property proved to be in an unsanitary condition and dangerous to public health and morals.

The act was passed only in the early summer of 1875; but by July of that year Mr. Chamberlain was at work with a committee of the town council, ascertaining what could be done with the new law in Birmingham. It was soon seen that much could be accomplished, and that under the provisions of the new law it was possible to sweep away a number of the narrow, filthy, and evil-smelling streets and courts in the centre of the town, and in place of them give Birmingham the handsomest business street in England. This bold, Haussmann-like scheme was estimated to cost nearly three hundred thousand pounds. The committee of the town council, however, reported in its favor. The town council, led by Mr. Chamberlain, adopted the report of the committee, and Parliament gave its sanction to the scheme. In July, 1878, the work of demolition and clearance began, and by 1882 Corporation Street, a magnificent thoroughfare which is now the pride of the Midlands, had come into existence. It is sixty-six feet wide, and is lined on either side with handsome stone and brick buildings of architectural merit, and all of a class which would do credit to Chancery or Regent Street in London. No other English provincial town has a street which at all approaches Corporation Street. Market Street, Manchester, and Bold Street, Liverpool, are fine thoroughfares; but neither of these begins to compare with the stately avenue which Mr. Chamberlain's boldness and forethought have given to Birmingham.

In years to come Corporation Street will be something more than a source of pride to the people of Birmingham. It will be an immense source of profit to the municipality. For the corporation, when it parceled out the lots in 1882, did not sell the freehold. It adopted the plan of the great landlords of London, and leased the building lots for a term of years. None of these terms are for longer than seventy-five years, so that somewhere about the middle of next century the city of Birmingham will own every building in Corporation Street, and will be in receipt of rentals which will go a long way toward meeting the municipal charges coming against the city.

Mr. Chamberlain naturally prides himself on the Corporation Street undertaking. He thinks it must make Birmingham the richest borough in England. "It is the only occasion," he once said, in alluding to the time when these seventy-five leases will fall in, "for which I wish to

live beyond the ordinary term of human life, in order to see the result of this improvement, and hear the blessings which will then be showered upon the council of 1875, which had the courage to inaugurate this scheme."

These three great schemes, carried out on strictly business lines, were all inaugurated during Mr. Chamberlain's terms of mayoralty. While Mr. Chamberlain was mayor he also laid the foundation-stone of the Council House, the first of the magnificent pile of municipal buildings for which Birmingham is now as famous as it is for Corporation Street. The great feature about the municipal buildings of Birmingham is that they are grouped together, and stand on the most commanding site in the city. Next the Council House, forming part of it, in fact, is the Municipal Art Gallery; while across the square is the Central Library and Reading-room, than which there is no finer public-library building anywhere in England outside London.

The Central Library contains over one hundred and forty thousand volumes, and, with nine branch libraries in which about fifty thousand more books are distributed, is managed by the town council. The council also manages the School of Art, which is housed in a splendid building within sight of the Council House, and eleven branch schools in which art is taught. The libraries and art schools are free, the libraries being maintained out of a local tax, and the art schools partly by a local tax and partly by grants from the Education Department in London. In most English towns the tax for maintaining libraries and art schools is limited to one penny in the pound of the rentable value of all taxable property. But for Birmingham, at the request of its citizens, in 1883 Parliament passed a special law authorizing the tax for libraries and art schools to be variable at the will of the corporation.

Birmingham nowadays never goes into municipal work in a niggardly spirit. It has the best libraries and art schools in England. The range of work in its art schools is unique. The same remarks apply in regard to elementary education. Another elected body, not the town council, is responsible for this department of work. The school board is, however, actuated by the same broad, business-like spirit as the town council. It seeks to give Birmingham the best, and as a result of its policy, while other cities have not school places for all their children, Birmingham, in the middle of 1894, had seven hundred more places than there were children of school age to occupy them. The board was just a little ahead with its work, that was all; it is against its policy to allow overcrowding, or to permit the high character of the elementary education given in its schools to suffer from any short-sighted economy. In this respect Birmingham is far ahead of London; and its educational system is often held up as a model to the school boards of the other large towns of England. One great reason for this is that the school board came into existence almost in the same year that the new interest in municipal life was being awakened in Birmingham by the action of Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues of the council of 1875; and, from the first, the school board has shared in the spirit of the larger municipal body, which, in the twelve years from 1870 to 1882, transformed Birmingham and made it at once the brightest and most go-ahead of the English municipalities.

EDWARD PORRITT.

### Parks for the People.

THE campaign for parks for the people in New York City has been won, practically. The metropolis will soon have parks attractive in design and well-kept constantly, adjacent to the homes of the poor. Mayor Hewitt started the movement when he was chief executive of the city. He wanted breathing-places where they were most needed, where the poor were crowded together the thickest, and where, fleeing from the cramped and ill-ventilated rooms they must occupy, they might get fresh air and see sunlight and trees and shrubs.

Central Park is a long distance from the real poor. When they go there they must dress for the occasion. The poor can't drag the scores of babies up there conveniently. Parks must come to them; they can't travel several miles to reach the parks. It was a recognition of this fact that a wee bit of a park was made at famous Five Points. It was called Paradise Park, and although it is a tiny spot, it was named rightly. On a hot night it is crowded. It has helped to revolutionize the place. The slums are no longer in that neighborhood.

One of the most important of the new parks will be the Corlear's Hook Park. It will be the East Side park. Cherry Street—old Cherry Street—with its tenements, its sick babies, its thin-faced women, will run on one side of it. The East River will be on another side. It will be nearly six hundred feet square, and a glorious place for the tired humanity of that neighborhood to seek rest and to forget its miseries.

It may cost several hundred thousands of dollars, but it will pay the city as an investment on the score of public health alone, the pleasure it will give to the poor not taken into account.

Then there is the East River Park at the foot of Eighty-fourth Street. Old Jones's Wood used to be there. For some time it has been a public park, and in its attractiveness has been a fitting counterpart to Blackwell's Island, with its trees and lawns and flowers, directly across the narrow channel. The city has enlarged it recently, and with its terraces, trees, and flowers, it is a most charming spot.

Old Mulberry Bend, famous for its murders, its family rows, its forlorn humanity, where English was practically an unknown tongue, will soon be a breathing-place for the poor. It, too, will have sunlight and trees and green grass and fragrant flowers. The "Bend" is already gone forever. The rookeries have been condemned, and the transformation, a veritable fairy scene for that part of town, will soon be at hand.

But this is not all of the story. The great reform in tenements provided for by the last Legislature is surely coming. One of the greatest elements in that reform will be numerous little parks. Already the members of the commission whose work it will be to bring the reform about have conferred with the Park Commissioners about the location of these parks. It will take a long time to condemn property, pull down buildings, settle the landscape features, but these parks are coming, and New York will be a better place for the poor man to live in. It will not be the ideal place for him, but he will be able to see the stars from a more attractive place than a roof, of a hot night, and he will know what real shade is—not the shade that a reeking building casts across the sidewalk, but that made by leaves.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

### A Novel Park Scheme.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has given the subject of parks for the people a good deal of thought, makes this radical suggestion:

"There is just one way, in my opinion, in which New York can provide its poor people with the kind of parks which they most need, and that is by the devotion to this use of at least one of the islands of the East River which is now set apart as the forced abode of such of the city's criminals as are caught and convicted. I refer to Blackwell's Island.

"This natural park, which Providence seems to have placed there for the very use herein proposed, would make a magnificent playground, easy of access for thousands of the people of the East Side, especially after the projected bridge shall be built which is to span the island and connect the main land to the Long Island shore. It will then be equally available for the poor people of Brooklyn, who dwell by thousands in the tenements on the south side of the stream, and are many miles from anything resembling a park. To turn that island, with its one hundred and twenty acres of greensward, into a park would be an achievement worthy of the Greater New York, and an endless blessing to its people.

"The penal institutions would, of course, have to be removed, but it is quite possible that the poor-house and charity hospital might remain for some time to come, at least.

"It will be said that the trouble and expense of moving the penal establishments are insurmountable obstacles; but that is a question which is well worth looking into. My own belief is that it would be worth to New York all the cost and labor which it would involve, and that a far better place, from all practical points of view, could be found for the prisoners who are now kept there.

"A tract of land could be bought, say on Long Island, which would answer every purpose for the city's criminals. It might have a water front on one side, either on the ocean or on the sound, and it should embrace sufficient arable ground to enable the prisoners to grow enough produce for their own support.

"It is understood that the prisoners on the island are required to perform certain kinds of labor, mostly non-productive, but the sum-total of the work done is very small when one considers the number of people engaged in it. By a change of the character here proposed every man and woman condemned to servitude for crime might be properly employed at useful labor during a considerable number of hours each day, while certain other hours might be given to reformatory teachings and measures which would tend to make them better on leaving the prison than they were when they entered it. Any such advantages will be forever impossible while the prison is confined to Blackwell's Island.

"While there are certain advantages in having the prison on this beautiful island, they are few and unimportant as compared with the disadvantages of prostituting this gift of nature to such a use.

"Our present enlightened city government



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M. P.

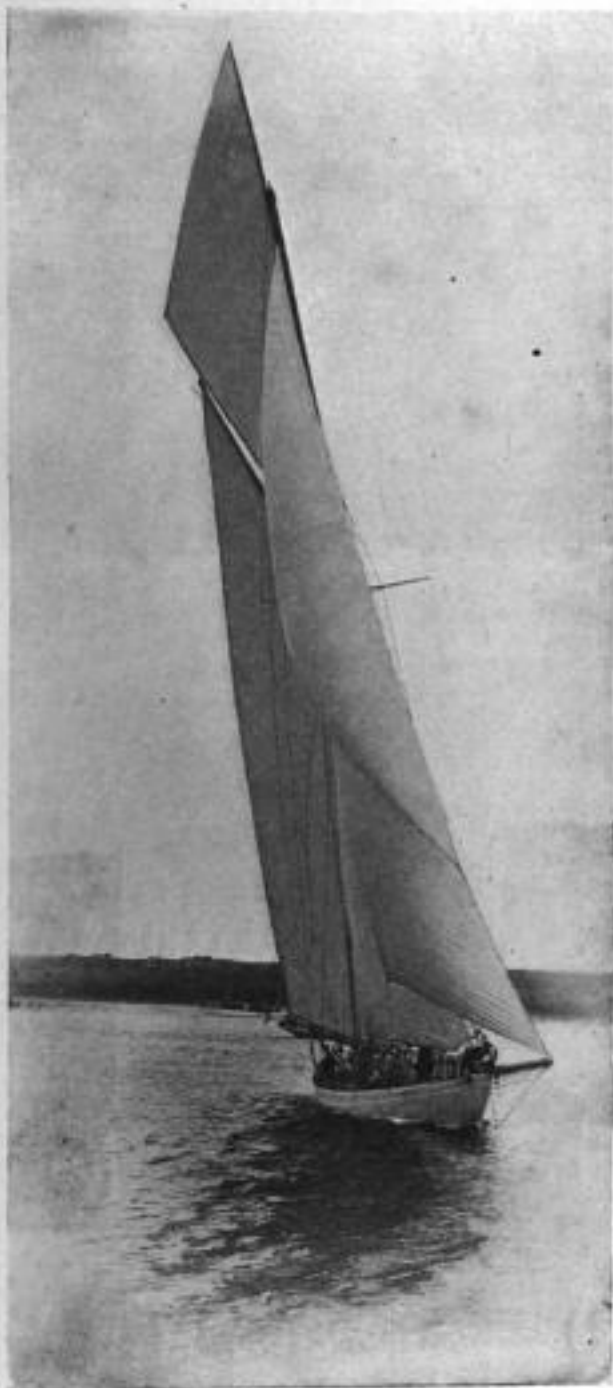
awakened a new interest in all political affairs, and Birmingham felt the quickening of this new life more than any other large English town. The era of apathy and conservatism in municipal affairs now came to an end. In 1879 there was an accession of a number of exceedingly capable and public-spirited men to the town council. They were men of a much higher calibre, and of larger views and aims, than those who had ruled Birmingham since the 'fifties. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was the foremost of these new men. At that time, and for some years later, he was little known outside Birmingham; but he was now entering on a work which was to give him national fame, and which, if he had never achieved any position in imperial politics, would have given him the highest reputation as a civic statesman.

For Mr. Chamberlain it is claimed, and any one who makes a study of the municipal history of Birmingham will concede the claim, that he rescued the town from the intensely provincial spirit which had hitherto characterized it, and raised it to metropolitan rank. With Mr. Chamberlain in the council which was administering the affairs of Birmingham during the decade from 1870 to 1880, there were half a dozen men of ability and power, several of whom have, like Mr. Chamberlain, made for themselves places in the larger political arena at Westminster. Mr. Chamberlain, however, soon took the lead. He had been in the council only about three years when he was elected mayor. In English towns the people elect the council, and the councils in their turn elect the mayors, usually from among their own members and from among those who have served a long apprenticeship to municipal work. But, as has been said, Mr. Chamberlain's apprenticeship to municipal business had not extended over three years when he was elected mayor. During the first year of his mayoralty he carried through the council, and through Parliament, the scheme by which Birmingham









"DEFENDER," SHOWING HER UNUSUALLY LOFTY RIG.



"DEFENDER," SHOWING MODERATE BEAM AS COMPARED WITH "VALKYRIE III."



"VALKYRIE III," SHOWING EXTRAORDINARY BREADTH OF BEAM.

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPARISONS OF "DEFENDER" VS. "VALKYRIE III."—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT, AND WEST & SONS, SOUTHEAST.—[SEE PAGE 75.]



THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE MILWAUKEE YACHTING ASSOCIATION—"VALIANT" WINNING.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

YACHTING EAST AND WEST.





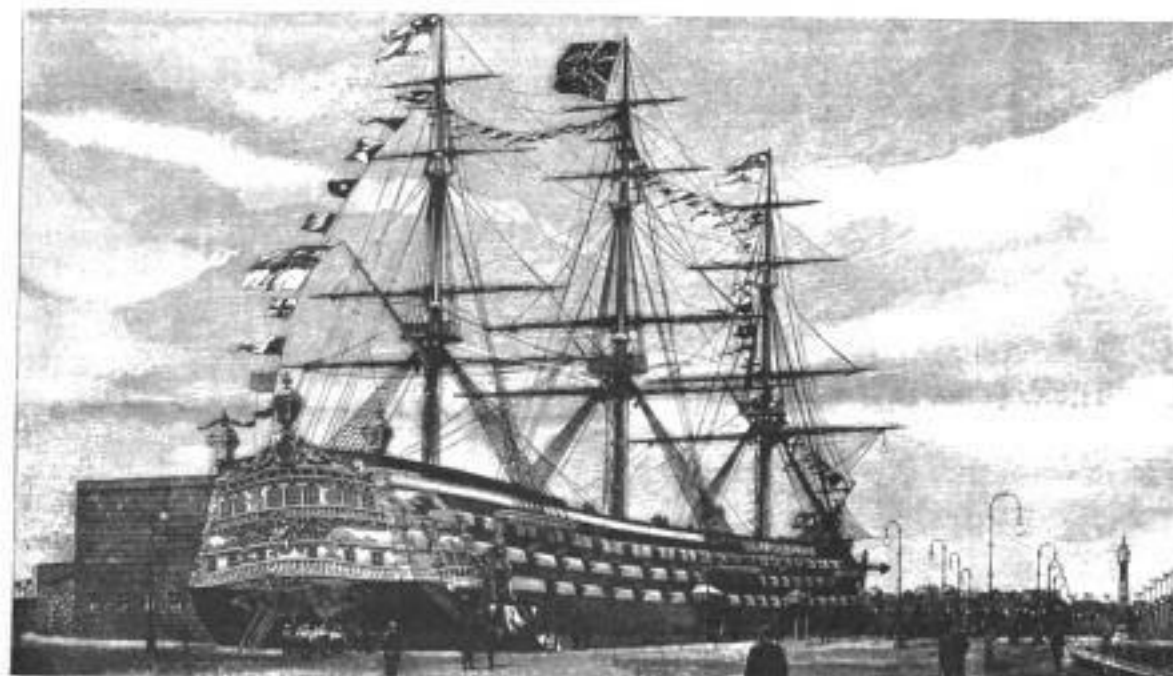
PRINCE EDWARD ALBERT OF YORK, HEIR TO THE BRITISH THRONE.  
*Illustrated London News.*



BRITISH CABINET RECONSTRUCTION—MR. RALFOUR TAKING THE OATH AFTER ACCEPTING OFFICE AS FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.—*London Graphic.*



STATE RECEPTION OF NASHULLAH KHAN, THE SHAHZADA OF AFGHANISTAN, BY QUEEN VICTORIA, AT WINDSOR CASTLE—PRESENTING THE AMEER'S LETTER.  
*Illustrated London News.*



THE BANQUET-HALL AT HOLTENAU, BUILT FOR THE OCCASION, WHERE THE EMPEROR WILLIAM ENTERTAINED HIS GUESTS AT THE OPENING OF THE NORTH SEA CANAL.—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*



AN ENGLISH BISHOP EXPLORES HIS DIOCESE ON THE WHEEL.—*London Graphic.*

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## THE ILLUSTRATIONS

on pages 65 and 76 were made by J. C. Hemment with the Ross Patent Lens used in the

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. LXXXI—No. 322.  
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1895.

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THE NEW ARRIVAL.

DRAWN BY E. M. ASCHÉ.—[SEE PAGE 97.]



## A GREAT HISTORICAL SERIAL.

In the issue of August 22d we will commence the publication of a serial story entitled:

## "When Greek Meets Greek ;

## A Tale of Love and War,"

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A feature of the story is the dual rôle played by the principal character, who at a critical period of his own fortunes and the fortunes of Robespierre is thrown into the power of his rival in love and politics, and escapes under romantic and tragic conditions. The story is historically accurate as to the period in which it is set, and will take rank in the popular estimation with the best work of the distinguished author. It will be illustrated by B. West Clinehart.

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ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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CHICAGO OFFICE, 207 Herald Building.  
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Beardsall, H. Reuterbach.

AUGUST 8, 1895.

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## How Not To Extend Our Trade.



It is well understood that the Japanese have a peculiarly friendly feeling toward the United States. This has been demonstrated so repeatedly as to admit of no doubt at all. In their recent struggle they looked to us with a confidence which was not exhibited in their dealings with any other

Power. They have closely studied our educational and political institutions, have familiarized themselves with American industrial methods, and have sought to establish trade relations with us. It is somewhat surprising to learn that these indications of good feeling have not in all cases been met in kind. The Tokio correspondent of the Chicago Record gives some facts which seem to show that our manufacturers are disposed to regard the Japanese with a peculiarly unjustifiable distrust. As one illustration this writer states that, some time since, an agent of the government, an American, was sent to this country to secure bids for nearly one million dollars' worth of steel railway bridges. He was authorized to say that the preference would be given in all cases to American builders, if their bids did not exceed by twenty-five per cent, those of Germany, England, and Belgium. This agent visited several of our principal cities, but was only able to secure estimates from the builders of one, the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, and their prices were one hundred and four per cent, higher than the lowest bids received from Europe. Some American companies expressed a willingness to bid, provided the agent would guarantee them the work; others required a deposit of money as a preliminary condition, and still others insisted that the specifications and terms of contracts should be changed to suit their particular wishes. That is to say, they were willing to supply the Japanese government with bridges if they were permitted to construct them according to their own ideas as to what Japan needed. It is not surprising that these exhibitions of doubt as to the good faith and responsibility of Japan should have proved embarrassing to the agent when he came to make his report to his government. The correspondent adds significantly that none of the objections made by our manufacturers were found in Europe. "There was not a manufacturer in England, Germany, or Belgium who did not jump at the contract, and it was finally let to a British company."

Of course it is absurd to expect that we will be able to extend our trade in Japan so long as we manifest this spirit of distrust as to the integrity of the government and the people, treating them practically as a nation of barterians. Nor can we anticipate the establishment of satisfactory business relations so long as in supplying the Japanese markets we ignore their peculiar demands and conditions, and insist upon conditions of our own making.

This habit of the American manufacturer has largely operated to our disadvantage in our dealings with the Central and South American countries. The Englishman and the German make it a point to supply just what the people of those countries need, and in doing so, to respect their business methods; and as a result of this they largely command these desirable markets. Able as we are to produce all forms of manufactures equal to the best produced in the world, it is, to say the least of it, unfortunate that our superiority in this respect counts for practically nothing because of our somewhat arrogant disregard of the dictates of common sense, and our disposition to underrate the commercial integrity of those with whom we have to do.

## Hack Writers.



HERE has recently been a good deal of speculation among literary men and writers for the press as to the personality of the author of a rather engaging article in the *Jeju Forum*, called "Confessions of a Literary Hack." It does not seem to us of much importance who wrote the article, provided what the author says of his experiences be true. And in the main we have no

doubt that this is a faithful record of actual experiences. As such they are interesting, just as all truthful portrayals of life are interesting, but these, as such, are not particularly important. Such importance as the confessions contain is to be found in the view that the author takes of his profession. In this view we believe that he is mistaken in that, while magnifying its hardships, he misconceives its relations to the public and underrates its possibilities of usefulness.

This literary hack says that he has pursued his profession of writing to order for twenty-three years, and that now he cannot average greater gains than five thousand dollars a year. That we look upon as a handsome rather than a shabby income, especially in view of his confession that much of his fiction is poor sort of stuff; but as he does not himself complain particularly as to the inadequacy of his gains, only suggesting that view of his earnings, it were bootless to dispute with him on this score. The real complaint that he makes against his work and his profession is that a hack does not write what he would like, but what he thinks the editors would like. This is doubtless the fact. It is also true that the men who write the editorials for the great dailies do not say always what they would like to say; they make exactly the argument they are directed to make by the editor-in-chief or the proprietor. The hack who contributes for the weeklies and monthlies, instead of being less independent than the men who write for the daily papers, is much more independent, as in a measure he chooses his subjects, his method of treatment, and is only asked to conform to certain general lines of policy adopted for the sake of principle and consistency. But on the daily paper the writer is but an amanuensis; an active pen which the editor and the owner use for their own purposes without reference to the taste, the convictions, or the inclinations of the writer who is employed to do their work.

Indeed, there is no professional man who is independent and who can do as he chooses. The lawyer cannot, the clergyman cannot, the physician cannot. Each must do the best he can under the circumstances which control his own inclinations. If this world were filled with active and vigorous men, each one doing with all his might that which pleased him best, chaos would quickly come again. This is a world of compromise, of give and take, and neither the literary hack nor any other contributor to the amusement or the instruction of the world must expect to have everything always his own way, and cake for his family at each meal from year's end to year's end. As a matter of fact, the literary hacks in New York, of whom the *Forum* writer is probably a fair specimen, are, for the most part, men rather to be envied than to be despised. They are engaged on congenial work, for which they are at least reasonably paid; they are free to decline disagreeable commissions, and it is most likely that a larger part of their work requires that they should go to pleasant places where they meet pleasant persons. Besides this, they often have the opportunity to do good deeds, and oftener still to exert, through their writing, a beneficial social and political influence. Of course there are exceptions; some find life a very dreary grind, but as a body the hacks have no right to complain, even according to the showing of their representative. Instead of exciting a sympathetic confession, this hack's story of five thousand dollars a year and a growing estate is likely to encourage many others to rush into the business and become competitors of him and his colleagues.

## The Waller Case.

THE course of the French government in the case of John L. Waller, ex-United States Consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, who was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for treason, is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. So far as appears the proceedings against Waller had their inspiration not in any serious offense committed by him, but in jealousies resulting from the marked favors shown

him by the Malagassy government in the form of valuable concessions which the French desired to secure. The immediate charge against him was that four revolvers had been found at his house, and it was claimed that this fact showed him to be disaffected. Our minister to France has repeatedly demanded a copy of the evidence given at the trial, but in every case he has been rebuffed, and it is the obvious purpose of the government to embarrass in every way possible the attempts we are making to get at the truth. Meanwhile Mr. Waller is in prison at Marseilles, and his wife and children are in Madagascar, in want. It seems to us that the time has about come when the American government should assert as a rule of intercourse with foreign nations, that every American citizen who may be anywhere arrested, or subjected to personal restraint of any sort, shall be held to be innocent, as in the case of alleged offenders under its own laws, until proved to be guilty; and that the government by whose authority he is arrested or detained will not be permitted to inflict any punishment until the evidence showing him to be guilty has been submitted to us for consideration. In the present case, France should be notified at once that we do not recognize her jurisdiction in Madagascar, and that she must, without any further temporizing, furnish a written copy of the evidence before the military court by which Waller was committed, and, in case injustice has been done, make full and satisfactory reparation; and that in the event of her refusal so to do our minister will be recalled and all diplomatic relations between that republic and ours absolutely suspended. Where the rights of an American citizen are concerned, every consideration of self-respect demands that we should resent a policy of tergiversation and delay in meeting our just demands.

## The True Mission of the Bicycle.



THE widespread adoption of the bicycle as an instrument of physical exercise is not unaccompanied by certain abuses. These abuses are due to a misconception—or, rather, to a want of conception—of the true mission of the wheel in the field of outdoor pastimes. We do not believe that its mission is the rolling up of "century" runs, or the mad racing across country at top speed in the sole endeavor to

cover ground; we believe that its mission is higher than mere "searching" and more valuable to the human race.

Unfortunately, cycling sprang into popularity without undergoing the long evolutionary period which has preceded the sturdy growth of all our established games and sports. It had no traditions to help us to a proper understanding of its virtues. It emerged suddenly upon us from Europe without proving its right to existence. We did not crave a rapid means of locomotion by individual effort, although we have since shown that we like it; nor has it yet been proved that the wheel is indispensable to us as a plaything or a vehicle. All our other national games and pastimes have survived, with certain modifications, the supreme test of time; they exist because their elemental attractions have never lost their interest for man. To bat or kick a ball, to row or sail a boat, to run, to leap, to ride a horse, to box, to swim, to aim or throw at a mark, have all had for centuries those elements of skill and chance which constitute what is known to-day as sport. But it has remained for the nineteenth century to prop the athlete astride of a saddle mounted rod, his feet resting on pedals, his hands on a steering bar, and by means of his legs, his feet, and his hands, to cause him to propel himself over our common roads, up hill and down dale, on a delicately adjusted, swiftly-running machine, of which he at once becomes a part. Thus invention has astonished man and upset all previous notions of his limitations by giving him the power of a horse, and it has utilized his limbs in a manner undreamed of since the physical man has been scientifically studied.

The revelation dawned upon us with surprising force. Many riders at once sought to get the most out of themselves and out of their wheels in order to reach the highest attainable limit of speed and distance covered. The "century" run was evolved. Now it has long been held by students of human nature that man has envied the birds their powers of flight, and more than one inventor has gone crazy in trying to rig a machine by which humans could soar into the empyrean. The same ambition to improve upon nature, and, in the case of the bicycle, to use it as a means of enhancing man's abilities as a walking and running animal, is the actuating spirit of the one-hundred-miles-a-day cross-country riders. The rider rides less for sport, less for his physical good, than for a record, so that he permits himself to become merely a racing-machine, and invariably carries a cyclometer. Doubtless this requires grit and cultivates his powers of endurance. In a certain sense he has done something heroic when he has covered a hundred miles without dismounting. But the element of sport and the essential principle of exercise are wanting, and the dust-covered, pallid, bedraggled creature, with hollow eyes and the "all-gone" expression of the spent swimmer, is truly a spectacle to excite our pity.

It is not sport to tax one's physical powers to the point of utter exhaustion. That ceases to be exercise which compels the body to respond to the tremendous strain of



long-sustained nervous and muscular exertion. All the physical-culture experts and the dictates of common sense agree that exercise, to be beneficial, should tax the muscles only up to the normal, never, except in the case of athletes training for a competitive event, should they be subjected to their maximum strength.

That a bicyclist should ride a hundred miles in a day in order to perform some act of self-sacrifice or heroism would be a legitimate application of his bodily strength. But that he should do so simply for the sake of doing it smacks of the foolhardiness of the man who shoots Niagara in a barrel. In neither feat is there anything to challenge our admiration or commend our respect. The professional long-distance riders have been known, some of them, to cover three thousand miles in a month. They represent the highest achievement in wheeling, and they perform an important service in that they have established a limit of physical endurance on a wheel. It is valuable for us to know this, just as it is valuable to know the limit of speed in a trotting horse or in an eight-oared crew over a four-mile course—but that all men who drive for pleasure should urge their horses at top speed, or that all carmen who row for exercise should "hit her up" to a racing gait, is no more absurd than that an amateur wheelman should fancy it is sport or exercise to do a hundred miles in a day.

Let our bicyclists not envy or imitate the men who race as a business. Let them treat their bodies as humanity teaches them to treat those of horses. Let them regard the wheel not as a record-smashing space-annihilator, but as an instrument of easy and gratifying motion, which, if rightly used, is a cheap and beneficial aid to good health and a source of great enjoyment.



WE learn with satisfaction that a movement has been started in New Orleans for the erection in that city of a statue of the late General Hancock, one of the foremost defenders of the Union in the Civil War. The money needed for the purpose is to be raised among Confederate veterans. This is the response made by Confederates to the challenge offered by the Union veterans and citizens of Chicago in erecting a monument in that city to the six thousand Confederates who are buried there. There were many good people who regarded this erection with some displeasure, and only the broadest charity could contemplate it with real satisfaction, but it will probably be found that it was consistent, in the long run, with the highest patriotism and the best interests of the country.

MONEY counts for a good deal in British elections, but it does not count for everything. Character and capacity are also factors in determining popular results. There were some gratifying illustrations of this fact in the recent elections. Thus, in one of the divisions of Leeds, Colonel North, the nitrate king, undertook to defeat Mr. Herbert Gladstone, resorting to all the artifices of the demagogue, and spending money with the utmost prodigality for the corruption of the electorate. Notwithstanding all this, however, Mr. Gladstone was elected, though his majority was reduced from the election in 1892. The electors of Leeds evidently do not agree with Lord Rosebery, who recently bestowed the honors within his gift upon certain rich nobodies, in their estimate of the claims of wealth.

THE town of Homestead, Pennsylvania, the scene of the famous riots at the Carnegie steel works, in July, 1892, is always progressive and usually interesting. Hugh O'Donnell, leader of the strikers, who is blacklisted in every iron and steel mill in the United States, is publishing a radical workingman's paper, unmolested, under the very shadow of the armor-plate shops. The churches of the town are taking on institutional features, three Protestant denominations having tennis-courts in the church grounds, and the rivalry is intense. Championship games are now being played. Adjoining Homestead, on the South Side, Pittsburgh, is another "new" church. One of the Presbyterian congregations recently arranged a sporting programme for its Sunday-school picnic, features of the affair being a balloon-ascension and a base-ball match between the young men's Bible class and the school officers. Another advertised feature was a foot-ball game between two classes of young women.

THUS far during the present season there have been few disturbances in the relations of labor and capital. While there have been strikes in one or two manufacturing industries in Philadelphia and at other points, and in the Marquette (Michigan) iron region, the number of operatives thrown out of work has not been at any time great. So far as can be judged, there seems to be a better understanding between employers and employed, and this may possibly be accounted for by the fact that the former are voluntarily raising wages in all the more important branches of manufacture. Scarcely a day passes now that we do not learn of some such advance. There is no more gratifying sign of the times than this restoration of cordial good-feeling between capitalists and those whom they employ.

If our great corporate and manufacturing concerns were at all times to deal with absolute justice with those dependent upon them, there can be no doubt that strikes would become less frequent, and that the business interests of the country would be much more prosperous. There are, of course, some workmen whose discontent can never be appeased by anything short of an absolute surrender to their arbitrary demands, but the great body of our industrial classes demand only fair play, and when that is assured them, can be relied upon to maintain mutually helpful relations with those who give them employment.

It was suggested some time since by a Democratic newspaper in South Carolina, that the proposed amended constitution, which is presently to be submitted to the people of that State, should take effect if sixty-five thousand votes were cast in its favor, without reference to the number recorded against it. This extraordinary suggestion had its origin, of course, in the desire of the white autocracy to perpetuate their supremacy by the disfranchisement of the blacks. In South Carolina the Democrats have another plan for accomplishing the same result. The citizens of that State will vote in April next upon a proposed amendment to the State constitution which limits the suffrage to persons who can read and write, or who pay taxes on two hundred dollars' worth of property. The avowed purpose of this proposition is to deprive the negro of the franchise. In view of the fact, however, that the amendment might be defeated at the polls, it contains a proviso which gives the next Legislature the right to modify, change, or amend the amendment, so far as the suffrage is concerned, without submitting the matter to the popular vote. In other words, the scheme is to invest the Legislature with absolute power to negative the will of the people, if it should condemn the proposed plan of disfranchisement. The Republican State Committee, we are glad to see, has determined to make a vigorous campaign against this amendment. There are many Republicans, no doubt, who favor the proposed educational qualification, but it is scarcely possible that any fair-minded white will give his support to a proposition so hostile to the principles of popular government as that which the Democracy seek to ingraft upon the fundamental law.

## Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

EVERYBODY knows Oliver Herford, or ought to know him, at least through his funny verses and drawings that are scattered through *Life* and *St. Nicholas* and other periodicals. Mr. Robert Bridges, in the last number of *The Book-Buyer*, talks very pleasantly about him, and manages to give an excellent impression of his amusing eccentricities and odd personality—no easy thing to do, as all who know his will-o'-the-wispish elusiveness will realize. You never know where to put your hand on Herford, figuratively or literally; he eludes you both mentally and physically. As Bridges says, if you want to find him you call him up on the telephone at the Players. They will tell you to call up Hotel Griffon, and the Griffon will say, "Call up the St. Botolph, Boston," and even then you can't get hold of him. I know, for I've been trying for a month. It is the same way with his mental self—always on the jump, altho, thither, everywhere, until it is impossible to keep pace with his whimsies and queer conceits. Only in rare confidential moments does one really get at him; then to find one of the kindest and most sensitive of men—gentle, considerate, and unselfish. His work—much of the best of which has been collected and published recently by the Century Company under the title of "Artful Antics"—is full of a quite delightful humor and charm. For such trifling it has an unusual distinction and much of the same quality in it as in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses"—the quality of simplicity, and a sympathy and understanding with simple things. His little drawings and sketches are full of the same thing, and verse and pictures always completely supplement one another. Before finishing I must add one of his whimsicalities to the list that Bridges gives in his little appreciation. It is the first rule in a book of etiquette for young ladies that Herford contemplates publishing at some distant day. "Debutantes should never wear corsage-bouquets on an empty stomach." Another which is in the list I mention, but which is too good to leave out whenever there is opportunity to get it in, is: "Some men are born babies, some achieve babies, and some have babies thrust upon them." It was Herford who suggested to a Shakespeare-Bacon controversialist that the whole matter be settled by attributing the poet's works to either *Shakespeare* or *Bacon*!

The defeat of Mr. John Morley in the recent Parliamentary elections had probably a deeper significance than the failure of any other single candidate, though in view of the overwhelming Conservative victory it has been almost lost sight of. Standing as he did for a seat from Newcastle-on-Tyne, the birthplace of the famous Liberal programme, his non-election shows how hopeless were the chances of Liberal success from the beginning. A majority in a flickle thing at best, but surely, if not to be counted on in one's stronghold, where then? Newcastle has been his stronghold for twelve years, but failed him at last and elected his opponent by a thousand. In a little speech after the

announcement of the result, Mr. Morley said: "This is one of the most tremendous battles ever fought in any British constituency, and I greatly regret to say that we have been defeated. But we have before shown that we knew how to bear triumph with moderation, and I hope that we shall now show that we know how to bear defeat with cheerful courage." A very characteristic speech from one of the foremost men in British politics, whose loss the Commons will feel keenly. Curiously enough, two other men of literature were ignominiously "turned down," Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Augustine Birrell. Imagine—if such a stretch of the imagination is not impossible during the dog-days—Mr. Howells or Frank R. Stockton running for Congress.

Of the making of magazines there is no end, and it is no longer the easy problem of a few years ago that is presented to the omnivorous reader as he glances over the offerings of the news-stands. Then there were three or four at most; now they are legion, with tempting reductions of price for bait, and really selection is a matter of some bewilderment. *The Bachelor of Arts* is the latest addition to the long list, and a very creditable and pleasing one it is. In its long, narrow, greenish cover it looks, as some one has said, "as if it had been published for the last fifty years," and though it has but reached its second month, I should like to think that it will see half a century of life. It is a magazine primarily for university men, and is conducted by Mr. John Seymour Wood, Mr. Walter Camp, and Mr. E. S. Martin, all well-known "varsity" men, and well able to make it valuable. If there is any fault to be found it is with the rather noticeable preponderance of Yale matter, but as Mr. Steelman is not likely to write another commencement ode, and as the riot reminiscences of various New Haven alumni are not likely to run on forever, we can afford to be satisfied for the present with such articles as Mr. Corbin's on Oxford and Mr. John Jay Chapman's on Michael Angelo's sonnets, and the several editorial departments. *The Bachelor of Arts* deserves well not only of college men, but of all who care for a good magazine.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—It is puzzling to account for the different status of the cigarette in England and the United States. Here it is very rare to find a man past middle life smoking cigarettes, yet the statement is made on good authority that Herbert Spencer, who is seventy-five, smokes them, and it is noticeable in reading the personal gossip of London weekly papers that the same fault (from a cigar-smoker's point of view) is alleged against many men of prominence in public life. When Emily Faithful died, the story of her fondness for cigarettes was repeated, and it shocked many American readers; but Miss Faithful was not unlike among English ladies in this indulgence. In the case of the men, perhaps the inferior quality of their cigars and the proximity of England to the continent may account for the preference given the cigarette.

—Between John Rowlands, otherwise Howell Jones, walf from a British poor-house, and Henry M. Stanley, Member of Parliament, there extends a career of adventure and vicissitudes as dramatic as anything in a romantic novel. As cabin boy, Confederate soldier, Indian fighter, reporter, war correspondent, and African explorer, Stanley has had a life of rare interest, and now, at fifty-five, he secures a place in British politics equal to the one he gained in London society by his marriage to Miss Tennant, sister of the celebrated "Dodo." The ex-explorer has lived in London for some years, and during all of the time has been more interested in blue-books than in the Dark Continent. He has grown stouter with his life of ease.

—After he was graduated from Bowdoin College ex-Speaker Reed thought seriously of becoming a minister, but he studied law instead of divinity, and went to California to hang out his shingle. The story of his admission to the Bar there is interesting. "Tom," said the judge, "is the legal-tender act constitutional?" "It is, sir," answered the young lawyer, who knew his examiner's bent. "You shall be admitted," said the judge, and the ceremony was at an end. Three years later Mr. Reed was back in his Maine home and a member of the Legislature.

—Hamilton W. Mable, the essayist and editor, is frequently mistaken for an Englishman, probably because of his well-groomed appearance and the fresh look of health in his face. He happens, however, to be an American, for he was born at Cold Spring, New York, fifty years ago. He is a man of attractive personality, and he is as fond of out-door life as his writings make others. His summer home is in the mountains of Sullivan County, New York.

—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is now eighty-three years old—a slender woman of medium height, with a face that is described as faded and wrinkled, but has lines of strength and determination in it, while her voice is strong and her mind clear. Mrs. Beecher has contributed many articles to periodicals during the last few years, and found literary work profitable and pleasant.



ONE OF A THOUSAND IMMIGRANT GIRLS



TYPES OF IMMIGRANTS.



A PARTY FOR FATHER CALLAHAN.



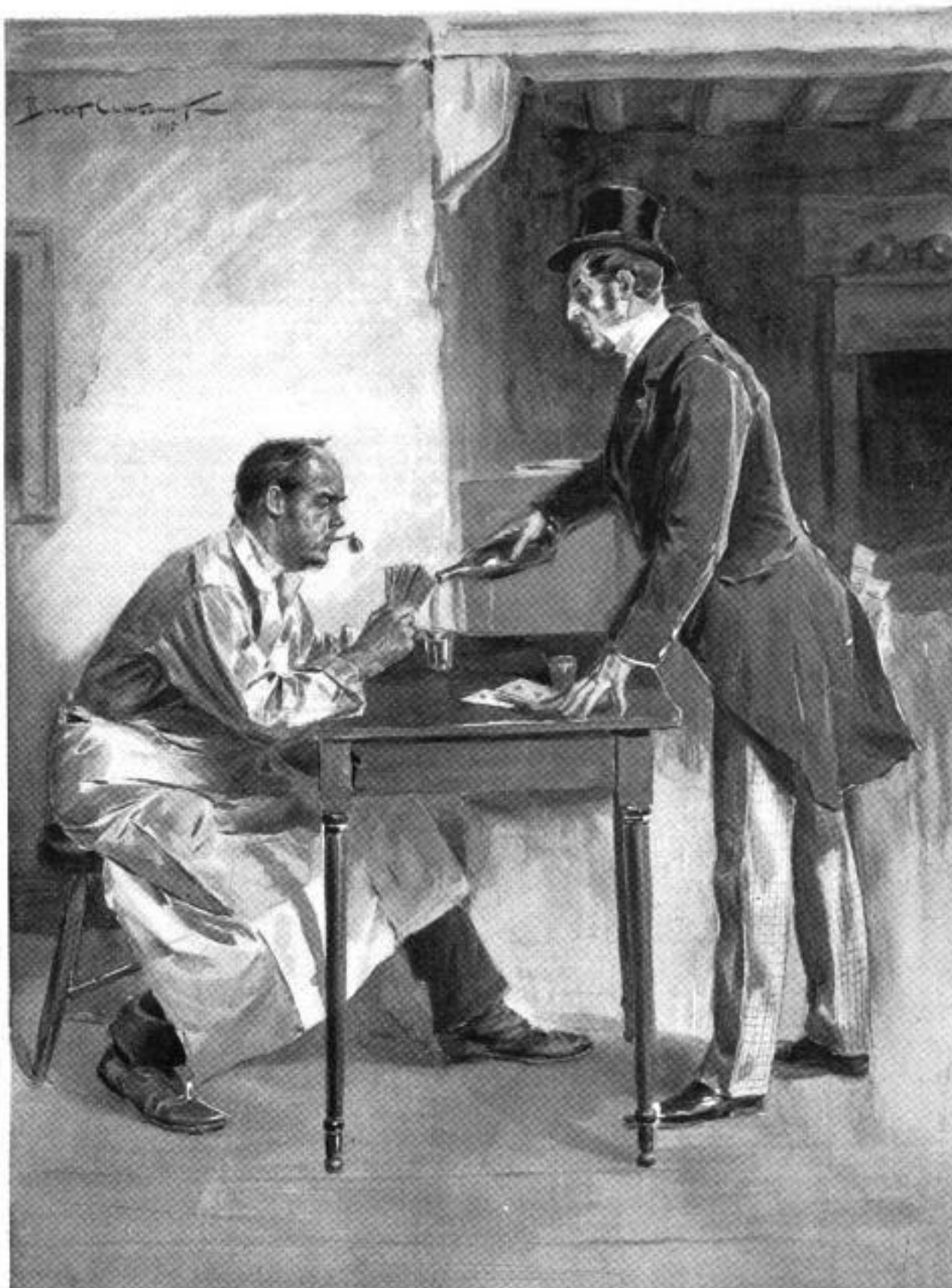
PASSING THE REGISTER'S DESK AT ELLIS ISLAND.



WAITING.

A UNIQUE CHARITY THE WORK OF THE MISSION FOR THE PROTECTION OF IMMIGRANT GIRLS.  
DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 87.]





*"He found that worthy playing cards with the landlord, a truculent-looking ruffian in shirt-sleeves."*

## LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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### XIV.

#### LADY KILPATRICK.

PEEBLES had barely left the Conseltine half an hour when a message was brought to him in his pantry that Mr. Blake, of Blake's Hall, would be glad to have the pleasure of a word with him. Blake, being ushered into the old man's private room, immediately demanded whisky, and, having been supplied, inquired of Peebles what was the news concerning Moyra.



"I met Larry as I was coming here. Sure, he's like a madman, raving about the poor woman that must have been burned wid the mill—though sorra a chip of her bones or a rag of her dress have they found."

"They're no' likely to find anything," said Peebles. "I went straight to Desmond last night, and he was just in time to rescue her from the awfu' death the villains had plotted for her."

"Glad am I to know it," said Blake. "Are the basties laid by the heels yet?"

"No," said Peebles, "nor will they be, wi' my guid will. Man, 'twad break my lord's heart. His ain brither, Mr. Blake, his ain brither's son. Na, na. They must be let gang, for the honor o' the family, though it's a hard lump to swallow, and goes terribly against ma conscience, that twa such wretches should be free while many a decent man's in prison. But there's just no help for it. And now, just tell me, Mr. Blake, are ye sober—sober enough, I mean, to know the value of what ye're saying?"

"Sober, is it?" cried Blake. "Soberer than I've been this five-and-twenty years, had luck to me!"

"Then listen to me," said Peebles. "'Twas you that married his lordship to Moyra Macartney?"

"'Twas so," returned Blake.

"And ye had really been ordained a clerk in holy orders before that time?"

"I had, under a false name."

"That makes no difference," returned Peebles. "Ye were a clergyman, ye are a clergyman, and a clergyman ye'll die. Holy orders are indelible. I ken that much, though I'm no churchman myself. Noo, Moyra's safe, and it's my intention, just'soon as it can be done wi'oot chance of damage to my lord's health, to break the news to him, and I'll look to you to

put all possible assistance in the way o' proving your possession o' the necessary power to perform a legal marriage."

"H'm?" said Blake, doubtfully.

"And what the deil d'ye mean by 'h'm'?" asked Peebles.

"Ye're talkin' mighty aisy," said Blake, "o' my givin' up the only means o' livelihood I've had these years past."

"Means o' livelihood," repeated Peebles. "Ye're doited, man alive! What has this question to do wi' your means o' livelihood?"

"Just the blackmail that Dick Conseltine has paid me to hould me tongue," replied Blake, with a beautiful candor.

"That's all over now," said Peebles. "He kens that Moyra's alive, and he kens that I ken it. Eh, Patrick Blake," he continued, shaking his head reproachfully at the brawny figure opposite him, "ye've been a sad scoun'rel in your time, I doubt. But ye helped to save that pair lass's life, and I'll no be hard on ye. What can be done for ye in reason shall be done. Maybe the wages o' honesty won't amount to as much as the wages o' sin, but ye'll ha'e a clearer conscience to mak' up the balance. I can promise naething, but I'll speak to Desmond and my lord for ye. I'm thinking ye'd be best out o' the country. Five hundred pounds and a passage to America wad suit ye fine."

"Emigration," said Blake. "'Twas that Dick Conseltine was



advising the other day. Faix, ye're all in a mighty hurry to get rid o' poor old Pat Blake. Well, Peebles, I'll trust ye. I've always found ye square and honest, and I like the boy. I'd rather see him with the title than that ape cub o' Dick Conseltine's, any day o' the year. As for the help I can give ye—well, there's me to-cense to peache, marry, and bury, signed by the bishop o' —, and granted to Ryan O'Connor, of Maynooth College. I've got it at home at Blake's Hall to this day, and faith, if that's not enough, I can find a score o' people at my old cure who'll remember me and swear to my identity."

At this moment he was interrupted by a rap at the pantry-door, and a servant announced that Peebles was needed in my lord's chamber.

"Wait here," said the old man to Blake. "I'll not be long."

Peebles mounted the stairs and found Kilpatrick seated at the open window of his room. He gave some commonplace instructions which could quite easily have been fulfilled by any other servant in the house. Peebles, who knew his master's mind as though he had made him, obeyed the orders and stood at his elbow silently.

"Well, Peebles, well!" asked Kilpatrick.

"Well, my lord," said Peebles.

"What are you waiting for?"

"For your lordship's orders."

Kilpatrick sat twisting his fingers in a nervous silence for a second or two, and then abruptly asked:

"Where's Desmond? I suppose you've seen him lately?"

"Aye?" said Peebles. "I saw him last night."

"And what had the young scamp to say for himself? Still on his high horse, I suppose? When does he propose to honor my house with his presence again?"

"God forgive ye!" said Peebles, shaking his head at his master with a mournful reproof. "'Still on his high horse,' quotha! 'Tis you that are walkin' wif the bare feet o' conscience in the mire o' repentance, gin but your silly pride wad but let ye own till it."

Kilpatrick tried to look angrily at the old man, but the continued slow shake of Peebles' head and the calm penetration of the eyes that dwelt on his, cowed him.

"I ask you, Peebles," he cried, suddenly, "is not my position a hard one?"

"Sair hard," said Peebles, "but ye made it yoursel', and ye ha'e nae right to grumble."

"It's harder than I deserve," said Kilpatrick. "If—if it was the—the just measure of punishment for—for that silly indiscretion of years ago, I should not complain, but—"

"Man!" said Peebles, "ye just gang beyond my patience. 'Just measure o' punishment.' 'Too hard.' I wonder ye ha'e the impudence to sit in that chair and talk to me, that knows the circumstances."

"Hold your tongue, confound you!" said his master.

"That will I nae," returned Peebles, "till as your spiritual wool-wisher and your carnal servant I ha'e done my best to purge your heart o' the black vanity ye cherish."

"Go to the devil, you canting old scoundrel!" screamed Kilpatrick.

"After your lordship," said Peebles, suavely, and flowed on before the angry old gentleman could stop him. "Ye say your lot's a hard one! Ye complain that Providence is punishing you too severely. Man, ye are just like a spoiled child, that sets a house afire in his wantonness, and then thinks he's badly treated because he gets his knuckles rapped. Your lot a hard one! What about the lot o' the innocent lass that trusted ye, and that ye ruined and slew? What about the bright, bonny lad that God put it into his mother's heart to send here t'ye, that should have been a sound o' pace in your ears, a light unto your eyes, a sermon to your understanding, lika day this aughteen years bygone? What about his shame and anguish, his loss of respect and belief in all his kind because you, the one man he loved and trusted most, turned to base metal in his sight? And ye are ba'dly treated! Gin ye had your deserts, Henry Conseltine, Lord Kilpatrick, ye'd be on the treadmill at this minute. There's many an honest man than you that's praying God this minute for bread and water to stay his carnal pangs, while ye sit here, full o' meat and puffed out wif idleness. Ill-treated! Ma certie!" cried the old man, with a fall from an almost Biblical solemnity of phrase to latter-day colloquialism which would have seemed ludicrous to any third person. "Ye're nae blate! Perhaps ye'd like a step up in the perrage for havin' ruined an honest lassie and broken a poor lad's heart!"

"Upon my soul," said Kilpatrick, twisting in his chair, "I don't know why I stand your infernal impudence."

"For the same reason," returned Peebles, "that you stand the infernal impudence o' your ain conscience. Ye've been trying to drug and bully that into quiet at these years, and ye've no succeeded yet, nor e'er will, so long as I'm alive. Ye ask," he continued, "if Desmond's

on his high horse yet? Aye, is he—on a higher horse than ever."

"What d' you mean?" asked Kilpatrick.

"Circumstances have come to light this last day or two," said Peebles, "that put a new complexion on a' this business."

"What circumstances?" asked his lordship, wonderingly.

"Strange circumstances," said Peebles. "I've news for ye that'll mak' your ears to tingle, I'm thinking."

"Curse you!" cried the old man, "can't you speak out, instead o' jibbering and jabbering in this fashion, you old death's head!"

"Ye're a foul-mouthed person, Lord Kilpatrick," said Peebles, "but let that flea stick t' the wall. I've news for ye that it will tak' courage to listen to."

"Man alive!" cried Kilpatrick, "for the love of heaven don't waste your time and my patience in this fashion! What is your news?"

"Just this," said the old man, slowly and deliberately. "The marriage with Moya Macartney, that ye believed to be a sham marriage—the main shame to ye for it—was not a sham at all, but as guld a marriage as was ever made between man and maid on this airth, and as binding."

Kilpatrick stared at him like one distraught, breathing heavily, and grasping the side pieces of his arm-chair with twitching fingers.

"Tis sooth I'm tellin' ye," resumed Peebles. "Blake was in holy orders. He'd been deprived of his cure, that he'd accepted under a false name, but he'd ne'er been defrocked. Desmond is your lawfully-begotten son, your heir!"

Kilpatrick's reception of this astounding news fairly astonished the old man. After the first dumfounding effect of the communication had passed, Kilpatrick sprang from his chair his face flushed, his eyes glittering.

"Is it true? Is it true?"

"True as death," responded Peebles.

"Where is he?" cried the old man. "For God's sake, Peebles, bring him here! Let me see him!"

His face darkened with a sudden expression of doubt.

"Peebles," he cried, brokenly, "you're not playing with me! You're not deceiving me! I've been a good master to you these years past. You couldn't—you wouldn't!"

"God forbid!" said Peebles. "It's gospel truth."

"But," asked Kilpatrick, "why has Blake been silent all these years?"

"Because," said Peebles, "Richard Conseltine has made it worth his while."

"By heaven!" cried the old lord, "I'll break every bone in the accursed traitor's skin! Peebles, you don't know what I've suffered all these years. Even from you I've hidden my miseries. I've looked at Desmond, standing side by side with that ugly cub o' Dick's, and ground my teeth to think that I couldn't leave the title to him. God bless you, Peebles—God bless you for the news! 'Fore God, I shall go mad with joy! Peebles, I'll double your wages if you'll get the boy here in an hour from now. What are you standing glovering there for? Run, you old rascal, run and bring Desmond to me. My eyes are hungry for him. I'll acknowledge him before the world. He shall marry Dulcie before the week's out, and I'll live to nurse my grandson yet. Dick's face will be a sight to see when he knows that I know this."

Peebles did not move. He was revolving in his mind the wisdom of at once breaking to Kilpatrick the news that the wife he deemed dead was living.

"Desmond shall do that," he said to himself.

"Ah, Desmond shall do that. 'Twill come better from him. My lord's heart will be softened. 'Twill be less of a shock than if I told him. Aye—aye?" he said aloud, as Kilpatrick impatiently bade him begone and fetch Desmond, "he shall be here inside an hour, my lord."

"God bless you, old friend," said his lordship, shaking hands with him. "You're a pragmatical old Puritan, but you've taken ten years off my age to-day."

Peebles descended to the pantry, where he found Blake still in intimate converse with the whisky-bottle.

"Mr. Blake, wad ye do my lord and me a service?"

"By my troth, I will thim," said Blake.

Peebles called a groom and bade him prepare the carriage.

"I want ye, Mr. Blake, to drive to Maguire's cottage. There you'll find Moya Macartney. Tell her she must come with you. Then drive on to Doolan's farm and pick up Desmond. Bring them both here, and I'll have a boy posted in the road to warn me that ye're coming."

## XV.

### THE MOVING BOG.

Is a state of mind bordering as closely on frenzy as was possible in so very cold and calculating a nature, Conseltine made his way to the neighboring village of Cordale, where, in

a disreputable inn bearing the pretentious title "hotel," the garrulous Feagus was waiting the issue of events. He found that worthy seated in a parlor leading off the main chamber or tap-room, playing cards with the landlord, a truculent-looking ruffian in shirt-sleeves.

As Conseltine entered Feagus looked up with a grin, but seeing at a glance by the expression of Conseltine's face that something unusual had occurred, he threw down his cards and rose to his feet.

"Business before pleasure, Pat Llumey," he said. "Here's a client, good luck to him! Will ye be seated, Mr. Conseltine?"

"No, no," was the reply. "Come out into the fresh air; this place is stifling"—as indeed it was, from the combined effects of bad ventilation, bad tobacco, and bad whisky.

"What's the matter now?" sharply demanded the lawyer, as they stood together in the open street. An Irish "mist" was falling from skies dark with heavy clouds, and the prospect all around the few miserable huts which constituted the "village" was miserable in the extreme.

In a few hurried words Conseltine recounted the facts of the interview with Peebles.

"So that's it, is it?" cried the lawyer, scowling savagely. "If I'd been in your place I'd have coaxed the old villain into some convenient corner and knocked him in the head."

"Nonsense," said Conseltine.

"Nonsense, ye call it?" snapped Feagus, showing his teeth like a savage dog about to bite. "When ye're cooling your heels in jail ye'll pipe to a different tune."

"And you?"

"Don't couple my name with yours in that connection, Conseltine. I forbid ye. My hands are clean, and the only thing on me conscience is that I didn't inform against ye."

Conseltine's face was livid with anger, as the other continued:

"And it's nice o' ye to bring me out into the wet to talk with me, as if I wasn't a decent man except for my daling with the likes o' you. I'm tired o' doin' dirty work for one that hasn't the brains of a brood goose or the pluck of a louse. I am, sir! How will ye get out o' it all; tell me that?"

"We sink or swim together," answered Conseltine. "I didn't come here to listen to abuse. I want your advice."

"Then come in to the fireside," snarled Feagus, moving toward the inn.

"No! Can't you understand that something must be done at once? That old fool is against us, so is Blake, and when Desmond Macartney hears that we're concerned in his mother's death he'll never rest till he's hunted us down. Come away with me to Blake's at once, and see what can be done with him."

For some time Feagus was obdurate, but at last he listened to his companion's arguments and agreed to accompany him to Blake's Hall. The way thither led by a track across the open moor or "mountain," and after refreshing himself with one stiff tumbler of "potheen" at the inn, Feagus followed Conseltine through the drizzling rain.

It was a miserable walk of five Irish miles from the village of Cordale to the valley inhabited by Blake. The two men hastened along in gloomy silence until they had covered half the distance. Then Feagus paused with an oath, and looked fiercely into the pale, determined face of his companion.

"I'm a fool to follow ye," he cried. "I'd be a wiser man if I took the car to Sligo, and left ye here to fight the devils ye've raised."

"I tell you that we stand or fall together," said Conseltine.

"That's a lie! If I was an attorney before the fact, I can plead insufficiency of motive and turn queen's evidence."

Conseltine's face went a shade whiter, and its expression a shade uglier, as he glanced down at Feagus, and then surveyed the gloomy prospect surrounding him. For the moment his impulse was to spring upon his accomplice and strangle him then and there, but Feagus, though small, was wiry and fierce as a wild-cat, and would have taken a great deal of killing. Momentary as the impulse was, it expressed itself clearly on his countenance, and was at once understood and appreciated by Feagus, who said with a savage and spiteful grin:

"Wouldn't ye like to get rid o' me now, as ye got rid o' poor Moya Macartney? So I'm a thorn in your side, Dick Conseltine! By the powers, I'll be a bigger thorn yet, if ye don't mi'—hat ye're after?"

"Ye're drunk," returned Conseltine, "and you talk like a child. Come along?"

And he walked slowly on.

"A child, am I—and drunk?" muttered Feagus, irresolute whether to follow or turn back. "Well, I'm neither too young nor too drunk to guess what game ye're after, my fine gentleman. If I'm not before ye, 'tis you that will be blowing the gaff and denouncing me, to save your own skin. So I won't lave ye yet awhile, I'm thinking!"

So he followed Conseltine at a short distance, grumbling and cursing at every footstep of the way. From time to time Conseltine glanced back to assure himself that Feagus was following.

At last, soaked to the skin and splashed with mud, they came in view of Blake's Hall. By this time the rain had almost ceased, but above the heights which rose seaward, beyond the flat valley in which the hall lay, a great mass of vaporous cumuli, black and ominous, hung like a pall. Between this mass and the hill summits was a white space filled with smoke-like vapor with gleams of shimmering silver. The silence had grown deeper, but when the slightest sound arose it traveled with startling distinctness for miles. Here and there between the valley and the hills were scattered cottages, bright patches of green pasture, and clumps of woodland. From these, at intervals, came the lowing of cattle, the crowing of a cock, the cry of a solitary human voice—each and all of which seemed to make the silence more intense.

Down to the cottage, or hall, went the two men, only to find that they had come upon a useless errand. The door stood open, but when they entered there was no sign of anybody within. Tired with his long walk, Feagus threw himself on a stool, and, lighting his pipe, began smoking furiously, while Conseltine, returning to the door, searched the prospect in vain for any trace of the man he sought.

A hundred yards from the threshold ran the river, a narrow and shallow stream in ordinary weather, but now broadened and deepened by the rain. It was boiling along at lightning speed, stained deep brown by the clay and peat of the moorlands whence it flowed. The stepping-stones at the ford, by which are gained the road to Castle Kilpatrick, were covered, and to cross at all a man would have to wade nearly waist deep, at the risk of being carried away by the current.

Like a man lost in thought, Conseltine walked over to the bank, and stood looking at the water. His mind was in as great a tumult as the raging stream. All his plans had failed, the whole world seemed leagued against him, and he was now full of a nameless dread, a horror of discovery, of punishment, and of the accompanying shame. Recent events had developed everything that was harsh and even savage in his nature. He had passed from one crime to another till the blackest of all crimes cast its shadow on his soul;—not that he felt any pity for the victim of his evil deed—his dominant feeling was one of fierce rage that the deed had been done in vain. How to act now, he knew not. His only hope was in the silence of Peebles, whose regard for the honor of the family he well knew. His greatest fear was of Desmond, should the squire learn that his mother had been foully done to death.

He stood so long there brooding that Feagus grew impatient, and came to the door to look after him.

"What the devil are ye doing there?" shouted the lawyer.

Conseltine looked round and made no reply. At that moment a strange sound, like the faint shock of an earthquake, came from the distant hills. Both men instinctively glanced thither, and saw, stretching from the black mass or pile of cloud behind the hill-tops, a silhouette of solid black in the form of an enormous waterspout, its apex in the clouds, its base hidden somewhere in the unseen ocean. Even as they gazed it burst, and for a moment it seemed as if night had come, the whole skies being wrapped in blackness and the rain falling in a deluge, hiding the ground.

"Powers of heaven!" cried Feagus, clinging to the lintel of the open door, and feeling almost for the first time in his life a ghastly sense of fear. Before he could realize his own dread Conseltine stood by him, panting for breath.

"Look yonder!" Conseltine gasped, gripping his companion by the arm, and pointing up the mountains.

(To be concluded.)

## A Wonderful Adaptation.

A FRIEND of mine, who was for several years in the service on the Western plains, gave me a very interesting account of the wonderful adaptation of the plant and animal life of that section to their surroundings. I have never seen it laid down in the books:

"Down in the sandy, arid plains of western Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, the cacti are the only plants that remain green and flourishing in the summer season. As they are succulent they would be greedily eaten by the herbivorous animals, such as the wild cattle and deer tribe, and would soon be exterminated.

"To guard themselves against this wholesale destruction they have developed a perfect chaux-de-frise of sharp, barbed spines, that branch out in every direction, forming such a complete protection that no large animal can get at the body of the plant."

But the really marvelous fact (the truth of



which my friend affirms) is the adaptive imitation of one of the small animals to these plants.

"The horned lizard, or horned toad as it is commonly misnamed, is abundant. As it would be an easy prey of carnivorous birds, it, also, has been forced to protect itself by a cunning fraud. It has developed spines on its head and all up and down its back and tail, in exact imitation of the spines of the cacti. And so closely has it carried the imitation that the spines, all over the body, actually blossom out during the season the cacti are in bloom, the flowers taking on the shape and color of the species of cacti among which the lizard lives.

"The most beautiful sight I ever saw," said my friend, "was on a bright morning when there was a light dew. The sandy plain was covered with the little dusky, brown animals, darting about, each in full bloom, the deeply tinted flowers sparkling with the dew-drops. Now they form great masses of color, then scatter in all directions, crossing and re-crossing, a brilliant flashing of color like an Arctic aurora. It was a living, breathing, animated flower-garden, to be seen nowhere else on earth. It were well worth a trip to the far West just for one hour of a scene like that."

C. W. KIMBALL.

## A Unique Charity.

"Your name?"  
"Maggie Flaherty."  
"Age?"  
"Fifteen years."  
"Where are you going, Maggie?"  
"New York."  
"How much money have you?"

The register clerk leaned over the desk; his ear almost touched the girl's burning cheek.

"A shilling, sir," she said, and dropped her face in her shawl.

"All right, Maggie. Pass on."

A spring day at Ellis Island. Maggie was one of thousands of immigrant girls that foreign steamers empty almost daily on our shores. Turning from the picturesque ketches and grotesque trappings of Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, Hungarians—the exiles of the Old World—we followed Maggie to the exit gate of the long aisle through which all immigrants pass to be registered before quitting the great immigrant depot.

"Have you friends? Is there anybody to meet you?" From the uniformed officer guarding the gate, from the hurry, the bustle of the surging throng, Maggie, arrested by the gentle tone of inquiry, turned her bewildered eyes to one familiar to her as the turf of her native heath. His short, rotund figure wore the traditional broadcloth; a stiff silk hat shaded small, blue eyes, and the Roman collar defining the sturdy neck proclaimed his vocation.

"Is there anybody to meet you? Tell me the truth, child."

"No, father."  
"Do you know anybody in the city?"  
"Oh, yes, father."  
"Who?"

Fumbling in the bosom of her little plaid corset, she drew forth a silk purse tied with a drawing string. It held the capital with which she was to begin life in the New World—one bright shilling and a bit of paper with the addresses of friends and neighbors of her parents, who had left the old days ago.

The father put on his glasses to have his suspicions confirmed. One lived at Chicago, another at St. Louis, while at the third—the father's brow wrinkled. None knew better than he the pitfalls of that wretched tenement district on the East Side to which this last address directed Maggie Flaherty.

"Come with me, child. I have a home for just such girls. We will find out about your friends, and then see what is best for you. Put down your bag here and wait with these girls, who are going also to my house. Oh, we will have a big party to-night," and he smiled reassuringly at the little upturned face. Another girl now arrested the vigilant little man. A tall, olive-skinned creature with a singularly lithe figure; keen were eyes that said wistfully, "I know not whither I am going—only this, it cannot be worse than that which I have left."

"You have friends to meet you?"

Haughtily she drew back, to return apologetically to the kindly face and voice.

"No, sir."  
"Where are you going?"  
"I don't know," she stammered, wearily. "Anywhere to get work. When I earn some money I will go West. I have a cousin in Montana—somewhere."

"Ah, yes; I see. Now, my child, come to my house. Rest a few days and I will see if I can find work for you."

Partively the dark eyes fell on the Roman collar.

"I cannot. You are very kind, sir," she said. "But—but I am not a Catholic."

"But you are God's child, my dear. We are

all His children. My home protects all His friendless ones."

Doubt vanished from her sinister eyes, and, passing out at the gate, she joined Maggie.

A splendid Juno distilling the breath of Kilnarny now swept with assuring tread past the priest's secretary, and sought a seat at the further end of the waiting-room. It was the directness of her movements that attracted the secretary's attention. She sat there for some time, her glance growing less assuring, her foot impatiently tapping the floor.

"You're waiting a relative?" asked the secretary. Her eyes dropped under his searching glance.

"A friend," was the reply.

"You met him on shipboard?"

"How do you know?" demanded the girl, defiantly.

"Now, you look like an honest girl, and I believe you are," responded the secretary. "It is my duty to protect you. Tell me the truth. You met this man on shipboard, and you are waiting now to go with him."

"Yes, sir. He is a cabin passenger. He has a railroad-ticket like mine, and he said he would escort me safely to Chicago if I would wait him here," said the girl, confidently.

"Let me see your ticket."

Triumphantly she complied. He stepped to one of the eight railroad bureaus at Ellis Island, and changed the ticket for one by another route. "This man is no companion for you," he said, handing her the ticket. "Come with me and I will see you safely aboard your train."

Hesitatingly she followed him to join Maggie, now surrounded by some fifty girls. All this was done in shorter time than it takes to tell it, for the large area of Ellis Island necessitates quick action in order that no immigrant girl may escape personal surveillance.

As the battalion with their quaint bags followed the little man and his gentlemanly assistant, we met the sympathetic glance of the formidable gate-keeper.

To a question as to who these persons were, reply was made:

"The jolly little man is Father Callahan, of the 'Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary,' Father Riordan's 'Home for Immigrant Girls,' and the other man is his agent, Mr. Patrick McCool, who has been an invaluable aid to the mission since its foundation at Castle Garden in 1884. Keep an eye on them," continued the gate-keeper. "Their day's work has only begun."

In the waiting-room on the ground floor, where men and women are indiscriminately packed to wait the examination of baggage—a state of affairs that ought not to be tolerated in a depot of the magnitude of Ellis Island—the father caged his birds of passage, to lead them later on to the broad, sunlit wharf, where the tug waited to bear them to the dreamed-of El Dorado. Across the splendid harbor, within the shadow of Liberty, the tug soon sped, to disembark at the Battery. Then across the green sward of the park the immigrant girls followed their protector to No. 7 State Street, an imposing rotund yellow-stone mansion, with dormer windows, and three-story Doric-pillared balconies confronting the beautiful park and harbor. Weather-beaten is the wooden sign across the double flight of steps leading to the entrance, but beacon-like it looms before the advancing troop—"Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, For the Protection of Immigrant Girls."

As girls arrive, printed slips are distributed, to be filled out by the name, age, ship, county, and the full name and address of the friend to whom the girl is going. Only registered, baths are provided, wholesome meals served, and comfortable cots invite repose. At the mission they wait friends, to whom telegrams have been sent, or rest until employment is secured. At night they gather in the chapel, a devotion from which non-Catholics are exempted.

Frequently the mission has housed, at one time, seven hundred girls. Since its foundation thirty thousand have shared its hospitality. Regardless of race, color, or religion, they are welcome. No remuneration is asked for this hospitality. It is customary, however, for each to drop a dollar in the mission-box on taking her departure. Positions are secured for those desiring work; often railroad tickets are purchased and money given them to defray the expenses of the journey to their friends. The mission is supported solely by voluntary contributions. The home cost seventy thousand dollars, sixty thousand of which was paid off two years ago by the proceeds of a fair, at which Mrs. Grover Cleveland sold roses at twenty-five dollars a piece. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, and many large-hearted, liberal-minded citizens are the mission's patrons. While it was chiefly founded for the care and protection of Irish Catholic immigrants, hospitality in its true sense never has been and never will be denied girls of another faith. Many Protestant girls have received the hospitality of the home, but none were ever required to join in the devotions.

Father Callahan, successor to the late Father

Riordan, receives no salary. To protect the friendless immigrant is his life's work—a labor of love. At the landing of every steamer on which English is spoken he and his secretary are at Ellis Island, while the motherly house-keeper of the mission awaits the coming of those brought by the returning tug.

The influence of the mission is felt on the high sea. Steamship companies respect it. The steward of a leading line, who made on shipboard a rendezvous with an immigrant girl, was recently, on the affidavit of the latter, at the instigation of the mission, dismissed from the service. To their vigilance the State is often indebted for relief from public charges. No adequate idea can be given of the perils to which unprotected immigrant girls are exposed. Before the founding of the mission they were the prey of land-sharks, and statistics show that for years disreputable houses in the vicinity of the seashore were replenished by decoyed immigrants. Not content with befriending these friendless creatures on landing, the mission has agents in all parts of the United States, and when a girl is started on her journey, the nearest agent is telegraphed to be on the lookout and see that she reaches her destination safely.

A debt of twenty thousand dollars still remains on the home. The demands on its charity are constantly increasing. There is not, perhaps, another institution in the country which can appeal so strongly to the active sympathy and support of the American people.

LIDA ROSE McCARR.

## A Sailor's Song.

Up sail! The breeze is fair;  
We'll leave the land a-lee;  
There's never a touch of care  
On the broad, bright, open sea.  
What though the west wind veer,  
And the sky grow grim as fate,  
We'll whistle away all fear,  
And laugh in the face of fate.

O a free song  
For a sea song,  
With a tang of the swashing brine,  
That shall make the light  
In the eye leap bright  
Like the tingling taste of wine!

Once we have won the waste  
Where never was man's foot set,  
Adieu to the stress of haste  
And the worn world's dream of fret  
Now for the clearing eye,  
And the heart a-burst with glee!  
Over the great blue sky:  
Under the great blue sea.

O a free song  
For a sea song,  
With a dash of the stinging brine,  
And every word  
A-voing like a bird  
Is the amber morning-shine!

CLYDE SCOLLARD.

## The Cotton Situation at the South.

THERE is a world of interest in the cotton situation at the South. This is the year of all years that was to mark great revolutions on the broad and spacious cotton plantations from the Carolinas to Texas. This revolution, so deliberately planned in several great conventions of cotton growers, was to consist in a general and material reduction of acreage. As an outcome of these conventions, held in Jackson, Mississippi, New Orleans, and Atlanta early in the year, the American Cotton Growers' Association was formed, which assumed the great task of organizing a general movement in every county of every cotton-growing State to obligate the farmers to plant less cotton. Of course the impulse that prompted such determination was the ruinous and disastrous effect of the great slump in cotton prices the past season. Realizing that cotton cannot, even with the improved methods of modern times, be grown at a profit at five cents a pound, the farmers, so long blinded to their own interests in the excessive production of cotton, sought with somewhat more eagerness than ever before some successful plan for reduction. It was no new movement. On the contrary, it is an old song at the South—"Cut down the crop." But there seemed to be more earnestness this year, doubtless due to the frightful plunge which the market took last season. The trouble which has always impeded similar movements has been that the planter individually, hearing so much of the movement to reduce, would privately resolve to increase, "because," he would reason to himself, "if the other fellow decreases, the price will be higher, and I'll come in on the top wave with my increase of production." Of course the result was that few of them ever reduced at all, and last year the production was overwhelming, cotton becoming the curse of the South, rather than its king.

What of the new movement? Has it proved successful? Will there be less cotton this year or will the market be gorged as before?

After visiting all the States where cotton is

cotton-growing interests and making inquiry at the departments of agriculture of these States, an effort has been made to arrive at a reasonable and accurate opinion concerning the outlook, for the information of the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. The results of various interviews are here given:

Hector D. Lane, Commissioner of Agriculture of Alabama, and president of the American Cotton Growers' Protective Association, said: "From the best information I can gain the reduction has been greater than is shown by the reports of the national and State departments recently sent out, they only showing a decrease of 14.08 per cent. in average acreage." A. J. Rose, Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Texas, says:

"From the information received by me up to date I am of the opinion that the acreage of cotton in Texas this year is about twenty per cent. less than in 1894."

W. G. Vincennes, Commissioner of Mines, Manufacture, and Agriculture of Arkansas, remarks: "I am just in from a twenty-five days' canvass of the State exhibit at the Cotton States and International Exposition, and was particularly careful to observe the

cotton acreage and crop prospect. A conservative estimate for Arkansas is a decrease in acreage of at least twenty per cent. compared with last year." R. T. Nesbitt, Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia, says: "The acreage of cotton for Georgia is about two million six hundred thousand acres, showing a falling off of about twenty per cent. from last year."

The consolidated returns of the reports to the statistical division for the month of June show an average for the United States of 85.21; a reduction of 14.8 per cent. upon revised acreage given out in May. The condition of crops for June 1st shows a general average for the country of 81, against 98.3 last year, and 85.6 in 1891.

Thus it may be seen that there will not be nearly so large a crop of cotton on the market next winter as last, and the presumption is made reasonable, upon a calculation of the legitimate supply and demand, that prices will be higher. This is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished. Countless, indeed, are the farmers of the South who have been made poor by growing cotton. The cotton belt of America embraces, beyond the remotest shadow of a doubt, the richest lands of the country, and yet it is a pitiful story of how the mighty King Cotton of olden times has blighted thousands upon thousands of prosperous plantations within the past decade. But this year it is gratifying to observe the change that has come over the spirit of the Southern planter's dream. He seems to have set about the new and arduous duty of building up his section upon quite a different plan. His acres are being divided between cotton and corn, fruit products, and all the cereals. In genuine Southern vernacular he seems to have at last hit upon the idea that it is best to "live at home and board at the same place." This surely is the hope of the South.

REMSEN CRAWFORD.

## The New Arrival.

EVERY visitor to our fashionable summer resorts will recognize the fidelity of the picture on our first page—"The New Arrival." The scene so accurately depicted is presented daily at these resorts, and, when arrivals are few and time "hangs heavily on the hands" of the established guests, is the event of the passing hours. If the new arrival be a male, the eagerness with which his signature in the register is scanned by the younger members of the opposite sex is almost tumultuous in expression; if the newcomer be a woman, the anxiety to ascertain whence she comes and who she is is scarcely less acute, but is apt to manifest itself in more critical fashion. There are people in the world who count for nothing at all in the eyes of those who know them, but who have an importance just at the moment when, having registered at a summer hotel, they are led away to the apartments assigned them, followed by the scrutinizing gaze of groups of inquisitive folk, which must fully compensate for all the ordinary slights of an unkindly world.



THE BEST COTTON-PICKER UP TO DATE.





E. D. Morgan.

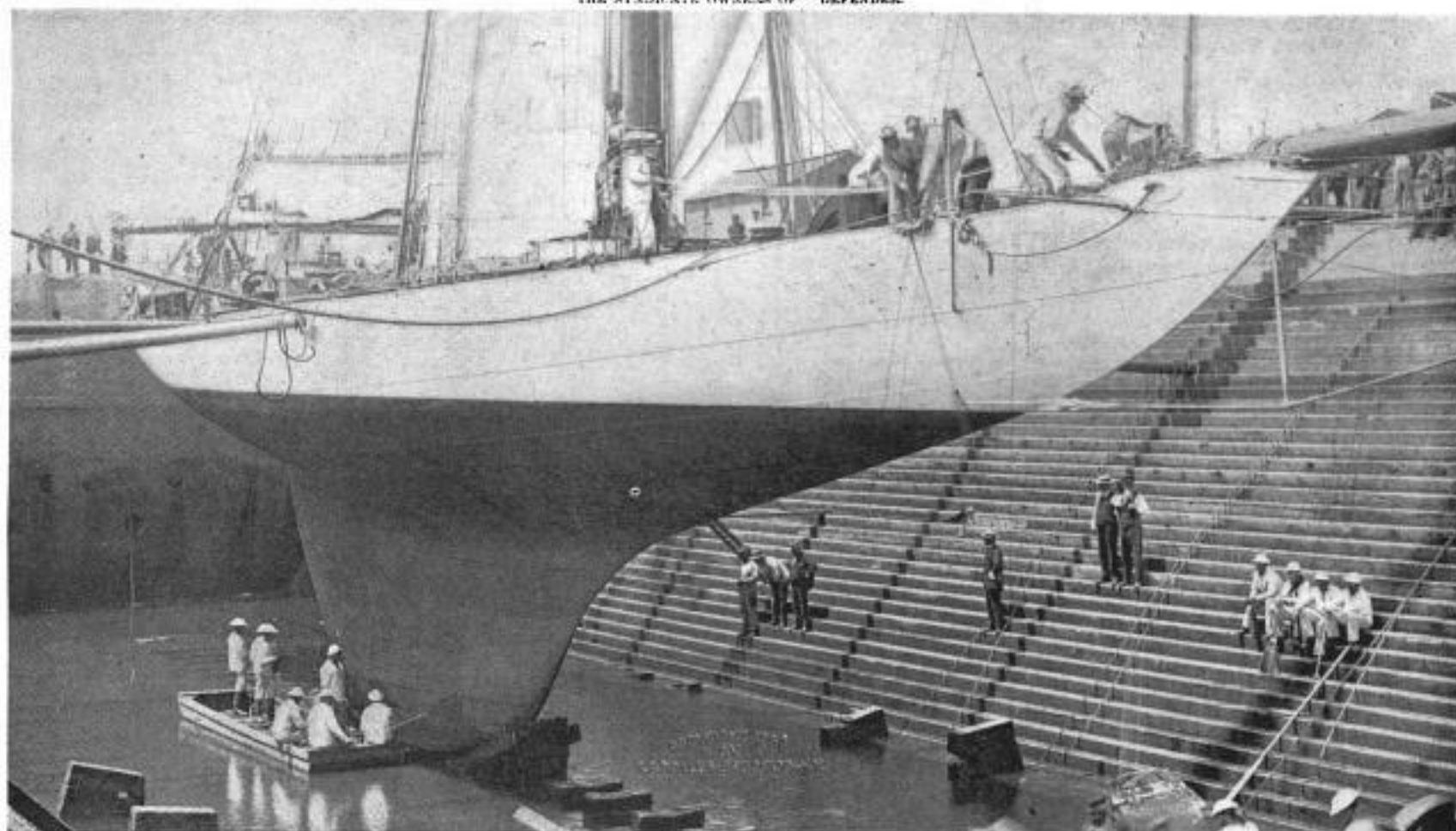


C. Oliver Smith.



W. K. Vanderbilt.

THE SYNDICATE OWNERS OF "DEFENDER."



"DEFENDER" IN DRY-DOCK, SHOWING HER FIN KEEL.

From photograph, copyright 1885, by C. E. Bolles.



JOHN HERRESHOFF, THE BLIND BUILDER.

FRANK HAFT AT THE DOUBLE WHEEL.  
Copyright photograph by Heumant.BOW VIEW OF "DEFENDER" IN THE DRY-DOCK.  
From photograph, copyright 1885, by C. E. Bolles.

THE COMING RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP—"DEFENDER," HER DESIGNER, BUILDERS, AND OWNERS.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

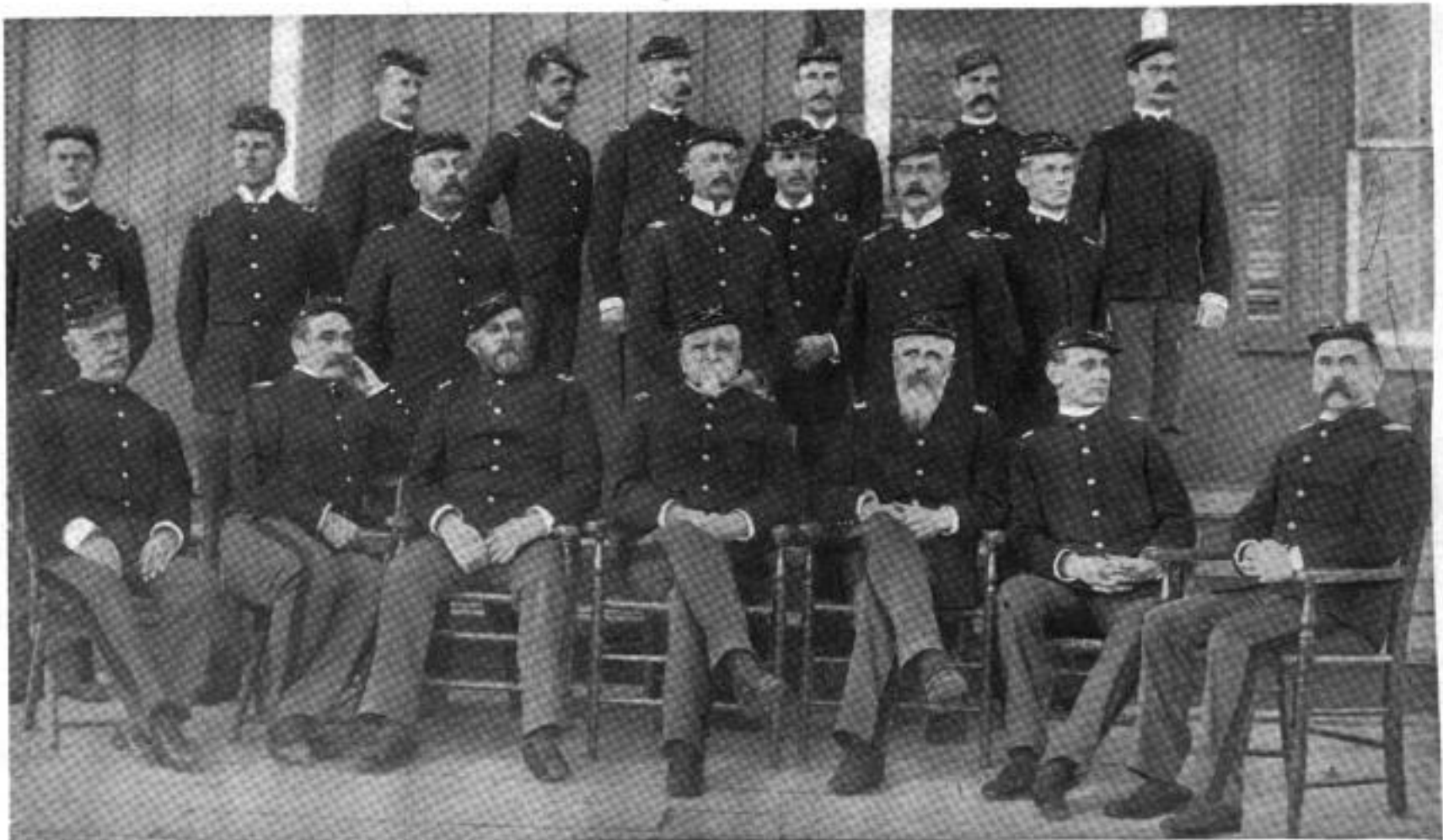




MAJOR LESLEY'S SQUADRON OF THE NINTH CAVALRY, SENT TO THE SCENE OF THE DISTURBANCE.



AN INDIAN SIGNAL-COURIER.



COLONEL BIDDLE AND OFFICERS OF THE NINTH CAVALRY.

THE BANNOCK INDIAN TROUBLES IN THE JACOBSON'S HOLE REGION OF WYOMING.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 91.]



# THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

NARRATIVE OF A SURVIVOR OF THE FIGHT.

WHEN the roll of A Troop, First Royal Dragoons, was called on the morning of October 25th, 1854, at Balaklava, before Sevastopol, John Harrison, No. 1,461, responded with a clear and prompt "Here!" Before the sun went down that day Lord Cardigan's Light Brigade, of which he was one, had immortalized itself.

Nearly forty-one years have passed since the charge of the Light Brigade, and the survivors of that memorable ride can almost be counted upon one's fingers. Survivors of Balaklava there are in plenty, but of Lord Cardigan's troopers only a few are left. One of these is John Harrison, No. 1,461. The number is given here because every British soldier has a regimental number, and it will help to fix Mr. Harrison's identity.

John Harrison, No. 1,461, lives at Delhi, Delaware County, this State, where he follows his occupation of graining, decorating, and paper-hanging. He was born in the city of Chester, England, on January 1st, 1827. He served an apprenticeship in his trade, and enlisted in the First Royal Dragoons on April 16th, 1854. He was discharged at his own request in order to take part in the Civil War in this country. He reached New York on May 4th, 1863, and when a good opportunity offered, a few weeks later, he enlisted in Company I, Seventy-first Regiment, New York, Captain Belknap. His service under the Union flag in the Seventy-first is a matter of regimental history.

Mr. Harrison's remembrance of the charge of the Light Brigade is as fresh and strong as if it were only yesterday when he was knocked off his horse by Cossacks, one of whom jabbed a spear nearly through him. Additional interest is lent to his narrative because this is the first time it has been published.

## HARRISON'S STORY.

"There was a bad blunder that day on the part of some one, or the Light Brigade would never have been sent against the solid ranks of Russians. That any of us came out alive has been a wonder to the world ever since. Let me state at the beginning how the Light Brigade was made up. Earl Cardigan was our commander, and he had under him the Grey Battery, Royal Artillery, York Scarlett in command; First Royal Dragoons, Captain Sinclair; Second Royal North British Dragoons, Scots Greys, Captain Ramsey; Sixth Enniskillen Dragoons, and the Eighth, Tenth, and Seventeenth Light Cavalry. It will be noticed that we had heavy as well as light cavalry in the memorable charge. Altogether there were only six hundred and seventy-five of us, and we only seemed to be a handful as we moved down the valley. Of the six hundred and seventy-five who rode down the valley only one hundred and ninety-five rode back. York Scarlett was really the officer in charge.

"On the causeway heights down the northern valley was a battery that had been captured from Lord Raglan a day or two previous, and it was pretty well understood that Lord Raglan wanted the guns back if there was any way to

a shell burst in front of his horse and tore away the top of his body. What was left remained erect in the saddle as the horse turned back.

"With Lord Scarlett at our head we entered that hell's kitchen. We had a mile to go, and the Russians had a good range on us the most of the way. The double cross-fire of round shot, grape, and rifle-balls began to tell on us. I had been in one or two hot scrimmages before that, but I felt in my bones that this was going to be the worst of any.

"From the centre, extend! Canter! rang out Scarlett's voice. Then the trumpet sounded charge, and off we went. I confess I wanted to go back. The shells began to whistle, and the only thing that reminded me of being alive and on earth was my good horse under me. He seemed to be all I had left, and I loved him during those trying moments as a man loves his sweetheart. The longer I rode the more desperate I got. Over and over again our line was broken. Those Russians shot straight that day. Whole sections of troopers would be swept out by the storm of shot and shell belched out of those cursed guns down the valley and on our flanks. 'Zip!' A piece of shell or grape knocked my helmet off, just brushing my hair. I felt for the top of my head and found it all right. My horse for the first time began to get nervous. We were getting close to the guns, and the smoke and fire were suffocating. I held him straight, and on we went on a canter. A minute more and above the roar of artillery I heard a yell of triumph. We were right up to the guns—those of us who were left. My God! What a satisfaction to get somewhere! I had begun to think there were no guns, and that the death-dealing cannonade came from the infernal regions or the clouds. It was great satisfaction to smush right and left. I cut one gunner's skull open with my sabre, and I don't believe he ever knew what hit him. British grit began to tell. The Russians began to desert their cannons. They were of little use at such close range. The day of mercy was past. They threw themselves under their guns and begged us for mercy in language we couldn't understand. Then, just as retreat was sounded, a single, shaggy little Cossack, with lance at the charge, came riding down on me like the wind. I can see the rascal yet. He sat on his horse like a monkey, and his red eyes were fastened on me alone. I met him with parry and point—parry and point! Then our horses came together with a crash and down we both went, I with his lance sticking in my thigh and burning like a red-hot iron, and he with a red gash on his stone-like head. We grappled on the ground like bull-dogs in a rough-and-tumble fight. My right hand was strapped to my sabre with a buck-skin keeper, and at such short range I couldn't use it. With my left fist I struck the Cossack a hard clip on his ear and nearly finished him.

"I looked up and saw that my best friend, my horse, had gone. I never saw him again. I grasped hold of the spear, and with a wrench that I felt from the top of my head to my toes, I tore it out of my hip. A gush of blood followed it, and all at once I began to grow faint. The Cossack and I were all alone. The Russians were on the retreat. The Light Brigade, single-handed, had hurled them from their position and captured the guns for Raglan. I kept my eye on the Cossack. I was afraid he would come to and finish me in my weak condition, and, gritting my teeth together for a final effort, I tightened my grip on my sabre. It was well for him that he did not raise his hand to strike. Then I saw he was dying, and instead of making any movement toward me he was praying and making the sign of the cross by placing both hands across his breast. Things began to grow dark to me, and I heard the tramp of horses. The tide of battle was once more about me, and I saw and felt a horse step on me as I closed my eyes in unconsciousness. When I opened my eyes, hours afterward, a surgeon was looking me in the face. I was safe among my friends under cover.

"I am getting to be quite an old man, and I notice that my memory is poor in regard to some things, but nothing that occurred on that day at Balaklava is indistinct in my recollection. I wake up suddenly now and then in the middle of the night, and it seems for the instant as if I was once more running that gauntlet of grape, canister, and musket-balls.

"Miss Nightingale and her staff of nurses were on the field after the charge, and to this day I remember them as ministering angels. They wore white dresses that day, and the cool drinks they brought me took me back to my mother's house in old Chester. As I reflect on that day's events it is a mystery to me that any man who rode in the charge with the Light Brigade

escaped. The troops were in a semicircle around the Russian fortifications, the French on the north, the Turks in the centre, and the English on the right. The fortifications stretched around on every hand, and the Russians had guns posted at every point commanding the valley for miles around. The Russians know how to handle artillery. Since that day I have read of more men dying who claimed to have belonged to the Light Brigade than ever belonged to it when it was at its full strength.

"The close of my life is passing with a degree of peacefulness in strange contrast with the hard service I saw during the Crimea. Nothing could be more peaceful than life among the Delaware hills. On each recurring October 25th I am led to contrast the quietness with the stirring scenes of 1854. While I prefer the peace, still I have never regretted that I participated in the Charge of the Light Brigade.

"JOHN HARRISON."

## Fighting the Chinch-bug.

FOR years the ravages of the chinch-bug pest have sorely troubled the Western farmer. When the weather is dry and all the conditions favorable, large areas of wheat, rye, oats, barley, corn, and grasses are devastated by these tiny bugs.

It has been known for some time that there is



CHART ON THE WALL SHOWING THE CHINCH-BUG IN VARIOUS STAGES.

a disease common to certain insects, a fungus disease, so to speak, which, when communicated to the chinch-bugs, produces ultimate death. It was known, also, that one infected bug would convey the disease to a very large number of others. The essential element in the disease is a minute spore which makes its appearance upon certain insects. When it is deposited on the chinch-bug it penetrates the outer covering, forces itself down into the bug by means of fine roots or filaments, and then works itself out to the surface again, leaving on the surface more spores, which, when brushed off on to other bugs, extend the disease.

It is a very easy thing to develop the spores of this disease if you only give them some fit medium to grow on, but to develop them in such immense quantities that, properly distributed, they may deal destruction to a State full of chinch-bugs, that, indeed, is a far different thing. And yet something along this very line is now under way in the State of Minnesota, which has suffered much in the past from the ravages of this pest. Professor Otto Lagger, who occupies the chair of entomology at the State Experiment Station of the Minnesota State University, the agricultural college of the university, firmly persuaded that this disease could be so distributed among the bugs that immense quantities of grain could be saved in chinch-bug years, secured from the Legislature last winter an appropriation sufficient for allowing the work of experimentation and practical demonstration to be carried out on a large scale. The station was equipped with an elaborate set of apparatus, and in the early spring the work of cultivating the disease began.

As much of the disease as could be held on the point of a cambric needle was the starting-point. This was placed in one of the mediums for propagating the spores. These mediums consist of corn-meal and beef-broth, sliced potato, or agar-agar, the latter a sort of Japanese sea-weed with a gelatinous substance which affords an excellent medium for the cultivation of the spores. The fungus reproduces with wonderful rapidity, and the station now has a capacity of one hundred large fruit-jars full a week.

This dust or fungus growth, the disease itself, which fills these jars, is removed from the jars and packed in small tin boxes about an inch in diameter. These boxes are sent out either direct to the farmers, or to some one of a corps of young

men, students of the college, who have had special instruction in the distribution of the disease. In either case, low boxes of damp earth are necessary for the inoculation of the healthy bugs. In these boxes wheat is growing in the soil which has been placed in them, and a large number of chinch-bugs, several thousands of them, are set loose in the box and the disease sprinkled in a fine dust over them. The boxes are about three feet long by two wide, and perhaps eighteen inches deep.

When the bugs are well infected with the disease they are taken out of the boxes and scattered among the healthy bugs at the edges of the fields or wherever the bugs have put in an appearance. They carry the disease to the healthy bugs, and the result is enormous mortality. One bug can convey the disease to a very large number of other bugs, and each one of this very large number can in turn convey it to many others, so that the disease in a very few days advances in a marvelous progression.

In quite a number of instances in different parts of the country the feasibility of thus spreading this disease has been demonstrated in an experimental way, but, with the possible exception of one or two stations, this is the most elaborate attempt ever made in America to eradicate the disease on a large scale. The results which have been attained have been very satisfactory. The present season has been an

unusually moist one in the Northwest, and hence there has been less demand for the disease-cans, the wet weather acting as a chinch-bug deterrent; still, at this writing (July 9th), from eighty to one hundred letters per day are received at the station, from farmers in whose vicinity the bugs have shown themselves, making requests for the shipment of the disease.

Professor Lagger has an assistant in his work in the person of Mr. R. H. Pettit, who has recently concluded an extended course in scientific agriculture at Cornell. W. S. HARWOOD.

## Huxley and the Evolutionists.

If a trained scientist were asked to name the foremost of English scientific men of recent years he would probably bring forward the names of Lord Kelvin, Cayley, Clerk Maxwell, Silvester, Balaigh, and others.

If an ordinarily well-read American were asked to name the three leading English scientists his reply would certainly be that Tyndall and Huxley were two of them; and, if he happened to be one of the numerous readers who obtain their science-reading from the *Popular Science Monthly*, Spencer would be the third.

It was these three men, all of great, but not of the highest, ability, who, more than any others, have forced the doctrine of evolution, originated by Darwin, into the prominence which it holds to-day; and it is their names which are used by the advocates of lesser note who wish to cite authorities of the greatest weight in support of their progressive ideas. Of these men Spencer is the only one now living; Huxley having died in July of the present year.

Huxley occupied a position between the other two men just mentioned. Tyndall was a physicist, an experimenter whose delight it was to explain the work of other and abler investigators in the fields of original research to not only popular but scientific audiences. A man of fertile ingenuity rather than great originality, he was not recognized as a leader by scientific men of the highest rank, although he enjoyed their friendship and confidence. His position as a physicist was somewhat the same as that of Proctor as an astronomer. It was Tyndall's general and popular reputation which lent weight to his words when he opened his mouth or used his pen on the question of evolution.



JOHN HARRISON, OF DELHI, NEW YORK.

re-capture them. To this end he sent Captain Nolan with the order: 'Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights.' Nolan accompanied this order by pointing to the causeway heights, to get to which it was necessary to go straight down the northern valley against the deadly fire of batteries in front and on our flanks. The men looked at each other uneasily as we started on a trot down the valley, and Captain Nolan galloped across our front, evidently with the intention of making himself clear to Lord Cardigan. Whatever he had in mind no one knew or ever will know, as



Probably no person of really high scientific attainments was influenced in any way by what Tyndall had to say on this subject.

Herbert Spencer has attained the prominence universally conceded to him in the field of philosophy. He has, therefore, approached the question of evolution in an entirely different manner and spirit from that of Tyndall. His is much more of a speculative view of the subject, and consequently has a school of followers rather than a wide acceptance.

Huxley came between the two in this respect—he united the methods and accuracy of a scientist (a physiologist) with the speculative, or, rather, in his case, the combative and argumentative methods of a philosopher. He was a man of powerful intellect, and would have become eminent in any line of work which he undertook. He chose, however, to relinquish his undoubted prospects for a high rank as a specialist, to become what in a business life we would term a "promoter," but what in his special case was the championing of evolution. As he himself puts it, he devoted his energies "to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, the clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science."

In the development of scientific education he was, perhaps, at his best, and his public addresses were hardly surpassed. The respect paid to this branch of his work was very high in England, and commanded the attention of the best minds there. This is well shown in the case where he was invited, twenty-five years ago, to write the opening article of the first number of the English journal *Nature*, which has attained such a unique position among journals, and which has defied all attempts at the establishing of counterparts in other countries. Again last year he was invited to write the article marking the quarter of a century of such successful serial development. But he was principally known to us in America through his almost rabid denunciation of the church, in which he showed as much prejudice as the most bigoted ecclesiastic. On this account, too, he made enemies in his own country, where his masterful combativeness was deplored by scientists and opposed by ecclesiastics.

FRANK WALDO, PH.D.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### "Defender's" Good Points.

THE docking of *Defender*, on the 25th ultimo, at Robbins, Erie Basin, was a notable occasion, attracting to the scene yachting experts, naval officers, and marine engineers by scores. As the water was slowly drawn off and her shapely lines became more in evidence, exclamations of admiration were heard on

every hand. When finally she stood revealed, even the most cold-blooded of "old salts" could not refrain from words of praise.

"She is an out-and-out *fin keel*," said the knowing ones, and the opinion found unanimous support. With the hull proper drawing only six feet of water, she resembles strikingly a great canoe, showing a very easy form to drive, with not even a suspicion of the hard sections found in *Colonia*; her water-line, for instance, running as slick and as clean as a whistle fore and aft, rendering the beam moderate and the bilges and quarters neat in the extreme.

Naturally, being an out-and-out fin, she is cut away in an alarming fashion, the great rake to the stern post being very conspicuous. Then, too, the bottom of the keel, instead of being straight, like *Vigilant's*, is shaped rocker fashion. Thus there is not a straight section in it, and it might be likened to a bow. This feature, together with her tremendous cuts fore and aft, explain, of course, her ability to "come about" with the quickness of *Valkyrie II.*, whose forte in this direction was favorably commented upon in 1893; and gave her a great advantage over *Vigilant* in windward work.

While her draught will not be known surely until the steel measure of Official Hyslop gets to work prior to the cup races, one thing is sure, to wit—she needs for safety to herself in sailing twenty-two feet of water. Nineteen feet was supposed to be the draught, but this figure was clearly shown to be too small.

Probably seventy-five tons of lead would not be too extravagant a figure to suppose goes to make up her bulb keel, and in consideration of this great weight lower down than ever a boat had in the past, we find an explanation of her evident stiffness in a breeze.

For the moment one would be led to believe that *Defender* could not possibly stand up under her gigantic sail-spread—with her lateral plane cut away to such an extent—but on second thought a very strong factor of stability is seen in her construction of light metal, which raises her centre of buoyancy much above that of the older cutters.

In *Defender's* rigging many a new wrinkle is seen, and one is led to wonder where the genius of Nat Herreshoff is going to stop. Each succeeding year he comes forward with something new and novel, yet serviceable. This time he offers the double wheel, already described in these columns; also an adjustable truss for the main boom, a peak-halliard bridle, and a bowsprit strengthener. This latter consists of an iron bolt run through a mortise just forward of the hull. The ends of this bolt are connected with a rod which in turn connects itself with a wrought-iron strap which fits snugly to *Defender's* stem.

Little is to be said of *Defender's* interior, for the fittings are of the plainest and most meagre kind. As she is admittedly a racing-machine, pure and simple, she does not carry berths for all of her crew, a well-equipped galley, elegantly-appointed state-rooms, and bath-rooms. Much of the space below is given up to the sail-locker, which extends way aft to her clean-cut and square counter.

Following is a complete summary of the *Defender-Vigilant* races off Sandy Hook on July 30th and 23d, for the two-hundred-dollar cup offered by the New York Yacht Club:

First race—Course, fifteen miles to windward and return.  
Wind—South, and choppy breeze. Moderate sea.  
Leg out south by east.

	Start.			Elapsed time to enter mark.			Elapsed time from out or mark home.			Total elapsed time.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
DEFENDER.	11	30	25	2	04	05	1	14	35	3	18	40
	11	30	50	2	05	44	1	25	41	3	27	25
			01:59				01:08			02:45		
			Defender's gain.				Defender's gain.			Defender's total gain.		

Second race—Triangular course. Ten miles to a leg.  
Wind—Southwest, moderate to twelve-knot breeze on third leg. Sea smooth.  
First leg—Southwest, one-half east. Run.  
Second leg—West southwest. Beat.  
Third leg—North, one-half east. Close reach.

D- FENDER. VIGILANT.	Start.	Elapsed time to first outer mark.	Elapsed time from first to sec ond outer mark.	Elapsed time from second outer mark home.	Total elapsed time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
	11 25 30	1 31 31	1 54 10	54 49	4 12 30
	11 26 01	1 33 08	1 58 41	56 58	4 28 47
		01 37 Defender's gain.	05 31 Defender's gain.	02 09 Defender's gain.	09 17 Defender's total gain.

In the first race *Defender*, by covering the distance in three hours, eighteen minutes, forty seconds, established a record for sloop yachts over a windward and leeward course fifteen miles and return. In the last race between *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie II.* in the 1893 series for the America's Cup, over the same sort of course with the wind blowing fully six knots an hour harder, *Vigilant* covered the distance in three hours, twenty-four minutes, thirty-nine seconds, *Valkyrie* being two minutes, thirteen seconds behind, actual time, and forty seconds, corrected time; *Vigilant* allowing the English boat one minute, thirty-three seconds.

Thus *Defender* beat this 1893 record by five minutes, fifty-nine seconds. *Vigilant* also beat her time by three minutes, fourteen seconds. These figures would seem to prove the contention that *Vigilant* is not only a much improved boat, and faster by several minutes than in 1893, but that *Defender* is a good fifteen minutes faster than *Valkyrie II.* ever was.

### WHAT A CANADIAN BOATING AUTHORITY THINKS OF CORNELL.

Mr. S. H. Thompson, one of the Canadian oarsmen to compete in the recent Henley regatta, and an acknowledged authority on rowing, gave it as his opinion of the Cornell crew that had they not been overtrained they would have defeated the Trinity Hall eight, to whom they actually succumbed on the second day of the heat races for the Grand Challenge cup. This opinion is quite in line with my remarks upon Cornell's showing against the English crew.

Mr. Thompson had every opportunity to study Cornell's work, and his opinion, in consequence, must be considered of value. But Mr. Thompson is not alone in ascribing Cornell's poor showing to overtraining. The Cornell men themselves will take affidavit to such effect; so will C. S. Francis and their coach, Charles Courtney. Mr. Thompson further goes on to say that Leander would probably have beaten Cornell.

But what Leander may or may not have done, this Canadian authority opines that the fast Trinity Hall eight would have succumbed. Is this not an honor, a fair recommendation of the Cornell stroke so universally condemned? As I have had occasion to remark, the Cornell stroke, though not the ideal stroke, is, in the hands of the Cornellians, a get-there stroke, and one hard to beat.

Despite criticism, Cornell will stick to her stroke, and it is predicted right here and now that Cornell will surprise the croakers next year when she meets Harvard. On such occasion the Ithaca boys will show not only that they can row a fast four miles, but finish strong.

*W. T. Bull.*

### The Bannock Indian Troubles.

THE recent Indian troubles in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming appear to have originated over the question of the hunting rights of the Bannock Indians. Under the treaty by which these Indians were located on their reservation they were given the right to hunt on the unoccupied lands of the United States. The laws of Wyoming, however, deny them this right. The Indians recently killed game upon these lands, as they clearly had a right to do, and were arrested. On their way to jail seventeen of them were shot on the pretense that they were trying to escape. Thereupon the Indians gathered to the number of two hundred or three hundred and refused to return to their reservation in Idaho. Reports were sent abroad that they had butchered all the settlers in the Jackson's Hole district, and General Copping, commanding the department of the Platte, sent the Ninth (colored) Cavalry and a detachment of infantry to the scene of danger. The early reports, however, seem to have been greatly exaggerated, and in any event the disturbance will be easily suppressed, the Bannocks being a small tribe. Late accounts say that orders have been issued for the arrest of the settlers who took part in killing the red men, on the charge of murder.

The country around Jackson's Hole and the Teton Range is in the Rocky Mountains, and is broken land, with deep valleys and cañons, and high mountains with precipitous sides. The Bannocks live largely on the game, which is fairly plentiful around their reservation; and consists of deer, rabbits, some elk and small game.

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

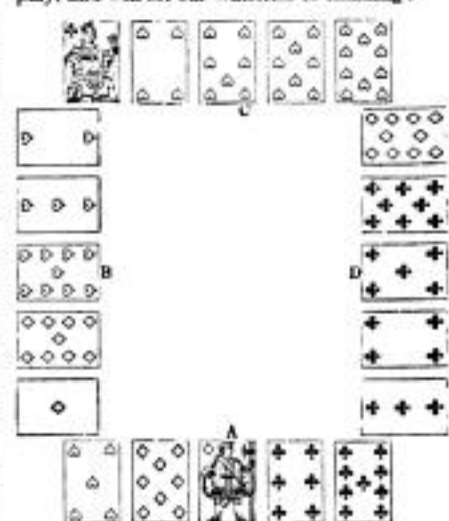
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LLOYD.

#### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 25 was greatly admired by our corps of solvers, who appreciated the pretty points of play. A leads the trump deuce, B diamond five, C the club eight, and D diamond six. A then leads spades to C, who returns with diamond queen, winning all five tricks. Correct solutions were received from Messrs. T. Alden, G. E. Aiken, "P. H. B.," G. Barnett, W. Christy, H. A. Charles, W. W. Dixon,

C. Douce, B. D. Eastman, M. Frank, Fort Schuyler, C. N. Gowan, D. P. Green, "H. D. L. H.," G. Hopkins, C. T. Hazard, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," C. Knox, D. W. Kennedy, G. Laws, C. H. Marsters, Mrs. H. T. Menner, M. Nefusa, W. Orr, A. B. Parsons, C. Peterson, J. W. Russell, Porter Stafford, G. P. Stewart, A. T. Severn, C. K. Thompson, C. F. Ulman, G. Viele, W. R. White, "W. W. W.," W. Young, and "X. Y. Z." All others were incorrect.

Here is an odd little ending, given as Problem No. 31, which illustrates a pretty line of play, and will set our whistites to thinking:



Trumps all out. A leads, and with C for partner takes how many tricks against any possible play?

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 30. BY B. W. LAMOTHE.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above is one of the most bland and child-like little problems that ever graced a diagram. It is remarkable chiefly for the number of key moves, which will not effect mate if properly defended, but which correct defenses are likely to be ignored by the unwary in transmitting their solutions.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 25. BY ANDREW.

White. 1 Kt to Kt 5. Black. 1 B to K 5.

Correctly solved by Messrs. W. L. Fogg, E. H. Baldwin, O. C. Cass, W. E. Hayward, A. J. Conen, J. Hamman, Dr. Baldwin, C. V. Smith, W. Truen, E. North, W. T. Almey, P. Wilcox, C. E. Hazen, T. Stout, J. J. Kraus, R. A. Hart, C. E. Hathaway, W. Ellis, and W. Walton.

As many others pronounced the problem unsolvable, and will doubtless ask for proof that white has the right to castle, we will request them to forward the proof that he has forfeited that right, so that we may submit the same to the author.

### An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE





THE LATE JOHN TYNDALL.



THE LATE THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.



HERBERT SPENCER.

HUXLEY AND THE EVOLUTIONISTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 90.]

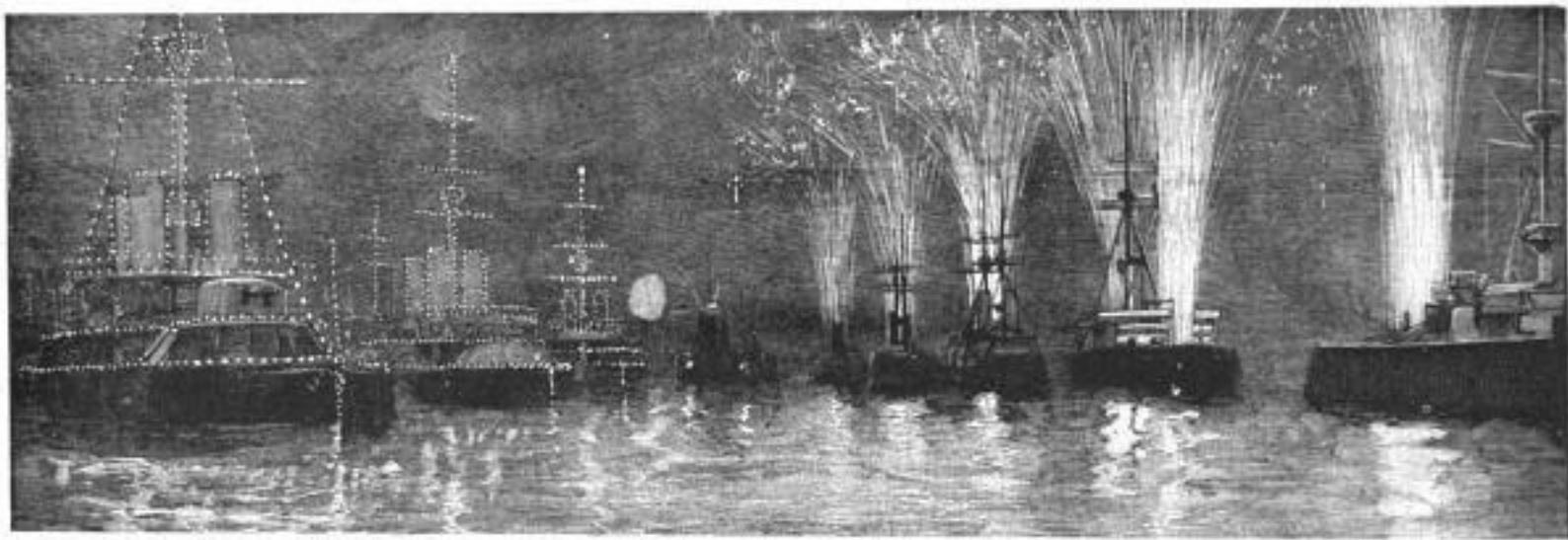


Cornell Trinity Hall  
 THE HENLEY CONTEST FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP—SCENE AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF PENNELL OF THE CORNELL CREW.  
 PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS & CO



182  
 THE COTTON SITUATION AT THE SOUTH—PICKERS AT WORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 87.]





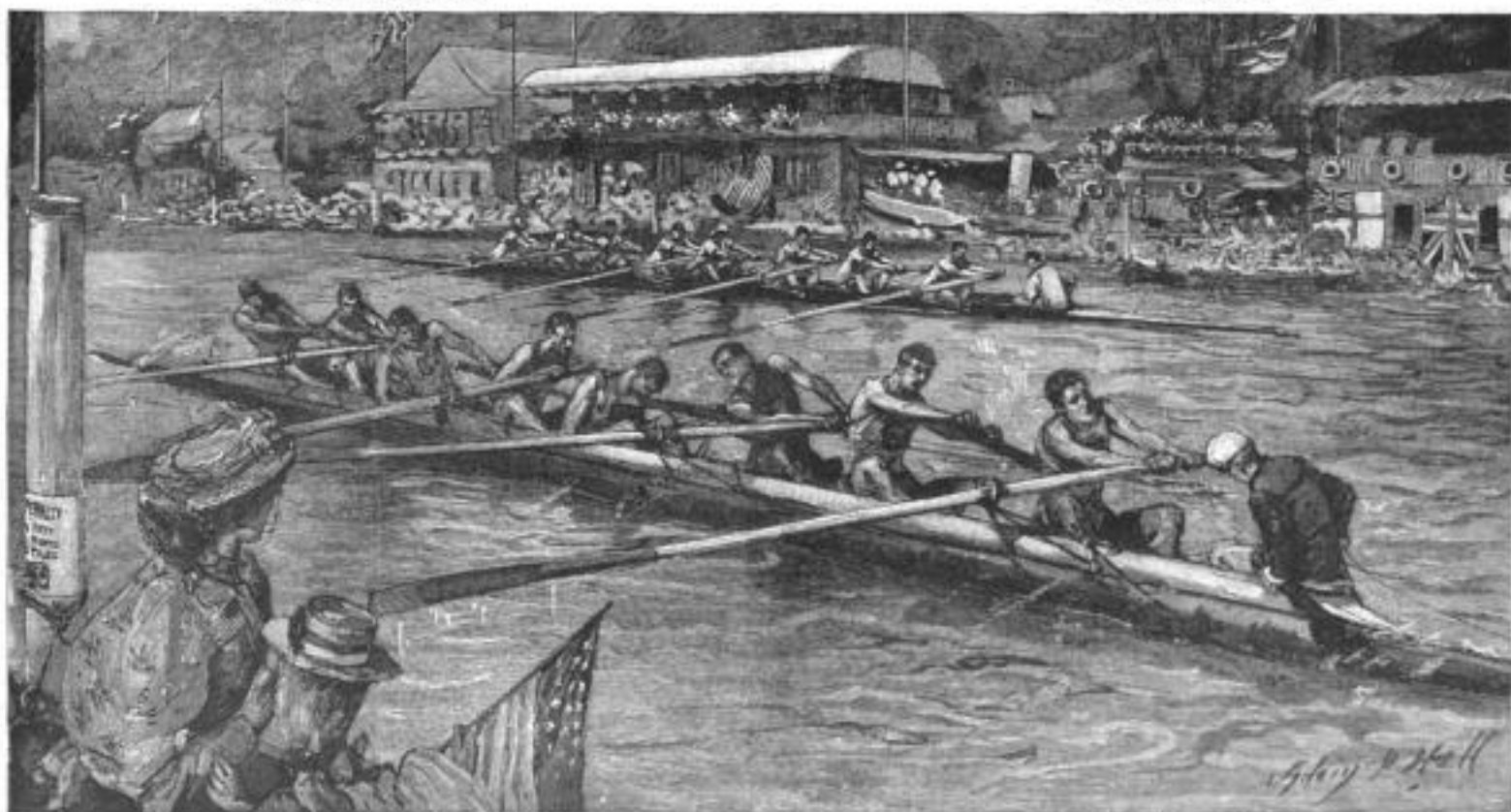
ILLUMINATION OF THE BRITISH AND ITALIAN VESSELS AT SPITHEAD ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE ITALIAN NAVAL SQUADRON.



THE WHEELING CRAZE IN LONDON—LADY CYCLISTS IN BATTERSEA PARK.  
*Illustrated London News.*



THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—A CONFLICT AMONG THE PALM-TREES.  
*Paris L'illustration.*



THE CORNELL CREW AT THE HENLEY REGATTA, FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.—*London Graphic.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## The Why

There are thousands of persons who require tonics and nerve builders. Mothers need something to help them bear the trials of housekeeping. Business men wish to sleep when they retire, and not grind over and over the business of the day. The dyspeptic requires a panacea for his suffering.

Convalescents wish something to help them recover quickly. People need new blood when their vitality is exhausted. Women want plump, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Consumptives require a food which does not contain a harmful ingredient, and which they can feel assured is absolutely pure. There are very few persons and few ladies especially who will not grow

Well and Bright by using the "Best" Tonic whenever exhausted or weary. There is nothing in the world more admirable for its sustaining and alleviating qualities for women.

....PABST  
Malt Extract

The "Best" Tonic

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT





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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

## ILLUSTRATED

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THE SALE OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



## A GREAT HISTORICAL SERIAL.

In the issue of August 23d we will commence the publication of a serial story entitled

**"When Greek Meets Greek ;  
A Tale of Love and War,"**

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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A feature of the story is the dual rôle played by the principal character, who at a critical period of his own fortunes and the fortunes of Robespierre is thrown into the power of his rival in love and politics, and escapes under romantic and tragic conditions. The story is historically accurate as to the period in which it is cast, and will take rank in the popular estimation with the best work of the distinguished author. It will be illustrated by B. West Clineland.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## English Workingmen and Protection.



THE general election in England has developed many new and unexpected features, as well as some extraordinary surprises. Among these new features is one which merits some little attention in the United States in view of the attitude and policy of the Republican party toward the tariff. England, as everybody knows, is a free-trade country. There are custom-house duties on perhaps a score of articles. All these, however, are admittedly articles of luxury, and the duties imposed upon them are for revenue only. Since the fifties England has been trying the experiment of free trade, and has been trying it more wholeheartedly and comprehensively than any other country in the world. Great things are claimed for the experiment, but that it is not altogether satisfactory, and that the question of protection in England is not a closed one, is shown by the way in which the policy of protection has been brought forward during the late election campaign. Advocates of a tariff for revenue only would do well to look with some care into the reports of election meetings in the English industrial constituencies. They would then learn that English people are not entirely at rest on the subject of protection, but are more disturbed about it than they have been since the days of Cobden and Peel.

As has been more than once explained in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, the farming interest in England has long been demanding protection from American and colonial competition. For some time it was only the farmers who hinted that, after all, free trade was not an entire success. Now, however, the cry has been taken up by other interests, and usually not by the employers, but by the work-people. This has been especially the case in the great manufacturing county of Lancashire. In years gone by Lancashire was noted the world over for its iron and its wire. It is still noted for these products, but Lancashire wire in many instances is now no longer made from Lancashire iron. Iron rods for wire-drawing are now imported in immense quantities from Germany, with the result that men in the wire trade are only partially employed, and are earning wages much below those they received ten years ago. At one time Lancashire wire-drawers earned wages almost twice as high as those paid other artisans, such as machine-shop engineers and carpenters and joiners. Nowadays hundreds of wire-drawers are earning wages very little higher than those paid to unskilled day laborers in England. Rightly or wrongly, the men attribute this falling off to unrestricted competition with continental countries like Belgium and Germany; and at the election the wire-drawers, before giving their votes, sought specific pledges from the Parliamentary candidates that if elected to the House of Commons they would do all in their power to prevent German and Belgian iron and wire being used in the telegraph department of the post-office, and in any works paid for out of the municipal or imperial treasuries.

What these pledges mean needs no explanation. They mean protection pure and simple. Much the same kind of complaint was made at the elections by the English paper-mill work-people. Hundreds of English newspapers import their paper from the continent. The few newspapers which do not do so, and use English-made goods, announce the fact on the front page of every issue in lettering almost as large as the title of the paper itself. The editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, the most important English daily paper printed out of London, was at the general election a Liberal candidate for a Parliamentary seat in one of the industrial divisions in Lancashire, and was subjected to a hostile demonstration at one of his election meetings, owing to the fact that his Tory opponents had published far and wide the statement that the *Manchester Guardian* was printed on paper made abroad, and that its owners, while deriving an immense revenue from Lancashire people, contributed little or nothing to Lancashire trade. The statement was altogether without foundation, but the fact that it was most industriously circulated when the editor of the *Guardian* sought the political suffrages of the Lancashire working classes affords the most significant indication of the state of feeling in some parts of England on the question of the desirability of tariffs for the protection of home industries. At Newcastle the Tory candidates who opposed Mr. John Morley gave the most emphatic pledges in favor of fair trade. Home industries were much more discussed at Newcastle than either home rule or the House of Lords; in fact, they were the dominant issues in the canvass there.

The late election has thrown immense light on many English political and economic questions. Among other things it has made most obvious the fact that free trade cannot any longer be regarded as a settled question in England. Radicals of the school of Cobden and Bright may regret these protectionist demonstrations in the constituencies, but they cannot ignore their meaning and their significance.

## Sympathy with Crime.

AN Italian girl of this city, Maria Barberi, killed her faithless lover with cool and murderous premeditation, was tried, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be executed by electricity. She is now in Sing Sing, but the case is yet to be reviewed by the higher courts. Meanwhile a movement has been organized for the purpose of securing a pardon for the murderess, and Governor Morton is flooded with appeals in her behalf from all sorts of people. Among others some prominent women of the metropolis are actively at work in this direction, and two or three of them have gone so far as to say that they would have done, under like circumstances, what this passionate, revengeful Italian woman did—they would have committed murder. It would be interesting to know what sort of wives and mothers these particular women have proved themselves to be. We are unwilling to believe that the sentiment expressed by them is entertained by any considerable number of those who are asking executive clemency. Such an avowal puts a premium upon crime, and encourages the vindictive passions of the lawless and dangerous classes. This woman belongs to a class who are becoming more and more a menace to the social order. Many of the Italians who have come among us are good citizens, but the majority are revengeful, treacherous, and incapable of restraint by ordinary methods. Every day we read of crimes of violence, often peculiarly atrocious, committed by them. It is of vital importance that nothing should be done to give encouragement to this fierce and murderous spirit. The pardon of Maria Barberi would be regarded by this class as an indication of official sympathy. On every account her punishment is imperatively demanded. Of course the idea of killing her by electricity is abhorrent. But was her own crime less so? Punishment, however, can be had short of imposing the death penalty. That end can be reached by the commutation of her sentence to imprisonment for life. Public sentiment would probably approve such an exercise of executive authority. But it would condemn emphatically an absolute and unconditional pardon. Happily, no action at all can be taken until the Court of Appeals has passed finally upon the case.

## Hospital Progress in New York.



NEW YORK is the great hospital capital of the Western world. This is perfectly natural and as it should be, when it is considered that clustered about this port there are three and a half millions of population who supply these institutions with patients afflicted with all kinds of maladies, and laid low by sudden injuries requiring instantaneous surgical treatment. In the matter of skilled operators, men with international reputations in the highest and most progressive branches of medical science, and the number of our hospitals, New York leads London, Paris, and Vienna. Perhaps the most striking and significant feature of the internal organism of these institutions is in the trained-nurse system, and in none is it carried to so high a state of perfection as in the New York Hospital in West

Fifteenth Street, established by royal grant of George III. in 1771. This venerable society, with its long and honorable career of usefulness, has a corps of fifty of these young ladies, and no one who has been either a keen observer and visitor, or a patient studying the details of cause and effect, in one of the wards for a short period will find it difficult to determine that a good nurse is more than half the battle for cure and restoration to health and usefulness.

There is, in our opinion, no field of employment which offers greater opportunities to women than that of the trained nurse. Let us consider it. After having undergone a two years' tuition and training at the hospital (in the various wards), to which she has only obtained admission by a competitive examination as to morality, high-school education, attractive manners, and pleasing exterior, only fifteen out of seventy-five applicants from all parts of the continent are permitted to enter upon their novitiate. The labor of these two years is severe both mentally and physically, and covers twelve out of twenty-four hours daily, the year round. After her two years' course she is obliged to leave the hospital, having received wages advancing in amount according to her period of service, and her diploma as well. It is then that she is ready to become nurse to private patients on recommendation of the hospital authorities, or the many physicians with whom she has come in contact. Her income then ranges from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars a year, while her profession leads her across great seas to many lands, and her life onward is one of reasonable luxury and content. These young ladies, varying in age from twenty to thirty-five, are noticeable for their speech and grammatical purity of language. They are modest, unobtrusive, but genial in manner, and are always at your bedside when occasion requires. Differing from other employments, they have a humane and even a tender interest in their daily work, and it is to be remarked that they are impartial in their treatment of the humblest laborer or the richest or most celebrated person under their care. The fate of the patient who stands an equal chance between life or death is, in the vast majority of cases, in the hands of the trained nurse.

In the last fifteen years there has been a vast improvement in hospital construction, and also in the prescriptions and apparatus of the medical and surgical wards. The wealth of these institutions has also been greatly augmented by large individual bequests, and several of them are almost self-sustaining. New Yorkers may well be proud of the eminence which our hospital system has attained, the catholicity of its service, and the scope and extent of its usefulness, both in its relation to individuals and the progress of medical science.

## A Mascot of the Alphabet.



HOW often the odd side of life tempts one to yield an inch—and it will always grow into an ell—to the old superstitious instinct that there may be something, after all, in luck, in coincidences, in the abracadabra of the stars! For instance, the letter n is a little thing, perhaps the most insignificant bit of nasality in the whole alphabet; yet consider what a great part it has played in the names of many of the most marked men of this century.

The first in whose name it sounds like a dominant note is Napoleon. In his name it was both Alpha and Omega. Wellington, too, who turned the tide of history at Waterloo, had the letter. Next, the great poet of that "storm and drang" period, who described himself as "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme"—to wit, Lord Byron—possessed it not only in the end of his title, but in that of his family name, George Gordon. Moreover, when he inherited the Noel estate through his mother he inserted the Noel before the Gordon, thus acquiring another n. Then consider some of the other names with a final n. There is Tennyson, the greatest English poet since Shelley, with three n's. There is Darwin. Gladstone, too, has it phonetically. Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, had more than his share. Mazzini, whom Napoleon the Little regarded as his most powerful and dangerous political foe, had this letter. So did Talleyrand, who served and mastered so many masters.

Coming nearer home, it is a curious fact that ten of our twenty-three Presidents have had the final n of Byron, Napoleon, and Wellington, and eight others, somewhere in their names, have had the letter. Several, like Byron, have been three-n men;—for example, Martin Van Buren, Andrew Johnson, and Benjamin Harrison. Nine have had two n's. If Mr. Tilden had received the office there would have been another. Blaine just missed having the mystic letter as a terminal. Had his name been spelled in the old way, Blain, might he have won? Only the stars, of course, can tell, and they, unfortunately, while still at the odd stand, are no longer in the history business.

Among men of the present time whose names are enriched by this letter, which seems to invite the stroke of Presidential lightning, there are Allison of Iowa, Morton of New York, Sherman of Ohio, Gorman of Maryland, Cameron of Pennsylvania, who is just now a free-silver favorite for executive honors. Then, notably conspicuous, there is Benjamin Tillman—whose success is possibly due to the fact that he is a three-n man—and Jerry Simpson,



the sockless Populist statesman, and a host of others—seventy-two of them in the House of Representatives alone—who have the final *u*. It is unfavorable to Governor McKinley that he has the letter only in the syllabic form, but then Mr. Cleveland has it even less conspicuously, and it seems to have been a potent factor in the shaping of his career. Of a truth this letter *u* is a sorcerer among consonants, the mascot of the alphabet.

### A "Liberal" Campaign.

It is becoming apparent that the opponents of the so-called "liberal and barbarous Sunday restrictions" of the Excise law of this State propose to make a vigorous campaign to secure the election of a Legislature favorable to the repeal of these statutes. Steps have already been taken to organize their sympathizers in all the populous communities of the State, with a view to an aggressive movement. The leaders of this movement frankly confess that there is no possibility of a modification of the laws unless the people of the rural districts can be interested to that end. It may well be doubted, we think, whether the country constituencies will respond with any degree of enthusiasm to the appeal of these city organizations. The contention that the laws in question are an invasion of personal liberty, and that they deprive the masses of our citizens of inalienable rights, is so obviously unfounded that no intelligent voter will be deceived by it. They may not reflect public opinion, and their enforcement may bear heavily upon certain people, but they do not invade any man's rights. Of course Senator Hill and the Democratic leaders will seek to utilize the existing opportunity for the furtherance of partisan ends. They will not scruple to ally themselves with the law-breakers, and to promise any and every possible modification of existing laws which any element of the electorate may demand. There are, possibly, some Republicans who would be quite willing to perpetuate the party supremacy in the State by conceding everything that the liquor-dealers and their sympathizers may exact. But there is no danger at all that the masses of the Republican party will consent to any such surrender. Possibly some modification of the so-called Sunday law may be desirable; but when that modification is made it will be done not at the instance of men or of a class who are opposed to all law which limits or restrains the vicious tendencies of human nature, but in obedience to a sentiment based upon an intelligent conception of the best and highest social needs.



MR. HILL evidently has not abandoned the notion that he can be elected to the Presidency. It is surprising that so astute a man should so misconceive the possibilities of his career. The people of the United States have no use, just now, for such a man as Senator Hill, whose sympathies are always with the vicious and debasing tendencies of our life, and whose statesmanship is keyed to the lowest moral standard. Besides, Mr. Cleveland is a lion in his way. The shadow of Mr. Cleveland's dislike has blighted Mr. Hill's Presidential ambition in the past, and it will continue to do so to the end of the chapter. Mr. Hill may plan and plot and dream, but his aspirations will come to naught.

A NUMBER of somewhat prominent Eastern people are left in a rather embarrassing situation, as the result of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Oklahoma. Owing to the facilities afforded by the local courts of that Territory for obtaining divorces many persons have invoked their help in sundering the marriage bond—some with reason, and some for no reason at all. Most of these divorces have been granted by probate justices. The Supreme Court has now decided that these justices have had no jurisdiction since August, 1893, and that, consequently, all divorces granted since that time are null and void, and all subsequent marriages of the parties concerned are bigamous. Among the persons who now find themselves amenable to the law are bankers, brokers, newspaper folk, and some prominent society women. The only way in which these people can escape the entanglements in which they have involved themselves is by obtaining from Congress a ratification of a bill passed by the last Oklahoma Legislature, which proposed to legalize all probate-court divorces.

THE recent Indian troubles in the Jackson's Hole region of Wyoming may, after all, serve a useful purpose in calling attention to the fact that the white settlers who brought on the difficulty by unwarranted interference with the Indians are themselves offenders against the laws. The region in question is a great hunting-ground south of Yellowstone National Park, and it is precisely from this point that poachers have habitually entered the park and committed depredations in killing off the buffalo which the government has endeavored to protect. The inference is that the whites who have settled just across the line, on the southern timber reserve of the park, have no rights there

any more than the Indians, and if such should turn out to be the fact upon investigation, it would be the duty of the government to expel them at once. So far as appears, the Bannock Indians have not been disposed to lawlessness. While they have always been hunters, they have of late years become agriculturists to some extent; and if all the truth were known, it would probably be found that they are quite as law-abiding as the white settlers who provoked the recent collision.

THE attempt to establish a colony of Southern blacks in Liberia has turned out as we expected. It will be remembered that some ninety-seven colonists left these shores in March last, under distinct pledges that upon their arrival in Liberia they would each receive twenty-five acres of land, with all the tools necessary for its cultivation. Most of these colonists were collected in Alabama. Several members of the expedition have just made their way home after enduring all sorts of hardships, and bring the information that a score of their comrades died from fever immediately upon landing, while others perished from actual starvation, no provision whatever having been made for their comfort. These people were, of course, deluded by the representation of artful agents, who expected in some way to profit by the proposed colonization, and who played upon the imaginations of the ignorant negroes. Their experience only affords another illustration of the folly of attempting to transplant American blacks to the inhospitable shores of Liberia. Their condition here, however great may be their disabilities, is infinitely more desirable than it can ever be under any scheme of colonization which may be attempted.

IT has been a favorite contention of free-trade newspapers that the protective system stimulates capitalistic combines and trusts which are prejudicial to the interests of the general public. A practical commentary upon the fallacy of this idea is furnished by the recent organization in the South of a colossal coal trust backed by fifty millions of capital, and representing the seven chief mining districts of four States. The duty on coal has been reduced from seventy-five to forty-five cents per ton. The effect of that reduction, together with the general prostration of business, was disastrous to the coal-mining industries of the States in question. It is said that coal has been sold from sixty-eight to eighty cents per ton, and if this is a fact it is easy to see that the business must have been carried on at a loss. The effect upon the miners is seen in a gradual decrease in wages, until the scale is now stated to be lower than it has ever been before. It thus appears that it is not protection but so-called tariff reform which tends directly to the formation of trusts and the destruction of individual enterprise. One outcome of the great Southern combine will be, of course, an increase in the price of coal to consumers, and especially to manufacturers. This, however, would not be regarded as a serious evil, if along with it there should be a restoration of wages to a living standard, without any inordinate increase in the cost of manufactured products. The coal and iron interests of the South have a most important relation to the prosperity of the country, and their development along healthy lines is in every way desirable. It may well be doubted, however, whether that development can be best assured under the policy which has brought about their present demoralization.

### Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THERE is nothing more democratic than an autograph-seller's list. It is a leveler of all sorts and conditions of men; more than that, it casts down commonplaces from the high stations where accidents of birth and circumstance have installed it, and exalts genius and worth to heights which their contemporaries denied them. Its transmogrifications are wonderful, and are signified to the understanding of us all in no less comprehensible terms than those of the market-place. I have before me very ample proof and example of what I say, in the latest list of Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, of 29 New Bond Street, London. First comes royal mediocrity, no less a person than Queen Anne, whose signature "to a document authorizing the payment of two hundred pounds to Captain James Jefferyes," and countersigned by my lord treasurer, Godolphin, is quoted for a paltry 21. 2s.; surely royalty held cheap, but not so cheap as his almost Medieval highness, Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, whose letters dated April, 1577, and addressed to Ernest, Grand Duke of Austria, is down at *eighteen shillings*. Truly the days of Feudalism are no more. I have little doubt, however, that if this were to catch the eye of the present Emperor he would consider it a gross case of lese-majesty, and would sue with his grandmother for its suppression. In striking and pleasing contrast to these we find Benjamin Franklin rated at 51. 6s., Edmund Burke at 51. 15s., Sir Isaac Newton at 51. 5s., and Lord Nelson at 71. 10s. Art is not very well appreciated, as might be supposed in these materialistic times, though 41. 4s. for an example of Thomas Bewick's chirography is not poor testimony to his worth. George Cruikshank and Rosa Bonheur are cursed with the blight of contemporaneity, however, and are only quoted at twelve and twenty-eight shillings respectively.

It seems to me simple justice that Dickens should be priced at 11. 10s., but I feel it almost as a personal indignity that Messrs. Ellis & Elvey do not want any more than 21. 2s. for Sir Walter (not Besant), and 21. 5s. for Sheridan. There is compensation, however, in reading of the value set upon a love-letter of Keats': *twenty-five pounds*; and as the gentlemen have very considerably quoted it in their catalogue I take pleasure in transcribing it for the benefit of readers of *Leslie's*, who, I trust, will bear in mind that it is a one-hundred-and-thirty-dollar quotation. The letter is addressed to Miss Fanny Brawne, and reads: "My dear Fanny, I am much better this morning than I was a week ago; indeed, I improve a little every day. I rely upon taking a walk with you the first of May. Feeding upon sham victuals and sitting by the fire will completely annihilate me. I have no need of an enchanted wax figure to duplicate me, for I am melting in my proper person before the fire. Good-bye, my sweetest girl, J. K." There are evidently omissions, if, as it is stated, this is a "love-letter," but the abstract is sweet, gentle, and personal, and very well worth copying. These few names—all of which, by some claim or other, belong to fame—with the dealers' appraisement, show that we can all laugh with easy equanimity at the light value which attaches to us to-day; future generations of autograph-collectors will stamp us with our true worth.

I wonder how many New-Yorkers realize that New York is one of the finest summer resorts in the world. Of course many of them are forced to stay in town during the hot weather, but it is under protest, with a grumbling accompaniment, and with little idea or appreciation of the innumerable amusing and interesting things to be found within fifteen minutes, or at the most, three-quarters of an hour, of their very doors. Here are a few of the things that are possible to summer residents and visitors to New York: A visit to the Metropolitan Museum, with its rare collections of curios, pottery, pictures, tapestries, and prints; to the Museum of Natural History, full of interest for lovers of ornithology and zoology; to the Lenox and Astor libraries, with their valuable collections of books and pictures; to the Central Park, with its many natural attractions; to Coney Island, where every form of amusement, from Wagner concerts by Seidl's orchestra to burlesque performances and merry-go-rounds, may be found in profusion; and to any number of other places that afford just as many opportunities for recreation and interesting sight-seeing. The problem of a summer outing is comparatively simple to rural residents. They come to New York, live cheaply, and entertain themselves inexpensively. To the New-Yorker it is a nightmare—and day-mare, too—from the first of June to the last of September. But a stay at home, with wisely-planned tri-weekly excursions, would solve it admirably.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



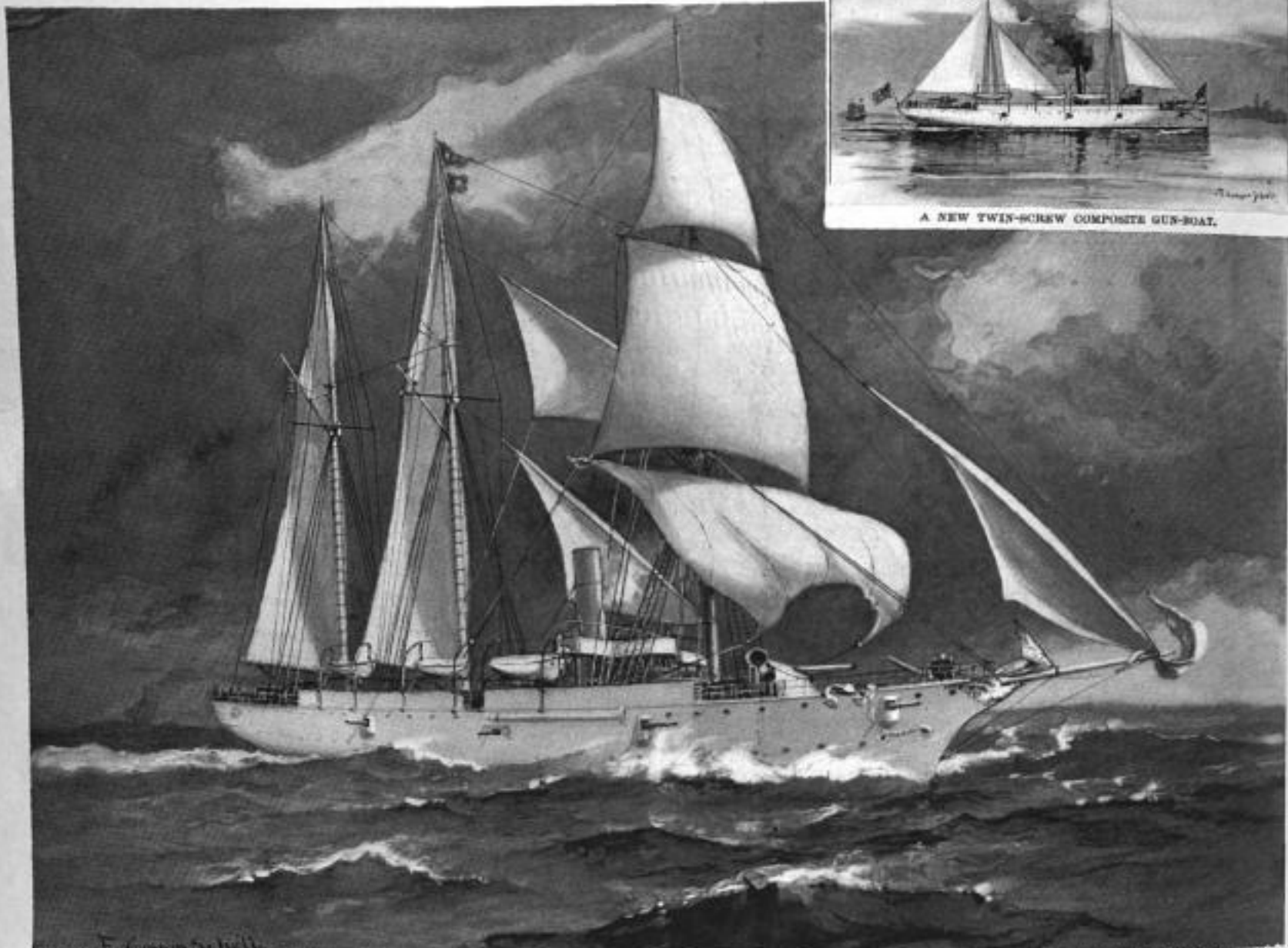
—NOT much is heard by the public nowadays of Alexander R. Shepherd, the "Boss" Shepherd who found Washington mud and left it brick, and then, when his name was in every mouth, bought a silver mine in northern Mexico and buried himself from civilization. That was sixteen years ago, and since then Mr. Shepherd has spent nine million dollars there, all of it, except five hundred thousand dollars, having been taken out of the ground. Mr. Shepherd is now a man of sixty, and as a result of hard work he shows his years. With a disposition to take life easy for a while he has planned a trip to China for next year.

—The long-prosecuted search for the "oldest living Odd Fellow" has resulted in the establishment of the claim of Captain Thomas C. Williams, of Oakland, California, to that honor. Captain Williams lacks one year of being ninety, and he was admitted into Odd-fellowship in Detroit in 1824, when a youth of eighteen. In 1849, at the outbreak of the California gold fever, he sailed for the Pacific slope with some companions, among whom was the future Senator Jones. He joined the first California lodge of Odd Fellows immediately after its establishment, and has since remained a member.

—When S. R. Crockett was a boy on a farm in Little Duchrae, in Scotland, he spoke the Scotch dialect that Burns has immortalized—even the exact words of the poet, according to Mr. Crockett's statement. He has been an author for nine years, and now, at thirty-four, famous on two continents, he is, in physical appearance, a veritable giant, broad-shouldered and six feet four inches in height. It is cheerful to hear Mr. Crockett's asseveration, made to an interviewer, that the Scotch are not thrifty as a race, but on the contrary very extravagant.

—War correspondents who have come in personal communication with Antonio Maceo, the Cuban revolutionary leader, have been impressed with the courtesy and elegance of his manners. He is a mahout, but has had the advantage of a good education, and he has the learning of a man of the world. His dress is scrupulously neat. Maceo is a veteran of the last Cuban rebellion, and a well-trained soldier.





A NEW TWIN-SCREW COMPOSITE GUN-BOAT.

ONE OF THE NEW COMPOSITE AUXILIARY GUN-BOATS UNDER SAIL.—THREE OF THESE BOATS ARE SO DESIGNED THAT THEY MAY CRUISE UNDER EITHER SAIL OR STEAM.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHILL.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



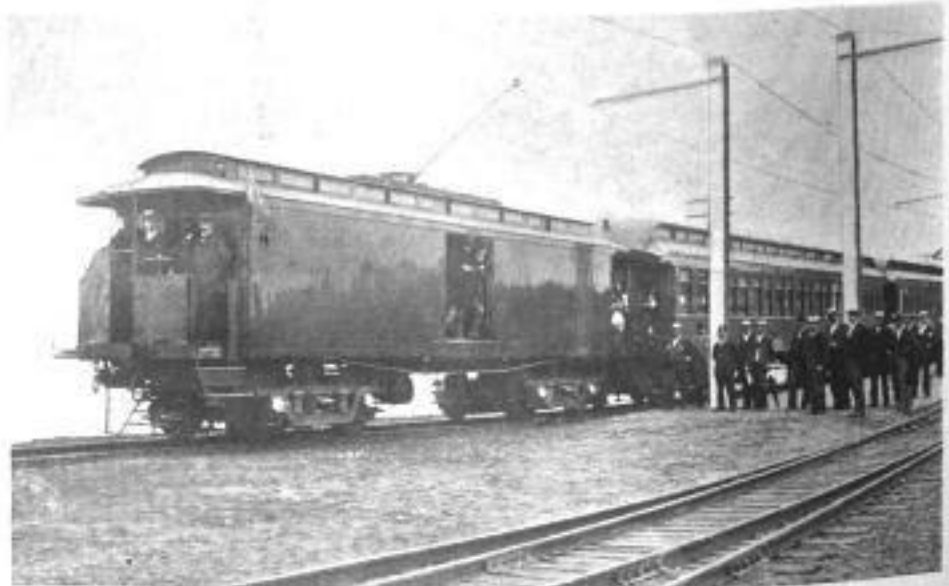
STANDARD-GAUGE OPEN CAR AND DEPOT ON NANTASKET ELECTRIC RAILROAD.



ELECTRIC MOTOR OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.



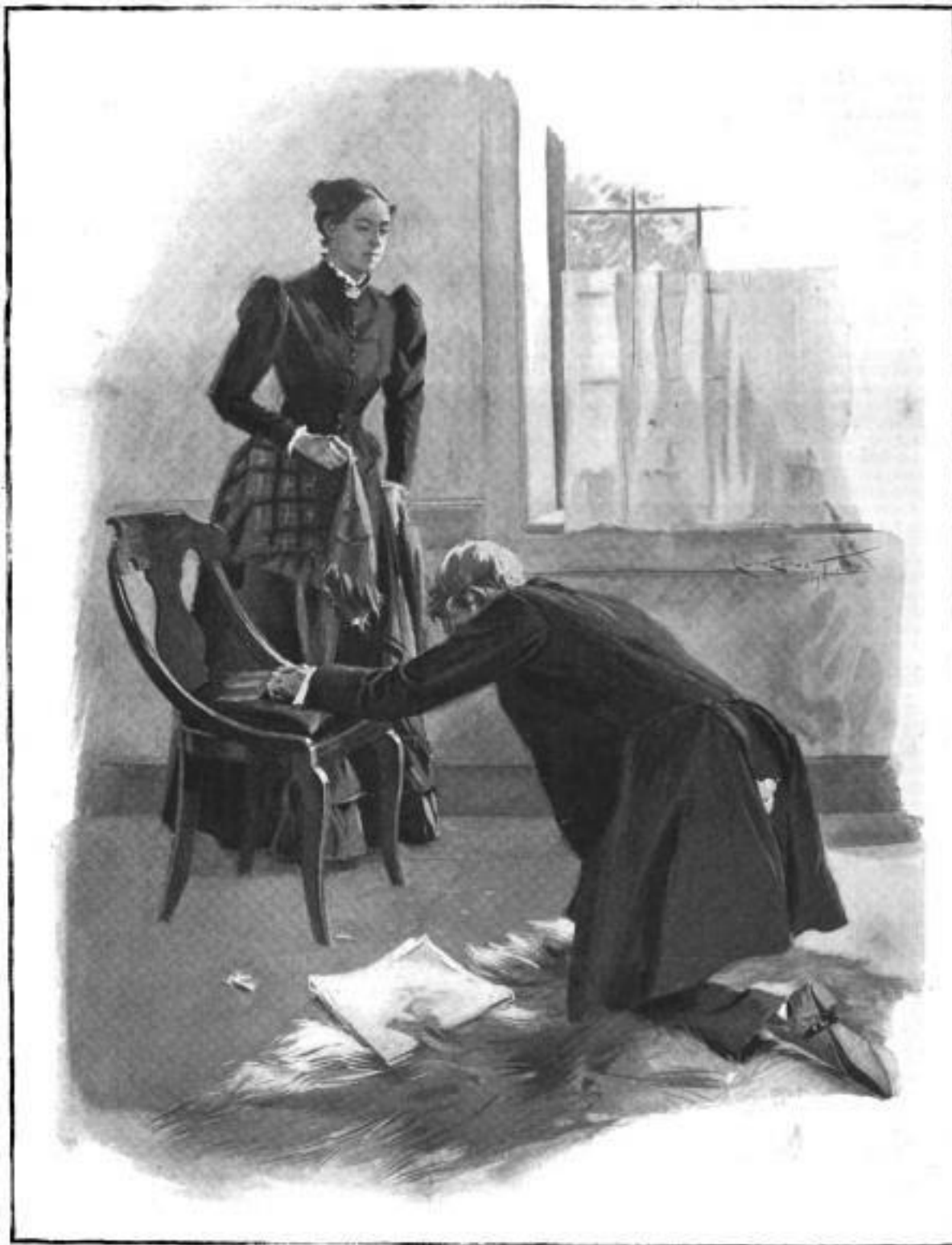
TROLLEY STANDARDS AND DOUBLE TRACK OF NANTASKET ROAD.



FIRST TRAIN ON THE NANTASKET ELECTRIC RAILROAD

THE SUBSTITUTION OF ELECTRICITY FOR STEAM AS A MOTIVE POWER ON RAILROADS—THE SUCCESSFUL RESULTS ON THE NANTASKET BEACH ROAD AND A BRANCH OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 106.]





"God of heaven!" cried Kilpatrick, falling to his knees. "Moya!"

# LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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XV.—(Continued).

LIGHT now broke from the clouds—gloomy light with livid rays; and it fell full on a great green stretch of bogland covering the mountain-side. The mountain itself seemed rocking as if with earthquake, and simultaneously the bog itself, like thick and slimy lava, seemed to be moving downward.

"Howly saints defend us!" cried Feagus.

As he spoke the sound of human cries came from the distance, and figures were seen wildly moving to and fro. A white cottage of stone rocked, crumbled like sugar in water, and disappeared from sight, washed over by the moving earth.

Tempest on sea and earthquake are dreadful enough, but there is no phenomenon more portentous than that of the moving bog, when the very earth seems to become liquid lava, shifting and changing, obliterating landmarks, and swallowing up whatever stands in the way of its fatal course. Such was the phenomenon the two men were now contemplating—a whole hillside shifting from its place and moving downward like a

great slow, ever-broadening stream, engulfing rocks, trees, and human dwellings, bearing fragments of these in its course, urging stones and rocks along like a river in full flood; now halting and pausing to destroy obstacles, again rolling relentlessly on.

In the present case it was fed with the rain of a thousand torrents, which gushed along with it and hastened it along.

Louder and shriller cries soon broke upon the air, and groups of men, women, and children were seen flying down the valley, some driving before them cattle as terror-stricken as themselves, many bearing blankets, bedding, and domestic utensils, all moaning and shrieking in fear. Very slowly, but surely and terribly, the bog crept behind them, devouring and destroying, yet now and then, as if in caprice, leaving some dwelling or clump of trees untouched, like an island in a slimy, moving pool.

As emotion spreads from one to another in a crowd of living beings, so does trouble grow, by some elemental sympathy of nature, among inanimate things. The terror and the tumult of the scene we are describing seemed to communicate itself to the whole landscape. The very river, flowing from the opposite direction and winding away seaward by the base of the mountains, seemed to boil up ominously, surging tumultuously along. A mile away there was a wooden bridge, over which many of

the panic-stricken peasants had now crossed, gaining the open vale beyond. Suddenly the supports of this bridge yielded to the fury of the waters; the bridge, covered with sheep and cattle, with men and women about to follow, tottered, yielded, and was swept away with its load.

All this time Feagus and Conseltine had stood fascinated, forgetful of themselves in the extraordinary scene they were contemplating; but now, as the excitement culminated, they realized their own danger.

"We must get out of this," said Feagus. "If we don't cross the ford we'll be buried alive!"

He flew rather than ran toward the river, and reached the place of crossing only to stand in abject terror above a foaming torrent.

"Saints save us!" he groined. "No man can cross here." He turned, trembling, and saw Conseltine standing by his side, pale but comparatively calm.

"What's to be done?" gasped Feagus.

Conseltine smiled grimly. "Plunge in, man; wade to the other side, or swim to it! It's not twenty yards from bank to bank."

"I should drown!" cried the lawyer.

"Better that than live to betray the man that has fed and



kept you so many years. You talked of turning queen's evidence; go and do it!"

Fergus recoiled.

"I didn't make it, Conseltine; it was only my little joke. For God's sake, tell me what's to be done?"

"I neither know nor care," returned the other. "Perhaps it's God's vengeance upon us for what we've done. Are you afraid to die?"

Without replying Fergus looked round in despair. The whole mountain-side seemed now descending on that portion of the valley where he stood, while the river wound round and round between Blake's Hall and the open moor by which they had gained the lonely vale. There was only one way of escape—to gain the opposite bank of the river.

"Tell me this—if we escape out of this alive, do you mean to stand by me or to turn against me?"

"To stand by ye, to stand by ye!" cried Fergus.

"Then strip off your coat and follow me!" said Conseltine. "I'm going across. If the water takes me off my feet I shall swim to the point below, yonder; the current swirls that way, and it's shallow close to the bank. You'd better come; it's your only chance."

Snatching the action to the word, Conseltine took off his outer garments and stood in trousers and shirt-sleeves; then, stooping down, he unlaced his mud-clogged boots and threw them off. Trembling with fear, Fergus followed his example.

Conseltine crept down to the water's edge and, leaning forward, tried the depth with a heavy blackthorn stick which he carried.

"We can do it," he said. "Mind you stand firm against the current or you're a dead man."

Fergus groined and prayed. All his natural courage had deserted him, and he looked an abject picture of human wretchedness.

"Stop a minute," he cried. "I'm out of breath!"

"Stop if you please," returned Conseltine, contemptuously. "I'm going across!"

Then, steadying himself for the struggle and using his stick as a partial support, he stepped into the stream, and in a moment was fighting with the current. With slow, long strides he moved from the bank, his feet set upon the slippery bottom. For several yards the water reached no higher than his knees, but gradually deepened, until at last it surged wildly to his hips; but he was a tall man, of unusual strength, and nature favored him. For a few moments, as he stood in midstream, it seemed as if he must be swept away, but, facing the current and leaning forward, he held his own; then, putting out all his strength, he leaped rather than walked until he gained the shallower water on the further side. He had passed safely, and stood, soaked and dripping, but secure, upon the further bank.

Fergus, who had watched his progress with wondering eyes, but with an increasing sense of hope, still stood crouching by the river-side.

"Come," cried Conseltine, waving his stick and laughing. "It's easier than I thought."

"Your staff! Throw me your staff!" shrieked Fergus,—and glancing round he saw the bog descending like an avalanche toward Blake's Hall. Then an extraordinary phenomenon took place. The bog, meeting the river just where the bridge had fallen, blocked it like an enormous dam, and then crawled like a monster over it. The result was instantaneous. The river, arrested in its course, began to swell up, deepen, and push backward on itself. There was not a moment to be lost if it was to be crossed again.

"Throw me your staff, for the love of God!" cried Fergus.

Conseltine hesitated for a moment, then cast the stick across the flood with all his might; it fell close to Fergus, who gripped it eagerly and then, with a cry, plunged forward into the water. His progress was at first comparatively easy, but as the water deepened it became more and more difficult to keep his foothold. With face set hard and eyes protruding, he struggled on.

After watching him for a moment Conseltine ran from the bank, followed the side of the stream, and stood on the point of land of which he had spoken, some forty yards below. Standing there, he waited for results.

Straining every nerve and praying aloud, the lawyer reached the middle of the stream and paused for a moment, gasping for breath. Then the roar of the flood and the rush of water and wind seemed to blind and confuse him, and he seemed giving away. But with a mighty effort he kept his feet, and even then all might have gone well with him but for an accidental impediment—the half-submerged trunk of a tree, which rolled over and over, struck the staff from his hands and took him off his feet. With a shriek he was swept headlong into the flood, and disappeared.

Only for a few moments—then, haggard and ghastly, his head re-emerged, drifting toward the point on which Conseltine stood. A good

swimmer, he struck boldly out, and was helped by the current. All he was conscious of was the rushing water around him, and the figure of Conseltine coming nearer and nearer.

As Conseltine had explained, the current swept right to the point, close to which there was some shallow water. Strong and wiry as a ferret, Fergus made his way thither, fighting for his life. He was close to the point, his feet touched solid ground, and he could see Conseltine close to him, looking calmly down, when his force failed him and he was whirled round like a straw.

"Save me!" he shrieked, reaching out his hands.

By bending forward and gripping the hands so outstretched, Conseltine, with little or no danger to himself, could have drawn him on the solid ground; but instead of so doing he looked at the miserable man and made no effort to assist him. The opportunity of the moment passed, and with a shriek of despair Fergus was swept away.

Pale as death, Conseltine watched him until he disappeared altogether, and then, white as a spectre, walked up the river-side. He was safe now, and the only man who could denounce him and bring any certain proof of his guilt was silenced forever.

"The drunken fool!" he muttered. "That threat has cost him his life. Had he lived he would have done what he threatened to do, so he's better where he is."

He looked back across the river. Blake's Hall stood untouched, but all around it was the dark mass of the moving bog, still creeping across the vale. Where the hedge had fallen a great lake of water, fed by the river, was spreading and spending. The rain still fell heavily, adding to the general desolation.

He turned and hastened till he reached the road leading to the village and castle of Kilpatrick. As he strode along he passed numbers of men, women, and children hurrying in the same direction, but spoke to none and was looked by none, until he was close upon the village, when he came suddenly face to face with his son.

"Father!" cried Richard, against the wild figure before him. "I've been looking for you everywhere. What has happened?"

In a few brief words Conseltine related what had occurred—the search for Blake, the strong convulsion of nature, his own escape, and the death of Fergus. Then Richard, on his side, had something to tell, which made Conseltine sick with rage and dread. What that something was will be known in the sequel. The result of the communication was that father and son made no attempt to return to Kilpatrick Castle, but, within a few hours of their meeting, had gained the nearest railway-station and were on their way to Dublin.

## XVI.

IN WHICH LORD KILPATRICK NAMES HIS HEIR.

It was not till Blake was half way on the road to Maguire's cottage that the personal significance to himself of the errand with which Peckles had intrusted him dawned upon him. His first impulse was to call to the coachman to return to the castle, and to request Peckles to find another messenger.

"By the Holy! but 'tis a fine business I'm in for, a two-mile ride with Moya Macartney and Desmond, and 'tis a comfortable quarter of an hour I'll be after having."

His habitual recklessness prevailed, however, aided by the thought that, as the bearer of the message of peace he might have a better chance of pardon for past peccadilloes. He arrived at Maguire's cottage, which had a lonely and deserted aspect in the bright mid-day sunshine. No curl of smoke from the chimney announced the presence of an occupant, and the door was fast shut. It opened at his knock and disclosed Moya.

"God save all here!" said Blake, with his customary swagger rather loosened.

"Answer to that, Patrick Blake," said Moya, calmly. "For some of us need His mercy. What is it ye want here?"

"Just yourself," said Blake. "I'm from the castle with a message from old Peckles. Ye're asked for there."

Moya turned a shade paler.

"Is he there?" Desmond asked.

"I'm going on to Doctor's farm to take him," said Blake. "I've the carriage waitin' here." He hesitated for a moment, and then added, with more show of feeling than was common with him, "I'm a square sort of messenger to send on this errand, and God knows ye're little likely to relish my society. It's no sort of use in the world to say I'm sorry, or to offer apologies for what's past, but I hope it's good news I'm bringin' ye. In fact, I know it's good news." He took off his hat with a gesture that was almost dignified. "Will ye do me the honor to accompany me, Lady Kilpatrick?"

Moya drew her shawl about her face and walked to the carriage, the door of which Blake held open for her. He mounted beside the

driver, and another ten minutes saw them at the farm. Desmond was in the yard, seated on a bench and engaged in splicing a fishing-rod. He checked the pensive whistle with which he accompanied his work at the sound of the approaching wheels, and, at the sight of Blake on the box of the carriage, dropped the rod to the ground and strode forward at a quickened pace and with heightened color. Blake descended and confronted him.

"Tell me this, Mr. Blake," said Desmond. "I'm in a bit of a quandary. There is a man I know who's a villain, but he's old enough to be my father, and I hear that he's a clergyman, so I can neither call him out nor lay a stick across his back. What'd ye do in my place?"

"Faith," said Blake, "it's a troublesome question. 'Twill take thinking over. In the meantime I've news for ye. Ye've wanted at the castle."

"Am I?" said Desmond. "And who wants me?"

"Old Peckles."

"Then tell him," said Desmond, "that when I enter my father's doors again 'twill be either to find my mother there, or with her on my arm."

"Sure," said Blake, "she's in the carriage at this minute, and goin' to the castle with ye. Your troubles are over, Desmond, and here."

"You have a right to congratulate me on that, haven't ye?" asked the boy, with scornful anger.

"Faith, and if I haven't, who has?" replied Blake, unabashed. "And look here, Desmond Conseltine; in regard to the matter ye mentioned just now, sure there'll be no difficulty whatever. 'Tis not myself that'll take refuge behind a black coat and a white choker. Twenty paces or a six-foot ring will do for me, and so, my service to ye. 'Twould ease your heart and end the bad blood between us, maybe. But there's things more important than diversions of that sort on hand."

Moya's white face appeared at the carriage window, and Desmond, with a final angry look at Blake, joined her. Blake remounted the box and gave the word for home. The coachman, who had received his instructions from Peckles, made a detour in order to approach the castle from the back. Moya trembled like a leaf as they approached the house, and clung tight to Desmond's hand.

Warned by his scout, Peckles was at the door to receive them.

"Moya," he said,—"I beg your pardon, Lady Kilpatrick, but the auld name comes easiest,—his lordship has asked for Desmond. He knows that—that he is his lawful son, and the way he took the news was just joyfu' to see. He regrets his past sin, he'll welcome the boy back to his hair and home. But he does say ken—I hadna the courage to tell him—that you are living. I thought 'twould come best from Desmond, Desmond, lad, be gentle w' him. We a' ha'e much to forgiv' each other, and—he's your father, man, when a' is said and done. Mak' your peace w' him, and then brack it to him as gently as ye can. He's in the library. I'll get your mother up-stairs cunningly, into the ante-room, to be at hand. Eh?" he cried, with a quiver in his voice and a flush of moisture in his eyes which did more than all his entreaties to soften Desmond. "Hoch, sir! but this is a joyfu' day. I can lay down my auld bones in thankfulness, praising God for His mercies. It's a grand day, this, and I'd never thought to live to see the like!"

The old man fairly broke down. Desmond took his hand and pressed it, with the tears in his own eyes, and it was in a much kinder mood than that in which he had entered the house that he mounted the stairs leading to the library. He stood for a minute outside the door. His breath was heavy, and the beating of his heart filled his ears like the pulse of a muffled drum. When he knocked, Kilpatrick's voice answered from within, bidding him enter, with a strange, quick catch in it.

The old man was standing near the window, with the light streaming on his face, which was very worn and haggard; Desmond thought even that his hair had whitened a little since he last saw him, though so short a time had elapsed. Kilpatrick advanced a pace or two with outstretched hands, and then paused with bent head. A strange mingling of many nameless and some nameable emotions welled up in Desmond's heart,—memories of a thousand kindnesses and gentilities, pity for the proud man humbled,—and before he knew it his arms were round the old man's neck, and they were mingling their tears together. Kilpatrick was terribly agitated.

"My son! my son!" was all he could say for a time. He repeated the words again and again, each time more passionately, as if at this moment their wonderful significance had become clear to him for the first time. "You forgive me, Desmond?"

The boy took the gray head between his hands and kissed his father on the forehead, wetting his face with his tears.

"It is more than I deserve," said the old man. "I was a scoundrel, a villain: I broke your mother's heart, Desmond; the sweetest, purest heart that ever beat. Ye can't forgive me for that. Nothing can ever take that out from my heart: nothing, till I die, and she asks God to pardon me."

"Father!" said Desmond. "I have strange news for you. Are you well and strong enough to hear it?"

"Nothing can hurt me now," said Kilpatrick.

"Ye don't know what it is," said Desmond. "I'm afraid 'twill be a dreadful shock to you at first; a happy one after, I hope."

"Well," said the father, with a faint touch of his old quickness of temper, "what is it? Speak out, my boy, and tell me. Some strange news ye've got into, eh? Well, that's forgiven before you tell me."

"You regret the past," asked Desmond. "You could make amends for it to the utmost extent in your power?"

"I will make amends for it, Desmond. There is nothing you can ask me that I will not do, no burden you can lay upon me that I will not gladly bear."

"I hope," said Desmond, after a short pause, "that ye won't think what I'm going to tell ye is a burden. Faith, 'tis hard to know where to begin! Supposing—mind, I only say, supposing—supposing my mother were not dead at all,—supposing she were alive and was back here,—would you make the same amends there as you say you'll make to me?"

"You—ye torture me!" cried Kilpatrick. "Why rake up those painful recollections? Why ask questions of this sort, when they can do no good? Every day of my life for sixteen years past I have repented the wrong I did God knows, if it were possible I would undo it."

"Ye mean that?" cried Desmond.

"Heaven knows I do," said Kilpatrick; "but of what avail is it to speak of such things now?"

"Of more avail than ye may think, father. Strange things have happened this last day or two."

Kilpatrick searched his son's face with disbelieving eyes.

"Desmond! For God's sake, tell me what you mean!"

"I mean," said Desmond, taking his father's hand, "that God has been very good to both, father. If I tell it to you too suddenly, forgive me. I don't know how to break it properly. My mother is alive."

Kilpatrick staggered as if the words had shot him.

"Alive!" he gasped. "Moya Macartney alive?"

"She lives," said Desmond, "and in a little while she'll be here, in Ireland."

Kilpatrick sank into a seat and sat trembling like a man agone-struck.

"In fact," said Desmond, "she is in Ireland already and on her way here."

The old man sprang to his feet.

"She is here—she's in the house!"

Desmond walked to the ante-room door and made a sign to Moya. She advanced into the library, and let slip the shawl from her face.

"God of heaven!" cried Kilpatrick, falling to his knees. "Moya!"

She stood still, looking down on him, the broad light falling on her wrinkled face and whitening hair. Kilpatrick bent his head beneath her gaze, and an awful sob broke from his throat. Desmond closed the door, leaving them together; the meeting was too sacred to be witnessed even by him.

A long time had gone by, and the shadow of the castle had blotted out the sunshine which had spread its glory of golden green in the lawn when the carriage had reached the castle. Desmond still sat alone when a light step crossed the floor, and a soft arm was slipped round his neck. He looked up and saw Duke through the mist that blurred his sight.

"You needn't say anything, Desmond," she said. "Peckles has told me. I am so happy, dear, for your sake."

He drew her to his knee.

"Ye loved me, Duke, when I was the poor squire. Ye won't love me the less now that I'm to be the next Lord Kilpatrick?"

"Not less," said Duke, "nor more. Sure," she added, with the most musical of laughs, "'twould be impossible!"

(THE END.)

## Sale of the Old Homestead.

THE picture on the first page of our present issue tells its own story. It represents an incident which is, unfortunately, only too common in the fluctuations of our modern life. Misfortune has overtaken a family which has been well-to-do—which was once socially conspicuous in all the country round. It may be that a favorite son has squandered in riotous living a fortune in Wall Street the family estate; or a



shrinkage of landed values may have absorbed the slender savings of the household chest; or misfortune in some other form may have made impossible the retention of the homestead, and so at last there is a "vendue," and the homestead, with its belongings, goes under the hammer. One by one the family treasures are handed over to the highest bidder; even the old time clock, which has "ticked off" the lives of young and old through the passing years, goes with the rest. What wonder that mother and daughter look upon the scene through a mist of tears? At last the house itself, under whose roof there has been so much of happiness, troubled now and then by intruding pain and sorrow, and the outlying acres where the harvests of more prosperous years were gathered, and the trees under which the children played, and the garden where the sunflowers and hollyhocks have bloomed through many a summer—at last, these also are "cried" by the auctioneer to the gazing crowd of neighbors, and, purchased by some local Croesus, pass forever from the possession of those to whom they have a value infinitely beyond any mere money computation. Life is full of tragedies, but among them all there are few more pathetic than those which are sometimes disclosed at old-fashioned country "vendues," like that depicted by our artist.

## A Balloon Voyage to the Pole.

PROFESSOR S. A. ANDRÉ, chief engineer of the royal patent bureau of Sweden, distinguished scientist and aeronaut, proposes to cut the gordian knot of the polar problem by crossing the so ardently sought *terra incognita* early next year. It is not on the disastrous polar seas, with their death-dealing polar ice, that M. An-

dré's notice, in case of emergency or disaster. A great number of heavy ballast lines will be provided, so that in case the balloon should for any reason sink suddenly to a great depth, the lines would touch the ground and the balloon be relieved of corresponding weight, thus arresting the descent before the gondola touches the ground. The balloon will not be permitted to ascend higher than two hundred and fifty metres. This is regulated by a number of drag-lines made of cotton fibre that will float on the water.

The course now decided upon is to be in a direct line from Spitzbergen, across the North Pole to the shore of Behring Strait, a distance of three thousand seven hundred kilometres, and will not, at the outside, take more than six days, being a fifth part of the time a balloon can float without refilling. Physico-meteorological and geographical observations will be made by the scientists. The atmospheric conditions in the polar regions are considered very favorable for aerial navigation. During the month of July the sun hovers on the horizon. The lowest temperature registered during that month at Spitzbergen was 2.30, and the highest 8.30.

Great disaster would threaten the balloon if it were to encounter heavy snow-storms, and this probability has been feared, but from observations made during the month of July at Spitzbergen this danger is not to be apprehended.

The total cost of the expedition will be in the neighborhood of forty-eight thousand dollars. This amount has already been secured. King Oscar, Baron Dickson, and Dr. Alfred Noble, a Swedish millionaire, and the Scandinavian member of the Standard Oil Company, having subscribed the necessary amount.

M. André is now in Paris superintending the construction of his balloon. The project is no longer uncertain or visionary, but will actually take place early in June, 1896. Let us hope that this intrepid air-sailor may succeed in reaching the goal in his balloon, make his port in all safety, and (if Peary is not before him) reap the honors that the world will lavishly bestow upon him, and which will be his due.

FRIDA STEPHENSON SHARPE.

## Torpedo-boats Nos. 6, 7, and 8.

THE new torpedo-boats designed by the Navy Department will differ from all other torpedo-boats in one very essential particular at least—that of having a fore-and-aft deck, all other boats of this class having the rounded or "turtle-back" deck. This new feature will serve several good ends, mainly in making the boats much dryer and better sea-going craft, and affording increased berthing facilities for the crew and a housing for the windlass and all forward gear.

The three boats are each to cost not more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; or, exclusive of an ordnance outfit, which will be supplied out of existing appropriations, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The reasonable cost of material at the present time permits low estimates, and while the contract requirements are severe and the conditions of bidding limit the work to firms with little or no experience in such construction, the department feels that there will be no difficulty in securing bids within the limit.

The boats must be completed within fifteen months from the time the contract is signed, and the bidding is at first confined to firms on the gulf, the Mississippi, and the Pacific coast. Should no bids be submitted from these quarters, or should the bidding be excessive or in any way unsatisfactory, the secretary is permitted under the law to invite bids from

ship-builders generally, or to have the work done at the navy yards.

The boats are required to maintain a speed of twenty-six knots per hour, and no premiums will be paid for an excess of that figure, but a penalty of ten thousand dollars will be exacted for every knot less than twenty-six, should the speed of the boat be less than that of twenty-five knots. In such an event the boat may be rejected, or accepted at a reduced price.

The boat will have two screws, each actuated by its own triple-expansion engine working in a separate water-tight compartment. The principal dimensions are: Length on load-line, one hundred and seventy feet; extreme beam on load-line, seventeen feet; mean draught, normal, five feet, six inches; normal displacement, one hundred and eighty tons; indicated horsepower, three thousand two hundred; required speed, twenty-six knots. The craft will be built of steel or of alloy, whichever the contractor, with the secretary's approval, may deem best fitted to the end of economical distribution of weight and strength.

The armament will consist of three torpedo-tubes and mounts, four one-pounder rapid-fire guns, four automobile torpedoes, six hundred rounds of one-pounder ammunition, and one stowage-case. The torpedo discharges will be arranged upon the main deck, the forward, broadside tubes being placed *en echelon*, and, besides the extended arc of fire of each on its own side, will be capable of considerable range athwartships. The after-discharge will be on the centre line, and will have an arc of fire of nearly two hundred and eighty degrees. The torpedoes will be of the eighteen-inch Whitehead type, having a motive force of compressed air.

There will be two conning-towers, one forward and the other aft, each situated thirty-five feet from its respective end; steering-gear in each, admitting of control from either station. The forward tower will be surmounted by one of the rapid-fire guns, the other guns being arranged in advantageous positions along the port and starboard rails.

Steam, at a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, will be supplied by three water-tube boilers, two of which will be placed in a water-tight compartment forward of the engines, and will use a fire-room between them in common; the other boiler will be in a water-tight compartment abaft the engine space.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

## Late Naval Designs.

THE designs for the six new gun-boats authorized by the last Congress seem to point to a compromise with the older men of the service, who have been lamenting the disappearance from the navy of the towering masts and poetry-compelling sails of the vessels of the Revolution to the days of our Civil War; for three of the boats are so designed that they may be entirely independent of engine and boiler. It is intended, for economical reasons, that they shall, during times of peace, cruise under sail alone, and with fair breezes a sea speed of from eight to twelve knots is expected. They are not to be at the mercy of the winds, however, for ample boiler power and triple-expansion engines are provided, which, through the medium of a single screw, will drive them at a rate of twelve knots. The three other boats will each have two military masts, upon which considerable fore-and-aft canvas can be spread. These ships will have two vertical, direct-acting, triple-expansion engines, right and left; each in its own water-tight compartment, and will operate twin screws.

Another departure from the vessels of the present decade will be that the six new ships will be of the composite type. The framing will be of steel up to and above the water-line;

the upper edge of the wood plank will lap the top-side plating about three feet.

The advantages of this construction are that the ships will be largely independent of docking facilities, and economical in the use of fuel. The exfoliation of the copper causes barnacles, grass, etc., to be released as soon as the vessel is in motion, resulting in a clean bottom and unimpaired speed. The craft are particularly designed for service on the shallow rivers on foreign stations, and are comparatively light of draught.

	Single screw type	Twin screw type
Length on water line	106 feet	124 feet
Beam, extreme on water line	36 "	34 "
Draught, normal	12 "	12 "
Displacement, normal	1,200 tons	1,300 tons
Indicated horse power	800	800

The armament, being identical in both types, will consist of six four-inch, four six-pounder, and two one-pounder, all rapid-fire guns. They are to be placed as follows: Four four-inch guns in two batteries, port and starboard, amidships on the gun-deck; the two other four-inch guns to be carried on the main deck, one at the bow, the other at the stern. The six-pounders will be on the gun-deck, one on either bow and two amidships between the four-inch guns respectively in the port and starboard batteries. The one-pounder guns will be disposed of on the hammock berthing.

In order to encourage the ship-builders of the different sections of the country, it is planned that no one concern will construct more than two of the vessels. One million five hundred thousand dollars is the sum expected to be expended in the building, which is exclusive of the cost of fitting out and the armament.

## Perpetuating a Historic Name.



JAMES A. GARFIELD AT TWENTY-EIGHT, WHEN ELECTED TO THE STATE SENATE.

THE name of Garfield promises to be perpetuated in the politics of Ohio. It was on July 2d, 1883, that the assassin's bullet cut short the brilliant career of President James A. Garfield. Fourteen years later to-day, James Rudolph Garfield, the second son of the martyred President, was nominated for State Senator in Ohio. Though sentiment had something to do with the nomination, young Garfield has really earned the honor, and bids fair to be a Republican leader in the State which honored his father, and which proudly reveres the father's memory. There is a chain of coincidences connected with this nomination which gives to a local event a national interest. Garfield the younger is about the age at which Garfield the older entered politics in 1850. The father was nominated for the same office of State Senator in the same district. There has been some objection to young Garfield because of his youth. In 1850 the same objection was urged against the older Garfield, who by some of the old party leaders in the Western reserve was deemed too young for Senatorial honors. But Garfield the elder was always described as "boyish" even when he was great among men and a leader in Congress.

James R. Garfield, who will be elected Senator in November, is now a practicing lawyer in Cleveland. In this he is in advance of his father, who did not become a lawyer until his election to the State Senate.

Politicians in Ohio, the State so fruitful in political sensations and surprises, look with high expectations to the beginning of young Garfield's political career. The young man resembles his father more than any one else in the family, and inherits his father's love of learning as well as his oratorical bent. He is in a section which worships his father's memory, and sentiment counts for much in politics, especially in Ohio. It is a section, too, famous for big Republican majorities, and a nomination means election.

There is every reason, therefore, to believe that within two years young Garfield will take his father's old place in Congress, and after that there is no limit to the career the young man may find open before him.

FRANK B. GESSNER.



JAMES R. GARFIELD.

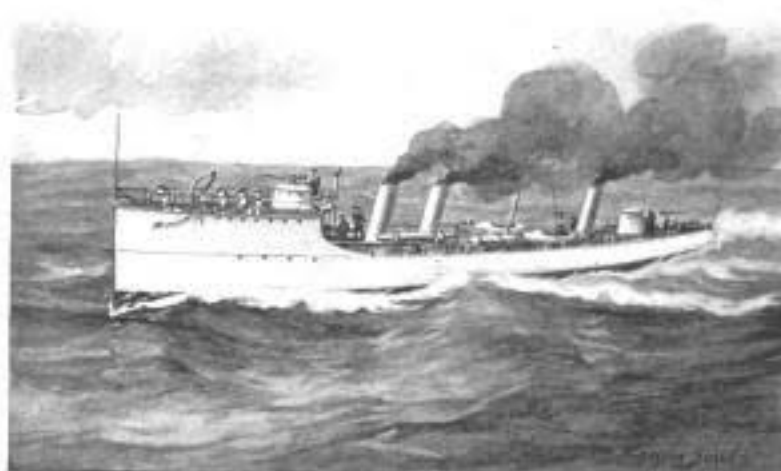


SIX HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.

dré intends reaching and passing the goal that so many have sought in vain, but over it—quite a distance over it—through the air, in a balloon. M. André's scheme has commanded wide attention because he is acknowledged to be a practical balloonist, having demonstrated his ability in that direction at various times. One of his most notable achievements in air-sailing was his Gotenburg trip. It was one Sunday morning that he made his preparations for a jaunt over the clouds. Boarding his balloon in Gotenburg at 12:57 o'clock, before it was 5 P.M. he had crossed Sweden. On Monday he was seated at his desk at the patent bureau in Stockholm. The distance covered was about two hundred and forty-five English miles, while the average rate of speed was over thirty miles an hour. This trip aroused unusual interest among European experts.

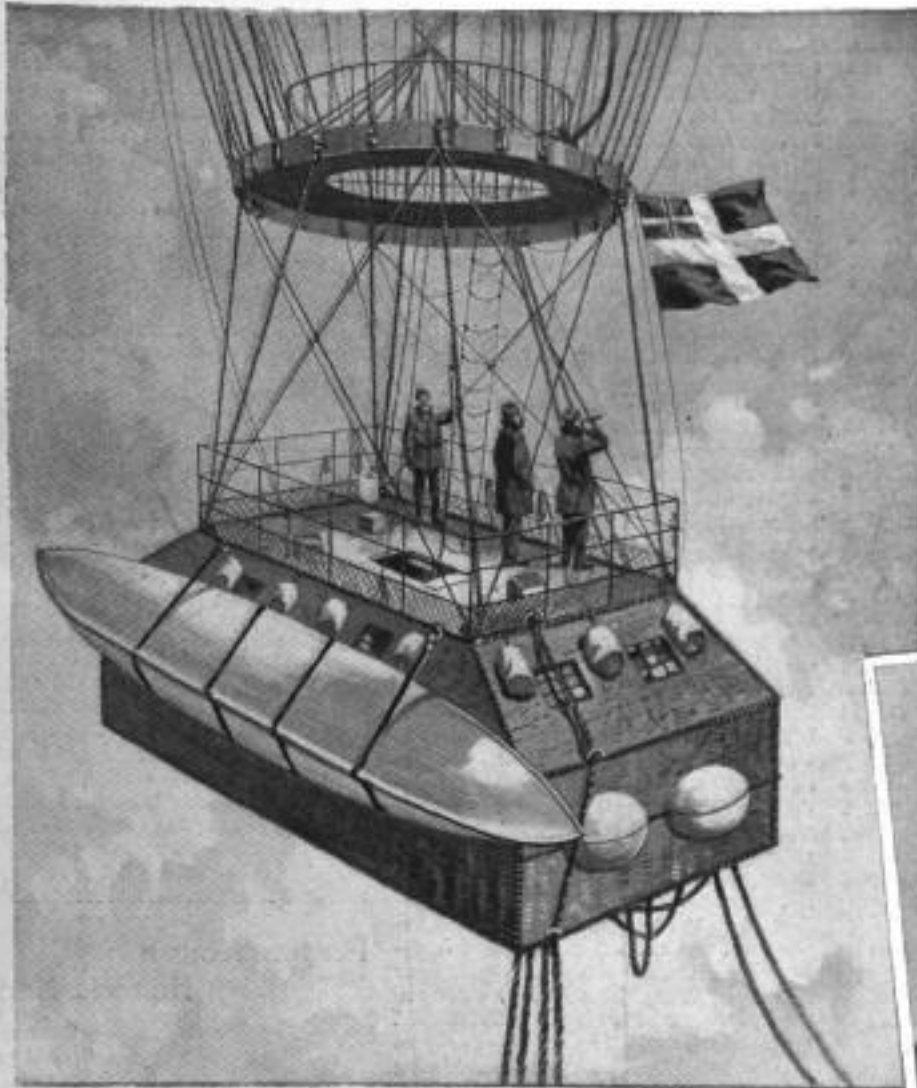
M. André proposes to establish headquarters on one of the Norwegian islands on the north-west coast of Spitzbergen. There the balloon will be filled, a shed having been built sufficiently large to accommodate a balloon of twenty-two metres in diameter, and from there the start will be made northward.

Gas prepared for balloons is manufactured and for sale, put up in cylinders ready for transportation to any point. It is estimated that from seventeen to eighteen hundred cylinders will fill a balloon of the kind M. André intends using. This could be safely shipped to Spitzbergen. The putting up of the portable shed is a safety measure, as some danger is attached to the filling of so large a balloon in the open air. The balloon will have a sailing outfit, with which M. André will be able to keep her under complete control. It will have sufficient carrying power to support a gondola of considerable size and of solid construction. It will contain a dark-room for photographic purposes, sleeping-rooms for three persons, and a canvas boat. Photographs in double sets will be taken as the balloon advances, one to be developed on board in case of accident, when many things would necessarily be lost. Safety-lamps and electric storage batteries for cooking are included in the outfit. The gondola will be hung in such a way that it may be detached at



ONE OF THE NEW TORPEDO-BOATS WITH FORECASTLE DECK.





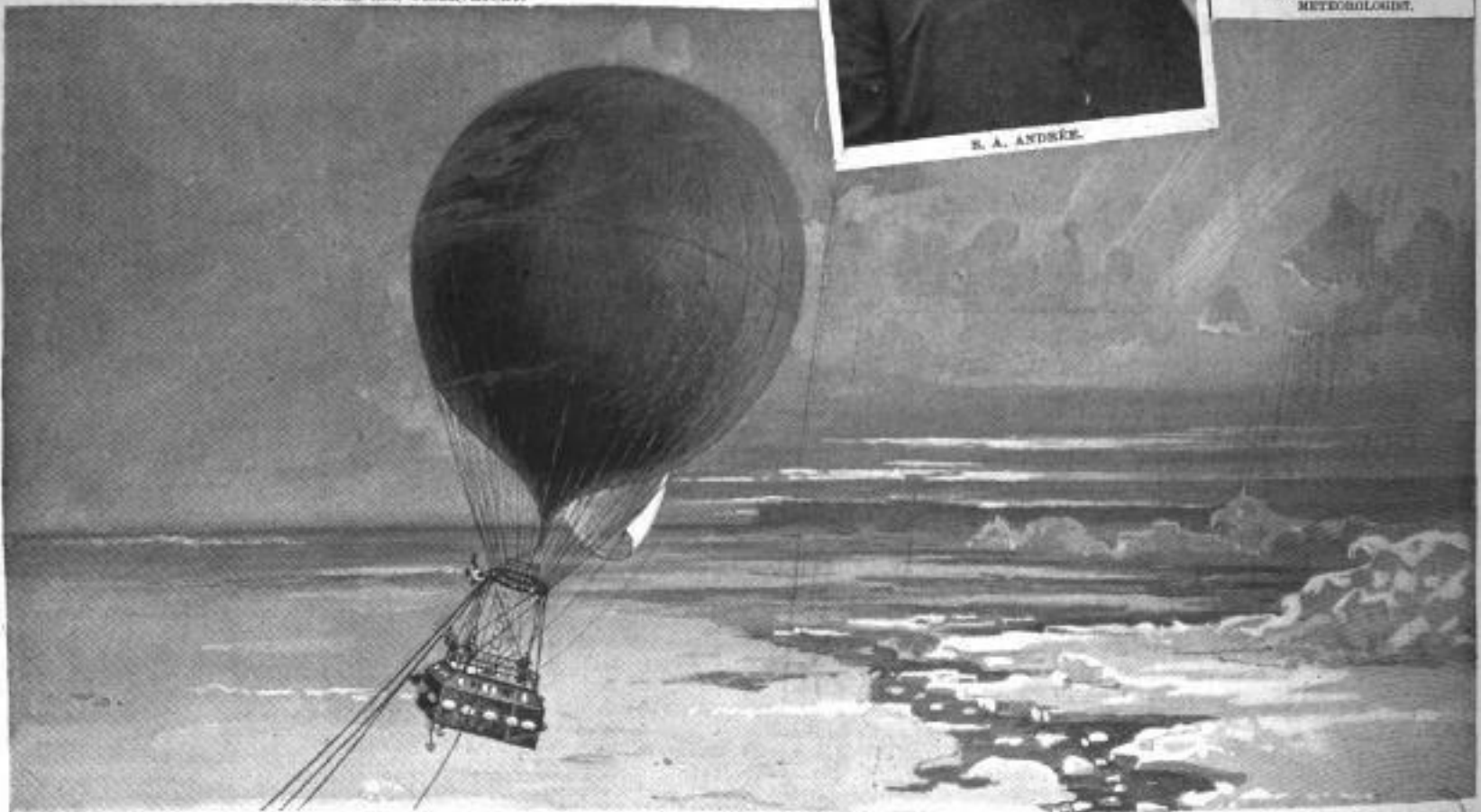
GONDOLA AND OBSERVATORY.



MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE VOYAGE.



S. A. ANDREE.

DR. NILS EKHOLM, THE  
METEOROLOGIST.

ON THE WAY TO THE POLE—LOWERING THE BALLOON.

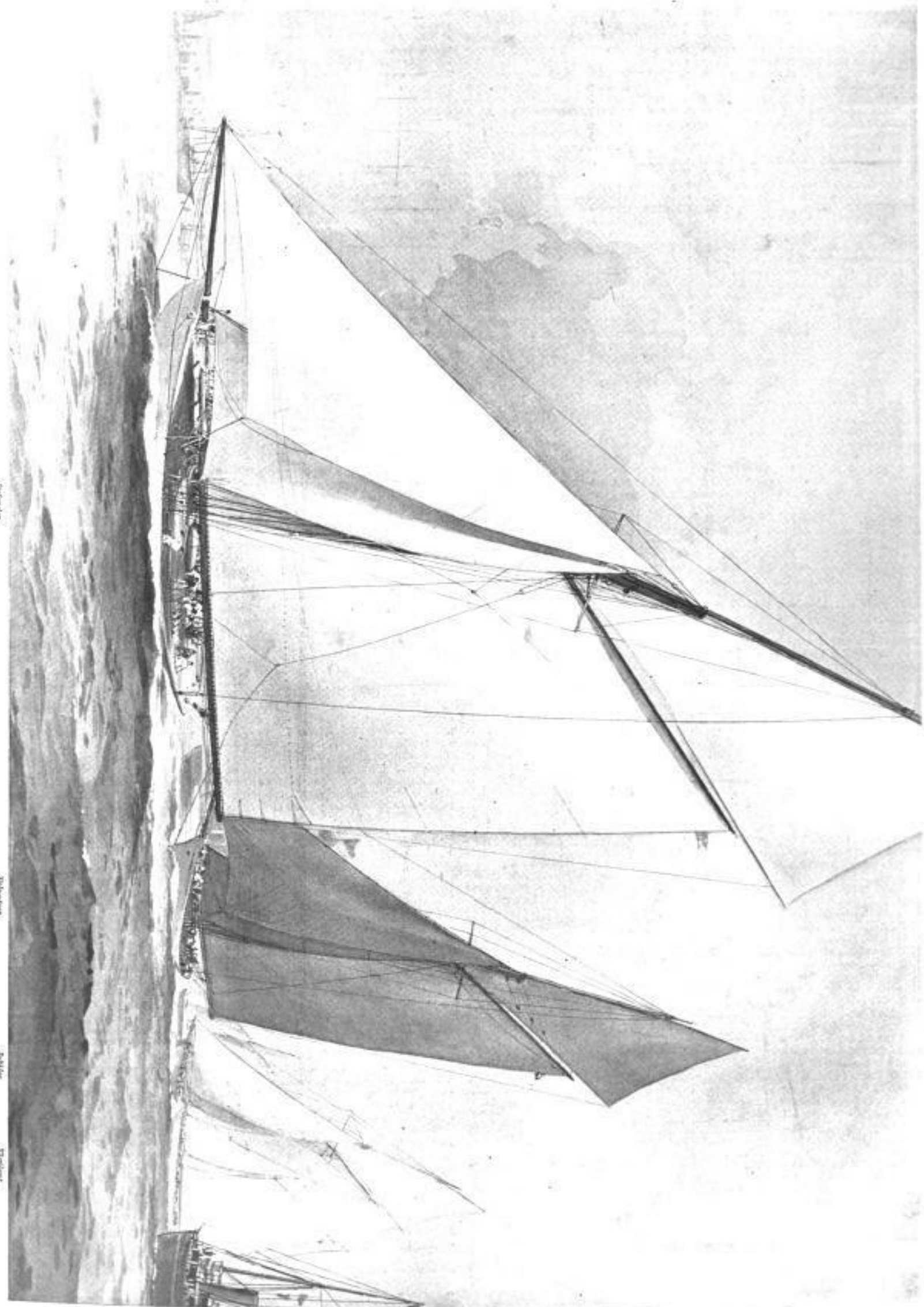


THE NORWEGIAN ISLANDS, SPITZBERGEN, WHERE THE START WILL BE MADE.

A novel way of reaching the North Pole by means of a balloon will be undertaken by the well-known Swedish aeronaut, Chief Civil Engineer S. A. Andree, who intends leaving Spitzbergen in his air-ship and, crossing the polar regions, to land on the shores of Behring Strait.

TO THE NORTH POLE VIA BALLOON.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED EXPRESSLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY PROFESSOR S. A. ANDREE, CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 103.]





THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—THE START IN THE RACE FOR THE GOLDEN CUP, OFF NEWPORT—"DEPENDENCE" IN THE LEAD.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. REYNOLDS. (SEE PAGE 107.)

Reynolds.

Johnson.

Johnson.

Johnson.



## Indian Courage.

A POPULAR opinion regarding the American Indians is that if they are not downright cowards they are possessed of no great courage. Their methods of fighting and their cruelty toward captives certainly give ground for this belief. The Indians fight from behind the shelter of rocks, trees, and the inequalities of the ground. They never make an open assault unless they can take their foes by surprise, or greatly outnumber them. If they encounter a stubborn resistance they give over the attack and are gone as suddenly as they came. Their attacks are made in "extended order," never with closed ranks, and they must be dealt with singly. They delight in ambushes and night attacks. Craft, not courage, is the quality most highly esteemed in an Indian warrior. The Indian fights for some substantial end or for revenge. The white man fights for glory.

In a war where a desire for revenge is the inciting motive, where is the revenge if the avenger loses his life in taking it? And what boots it to the victor if he does not live to enjoy the fruits of his victory? The Indian theory of warfare seems, after all, a wise one. They seek to inflict the greatest amount of injury upon the enemy that can be inflicted with a minimum of injury to themselves. If the victory must be dearly bought, no matter how great the victory would be, they prefer not to buy it. The modern art of war has vindicated the wisdom of the Indian theory of warfare. Prudence, not cowardice, dictates the Indian's caution in battle.

The white man fights for glory. Nine-tenths of the European wars have been fought for glory. In very few of them has the aggressor been actuated by anything save a desire for military aggrandizement. War in the past has been a theatrical spectacle. The glittering armor and the knightly courtesies of the days of chivalry, the mouth-filling titles of the knights; the movements of vast bodies of men, the gorgeous uniforms, the music, the brilliant banners of warfare in the later centuries, what a glamour they lent to war and the pursuit of glory! There were dukes and earls and marquises waiting for the bold knights; there were crosses of the Legion of Honor, generals' chapeaux and marshals' batons waiting for the brave soldiers. There were kings and emperors and fair ladies to smile upon the heroes; poets and historians, painters and sculptors, to perpetuate their memory. And so the magnificent charges, the forlorn hopes in the face of certain death, with the world looking on and applauding. The European disdained to creep and crawl in battle. He stood erect where glory and the enemy could see him. He charged in battalions and squares, where glory and the enemy could mark him. He fought for glory and his country where all could behold him.

The Indian fought for his country and for revenge. He knew nothing of glory. He had no poets, no painters, no orders of nobility, no decorations, no medals, no battle-flags, nothing to incite him, to inflame him in battle, but love of his country and hatred of the foe. If he could not win with advantage he declined battle. If he was the victor he fed fat his hate with the agony of the captives, though he was not more cruel than European victors have been up to the last few centuries. Every male Indian was a warrior, and when the tribal armies were in battle the whole nation was in arms, and a severe defeat or a dearly bought victory meant more than to a European nation with its almost inexhaustible supplies of fresh soldiers.

In their warfare with the white man the Indians have been at a disadvantage. The whites have usually been better armed. Except in the earliest colonial days they have always been able to draw upon larger numbers than the Indians could. The Indians have found it necessary to husband their forces in war. Their victories must be with little loss to themselves, else many victories would mean final defeat and annihilation.

The tendency of modern science in war has been toward the Indian's methods. The early American colonists adopted them, for they were the best methods in a wooded country. The German army has adopted the "extended order" system, and other armies have followed suit. The skirmish-line has long been a feature of American tactics, though younger military critics are inclined to speak of the German "extended order" as something new and original to Germany, not to America. Lines are now formed with wide intervals between the men composing them, and the old system of fighting en masse has been done away with. An Indian simplicity prevails in modern uniforms and equipments. Modern warfare is business-like, not glorious. The tendency is to discard everything that can be seen at a distance. The shining steel of musket and bayonet has been "blued" or "bronzed." Buttons have vanished from service uniforms, and looks-and-eyes

and frogs have taken their place. Brilliant colors have given place to sombre browns, blues, and grays. The soldier is taught to creep, to crawl, to take advantage of the shelter of trees and rocks. As he crawls through the woods in his dark uniform he is as little discernible upon the ground as the dark Indian would be. How different from Braddock's day, when the colonial troops were accused of cowardice because they fought behind trees, according to the tactics at present in vogue with all the leading military nations. How different from Napoleon's time, when the troops went into battle massed in squares, wearing bearskin shakos, white cross-belts, and bright-colored uniforms spangled with glistening buttons.

The Indian's title to the possession of bravery, clouded by his war tactics, has been cleared by the adoption of his system by the leading military nations. Of his personal, individual bravery, there can be no doubt. As an individual there is no braver man, no less boastful man, than the American Indian. Brave! What do the annals of chivalry have to place beside the incident of the Wounded Knee campaign, where two Indian boys charged upon a regiment of regulars? What braver thing than the Aztecs, with their poor, stone-pointed arrows and glass knives, attacking the mailed horsemen of Spain, armed with steel and firearms? What doughtier knight than the old Arapahoe riding straight at a troop of charging cavalry, snatching his wounded son from under their very hoofs, and riding off, followed by cheers, not bullets? What deed of more desperate daring than that of the young Apache who, surrounded by soldiers, leaped from a cliff in the cañon of the Colorado, into the river a hundred feet below, and escaped? What more chivalrous deed than that of Mattowan, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who, finding a white classmate a captive, sick and worn out and condemned to run the gauntlet at midnight, runs the gauntlet himself and spurs his friend back to the settlements?

Alone of the savage races, the Indian has proved a worthy foe to the white man. Africa, with its hundred million negroes, has been an easy conquest for the white. North America, with its few hundred thousand Indians, has been conquered inch by inch. What were the casualties of the wars between the English and the Zulus, Kaffirs, and Matabeles, compared to the casualties of our Indian wars? What were the troubles of the Dutch and English settlers in South Africa compared to the troubles of our frontier settlers? Alone of the savage races, the Indian has been undaunted by that mysterious awe which the resourceful white man has ever inspired in the resourceless savage.

A savage. Uneducated, unwashed, yet brave and honest, a lover of truth and liberty. Educate him, wash him, assimilate him. The composite American nationality that is to be built up from the diverse nationalities of our present population can gain something from incorporating the American Indian.

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

## A Frontier Hero's Odd Monument.

NINETEEN years ago, on August 31, 1868, a bullet coming from behind bore death to probably the most widely-known frontier hero of the stirring days of cowboy and mining fame—



THE MONUMENT.

J. B. Hickok, called throughout the West by his chosen title of "Wild Bill." Now he has a monument, unique and typical of his exciting career. A memorial stone, capped by a bust which but faintly resembles the departed, has been erected on a wooded slope of the mountain cemetery at Deadwood, South Dakota, where the desperado who had followed Wild Bill for months consummated his revenge. On the rough front of the granite is a brief recitation of daring deeds. Above, standing out in relief, are two crossed revolvers, carved with striking exactness, telling eloquently the calling of the deceased. "Custer was lonely with-out him," is the only motto.

Hickok was born at La Salle, Illinois, in 1837. He was scout, gambler, frontier officer, and reformer. He was marshal of Abilene, Kansas, when the Texas cattle trail trade was at its height, and compelled the untamable cowboys to go unarmed and respect the law. Other cattle towns secured his services, and he always brought order out of their chaotic conditions, regardless of the number of men he had to shoot to do it. It was said that his revolver never missed its mark, and it is certain that the purse of ten thousand dollars once made up by the cattlemen for his death, because he had killed, while on duty, one of their number, was never claimed.

With the close of the cattle trade Hickok drifted to the mining camps of Colorado and Dakota, where he met his fate. More than a score of men met their fate before Wild Bill's deadly aim, and this was claim enough to greatness to win from many other frontiersmen co-operation in the erection of the strange memorial in the mountain cemetery. C. M. HANSEN.

## Electricity vs. Steam on Railways.

THE electrical system adopted by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to haul trains through the city of Baltimore is the first and only one of the kind yet placed in operation. It has been tested with freight-trains of twenty-six loaded cars and two steam-power locomotives, which were pulled up an eight-per-cent. grade at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, the steam locomotives not being used. From Camden station to North Avenue in Baltimore, one and three-fifths miles, the electric locomotive hauled fifteen hundred tons of dead weight in five and one-third minutes, actual running time. As it is designed to operate an ordinary passenger-train weighing five hundred tons at thirty-five miles per hour, this and other tests demonstrate its success beyond question.

The electrical way is about two miles in length, consisting of open cut and tunnel work, the largest tunnel being 7,320 feet long, and extending under the heart of the city. The current is carried along an inverted trough or channel of metal placed at an angle over the centre of the track, and supported by a series of transverse supports or "bridges," from which chains of iron rods are suspended, which are the immediate support of the channel in the open cuts. In the tunnel work the channel, which is a substitute for the trolley wire, is suspended by insulated supports from the roof. The current is supplied to this channel by three copper feed-cables, each of sixty-one wires. The motor receives the current through a brass shoe sliding along the channel, and is connected with it by a jointed metallic frame, which is raised or lowered automatically, adjusting itself to any position. This is the substitute for the trolley bar in common use. The electric locomotives, of which three will be in service, weigh ninety-six tons each—about thirty more than the larger Mogul freight engines. They have eight driving-wheels, each sixty-two inches in diameter, and two trucks. To each truck are attached two motors, each able to take a current of nine hundred electrical amperes and of three hundred and sixty horse-power, making a total of one thousand four hundred and forty horse-power to the locomotive. They are the largest railway motors ever built. The locomotive is provided with air-brake, bell, and whistle, and is operated by a parallel controller quite similar to a street-car.

The current is generated in a power-station containing five engines, each operating a five-hundred kilowatt generator, and capable of securing three thousand steam horse-power if needed.

The reason for adopting electricity was to avoid smoke and gas in the tunnel work, and to insure greater speed than could be obtained from an ordinary locomotive in pulling trains up the necessarily heavy grades and sharp curves of the railway. The road, which is seven and one-fifth miles long, was built to give the company an all-rail route from Washington to New York, and avoid ferrying of trains across the Potomac River, heretofore a cause of delay and annoyance. The cost of construction was seven million dollars, the tunnel

work costing two hundred and twenty-five dollars per foot.  
D. ALLEN WILLIAMS.

## The Nantasket Electrical Railroad.

WITHIN fifteen miles of Boston may now be seen the novel spectacle of passenger-trains of from two to five heavily-laden coaches drawn by an electric locomotive at the rate of forty miles an hour over a curving track. Long gravel and freight trains rush by at scarcely less speed behind the hissing, flashing trolley motor, with its screeching air-whistle.

This electric railroad was put into operation on the 25th of June. So the era of electric rail-riding is inaugurated, not with majestic steam-engine-battery engines, as long predicted, but by this same ubiquitous, bumping trolley that has long been swishing its brownstick tail in the face of the dignified railway locomotive, and at last it has got itself transferred to a standard gauge track as the rival of the proud steam-engine.

The new motor is quite different, however, from the street-car trolley. It has the body of a baggage-car and the pilot or coupler of a steam-engine, and weighs sixty thousand pounds. Underneath are red-painted driving-wheels thirty-six inches in diameter. On the roof above the front platform is an air-whistle, which shows itself quite as competent to make itself heard at a distance as the steam whistle, and the large brass gong at the right side of the car raises a clamor that outdoes the siren vibrations of the locomotive bell.

The motorman's position is on the front platform, which is inclosed with sheet-iron work. Here he has everything at hand—the lever, the air-brake, and handles attached to the gong and whistle. In this elevated place he looks as potent as an engineer. As for the fireman—no days are numbered unless that name be applied to the grim coal-heaver that shovels fuel into the furnace at the power-house.

The passenger coaches used are the closed cars, like those of the elevated road in New York, with the end seats running lengthwise and a few crosswise seats in the middle. Open coaches are also used. These are like summer street-cars, except that they are much larger, having sixteen seats or benches, and are mounted on high trucks and have a series of three steps along the entire length leading up to the car platform.

The official trial trips have demonstrated a speed of sixty miles an hour with four coaches on a curving track. From this fact it is calculated by conservative railroad men that on a straight track a speed of eighty to one hundred miles an hour can easily be made. The construction of this electric railroad was accomplished with remarkable quietness and dispatch during April, May, and June. In that time seven miles of double track was built. This was formerly the steam railroad bed of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which skirted the sea from Nantasket Junction to Hull, at the northern extremity of the peninsula.

On that line there is now a single row of white-painted wooden poles in the middle of the grade between the tracks, surmounted by iron cross-bars forming the shape of the letter T. This line of gleaming white poles, supporting the copper cables on their tops and smaller wires at either end of the cross-bars, gives the appearance at a distance of a telegraph line instead of trolley-poles, and looks picturesque rather than unsightly.

Instead of being a temporary work, as might be expected from an experiment like this, the grade was not only widened for two tracks, but improved. The new rails laid were of sixty pounds instead of the old sixty-pound ones.

A mile from the starting-point at Nantasket Junction is the curious sight of an electric power-house out in the woods, the first building of the kind erected in this country by a steam-railroad company. It is brick, with stone trimmings, two-stories high, and is a far more imposing structure than the usual street-car power-house. In this building is a plant consisting of two boilers and eight batteries. Each battery will generate three hundred and fifty horse-power.

The five immense copper cables, each an inch in thickness, which proceed from the building, are an indication of the power which will be generated here and distributed along the trolley wires.

This road is the outgrowth of the trolley-car competition which the railroad company has encountered in the growing suburbs of Boston along its lines. The Nantasket division was selected for the purpose of the trolley experiment because, while a short branch, it was one which taxed the capacity of steam power during the summer season. It required an entirely separate set of locomotives, coaches, and train crews. The fare was fifteen cents, but is now reduced to five cents. HERBERT HAYWOOD.



# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## International Athletic Discussion.

It seems that the zeal of London Athletic Club members in bringing up fresh names for election has had the result of securing to the ranks of the athletic department all the English amateur champions of the year. That such would result from an agreement to contest for international honors with an American team, to wit, that of the New York Athletic Club, was obvious the moment the affair was settled upon, and the date, September 21st, fixed. In the footsteps of their English cousins the zealous New York management of athletics followed, so that to-day we are confronted with the certain knowledge that London Athletic Club vs. New York Athletic Club really means all England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales vs. all America, with Canada and Ireland thrown in.

Under date of July 15th the London Athletic Club officials, thinking it wise to formally announce to the New York men the steps taken by them to secure a team of champions, wrote to that effect, and supplemented their announcement with the request for information concerning the steps which they (the New York officials) had taken to secure a team—also of champions.

This is the official status of the case at this time. Beneath the surface, however, there would seem to be just cause to believe that the Englishmen fear that while they have by legitimate means secured men of undoubted amateur standing, the New-Yorkers have strengthened their ranks by certain athletes who could not properly own to the title of "gentlemen amateurs." And, fearing this, they have asked for full information concerning the make-up of the New York team.

There seems little, if any, prospect that this unfortunate condition of affairs will result in no contest, for the London Athletic Club, having agreed to come here, will live up to that agreement come what may, or no matter whom they may have to meet. Still the question has a disagreeable flavor to it which cannot be altogether relished by Americans. Several months ago, when the contest was settled upon, I took occasion to point out the fact that the New York Athletic Club could hardly look upon certain members of their team with equanimity, and the feeling that these athletes truly represented American amateur sport. In particular I took the case of Hammer-thrower Mitchell, who is no more of an amateur than the majority of bicyclists who make racing their business. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that there could be no violation of sportsmanship in adding to the club-roll men of known athletic ability who would join as amateurs and be distinctly opposed to being classed as members in good standing, paying their club charges the same as other members elected in the usual way. Beyond this, it seemed, however, that the boundary-line which divided the field of amateur sport from the grasping one of professionalism was passed, and a just basis of grievance established.

Far be it from my purpose to show deceit at our end of the line, or to imply that the London Athletic Club management have been entirely governed by the rules of amateurism; but whatever may be the make-up or the status of the English team, all fair-minded and sports-loving Americans want to see a purely American amateur team take the field on September 21st—a team above reproach, and one which in victory is above the slur of professional charges. Such a team could be placed in the field, and such a team could win. But no team can lay claim to being an amateur team with the name of James Mitchell on its list. Unquestionably two men to represent the American team in the Mitchell specialty is Hlickish, of Yale, an athlete of unquestioned amateur standing, and a champion as well. At the present writing it does not look as though the American team would be spotless; but there is much to be hoped for in the settlement of the question propounded by the Englishmen.

Secretary Holman, of the London Athletic Club, has announced the following make-up to represent his club: One-hundred-yard dash, Bradley and Downer; four-hundred-and-forty-yard run, Bredin and Fitzherbert; two-hundred-and-twenty-yard run, Downer and Fitzherbert; eight-hundred-and-eighty-yard run, Bredin and Hoan; mile run, Bacon and Luytens; three-mile run, Bacon, Munroe, and Hoan; hurdles, Shaw and Oakley; long jump, Oakley and Fry; high jump, Ryan and Williams; putting shot, Borgan and Barry; throwing hammer, Barry.

## "DEFENDER" CONTINUES TO PLEASE HER FRIENDS.

*Defender* is slowly but surely rounding into true racing condition, but she will hardly be seen at her best before September. The Iselin-Morgan-Vanderbilt syndicate who own and run her are quite satisfied that she represents the perfection of the Herreshoff genius, and that *Valkyrie III*, challenger for the historic America's Cup, must prove herself a wonder in all points of sailing and in all kinds of weather to defeat her. Nat Herreshoff, her designer, is also satisfied, and feels rocksure that when her rigging is fully stretched and her sails set satisfactorily and in a manner to take the greatest possible advantage of whatever wind is blowing, she will administer a sound thrashing to the successful 1893 aspirant for international honors—*Vigilant*.

To be sure *Defender* has already proved herself a better boat all around than *Vigilant*, yet even granted that the centerboard is much faster this year than ever, it is quite necessary to the feeling of quiet confidence in final results that *Defender* make her superiority more marked.

As time wears on, conviction becomes almost a certainty that the English boat is a very fast boat indeed in light weather; and, further, the reports of her instability in rough, windy weather will be shown to be groundless when she stretches her wings in these waters, probably the last of this month.

*Valkyrie III* is now on her way over, and in consequence of a greatly-reduced rig it is not expected that she will make the journey in much less than a month. In the interim *Defender* will be so put through her paces as to be well "tuned up" by the time of the arrival.

The Golet five-hundred-dollar-cup race for sloops, which was sailed off Newport, Friday, August 2d, was disappointing only in that *Defender*, on account of breaking her guff while jilting about the second mark, was unable to finish. At the time of the accident, however, she was leading the *Vigilant* by at least eight minutes, and if she had finished, would have beaten the centerboard undoubtedly a round dozen minutes. In this respect, then, the race was most satisfying, because it showed *Defender* to be unquestionably the better boat. Indeed, in the light and fluky wind which was blowing during the race she proved that she is not only a flyer but a wonderful flyer.

*Jabber*, General Paine's 1893 prospective cup defender, and *Volunteer*, the conqueror of *Thistle*, sailed the race. *Defender* led the former twelve minutes and thirty-six seconds to the second mark, and the latter by more than half an hour.

## LAWN TENNIS.

The annual Newport meeting of the National Tennis Association, which is scheduled for August 21st and succeeding days, promises even more than the usual standard of excellence of play and list of entries. While there are no new stars expected in the already large firmament, certain of those players who failed to realize expectations last year are quietly tipped to surprise the tennis critics. John Howland is one of these, and certain authorities on the game look for him to maintain continuously the brilliant form which he displayed in spots only last year, notably when he defeated Goodbody, the English player, at Narragansett Pier, just prior to the Newport tournament for the all-comers championship of the United States.

Champion Wrenn, owing to protracted baseball playing at Harvard this spring and early summer, is not a little behind his form of last year at this time. He is rounding to rapidly, however, and his admirers do not see how he can lose in his match to defend the title. Where Wrenn rivals his fellow-players is in his head-work and English nerve, which is the means of maintaining an evenness of play from beginning to end, and a coolness at such times when things are not going just to his liking. Without the brilliancy of a Hovey or a Holart or a Larned, he has the *snag* *frond* of a Pim or a Goodbody, and it is right here where he forges ahead, and for which quality his friends back him to win.

While Makecomb Chase has figured prominently for the past two years in the Newport tournament, he has never been *dangerous*. This season, however, with the steady weight of another year on his shoulders, and diligent practice, he will surely do better than ever. This means, in the opinion of those who have watched his play in various tournaments up to this time, that he will press the best of them very hard and make a strong bid for the "All-comers."

The flying visit of the English cracks, Pim and Mahony, was the source of much stimulus to the work of our best men, and this stimulus is expected to show itself in no uncertain way at Newport.

*W.T. Ball.*

## Holmes and His "Castle."

PIECING together the fragments of information so far obtained regarding the career of the man known in Chicago as H. H. Holmes, and whose real name is Herman Mudgett, it would appear that he is one of the most versatile and accomplished villains of the century. His birth of respectable parents in a quiet New Hampshire village, Gilmanston, gives no clew to any theory of the inheritance of his criminal tendencies. His parents were God-fearing people, and his associations were unobjectionable. The boy graduated from the village academy, married a girl of good family, taught school, and became a student in the University of Vermont. He then went to the University of Michigan and studied medicine, and here, it appears, in the dissection classes sprouted the latent spirit of devilishness in the young man's mind. From robbing graveyards he appears to have adopted schemes of life-insurance frauds, and after spending a few months with his family in New Hampshire, he went to Chicago and adopted the name of Holmes and the general career of swindler. He worked under various aliases, and carried his operations as far as California. A fertile, restless brain and a plausible manner made him a successful promoter of bogus companies and fraudulent schemes, and it seems to have been easy for him to dupe many careful and conservative men. Returning to Chicago, he found an old Ann Arbor friend whom he induced to take out a policy of insurance for ten thousand dollars. The friend "died," and Holmes collected the money. According to Holmes's statement it was a fraud, pure and simple, and the friend was an accomplice, who disappeared. The job was repeated with success, but the swindler alleges there was no murder. Bodies were secured for the purpose, and the insurance companies were satisfied. In Wilmette Holmes married another wife, and a successful speculation in Denver netted him twenty-seven thousand dollars, with which he erected a double building in the principal street of Englewood, in the Thirtieth Ward of Chicago. The building was put up in 1892, by day's work, and Holmes superintended the job and often changed the workmen. The street floor was let for drug-store, restaurant, shops, etc., and the two upper floors were reserved, for what purpose no one knew.

In the fall of this year, one "Henry Gordon" and his young wife, a Texan girl of some property and education, occupied a flat near by. They changed their residence very suddenly and went to the Holmes "castle," as it was called, where the girl acted as Holmes's stenographer, for Gordon was Holmes, and the girl was Minnie Williams. She wrote to her sister Annie that she was married, with an invitation to visit her. Annie came, and soon afterward disappeared. In a few months two men, calling themselves Lyman and Pratt, appeared in Fort Worth and placed on record a deed of certain property in that city from Minnie Williams to Lyman, who was personated by Holmes's confederate, one Fitzel. Pratt was Holmes himself. The two then fleeced the Fort Worth people out of some twenty-five thousand dollars by fraudulent mortgages and notes, and "skipped." Inquiries were made for the two sisters, but no trace of them could be found.

During the World's Fair year Holmes ran a restaurant on the ground floor of his "castle," and was engaged in various schemes which had little or no reality in fact. Meanwhile he was quietly prosecuting insurance frauds on the one hand, and supplying skeletons to medical colleges on the other.

The man Fitzel appears to have been Holmes's trusted accomplice. He had a wife and five children. Finally it appears that Fitzel himself was insured, in July, 1891, in the Fidelity Mutual of Philadelphia, for ten thousand dollars. In September the charred body of a man was found in a house on Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, which had been rented by a man giving the name of Perry. Holmes, with Mrs. Fitzel and her daughter Alice, went to Philadelphia and identified the body as that of Fitzel, and the wife claimed the insurance. It appears that she really thought that the body was that of a stranger, but she was placed in the singular position of recognizing the body of her own husband, whom she had unwittingly conspired to destroy. The policy was paid, and Holmes kept the greater share of the money. After his

arrest it was discovered that Holmes had led the wife and three eldest children of his victim a devil's dance about the country that nearly upset the reason of the weak and deluded mother. It is believed that he intended to murder them all. They went to Indianapolis, where the boy Howard, aged nine, disappeared, and then to Cincinnati, Detroit, and Toronto. Finally the girls, Alice and Nellie, eleven and twelve years of age, were separated from their mother, who was left to wander about the country alone—now ordered here, then told to remain where she was and be silent under peril of her life. Holmes suddenly appeared in his old home, had an interview with his first wife, (Continued on page 110.)

## The Astor Cups.

THE two sterling cups given by Mr. John Jacob Astor as prizes in the trial races to determine the defender of the America's Cup were designed and manufactured by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and are of rare beauty and grace—a departure from the conventional lines of yacht prizes. Each cup is two feet high from the base to the top of the figure of Victory, and nine inches across the widest part, resting on a movable base of ebony, around which is twined a wreath of vines and



THE CUP.

fruits, with a crowned head of Neptune on each side. The figure of Victory, eight inches in height, stands full front in a most graceful posture, the right foot resting in the shell, the other drawn back and upheld by the top of the shell. In the right hand is the wreath of Victory, while held aloft is a branch of palms.

Both sides of the cup are alike, with the exception of the figure of Victory, it being intended to etch a yachting scene in one panel, with the name of the winner and other details in the other. The value of these prizes is two thousand dollars.

## Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them. \*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE





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HOWARD FITZER.



BENJAMIN F. FITZER.



NELLIE FITZER.



MINNIE WILLIAMS.



H. H. HOLMES, THE ACCUSED.

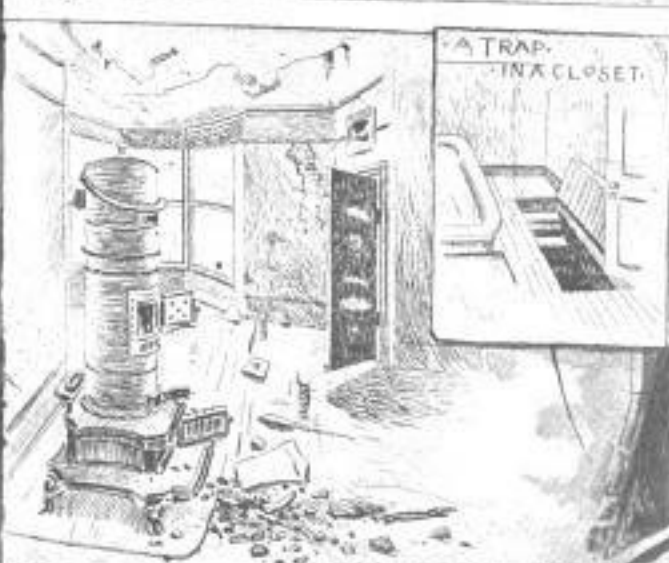


WANNIE WILLIAMS.

OPENING TO THE GAS TANK UNDERNEATH  
THE ALLEY OF THE "CASTLE."

THE HOLMES "CASTLE," 701 SIXTY-THIRD STREET, CHICAGO.

H. H. HOLMES ON THE STREET.

WORKMEN DISCOVERING THE BOX CONTAINING  
BONES OF VICTIMS.

STOVE AND DUMPTY SAFE.



GAS TANK AND ACID VAT IN BASEMENT.

A PHENOMENON IN VILLAINY—INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF H. H. HOLMES, WHOSE  
OF MOST REVOLTING MURDERS IN PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, AND  
OF PHILADELPHIA.—(SEE

SONED IN PHILADELPHIA, CHARGED WITH A SERIES  
PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE AUTHORITIES





CUBA—PORT JARAYO, AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA.  
*La Ilustración Española y Americana.*



THE VILLAGE OF BONGO, SUBURB OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPANISH TROOPS.—*La Ilustración Española y Americana.*



THE RECENT ENGLISH ELECTIONS—A NIGHT SCENE IN FLEET STREET, LONDON.  
*Illustrated London News.*



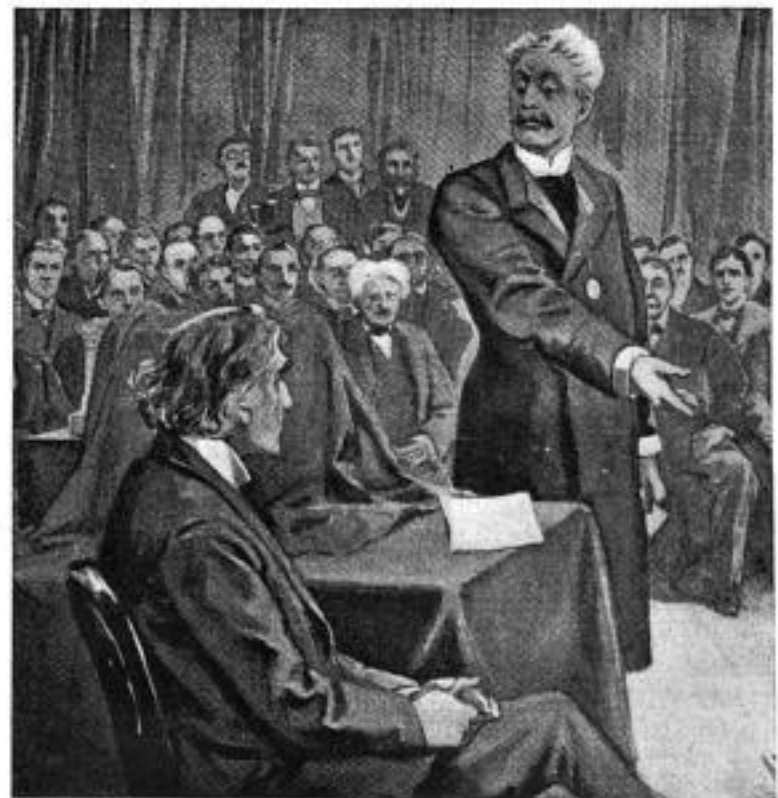
MATABELE WARRIORS ENTERTAINING VISITORS WITH A NATIVE DANCE.—*London Graphic.*



PARISIANS WAITING AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE CHINESE LOAN.  
*L'Illustration.*



THE BICYCLE IN AUSTRALIA—A QUARTETTE OF LADY CYCLISTS IN MELBOURNE.  
*London Sketch.*



THE ACTORS OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON, CONGRATULATING SIR HENRY IRVING ON RECEIVING HIS TITLE.—*London Graphic.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## Holmes and His "Castle."

(Continued from page 107.)

to whom he appeared as one risen from the dead. Here he might have remained, under his original name, buried to the world, but he went on to Boston, where he was arrested, as was Mrs. Pitzel, a few days afterward. Then came the discovery of the bodies of the two girls buried in the cellar of a house in Toronto, and the distracted mother was called upon to identify the bodies of her children. The boy Howard has never been heard from, and his fate is still a mystery.

These disclosures caused an examination of the Englewood "Castle," and it was found to be as complete a man trap, or woman trap, as ever existed in the imagination of the most lurid writer of "sleuth" fiction. Not a room but had two or even three exits, intricate passage ways, trap-doors, chutes that led from the upper floor to the cellar, rooms with padded walls; a dummy vault which the detectives say is useless for any purpose but to stifle a victim; secret stairways, a crematory furnace and an acid vat. In the cellar human bones were found, and fragments of bloody clothing, and in one of the upper chambers a bench with stains of blood and marks of a sharp knife. But nothing more. The curious part of the whole horrible story is that, although the man is believed, from circumstantial evidence, to be a multi-murderer, no direct evidence of his guilt has yet been discovered.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

### OUT OF SORTS.

That is the way you feel as a result of the headache you had when you awoke this morning. Get in your usual frame of mind and body by using Hippo Tablets, the standard remedy for all stomach and liver complaints.

Get a bottle of Anestherin Bitters to flavor your soda and lemonade. Dr. Siegel's the only genuine.

### CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray Street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 15th.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children's teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

### FALSE ECONOMY

is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers, sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

The new Sohmer Piano factory occupies eight large lots, situated a short distance from the Ninety-second Street ferry at Long Island City. In building the factory the firm has spared no expense, and can safely claim to possess the most perfect piano-forte house in the United States.

### Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HENNINGFORD, Box A, 301, Albion, Michigan.

A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD. ALL READY FOR USE, AND REQUIRES NO MIXING.



**The Club Cocktails**

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, and YORK.

For the Yacht.  
For the Sea Shore,  
For the Mountains,  
For the Fishing Party,  
For the Camping Party,  
For the Summer Hotel.

Consistent with the fact that two cocktails made of the same materials and proportions, the one which is aged must be the better.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States. Avoid Imitations.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
39 Broadway, N. Y.,  
Hartford, Conn., and 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.  
For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

# Cuticura

## THE GREAT SKIN CURE

Works wonders in curing torturing disfiguring diseases of the skin scalp and blood and especially baby humours.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the medicinal stores. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Street, London. PATENT DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

### "Can the Ethiopian CHANGE HIS SKIN?"

almost, if he will but use

## (CONSTANTINE'S) PINE TAR SOAP

Persian Healing.

### Constantine's

WORKS WONDERS ON THE SKIN.

A FAIR TRIAL WILL PROVE IT.

It is appropriate to add, this remarkable soap is composed of Pine Tar and other Medicinal Properties, the result of vegetable discoveries made by the natives of Africa. A toilet soap and healing agent in one.

DRUGGISTS.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the Sohmer Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

## TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris  
Sold by all Druggists.

## OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

## At the International Yacht Race our "Defender"

will protect America's Cup, while

## Fibre Chamois

will hold harmless against damage by the damp sea air our ladies' puffed sleeves and skirts.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

if you must get a cheap substitute that will require taking out after the dress is worn.

See that what you buy is stamped with letters like this



Fibre Chamois

From The Mail and Express (Saturday evening, July 19th, 1896).

### HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD'S EXPOSITION FOLDER WOULD HAVE DONE SERVICE AT BABEL'S TOWER.

The fact that a person hails from the icy shores of Greenland, the torrid plains of India, from Kalamazoo, Michigan, or Hong-Kong, China, need not prevent him from obtaining the fullest information as to how to reach the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Georgia, even without a knowledge of Volapuk, or the aid of a professor of modern languages. He need only consult the special exposition folder that has been issued by the Southern Railway Company. He will find the necessary information set forth there in his own native tongue, and probably in all other tongues with which he is acquainted.

The folder is unique and original. Its reading-matter is printed in thirteen different languages, from Scandinavian to Chinese. Its illustrations are printed in the only perfect universal tongue yet discovered—the language of art. They occupy one entire side of the folder, and are in delicate artistic taste. They consist of pictures of the main buildings of the exposition, and taken together give one an excellent idea of the external appearance of the fair. The work of illustrating the folder and printing it in the various languages in which it appears was one that required great skill. It was done by the American Bank Note Company.

The Southern is the only railroad running into the grounds.

The exposition will open on September 18th, and the indications are that it will be largely attended.



**CORPUS LEAN**  
Will reduce fat to 10% of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Food 40c. in stamps for credit circulars covering testimonials. L. F. MARSH CO., 2212 Madison Ave., Philada., Pa.



**ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.**  
Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.



## Demorest's Family Magazine,

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Those who subscribe for DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for the coming year will possess a gallery of EXQUISITE WORKS OF ART OF GREAT VALUE, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS AND SUBJECT MATTER. It is a liberal educator to every member of the household. THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF DEMOREST'S are bright, varied, and of superior merit, selected to please the widest diversity of taste. In the number, beauty and excellence of its illustrations it leads all other publications, and has honestly earned the reputation it so universally bears, of being "a dozen Magazines in one." The fact that its subscription list has nearly doubled during the past year, notwithstanding the hard times, speaks volumes for the popularity of this high-standing publication. THE SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED FASHION PAGES, for which it is so justly noted, will be retained for 1896, and subscribers will continue to receive all the patterns needed during the year, almost free of cost, and in any size that may be chosen. The patterns would cost each subscriber between three and four dollars if purchased elsewhere; and the magazine itself is equal to the four-dollar magazines in every respect.

An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of De Langhe's water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture (size 22x28 inches) will be given to every subscriber with the December issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE (published November 15th). This issue will also be enlarged and bound in a beautifully printed colored cover, and will be replete with illustrations and reading matter pertaining to the Xmas Holidays. The chrysanthemum plate alone in this one number is worth more than the price of a year's subscription; do not fail to get it. The magazine for the coming year is to be improved in many ways. It is to be made the very best magazine for the family circle in existence.

Subscription, \$2.00 per year. . . \$1.00 for six months.

Single Copies, 20 cents.

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO.,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



**THE SEARCH LIGHT SHOWS THE WAY**

IMPROVED KEROSENE LAMP NO SUBSTITUTE

Central Draft Circular Free Bridgeport Brass Co. Bridgeport Ct.

40, 19 Murray St., New York City.

A record of over half a century is a guarantee that cannot be questioned. Every article used in

## PHOTOGRAPHY

may be obtained from us.

## CAMERAS

in every style, at all prices

FREE. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue mailed FREE on application.

"Anthony's Photographic Bulletin," per year, 5c.  
"The International Annual for 1895," 25 cents.  
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.





## MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

in LESLIE'S WEEKLY are made by J. C. Hemment with the Ross Patent Lens used in the **Folding Montauk Camera**

G. GENNERT, Manufacturer,

24 and 26 East 13th St., NEW YORK.

## THIRTY-ONE INFORMATION BUREAUS.

Each of the city ticket-offices of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is an Information Bureau—thirty-one in all.

Complete information in regard to rates and routes for reaching the principal health and pleasure resorts of America can be obtained free; also information regarding principal hotels at such resorts, their rates, accommodations, etc., etc.

We have a great variety of books and pictures descriptive of the hotels and their surroundings. Agents are always glad to assist callers. It may pay you to consult them before laying out your route.

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## HOW TO MAKE



**ADIPO-MALENE.**  
L. E. MATHIS & CO., Madison St., Phila., Pa.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 27. By T. TAVERNOR.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above problem, which received the first honors in an English tournament, is far from being a difficult or striking problem, and yet it is seldom we see a composition wherein the niceties of the art are so beautifully shown. It is only after the position has been solved and carefully analyzed that the touch of the master-hand becomes apparent.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 24. By KIDSON.

White. Black.  
1 Q to QR5. 1 K to K4.  
2 P queens mate.

Correctly solved by Messrs. W. L. Fogg, Porter Stafford, W. E. Hayward, J. G. Schaefer, T. Cox, A. C. Cass, Dr. Jenkins, G. Moss, E.

**PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS**

## THE POCKET KODAK. Price \$5.00



A Pocket Camera that uses films or plates—weighs only 5 ounces and slips into the pocket easily. Made of aluminum and covered with fine leather.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

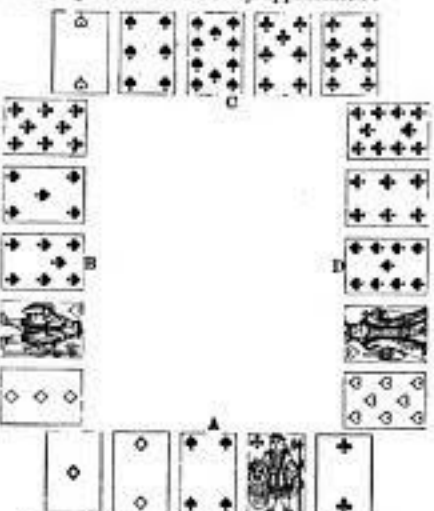
Sample photo and booklet for two-cent stamp. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

North, S. R. Lessing, B. Morris, R. G. Fitzgerald, E. H. Baldwin, Z. Corner, A. Hardy, W. Truen, W. Spain, E. D. Brown, R. Rogers, and Dr. A. W. Hall. All others were incorrect.

## Whist Practice.

MANY solutions were received to Problem No. 27, and yet it is a difficult matter to know just how many fairly mastered the real trick of the play. Messrs. Islen, Stafford, "Ivanhoe," "A. J. S.," and Gowen gave the full solution, and pointed out the following subtle play: A leads heart ace, B the king, C the queen, and D the six. A then leads heart three, B the seven, and C discards spade eight; and D takes with the eight. D leads spade four, A the five, B the three, and C the two! A leads again, and makes C's king good, so that they win three tricks. The following correspondents only showed that if B played heart seven on first round, C discards spade deuce on second round: Messrs. G. Alden, H. Allen, "P. H. B.," H. Barry, C. Cook, E. Donyse, Dr. Eastman, G. Ferris, Fort Schuyler, G. P. Garrett, H. Greene, "H. D. L. H.," W. Higgins, I. C. Isaacs, C. H. Cohen, G. Lord, C. H. Masters, Percy Moore, Mrs. H. T. Menner, T. J. Morrison, C. Nugent, G. Parsons, W. Peters, J. W. Russell, C. E. Robbins, P. Stafford, J. P. Stewart, Dr. Tyler, P. Truax, C. Ulman, W. Vreeland, G. Wolf, W. R. White, H. Wheeler, and W. Young.

Here is another idea, given as Problem No. 32, full of sparkling variations, which must be carefully studied to be fully appreciated:



Diamonds trumps. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

## A Straight Line.

A Quick Line,

A Through Line,

A Popular Line

to All Points in New York State.

## THE MODERN WEST-SHORE RAILROAD

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS. FIVE FAST TRAINS TO THE WEST.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 7:30 P. M. and arrives there early next morning.

Desiring paper of superior excellence and uniformity can secure it of the makers of the papers used in the various publications of THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



Produced by the French or natural process of fermentation in bottle. Highest award at Columbian Exposition. A. J. WENHAM'S SONS, Distributing Agents, CLEVELAND, O.



## Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as is testified to by many awards whenever exhibited. Your digestion will not suffer if you use Rae's Oil.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by

S. RAE & CO.,

Established 1836.

Leghorn, Italy.



## Pabst Malt Extract . . .

There is substance to it; It is vivifying, life producing; Gives vim and bounce—It braces.

The "BEST" Tonic



## MOOSE, MOUNTAIN GOATS, ELKS, DEER, BEARS

and other large game are yet found in the NORTHWEST. Send me TEN CENTS and I will send you TWO BOOKS that will give you an idea of what a GREAT COUNTRY we have.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent,

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

## "Thrift is a good revenue."

## Great Saving

results from cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**. It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

## LADIES!!

Do you like a cup of Good Tea? If so send this "Ad" and 3c. in stamps and we will mail you a 1-lb. sample Best Tea Imported. Any and you may select: Good Income, Big Premiums, etc. Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Spices. Send for terms. (Mention "Leslie's Weekly.") THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 225, 21 & 23 Vesey St., New York.

**FACIAL BLEMISHES.** Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 122 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Send 3c. for sample and 100-page book on Dermatology.

**Bethel Military Academy VIRGINIA.** Prepares for Government Academies, Universities, and Business. For catalogues address Maj. R. A. McIntyre, Bethel Academy P. O.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS **LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

For Rates Address

WILLIAM L. MILLER, Adv. Manager,

110 Fifth Ave., New York.





TO DECIDE THE BET.

FARMER HAYRICK — "Scuse me, mister, but ther boys er bettin' that yew be one o' them idiots they call dudes. Be ye?"

## Soup Making —a pleasure with *Armour's* Extract of BEEF

Our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles" mailed free. Send address to  
Armour & Company, Chicago.

### LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the 15th day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine days thereafter, of the CONFIRMATION of the following assessments:

**TWELFTH WARD**—Edgewater and Broadway Avenues, Fencing, between 143d and 145d Sts.; Lexington Avenue, Sewer, between 19th and 20th Sts.; also sewer in 102d St., between Lexington and 3d Aves.; 161st St., Fencing, between 3d and 5d Aves.; 165th St., Regulating, etc., between Boulevard and Riverside Ave.; 166th St., Flagging, etc., at southeast corner of 3d Ave.; 127th St., Sewer, between Boulevard and Riverside Ave.; also, sewer in Glenwood Ave.

**TWENTY-SECOND WARD**—Amsterdam Ave., Sewer, west side, between 83d and 85th Sts.

**TWENTY-THIRD WARD**—Boston Road, Sewer, between 160th and 161st Sts., with Branch Sewer in 160th St.; Brook Ave., Fencing, etc., between Bronx Kila and 160th St.; Elton Ave., Re-regulating, etc., between 161st St. and Brook Ave.; Franklin Ave., Sewer, between 161st and 162nd Sts.; Locust Ave., Regulating, etc., between 162d and 163rd Sts.; Lowell St., Sewer, between Elton and 3d Aves., with Branch Sewers in Morris Ave., 140th St., and College Ave.; 157th St., Sewer, between Southern Boulevard and Willow Ave.; 144th St., Fencing, between 3d and Brook Aves.; 147th St., Fencing, between 3d and Brook Aves.; 147th St., Fencing, between Brook and 3d Aves.; 150th St., Regulating, etc., between River and Willow Aves.; 152nd St., Fencing, between Railroad Ave. east, and 3d Ave.; 154th St., Fencing, between Railroad Ave. east, and Elton Ave.; 164th St., Sewer, between Boston Road and Trinity Ave.; Prospect Ave., Sewer, between Westchester Ave. and 144th St.; Ogden Ave., Sewer, between Birch and Orchard Sts.

**TWENTY-FOURTH WARD**—Munglen St., Regulating, etc., between Sedgwick and Jerome Aves.; Vanderbilt Ave., East, Sewer, between 175d and 176th Sts.; Vanderbilt Ave., East, Sewer, between 174th and 175th Sts.; Webster Ave., Sewer, between 164th St. and Moshulu Parkway.

ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller,  
City of New York—Finance Department,  
Comptroller's Office, July 20th, 1895.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the 15th day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine (9) days consecutively thereafter, of the Confirmation of the following assessments:

**TWELFTH WARD**—Depot St., Regulating, Roofing, etc., from Hudson River to Exterior St.; 151st St., Sewer, between West End and Riverside Aves.; 161st St., Sewer, between Amsterdam Ave. and Edgewater Road.

**TWENTY-SECOND WARD**—Brown Place, Sewer, between Southern Boulevard and 138th St.; Fifth Avenue, Regulating, Grading, etc., between 124th and 125th Sts.; Kelly St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Westchester and Prospect Aves.; 124th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Railroad Ave. east, and Madison Ave. bridge; 144th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between East and Railroad Ave. east; 166th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Franklin Ave. and Boston Road; Union St., Sewer, between 13d and Nelson Aves.; Waver Ave., Regulating, Grading, etc., between 133d St. and Westchester Ave.

ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller,  
City of New York—Finance Department,  
Comptroller's Office, July 20th, 1895.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the 15th day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine (9) days consecutively thereafter, of the Confirmation of the following assessments:

**TWELFTH WARD**—120th, 160th, and 167th Sts., Opening, from their present easterly termini to Edgewater Road; 160th St., Opening, from Amsterdam Ave. to Kingsbridge Road.

ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller,  
City of New York—Finance Department,  
Comptroller's Office, July 21st, 1895.

**Yale Mixture**  
Smoking Tobacco

A delightful blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Foreign, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros. Celebrated Blend "Packing".

**MARBURG BROS.**  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. IMPORTERS  
BALTIMORE, MD.

A 203 TRIAL PACKAGE  
POST PAID FOR 25 Cts

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LIKE FLYING  
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CATALOGUE FREE FROM ANY AGENT, OR BY MAIL FOR TWO 2CT STAMPS.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC  
**VIN MARIANI**

FORTIFIES  
NOURISHES  
STIMULATES  
REFRESHES

Body and Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.

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BEAUMONT & CO., 15 West 19th St., New York.

**Beeman's** THE ORIGINAL  
**Pepsin Gum**

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of  
Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.

Beeman Chemical Co.  
110 Lake St., Cleveland, O.  
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

**Pears'**  
You can  
trust a  
soap that  
has no biting  
alkali in it.

**Allcock's Corn Shields,  
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Have no equal as a relief and cure for corns and bunions.

**"BELLE OF NELSON."**



The whiskey that made Kentucky famous. Used in United States government hospitals after a thorough chemical analysis, and pronounced to be the purest and finest whiskey in the world. Distilled and bottled by the Belle of Nelson Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky.

For sale in cases, containing twelve bottles, or by the barrel. Address ACKER, MARSHALL & COMPANY, New York, N. Y., or  
**Belle of Nelson Distillery Co.,**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

THAT **RAMBLER**  
IS A MIGHTY FINE BICYCLE



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**EARL & WILSON'S.**  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**BROWN'S**  
CAMPHORATED  
SAPONACEOUS  
DENTIFRICE  
FOR THE  
TEETH

The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.

To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
To Remove Tartar from the Teeth,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
To Strengthen the Gums and Preserve the Teeth,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
To Make the Gums Bleak and Healthy,  
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.

Use a Jar. For Sale by all Druggists.

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"Hush, mademoiselle!" he said, as she rose to her feet. "I will not harm you."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### I. A FUGITIVE.

FROM the chaos of a blood-thirsty revolt that made itself heard in cries of despair and the clamor of battle, there suddenly started into the light of Marie Bruyset's lamp the fugitive, Jaffray Ellicott.

"Hush, mademoiselle!" he said, as she rose to her feet. "I will not harm you."

"What do you want?" the girl exclaimed, her hand upon the handle of the door.

"Sanctuary!" he replied, blowing out the light and seizing her as he spoke.

"Help!" half-cried the girl, the remaining half of the exclamation being stifled by the fugitive pressing his hand over her mouth, that was far too pretty and sweet for such rough usage.

"I will not harm you, mademoiselle," he whispered, his breath coming and going in gasps.

He bolted the door. She made no struggle. There was something reassuring in his voice and touch. A fugitive sure enough, and in mortal peril, judging from the shouts of execration that followed him—to pass on, however, and become a distant murmur. He was only a youngster, but he held the girl with the grip of a man.

Carried out of his way by the human tide of marching men with pikes and fusils into the storming of the Tuileries, he had had many a narrow escape. Once, when he might have saved himself, the figure of Count de Pourtier, tossed hither and thither like a gallant ship with streamers flying, held him a fascinated spectator. All remembrance of the mission which he had received from this daring friend of the throne had been knocked out of him.

When at last there was a lull in the storm and Sansculottism was plundering its dead, Jaffray bethought him of his interrupted mission, very late in the day—too late, for even at that moment he found himself suddenly thrown amongst a mob of the hunted and the hunters, the object of a sudden animosity. Good fortune flung him aside into the darkness of the Rue Barnabé, while the rest of the yelling mob passed on. Projected from a human tempest into the calm of an unsuspected creek, he caught sight of Marie Bruyset's lamp, climbed a rain-spout, and from its grotesque gargoyles swung himself upon a friendly balcony among the picturesque buildings of the Rue Barnabé, and here he was.

"Believe me, I will not harm you," said the fugitive, now recovering his breath, but denying the girl a similar privilege, if silent, lips, "but you must be quiet. I am hunted by a pack of wolves, though I am the veriest sheep; if I release you, will you keep silent? Nod your head if you mean 'Yes.' I am very sorry to be so exacting."

She nodded her head. He removed his hand.

"You are very rough," she said, "and have no right to bring me into your troubles."

"I will not; only let me remain a few minutes and I will be gone."

"Permit me to light the lamp," said the girl.

"No—for heaven's sake!" said Ellicott, straining every nerve to catch any further sounds of the return of his pursuers. "I am not afraid to die, but my life belongs to others."

Distant noises of bells and guns and murmurs of far-away voices broke upon the silence of the garret, but there was nothing strange in this. So long as the street below was quiet, the fugitive felt that for the time being he was safe; and Marie Bruyset had become accustomed to the "immenseable Briareus" that was going on around the Rue Barnabé, situated as it was between the Pont Neuf and the Rue St. Honoré, and, from her long attic window under the roof, disclosing glimpses of the Seine and the Palais de Justice. Between the Rue Barnabé and the river a net-work of courts and alleys and dark thoroughfares straggled to the Pont Neuf and finished there in a biggledy-piggledy complication of little shops and stalls doing a miscellaneous trade in roasted chestnuts, pancakes, second-hand books, quack-medicines, light drinks, and heavy pastry.

Early on that fatal morning of the 10th of August, 1792, the squadron on the Pont Neuf had withdrawn itself from royal duty and admitted bands of "black-browed Marsellais" and bel-lowing patriots from Saint Marceau to join the sections of St. Antoine and the other foci of the insurrection, summoned

(Continued on page 118.)



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## The Chinese Massacres.



It was to be expected, the Chinese authorities are seeking to avoid responsibility for the recent horrid butchery of missionaries at Kucheng. This massacre appears to have been peculiarly atrocious, some of the victims having been subjected, before being killed, to indescribable outrages and tortures. This was especially the case with the women and children, who pleaded in vain for mercy. All the facts in the case, as far as ascertained, go to show that the attacks upon the missionaries were due to the influence of the mandarins and higher officials. The first attack was made while the missionaries were asleep, and the charred bodies of some of the victims were found in the ruins of their burned homes. The government has made a pretense of investigation, and promises to put the murderers to death, but all past experience justifies the belief that nothing effective will really be done to bring the offenders to punishment. In all previous massacres a similar pretense has been made, but so far as we recall, there is no instance on record where the actually guilty parties were punished as they deserved. It is to be hoped that the British government will persist in the demands it has made for full reparation for the outrage, and that the United States will make its influence positively felt in the direction of affording protection to American missionaries and their property everywhere throughout China. We have or we have not the power to protect American citizens, wherever they may be found, against outrage and violence. It is time that we should demonstrate once for all our determination to assure their immunity against assault, no matter from what quarter it may come. And in the larger and wider view, that the interests of civilization are involved in these inhuman butcheries, it goes without saying that the pagan government of China should no longer be permitted to shilly-shally in the matter of its international obligations.

## Trolleys and Water-Power.



THE trolley method of electric propulsion is likely to be a great and valuable factor in the development of the rural sections of this country. The prejudice against overhead wires which militates against the universal adoption of this cheap method of hauling cars over railroads in crowded city streets has no force in the country, where there can be no real objection to them. The danger in the cities does not really come from the electric current in the overhead wires, but from the careless speed at which the cars are run. Where hundreds of persons have been killed by being run over, very few indeed have been injured by coming in contact with live wires which have become loosened from the poles. Speed, however, is desirable in the country, and comparatively free from danger. The one thing which prevents the immediate extension of such roads in every direction in the country is the cost of building and the expense of operating the lines. If the cost of operation could be materially reduced, then that of building would not long stand in the way. And in very many parts of the country, even where traffic would be quite light, this cost of operating could be reduced to very small dimensions.

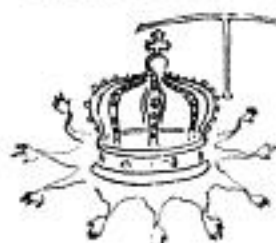
It used to be, when each neighborhood did its own milling and manufacturing, that nearly all of the available water-powers were utilized. But with the extension of the great transportation lines and the consolidation of manufacturing interests into large and dominating companies, very many of the smaller water-powers were abandoned, and are now completely or almost fallen into disuse. This appears to be a time when nearly all of these powers could again be used to advantage and made to generate the electricity which might serve to feed the wires of trolley lines of railroad. Though it is quite true that from one source of power a line of fifteen miles or so of trolley railroad can be economically operated, it is not at all necessary that the power should all be directed from one point. If along a projected line there is not one water-power sufficient in quantity and constancy for the purpose, there is no reason why it should not be gathered from several such sources, if such sources be available. This, too, could be done

without very seriously adding to the cost, as it is not to be presumed that trolley lines in the country would be operated save in the day-time. Therefore, there would be no necessity for several shifts of men to look after the water-wheels and the generators.

The New York Central road, which owns lines of railway in the neighborhood of the St. Lawrence River, is looking into the question of utilizing the water-powers that are so abundant in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, with the idea of harnessing this power and generating electricity for the operation of the lines on railway alluded to. This will mean the substitution of electric motors for steam motors on these railways. If this can be done successfully—and electrical engineers appear to have no doubts as to its practicability—then it must be absolutely certain that the trolley lines in the country, where there is a constant water-power, and where light passenger-cars can be used, would be not only quite possible, but also reasonably profitable, both to the owners and to those who would be patrons of the lines.

The conditions of life in the country appear to be growing always less rather than more pleasant. Much of this is no doubt due to the fact that many things that were formerly superfluous luxuries have now become indispensable necessities. But this is quite right and in accordance with the prevailing march of progress. These country people should have these luxurious necessities within their reach, and not be cut off from the rest of the world by distance and old-fashioned and expensive methods of transportation. Where there is water-power the trolley appears to be the best way to bring them into a close touch with the great bustling world from which they are now partially secluded.

## Monopolistic Tendencies Abroad.



HERE is a distinct tendency in the continental countries of Europe toward the absorption by the State of all the functions of industry, production, and public service. The root of this tendency is found in the need of money with which to carry on the operations of government and keep abreast of modern progress in the utilities of civilization. In all these countries taxation has reached its limit. Other sources of supply must be found. The support of armies, the enlargement of fleets, the introduction of facilities of intercommunication, the improvement of sanitary conditions, the establishment of schools and universities, which are becoming increasingly necessary, involve enormous outlay. Out of this condition it has come to pass that suggestions which seem to us wild and extravagant are finding ready adoption. The government of France, for instance, which has already become the sole manufacturer of matches, is now considering whether it will not establish a monopoly of spirits, of tea and coffee, and of other articles, like pepper and mustard, which enter into general consumption. In Germany one of the leading parties demands that the State shall become the exclusive importer of edibles, which would carry with it, of course, a regulation of the prices of bread and meat. The demand in this case is that the profit shall be distributed in different forms of aid to the distressed classes. It is in Russia, however, that this tendency finds its most radical expression. According to a recent article in the London *Daily News*, the Minister of Finance of the empire is so possessed of the monopolistic spirit that he has already absorbed practically all the railways in the country, and, like Joseph in the time of the Pharaohs, has accumulated immense stocks of corn, having purchased all the surplus product, and will at no distant day have absolute control of the export trade. Not only so, but he proposes to monopolize the trade in wine, sugar, and imported spirits, and then to become the great middleman for the sale everywhere of coal. This latter purpose is already fully announced, and depots have been formed on the Black Sea and the Baltic, and also at important central points in the interior. The obvious effect of this policy will be to crush out private competition, and to invest the government with a monopoly of all the interests referred to.

Any undertakings of the radical character here indicated would, of course, provoke in this country, in the present state of public opinion, almost universal disapproval. It is to be remembered, however, that in European countries the socialistic spirit has acquired wide foothold, and that as a consequence proposals of the character mentioned not only do not excite much alarm, but, if entered upon vigorously, may even prove to be popular. The London *Spectator*, in a thoughtful article on this general subject, refers as follows to the probable effect of the policies which have been announced as in contemplation:

"Taxation through monopoly does not meet on the continent with the resistance it would encounter here, while it is supported in a rather singular way by the opinion of great sections of the people. All men who are tinged in any degree with socialist opinions believe that the state ought to take many branches of industry entirely into its own hands, and use the profits so obtained in reduction of taxes which press on the poor. If, therefore, a government proposes, say to monopolize coal, the Socialists are not irritated, while the better class is pleased at the relief from a threatened income-tax; and the peasantry, who are not

rich, and not Socialist, hope that they may secure from the resulting revenue some relief for their distressed condition. Active resistance is, therefore, confined to the traders in the article absorbed; and on the continent the only traders who can defeat governments are the traders in money. The dealers in foreign coin or in spirits or in opium have no control of any voting class, and no means of exerting so much as a riot, not to mention insurrection, in any important locality. The governments, therefore, in resorting to this form of taxation, would be rather popular than unpopular with the masses and the upper class, while it is by no means certain that they would seriously injure the community. Some commercial careers would be closed, but they would not be many, for the modern tendency of all business is to concentrate itself in few hands, while the work of distribution would go on as before, though in a somewhat different way."

Even in England, if the *Spectator* is correct in its statement of public opinion, the extension of the functions of the state as trader for the sake of revenue is likely to be an issue in the near future. It believes, for instance, that the purchase and operation of the railways by the government may result from the pressure of influences which are steadily gaining strength. It thinks, too, that "it is a fair question whether the state would not be the best insurer, both against death and fire"; and that there are other businesses in which the state, as trader, would have enormous advantages. The predictions here indulged in may be realized much sooner than some people expect. No doubt the agitation in this country in behalf of national control of the telegraph and other departments of the public service will be accentuated by the movements now in progress in European countries; and if they should prove to be as successful as their originators anticipate, it may ultimately be difficult to prevent the absorption by the government of the control of some enterprises which are now altogether of a private and individual character.

## The "Silverite" Nomenclature.

THE pronunciation of the word "shibboleth" was, in the older Biblical times, the test of the individual's citizenship; and in our Civil War era the pronunciation of "cow"—if it was "kaioo"—informed the Missouri knight of the border beyond all doubt that the speaker was a New England "Yankee."

In something the same way the speech of the silver-worshiper betrays him—if not by its accent, then by the curious sentiment and hallucination embodied in its current phraseology. No one not affected by the silver craze, for instance, would talk seriously and with heat in advocacy of "An American Financial System." Yet this is the topic that was gaseously discussed not long ago, in one of our monthly reviews; and with a wildness of assumption and statement that would have made acknowledged bedlamism seem rational.

This use of the phrase implies that there can really be a wholesome system of finance established in the United States, by reason of the "bigness" of the country, whose principles shall traverse all the economic facts which civilization has discovered and experienced. Now, there is no use of arguing about this. It is only necessary to say that you might as well ask for an American attraction of gravitation, or an American multiplication-table, as to butt against the facts which this writer rides over, and has no apparent comprehension of.

To speak of but one detail: he mentions, incidentally, "eight hours" as the length fixed by nature for a day's labor; and does it as omnisciently as did the delegate at the Memphis silver convention who asserted that the Lord had filled the mountains of the earth with silver and gold at the exact ratio of sixteen to one, for the everlasting benefit of mankind. By what clairvoyant or theosophical agency such "facts" are discovered it baffles mere ordinary mortals to tell—though it is not surprising that the writer of the review article referred to should proclaim Senator Jones to be the greatest financial scholar and expert in the world.

Another silver advocate, who hails from Colorado, in writing to the *Herald's* editorial-page series of political communications, talks of "the coinage of silver at its constitutional ratio." It is the Constitution, and not "the mountains," that has fixed the sixteen-to-one ratio for him. What superlative nonsense! There can no more be a "constitutional ratio" for silver, or any other ratio that will remain, than there can be one for the thermometer and the climate. This particular writer also calls silver "primary money," and the farmer's silver-apostle, "Coin," makes silver a primate, or Pope, too. "Primary money" is a vague phrase; and whether you interpret it as meaning the first money in use, or the money whose value is made the initial one for fixing the value of the other metals used with it as currency, it is both fallacious and meaningless. In some countries silver has had no place, primary or other. Leather, iron, and other things have crowded it out, as silver is now trying to crowd gold out of this country. Its only primacy really consists in its being the cause of a first-class or primary delusion.

But the silver tide is ebbing, and it will presently be a matter for profound wonder how it ever happened that the attempt to ally us with Mexico and China in an economic heresy against the civilized world and all the teachings of human experience, ever mustered a dozen advocates.

## The Armenian Question.

THERE is no doubt that public opinion in Great Britain has been profoundly stirred by the Turkish outrages upon the Christians in Armenia. Studied efforts appear to have



been made in government circles to create the impression that the reports of these outrages were exaggerated, but the latest definite and authoritative statements fully confirm the original accounts, showing the butchery to have been almost unprecedented in its savagery. Mr. Gladstone's address at the recent popular demonstration in Chester has greatly quickened the public feeling, and it is difficult to see how the government can much longer postpone the adoption of a definite policy in the matter. As he pointed out, the Powers have the right, under the treaty of 1836, to march into Armenia and take the government of the country out of the hands of Turkey; while under the treaty of 1878 the Sultan is bound to carry out reforms. If he shall now refuse to put in operation the reformatory measures suggested by the Powers, it would seem that they ought at once to exercise their treaty rights to enforce obedience on his part to treaty obligations. There can be no doubt at all that the British government would have the support of the entire nation in any measures it might adopt to secure in Armenia reforms guaranteeing to the people safety of life and property and freedom of religious belief. It may be that Lord Salisbury, in his pronounced conservatism, may feel disinclined to resort to extreme measures, but it is certain that he will weaken himself with the people if he shall hesitate to meet their demands.



A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sea* suggests that no more appropriate name could be given to the sister ship of the new *Kearsarge* than *Paul Jones*. He calls attention to the fact that an act of Congress passed in 1834 authorized the construction of a first-class frigate to be called by that name, but nothing seems to have come of it. The suggestion is a good one. Nothing could be more fitting than the perpetuation in this way of the great historic names which have been associated with our naval annals.

THE free-silver element of the Democratic party in Missouri has gained a very complete triumph over the sound-money sentiment, and at a recent State convention, which was largely attended, reorganized the State committee so as to place the party machinery entirely under their control, and declared flatly in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver as the doctrine of the party. Representative Bland was the dominating force in this very decisive overthrow of the sound-money men, many of whom entreated him in vain to pursue a moderate policy, lest the party should be disintegrated and brought to defeat. In the State of Iowa the free-silver Democrats are pursuing an equally aggressive course, manifesting extreme bitterness toward Mr. Cleveland and his "hirelings,"—meaning thereby those members of the party who stand for an honest currency. They failed, however, to control the recent State convention, which nominated a Cleveland sound-money man for Governor.

THE State of Texas has made such great progress in the last few years, and there has been such tolerance of opinion, and, generally, such kindly relations between the blacks and whites, that we read with surprise of the recent outrage in Delta County of that State, where the negroes were driven out pell-mell, under threats of violence from a "white-cap" organization. Simultaneously with the publication of these notices others were posted, announcing that every white person who undertook to protect the blacks would meet with the same fate. As a result, there was a stampede among the negroes, who left everything behind them. A press dispatch states that in a radius of five miles two thousand acres of lands, crops and all, were abandoned, and that thousands of acres of the finest farming lands in the State will lie idle in consequence of this exodus. We are reluctant to believe that an outrage of this character commands the sympathy of any great body of the Texas people, and we can hardly doubt that the authorities will take measures to see that the interests of the outraged blacks are properly protected against the intolerance of the organization which is responsible for this blot upon the State escutcheon.

THE insurrection in Cuba maintains itself against all the efforts of General Campos to arrest its progress. There seems to be no doubt that the Spanish forces were very seriously crippled in the engagement between Manzanillo and Bayamo. This fact is clearly attested by the circumstance that after the engagement the captain general, who had taken refuge with his troops in Bayamo, was obliged to sue the insurgent chief for the privilege of sending men to the field to remove his wounded. It speaks well for the humanity of the insurgents that the permission asked for was immediately granted, and that the Spaniards not only were permitted to take away their wounded from the field, but were also allowed to remove those to whom the insurgents themselves had given hospital attention. General Campos is alleged to have been greatly pleased with the action of Maceo, the insurgent leader, and by way of reciprocating his good offices set at liberty all the political prisoners in one of the towns under Spanish control.

General Campos frankly admitted, when a reception was tendered him on his return to Santiago de Cuba, that the times were not favorable for demonstrations of this sort; and it is quite apparent that he has found the work before him much more serious than he had at first imagined it would be.

THE people of Tacoma, the brisk and progressive city of the equally progressive State of Washington, are applying the principle of protection in a practical way. They have decided that they are able to produce everything which is needed for their home consumption, and they have, accordingly, organized for the purpose of building up domestic industries by buying and selling at home rather than abroad. The women of the town seem to have initiated the new idea, and as the result of their efforts the board of trade took it up, and now a State co-operative society has been established, every member of which pledges himself to patronize State and home products and manufactures. In the furtherance of this idea every street in the city has been canvassed, and every housekeeper has been interested. In their purchases, preference is always given to home products. As a result of this concerted action many small industries and trades are being stimulated, and the general prosperity very decidedly augmented. It is intimated that the experiment having been so satisfactory in its results, it may be widened so as to encourage the establishment of more important interests, such as pork-packing in a wholesale way, with a view not only of supplying the home market, but of entering into competition for the markets of China and Japan.

THE recent riotous disturbances in the Spring Valley mining district in Illinois, in which several hundred Italians assaulted with violence the negroes employed there, are calculated to accentuate the public conviction as to the unwisdom of giving hospitality to foreigners who are incapable of appreciating law and its obligations. These Italian miners are apparently representatives of the worst element of their countrymen. They are malignant, ferocious, and utterly indifferent to those considerations of good citizenship which influence ordinary people. An illustration of their arrogance and brutality is furnished by the fact that when a large number of miners, in obedience to a summons from the coal-shafts, undertook to resume their work they were confronted on the highways by these foreign interlopers, armed with rifles and other small arms; and by the further fact that all negroes were driven from the premises under menace of personal violence. Many women were exposed to insult and abuse, and their household belongings despoiled or stolen. Incidents of this kind stir the blood of Americans, and their repetition is certain to influence public opinion in the direction of the total exclusion of aliens of the turbulent class represented by these rioters. The State authorities ought to bring to punishment every man who was engaged in these outrages, and Congress ought to erect positive legislative barriers in the way of immigrants of this undesirable character.



SOME four or five years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis made his first appearance as a story-teller in *Scribner's* with his now well-known "Gallegher." Since then he has published any number of short stories and long stories, sketches of travel and adventure, and much miscellany, and has won for himself a tremendous body of readers throughout the country. But, unfortunately, Mr. Davis's readers are not very discriminating, and they stand in a fair way to ruin a once very promising and interesting young writer by accepting everything that he writes, which is a very dangerous condition to confront a young author who, from all reports, has a very good opinion of everything that he does. These remarks are begotten of Mr. Davis's last story, which is to be found in the August number of *Scribner's*, "Miss Delamar's Understudy" is the title of it, and its perusal, quite by accident on my part, beguiled by the tediousness of a railway journey, led me to wonder how much longer such tenuous and unprofitable (to the reader) stuff would find favor even with Mr. Davis's readers. He has a racy, breezy, style—but a very ungrammatical one, by the way—and has traveled a good deal and knows people—by their clothes and hats and boots and manners,—that is, superficially, and well enough to talk about them interestingly; but what he needs most is *knowledge*, for undoubtedly he is most ignorant not only of the art which he practices, but of the materials which he works with. "Men and Things." I once heard what I thought was a rather cruel and unjust epigram at Davis's expense, but perhaps if I write it here it may come to his eye or ear and have some good effect. "Davis," said the epigrammatist, "must have acquired his ignorance; he could never have been born with it!"

I often suspect the editor of the *North American Review* of being a good deal of a wag. He has a sly way of mixing specialists up and dragging them away from their own specialties to descend on those of others, of which,

nine times out of ten, they are more ignorant than the ordinary run of men. The results are edifying, and show, besides, that the business manager of the magazine is in some sort of collusion with the editorial department, for this practical joking on the distinguished specialists has a very appreciable effect on sales and the subscription-list. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a very astute and upright politician, and a great authority on cowboys and big game, which is probably the reason he was chosen to write in the columns of the *North American* on Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," the most remarkable contribution to scientific literature during the past year. Mr. Roosevelt's misunderstanding of what he is talking about seems very complete, and when he accuses Kidd of "a certain mixture of dogmatism and superficiality" he supplies a very apt criticism of his own article, which is a hodge-podge of ill-digested scientific terms and absurd statements. It was really too bad for the editor so to pillory the ignorance of the very estimable ex-civil service commissioner. But Mr. Roosevelt is so versatile a man that it is a selfish gratification to find out that he doesn't know anything about something.

Street-cleaning Commissioner Waring has been talking and writing a good deal about people's carelessness in throwing paper and other refuse into the streets. The nuisance could be greatly abated if the plan of the Civic Federation of Chicago could be adopted throughout the city. All over Chicago large tin receptacles are attached to the lamp-posts, and passers-by are requested to deposit all paper and waste matter that usually is flung into the streets. The plan works admirably—I made a careful examination of it myself last week—and I see no reason why the street-cleaning department or some of our Good Government clubs should not arrange for something of the kind in New York.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—AN interviewer who had a half-hour's chat with Joseph Pulitzer at Chatwold, his fine Bar Harbor place, describes the millionaire editor as an amiable and agreeable man, who talked without any appearance of restraint, and politely answered every question that was put to him. Mr. Pulitzer is a distinguished-looking man, fully six feet tall, and rather slender, with a reddish beard. He is several years under fifty, and it has taken him only twelve years to build up the newspaper property that now yields him an annual income of nearly one million dollars. In the popular conception a millionaire editor enjoys a life of ease, but in the newspaper profession Mr. Pulitzer is notoriously one of the hardest working of journalists. The attention he gives to the *World* is as minute and careful as that of a managing editor. His country place at Bar Harbor, where he is spending the summer, is one of the show places of that resort.

—A recent article in the WEEKLY conveyed the impression that the formation of a musical library to illustrate the achievements of women composers, and to be exhibited at the coming Atlanta exposition, was suggested by Miss Ella M. Powell. The idea in question, as we are trustworthily informed, originated with Mrs. Theodore Sutro, chairman of the committee on music in New York, and all the important work in connection with it has been done by her. Having made a careful and exhaustive study of the whole subject, she has collected about four hundred exhibits illustrative of woman's work in music, and these will no doubt be one of the most interesting, as they will certainly be one of the most instructive features of the exposition.

—Lafordio Hearn, the author, is a unique and picturesque figure, mentally and physically, among American literary men. His very name is unique, in recalling the Leucadian cliff from which Sappho jumped into the sea. He is a dark and diminutive man, and used, before he went to Japan a few years ago, to wear an enormous sombrero that dwarfed his small head into insignificance. Hearn became known as an author while he was a newspaper man in New Orleans. His life in Japan agrees with him, and it is likely that he will continue to live there with his Japanese wife to the end of his days.

—The fortune of Colonel John T. North, the "nitrate king" of Peru, and probably the wealthiest man in England, exceeds one hundred millions of dollars. He is fifty-one years old, and he was a humble Yorkshire mechanic when he went out to the little town of Hunseo, in Peru, twenty-eight years ago, to find employment at laborer's wages. His fortune has found an entrance for him into the charmed circle of the Prince of Wales, and his magnificent lavishness of expenditure has made him the most talked-about rich man in the kingdom.

—Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," is the Reverend Charles L. Dodgson in private life—a spare, severe, gray-headed man who has spent most of his life within university walls, and who had a reputation as a mathematician before he developed the vein of humor that has made him famous. He is about sixty years old, and amateur photography is his chief recreation nowadays.





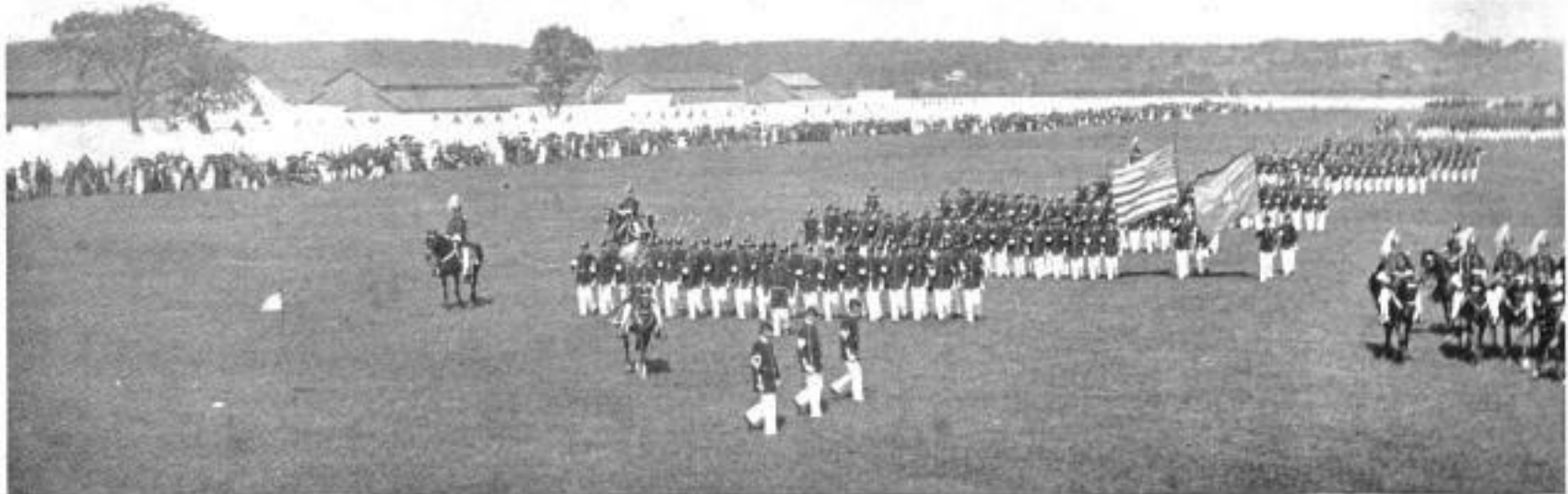
SECOND REGIMENT COLOR GUARDS.



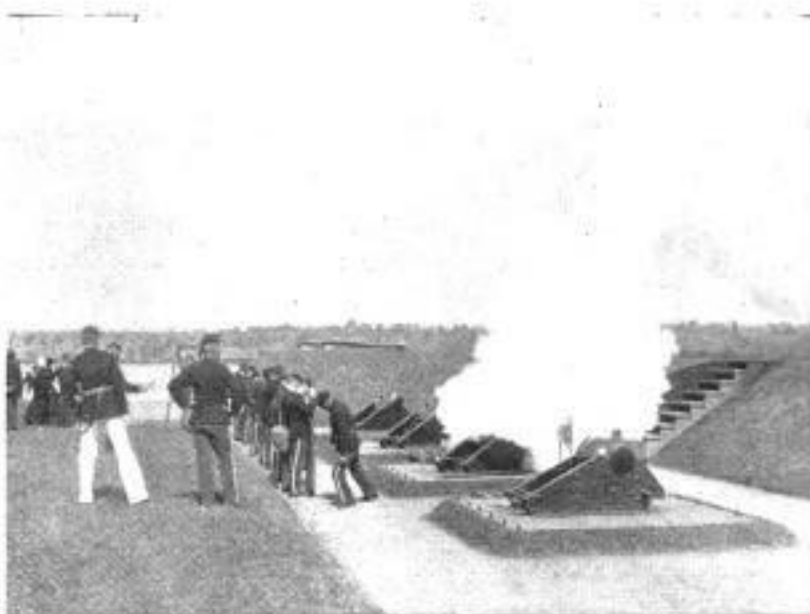
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MAKING REPAIRS.



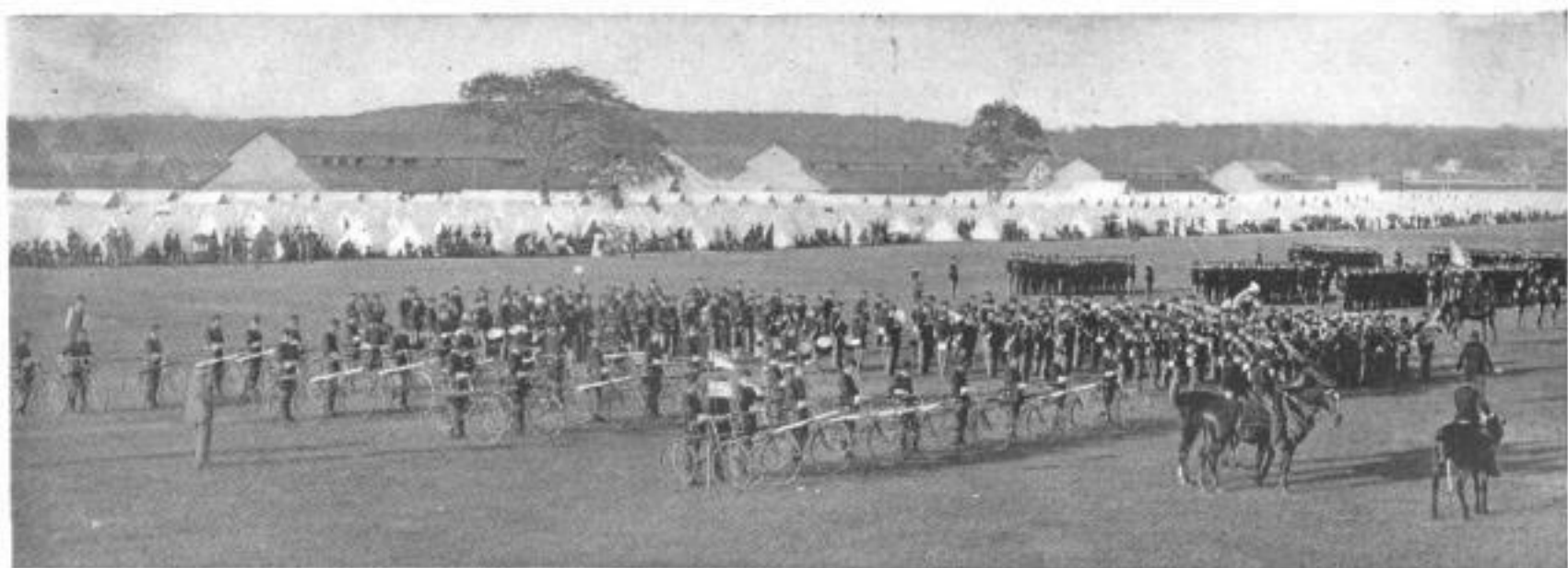
THE FOURTH REGIMENT PASSING IN REVIEW.



AT THE BREASTWORK.



A BATTERY SKIRMISH.



THE SIGNAL-CORPS.

THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD AT THE STATE MILITARY RENDEZVOUS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 122]





REV. C. A. TRON, FOUNDER OF THE COLONY.



WALDENSIAN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.



IN THE HOSEERY MILL.



COLONISTS FROM PIEDMONT, ITALY.



WALDENSIAN SCHOOL AT VALDESE.



HOME-MADE HARROW.



WALDENSIAN TYPES.



WALDENSIAN WOMEN.



CUTTING TIMBER ON WALDENSIAN TRACT.

THE WALDENSIAN COLONY IN NORTH CAROLINA, FOUNDED IN 1823, AND NOW NUMBERING TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 119.]



## When Greek Meets Greek.

(Continued from front page.)

by the tocsins of St. Roch and St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the storm-bell of St. Jacques de la Bouherie.

All day Marie had heard the rumble of the storm, with intervals of crash and riot and thunder. All day she had remained in-doors, warned by her father, and advised also by her neighbors. All day long the attack on the Tuilleries. All day long the massacre of the devoted Swiss. All day long the hail of death, butchery of the defenseless, mutilation of the dead; only pausing when the day itself died out, Patriotism of the severest continuing even then to hunt its wounded game and stab it to death in ditches or drown it in the Seine.

But Marie could not know nor even guess at the horrors of that black-letter day in the calendar of the French Revolution.

## II.

## JAFFRAY ELLICOTT EXPLAINS.

"WHAT ARE YOU? Who are you? How did you find your way hither?" asked Marie.

"I am a poor devil, mademoiselle, and I came up the spout," he said, with an effort at a carelessness he did not feel; for he had just passed through scenes of massacre unparalleled in a civilized community.

The moon, which had been hidden by banks of clouds as portentous as those that filled the moral atmosphere of Paris, sent a cold beam of light into the apartment of the young Frenchwoman, and she saw that her visitor was a good-looking young fellow, and that he was dressed in a style something better than the bourgeois; and now that he no longer gasped for breath his voice sounded as pleasantly to her as hers to him.

"I'm a stranger," he said, "and in a tight corner. Forgive me for my abrupt intrusion. My noisy attendants have evidently given me up—for more worthy game, I hope."

"They never entered the street," said the girl; "if they had they would have made noise enough. The Rue Barnabé is not a thoroughfare, it is a *cul de sac*—a back court of old houses; it comes to an end round the corner."

"That's lucky; then they have taken the next turning, no doubt. Allow me to listen a moment at your window."

"Yes, certainly."

"You will not call out?" he said, turning upon her quickly.

"I trust you," she replied, "and therefore I remain silent."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; thank you."

He went to the window. It was low and narrow, and looked upon a ledge that in its turn gave upon a slanting roof with chimney-stacks and flower-pots.

The room was a garret, separated from other garrets by a low wall and wooden boxes, in which a few flowers and shrubs were cultivated. The house had once been one of some importance. Now it was divided up into apartments, occupied on the ground floor by the better class of the bourgeois, narrowing in the social grade as the stairway ascended until the garrets were reached; and here, beneath the picturesque, pointed roof, with its quaint balconies and ledges, dwelt poor seamstresses, a shoemaker, a washerwoman—who, however, only treated fine linen—a modeler of statuettes, and others earning their living from hand to mouth. Their rooms were cut off from each other by stone walls or wooden partitions. Taking them altogether they were a happy community—though of late they had begun to be afraid of each other on political grounds. Marie Bruyset had the best furnished and most comfortable room among the attics. It was spacious, well kept, and, though humble, with plenty of evidence of good taste.

"Thank you, mademoiselle; a thousand times thank you," said Ellicott, somewhat effusively, after listening intently for any demonstration in the street. "The wolves have passed, as you say. If you will allow me to draw the curtains over the window you may light your lamp."

"You are very kind," said Marie, in something of a sarcastic tone.

"I would like to be," said Ellicott, now almost at his ease, and breathing freely for the first time during a long and terrible day that had been literally a dance of death.

"I am sure it is very condescending of you to permit me to have a light in my own room. But you may draw the curtains."

"I accept your gracious permission," said the young fellow in his best French, and with a flourish of his cap. If it had sported a feather, the feather would have swept the floor in the most courtier-like fashion.

He drew the curtains well over the long, low, small-paned window. Marie struck the steel and blew into the tinder-box.

"Nay, mademoiselle, permit me," said the youngster, stooping over the girl and blowing,

upon the smouldering tinder, a blast that produced an almost instantaneous blaze, and the lamp was soon all aglow.

"That's how Cupid starts his flame when he finds two hearts—"

"Less stony than ours," said Marie with a laugh; "but this is no place for Cupid, and no time; Mars or the Furies are more to the purpose. But let me look at you."

She faced him, to see a lithe, well-built fellow of four or five and twenty—about her own age—with a frank, open face, a little disfigured by a bruise on the forehead and a scratch or two upon the cheeks. His eyes were gray, and looked straight into her own. His lips were firm and well-defined, his face pale with undisguised anxiety, and his dress—which bespoke the student or secretary rather than the ouvrier—was a good deal torn and disordered in his struggle from the clutches of the mob. Furthermore, she noticed that he was a foreigner; anyhow, she felt at once that he was not a Parisian.

"You are little more than a boy," she said, "with all the assurance of a grenadier."

Jaffray stroked his youthful mustache and smiled.

"Rather a ragged grenadier," he said; "a trifle knocked about, eh?"

"A scratch or two," she said.

"They scratched some poor wretches deeper than the marks they have left on me," he replied. "Ah, mademoiselle, it is awful to see defenseless men torn to pieces. Wolves, did I say?—but there, I must not distress you further. Can I get away by this door?"

He walked across the room and tried the only door in sight. It was locked and bolted.

"It is no good locking the door if one leaves the window open, is it?" she said, smiling.

"You had better sit down a little while. Since you have found sanctuary, give the priestess time to protect you—a few minutes at least."

"Thank you, mademoiselle," said Jaffray, still swinging his cap.

"You are not a Frenchman?" she said, placing a chair for him.

"No," he replied, seating himself, with his eye on the door.

"A Gascon, perhaps?"

"No."

"A Swiss?"

"No."

"Not an Austrian?"

"Is it very bad to be an Austrian, mademoiselle?"

"I believe it is."

"Then, my dear mademoiselle, I am not an Austrian."

"You are younger than your manners."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"What had you done, for the people to set upon you?"

"The people, mademoiselle, is a villainous, murdering, cut-throat, blood-stained crew of scoundrels—the people!"

"You have a graphic vocabulary, monsieur, but you would do well only to think in it; if you were older you would not use it in conversation."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; the brutes should have known me. I serve in their cause."

"Oh, indeed; then you are not an aristocrat?"

"I am an Englishman, mademoiselle. Is that worse? Then I will be an American truly, which I am."

"You have the accent of a foreigner; your manners are French."

"Thank you, mademoiselle. I feared you would think them horrible; but you are as good as you look, and forgive a rudeness that was not intentional. May I ask—have you the key to your door?"

"Yes; here it is," she said, taking up a large key from the mantel near the stove, which was fixed in what had once been a fireplace. "Why do you ask?"

"Some one passed the door stealthily a moment since," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure," Jaffray replied. "One's senses of sight and hearing are sharpened when one is hunted."

"Apprehension often makes its own sights and sounds," said Marie, stepping to the door and listening for a few moments, and then shrugging her shoulders as she remarked: "I am too near the roof for loiterers on this floor, and my character is too well known to invite surveillance."

"I noted a face near a lower window a few doors away as I caught sight of your balcony and sprang for it," he said.

"Imagination, surely, or the hue and cry would have been raised on your track."

"But you have friends here all around you, have you not?"

"I hope so—I think so," said Marie. "One assuredly who has power enough to pinch any neighbor who should venture to assail me; be assured of that, monsieur."

"I hope you may never need his aid, mademoiselle."

"Amen to that," she said; "but have no fear; you will not be molested in my room. In case of danger I have other means of concealing a friend in need; and when the moment is opportune I will escort you to the street."

"Thank you," said Jaffray, beginning to feel more and more at ease under the influence of the words and manner of his hostess, who was, however, a good deal of a puzzle to him.

"What had you done before the mob set upon you?"

"As you advise me to be cautious, may I know my questioner before I answer?"

"My name is Marie Bruyset. Many know me—everybody in the Rue Barnabé."

"It is a pretty name," said Ellicott.

"I am glad you like it."

"And if you wouldn't think it impertinent, I would add that it belongs to a pretty face, now that the light enables me to see my hostess."

"You did not care whether she was pretty or gruesome a quarter of an hour ago. Half an hour since you had never seen or dreamed of her."

"A man's a coward when he's running away. I never ran away in my life before; but I'd have run a league or two with ten times the pack behind me to have found sanctuary here. I think I must have dreamed of you in some of my fanciful moments."

"You were not very polite to the owner of the retreat."

"It was boorish, I admit, to lay my rough hand upon your mouth. I hope to atone."

"Indeed?" said the girl, with a coquettish glance from a pair of dark, roguish eyes.

"Yes," he said, smiling.

"How, monsieur?"

"May I show you?"

"No, no, monsieur," she replied, stepping backward a pace or two. "You may resume your seat and tell me all about yourself—or, what is more to the purpose, take a little refreshment, eh?"

"I am your slave," said the young fellow.

"You have saved my life; do with it what you will."

"Very well. Having saved your life, I propose to maintain it with soup and wine, and then it can take itself away to those other persons who belong to it."

Jaffray Ellicott noticed in the manner of this remark a certain tone of inquiry that, had he known the girl longer, might have been jealousy. He was half-inclined to indulge in some high-flown complimentary remark, when the thought of his intrusion upon a young girl in her own room and at night set up against it the sentiment of gratitude due to hospitality which he was too good a fellow to outrage. Moreover, looking round the haven into which he had been fortunately driven, he noticed that it was a sitting-room and bedroom in one. He was too well acquainted with the curtained alcove of French chambers not to know that the end of the room was devoted to mademoiselle's couch. The covered cabinet close by was clearly her dressing-table. For the rest, the apartment was a sitting-room, quite daintily furnished; may more, it was also an artist's studio. This was not shown by anything marked in the way of easels and palettes; but on a large table there were colors of various kinds, in phials and saucers, sundry brushes, and several miniatures evidently in course of production. Upon the walls were a number of engravings and colored prints, and among them a portrait of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, which gave Ellicott courage.

"Then you are friendly to the Queen?" he asked, pointing to the portrait.

"I am friendly to the powers that rule," she said, opening the door of the stove, lighting a taper at the lamp, and thrusting it into the stove with a few scraps of fuel, which under the influence of a powerful draught soon began to glow, and set the *pot-à-feu* shimmering.

"When did you come to Paris?"

"Years ago."

"With your father and mother?" she said, inquiringly, as she busied herself with hospitable arrangements for his supper.

"With General Lafayette and Deputy Grébaud," he said, in a reckless outburst of confidence. "They found me at Washington."

"Found you?"

"A Philadelphian who had fought at Valley Forge under General Lafayette had befriended me. I told him my story. He offered to take me to France and provide for me. The Citizen Deputy Grébaud sailed in the same ship from New York, took a fancy to me, the Philadelphian had been a schoolmaster, I was only sixteen, and Monsieur Grébaud made me his clerk."

"The Deputy Grébaud?" said Marie, in a tone of something like pity.

"Yes."

"You liked him better than General Lafayette?"

"No; but Monsieur Grébaud evidently liked me better than the general did."

"And you came from America?"

"Ten years ago."

"And your father and mother? Excuse my questions; you interest me, monsieur."

"My father and mother, alas! were massacred in the Revolutionary War, as I suppose I shall be in this French imitation of the colonial insurrection."

"Heaven and the Blessed Virgin protect you!" said the girl, crossing herself.

"Amen!" said Jaffray. "But heaven and the saints did not help us over yonder. I was only a lad of six or seven, so it didn't matter much to me then; but since I'm glad you have a father and mother mademoiselle."

"I have no mother; but here is something that is mother and father also when the heart is low and the knees are weak," she said, with a laugh that was not spontaneous. "There is hope and courage in a glass of wine, and you need both," she went on, as she drew the cork from a bottle of red wine and poured out a full tankard.

Jaffray watched her with greedy eyes. He had not been bold enough to say that he was faint with hunger and thirst.

"Drink, it will do you good; you have turned pale," she said.

"Your health, mademoiselle!" he said, "and God bless you!"

He emptied the tankard and smiled.

"Here is bread, help yourself; and here is soup—make your supper."

She cut a loaf of bread in two, and ladled from the pot a steaming basin of soup. He fell to it with a will. She watched him with undisguised interest.

(To be continued.)

## An Americanized Russian Minister.



PRINCE MICHAEL IVANOVITCH KHLIKOFF.

The portrait given here with is that of Prince Michael Ivanovitch Khilkoff, recently appointed by the Czar Minister of Ways and Communications, which means that on him will devolve the task of completing the gigantic railroad enterprises inaugurated during the reign of Alexander III., including that greatest of them all, the Trans-Siberian line. As his face somewhat indicates, Prince Khilkoff is in many respects an Americanized Russian, and owes his present position to the practical experience he obtained while working many years ago in the humblest capacity on the railroads of this country.

Prince Khilkoff comes of an old Russian noble family. Born late in the 'thirties, he entered the corps of Imperial Pages in his teens, and in 1851 received his appointment in the Guard. After serving several years he started on a trip around the world, accompanied by his former tutor, Mr. Zimmermann. It was on this occasion that he first visited the United States, and so profoundly was he impressed by American institutions that when, upon his return to Russia, he found the family fortunes seriously impaired as a result of the emancipation of the serfs, he decided to cross the Atlantic a second time in search of the opportunities denied him at home. These early struggles in a strange land, the language of which was unfamiliar to him, he has pathetically described in an autobiography published some years ago. He first secured work as a fireman on the Erie road, and presently rose to be assistant engineer. While in this capacity he learned of the demand for locomotive hands in South America, and succeeded in obtaining passage to Peru on a South American coaster. He met with many disappointments at the outset of this new venture, but in course of time, by dint of perseverance and fidelity, was promoted from fireman to assistant engineer, from that to chief engineer, and finally to superintendent of the rolling stock.

He now bethought himself of the old country, with its huge area and paucity of railroads, and determined to return and devote his services to its welfare. Still, with the idea of perfecting his knowledge in the profession he had adopted, he stopped on his way back for a whole year at Liverpool, working as an ordinary mechanic in a locomotive machine-shop.

The story of Khilkoff's brave fight against adversity preceded him to Russia, and his return was marked by an immediate appointment as superintendent of the Kursk-Kharkoff Railroad. He filled this post honorably for several years, and was afterward transferred to the more important Moscow-Riazan line. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out he was placed in charge of the Empress's special "Red Cross" train. Khilkoff's greatest service to his country consisted in his superintendence of the



construction of a short line of railroad extending from Michailovsk on the Caspian Sea to Kizil-Arvat, which enabled General Skoboleff to transport the Russian forces to Gosh-Tpe, the great Akhal-Turkoman stronghold. It was thus that the foundation was laid to the Trans-Caspian Railroad, now an accomplished fact.

Bulgaria was Khilkoff's next field of activity. His ability as an executive caused him to be invited by Prince Leopold's government, in 1882, to accept the portfolio of Minister of Ways and Communications and of Commerce and Agriculture. He performed his onerous duties in a manner to win the regard of all political parties, and when, in common with other Russian officials, he surrendered his post after the *coup d'état* of Philippopolis, the regrets of the entire Bulgarian people followed him into retirement. The Prince has since distinguished himself in many ways, notably as Annenkoff's right-hand man in the extension of the Trans-Caspian Railway to Samarcand, and he has also held the position of inspector-general of the entire Russian railway system. All accounts agree that he is a man of broad views and untiring energy, and the prospects are that he will do his utmost to hasten the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. From this to the establishment of a line of steamers between Vladivostok and San Francisco there is but one step, in the opinion of many modern Russians, who thereby hope to see a tightening of the bonds of sympathy that unite their country to the United States. Khilkoff is said indeed to be an enthusiast in favor of a Russo-American alliance, but feels that such a result can only be attained through the development of the commercial relations of the two countries and the creation of common interests. V. GRUBATSKOFF.

## A Unique Seaside Resort and Its Founder.

THE most conspicuous figure in Asbury Park is Senator James A. Bradley, who in 1820 owned all the land on which the town has since been built. He is now about sixty-five years old, and is still in the full vigor of a ripe manhood. Some writers have complained that the type known as the self-made man is growing comparatively scarce in America, and that picturesque characters are rarer now than formerly. In Senator Bradley, at all events, these writers will find a self-made man who is interesting. Shrewd, sincere, and earnest, he is distinguished by an originality almost as admirable as that of Abraham Lincoln or Horace Greeley. For, be it remembered, this man started in life as a farmer's boy, and was apprenticed to a brush-maker.

Although Mr. Bradley has sold a great part of the square mile of land on which Asbury Park stands, he has retained the title to its mile of beach, which is the town's most attractive feature, and to make it more attractive he has built and keeps in repair a broad board-walk that extends the whole length of it. At frequent intervals there are pavilions and summer-houses, with chairs and wooden benches for the comfort of the visitor.

From seven o'clock in the morning until nightfall a dark-bay horse may be seen attached to a modest top-buggy, in which sits a sleepy colored boy, waiting at one point or another of the long beach for the indefatigable old man who is always overseeing this most remunerative of his possessions. The value of this beach consists mainly in the income derived from its two thousand eight hundred bath-houses, which are grouped about the five pavilions scattered along the beach.

The Asbury Park beach is like no other beach in the world. One reason is that the owner guards it well in the interests of his guests. Uniformed policemen, in Mr. Bradley's pay, keep order. Bathing-masters patrol the beach, two and two. The speculators who rent camp-chairs and umbrellas for ten cents a sitting, and the fakirs who amuse the children with weighing-machines, phonographs, and kineoscopes at one cent a turn, pay well for their privilege, and are under thorough discipline.

Perhaps in no other respect is the Asbury Park beach so distinguished from other beaches as in its quaint decorations, many of which bear inscriptions composed by the founder himself.

One of the most conspicuous objects at the lower end of the beach is the image of a soldier, made of zinc and painted green. This martial ornament is mounted on a curiously-constructed pile of brown-stone slabs, and seems to be gazing out to sea as though waiting, like the rest of us, for his ship to come in.

Back of him, on the grassward, and looking in the opposite direction, stands the image of a scantily-clad boy, clasping a sheaf of gleanings. Tradition does not tell what this sea-urchin represents. During the last Memorial Day exercises Mr. Bradley had these images surrounded with a row of unostentatious potted plants.

There is a considerable stretch of grass plot

between the board-walk and the brick bicycle-path along the beach, and that portion of it which is south of the fishing-pier is adorned with three tall zinc images, painted white, representing spring, autumn, and winter. The effigy of summer is missing—a strange circumstance for a popular summer resort.

On the same grass plot there is a freak of nature, consisting of a natural growth of branches and roots in the shape of a distorted Thames River bull-dog. Mr. Bradley noticed the resemblance one day when his men were clearing the woods west of the town, and he had a wood-turner make a suitable head for the monstrosity, which, when completed, was ugly enough to delight the pious heart of a Chinese idolater.

The fishing-pier is rendered more attractive by the presence of an empty lion-cage on wheels, which, a placard announces, is "a plaything for the children." This cage was part of the equipment of Daniel Boone's circus, which was stranded in Mexico. Mr. Boone owns a house on Bradley Beach, a couple of miles away, which he purchased of Mr. Bradley, and when the circus business collapsed, the founder, who will buy anything if it is a bargain, took two of the lion-cages for two hundred dollars. When new they had cost two thousand dollars. The other cage serves a similar purpose on the other side of the town.

All along the beach are worn-out surf-boats and sail-boats, which are kept painted in bright colors, making very appropriate ornaments. Asbury Park is a favorite place for conventions of all sorts, and as these are of advantage to the town, it is the custom before one meets for Mr. Bradley's sign-painter to take his paint-pot and change the names of some of these boats to suit the occasion. Such names as "The Editor" and "The Wheelman" bear record to recent conventions of these sorts and conditions of men. A dentist's convention was to have been the next on the programme, and it is not impossible that before these lines are printed, the fictitious sail-boat *Editor* may have changed her name to the *Lawgiver*.

One of the noteworthy buildings on the beach is a pretty cottage built on piles, about half a mile north of the fishing-pier. It has a little front yard of plank about six feet above the sands, which is fenced in neatly. A placard conveys the information that it was the former home of a newspaper artist who witnessed and illustrated many battle-scenes during the late war. The placard does not state the fact that the tenant occupied this only residence on the beach through the generosity of the owner, who, after the old artist's decease, decided to keep it open with a warm stove and an attendant, as a refuge for ladies and children in case of sudden storms.

At the entrance to this cottage stands a queer old-fashioned hand-pump, a relic of volunteer fire-department days, and on either side of it is painted the information that its name is Old Washington, and that it formerly did duty in Brooklyn and afterward in Ocean Grove, and is now "a plaything for the children."

Perhaps the most curious adornment of the beach is a granite gravestone, or, rather, monument, such as is to be seen in any cemetery, which stands on the board-walk about a block above the artist's cottage. This shaft is without any curved inscription, but a paper framed in pine and printed by a local printer, bears this announcement:

"Near this spot the large pocket ship *New Era* was wrecked in 1834. Over three hundred persons lost their lives. This monument is erected to commemorate the zeal and energy of Governor William A. Newell, of New Jersey. As Congressman he succeeded in getting a law passed establishing the United States Life-saving Service. And, also, to commemorate the fidelity of the life-saving crews whose efficiency renders such a disaster at this day almost impossible. The monument will be suitably inscribed later on."

The stone shaft has an iron rail around it, and about the rail have been laid several yards of old iron anchor-chain.

"I am not quite satisfied with this monument," said the founder, recently. "I think I shall have some piles sunk into the sand nearer the water's edge, and on that foundation I will erect a taller monument, suitably inscribed and decorated with a pair of duplicate life-saving medals which I have had struck off by the government for that purpose."

Nothing could be more appropriate as a seaside monument than the simple column erected at the foot of Seventh Avenue, in commemoration of the wreck of the *Mary F. Kelley*. This shaft is the bowsprit of the wrecked vessel trimmed off at the top to a pyramidal point. It bears an elaborate inscription in Mr. Bradley's best style.

Scattered about the town are a number of granite disks of great size, which are used as seats by the visitors. These were the bases and capitals of a row of massive columns which used to adorn the entrance to the old Dutch Church on Lafayette Place, New York. When the church was torn down the columns reposed

for a while in the yard of a second-hand building-material dealer on the East Side, where Mr. Bradley found them, and purchased them at the price of building-stone, seventy-five cents a cubic foot. The granite columns were broken up for building material by another purchaser.

The founder of Asbury Park is a frequent visitor to the yards of the second-hand building-material dealers, for he is always on the lookout for bargains. When the Catholic cemetery was established on the hills west of the town Mr. Bradley sent the local priest to New York to inspect a stone group representing the Two Marys at the Cross, which had for years been awaiting a purchaser in the yard of a dealer in second-hand building material. The group had been one of four which had adorned the pediment of a church just back of Dr. Parkhurst's church on Twenty-fourth Street, and the dealer had at first held them for one thousand dollars apiece, but had gradually lowered his price. Three of the groups had gone to adorn a Catholic cemetery at White Plains, and when the Asbury Park priest expressed his pleasure with the last one, Mr. Bradley purchased it for him at an expense of one hundred and twelve dollars, loaded on a flat car in Jersey City.

This incident illustrates Mr. Bradley's freedom from religious bigotry. He is an admirer of the teachings of Dr. Felix Adler, and one of the old row-boats on the beach bears the name of the great liberal teacher. However, Talmage is to hold forth in the Asbury Park auditorium this month, and perhaps in honor of his coming the row-boat may be converted to orthodoxy and bear the Brooklyn preacher's name for a while.

One of the principal spectacular events of the season at Asbury Park is the baby parade, which usually occurs in August. This year's parade, which took place on the 16th instant, was perhaps the most successful ever held. Over seven hundred babies appeared in the procession, which was gorgeous with flags and fantastic devices of every sort. Thus an infant negro baby rode in a watermelon float; another innocent baby girl, in a car all pink paper frills and ruffles and roses, and yet another in an all-white carriage, with white doves circling around it, arranged on spirals. The procession was headed by a company of little lads in blue, sleeveless bathing-suits and caps



PROPOSED L. FUNERAL-TRAIN.

with white bands on which was inscribed, "Light Infantry." Besides the string of persimmon-bushes there were a large number of floats bearing groups. One represented Priscilla and John Alden, with a spinning-wheel one hundred and fifty years old; another depicted the life-saving service, with a barefoot lad sitting in sand, waiting an opportunity to rescue some one in distress. The parade was witnessed by some twenty-five thousand onlookers from the neighboring towns. Senator Bradley was never, perhaps, more thoroughly happy than on this occasion. GEORGE M. SIMMONS.

## The Waldenses in North Carolina.

We give on another page a number of illustrations of the colony of Waldenses in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. This colony was established in 1860, when twenty families under the leadership of their Italian pastor, the Rev. C. A. Tross, a man of marked business capacity and signal enterprise, landed in this country and took possession of the colonial property, a much larger number following a few months later. The colony now numbers about two hundred and fifty souls, some fifty heads of families. They are in the vigor of young manhood and womanhood, one-third of the whole number being under ten years of age. The colonial property lies some eight miles east of the town of Morgantown, the county seat of Burke County, and on the line of the Western North Carolina Railroad. The land is well adapted to the culture of the vine, wheat, tobacco, and corn. It is also well wooded, and will afford the colonists a variety of industries. The village of Valdese, the post-office of the colony, is a station on this railroad, covers an

area of about twenty acres, and has been tastefully and regularly laid off into streets and building-lots, the latter held in trust to be sold for the benefit of church and school. Originally the colony was a corporation, but recently it was determined to divide the lands among the individual colonists; and when this is done each family will own from forty to one hundred acres. The Waldenses are an agricultural people, and their chief occupation will be the cultivation of the soil, the growing of cereals, and the culture of fruits and grapes, which they thoroughly understand. Moreover, the gathering of tan bark, the cutting of timber, and the sawing of lumber will afford remunerative occupation to many of them, and a saw-mill, owned by the corporation, already gives regular employment to a considerable number. A hosiery mill has also been established at Valdese, which turns out a considerable weekly product. Educational facilities are provided for the children, and they are rapidly acquiring the language of their adopted country, as well as French and Italian, both of which they are taught to read and speak early in life. The colonists have their own local pastor, the Rev. Barth. Soulier, who lives at Valdese. He is a young man of pleasant manners, good address, and earnest spirit, and wholly devoted to the interests of his people.

The future of this colony of earnest men and women, who are strong in their religious faith and love of liberty, cannot be doubtful. Freed from the limitations which hampered and harassed them in the land from which they came, they will make their way into the larger and more fruitful life which is alone possible under the conditions afforded by American institutions and laws.

## The L. Funeral-Train.

THE horse must go. The present style of funeral cortege in New York has been regarded by all burial reformers as one of the most expensive and inconvenient features of a funeral. A horse and a single carriage cost fifteen dollars, and the expense of a funeral cortege sometimes mount into the hundreds. Some of the well-to-do Italians pay as much as five hundred dollars for carriages. The priests in many instances have looked upon these shows as intolerable displays of vulgarity and

vanity, but no one had offered a solution of this feature of the question until President Uhlman, of the Brooklyn L. road, asked why the people could not go by rail to the cemeteries. Mr. Uhlman has conceived the funeral-train, and, fortunately, has the means to run it, and will do so as soon as he can equip his stations with elevators for lifting coffins to the trains, and make connections with New York through all the ferries to Brooklyn. There will be a horse-car for the coffin, attached directly to the locomotive, and one or more passenger-cars for the mourners and their friends. These cars will all be painted, draped, and upholstered in black, the wood of black mahogany and the seats covered with black velvet. But all the cars are to be alike and uniform in price. One car will accommodate thirty or forty people, will represent a large funeral, and yet will be made cheap enough for one lone mourner and his friend.

The Brooklyn L. roads at this moment terminate near all the large cemeteries, and complete extensions will soon be built to them, so that funeral-parties will have no need for hearses and carriages once they are dismissed at the ferries. Mr. Uhlman says his funeral-trains will reduce both the time and expenses involved in a funeral cortege by one-half. But under existing conditions his plans can be applied only to Brooklyn and the New York ferries, unless co-operation can be had with the surface-car roads in New York. The New York L. roads have but one close connection with Brooklyn, and that is by the bridge, over which it is not at this time practical to run a funeral-train. But all persons who desire to dismiss the hearse and carriages at the ferries will be given the opportunity. If the New York undertakers make opposition the funeral surface-car is to be brought into service. DAVID F. ST. CLAIR.





MONUMENT TO THE PACKET SHIP "NEW ERA."



THE FAMOUS BOARD-WALK



FOOT OF SEVENTH AVENUE, TAKEN FROM ARTIST'S COTTAGE.



SENATOR BRADLEY, FOUNDER OF THE PARK.



"LIGHT INFANTRY" FORMING INTO LINE AT THE HEAD OF THE BABY PROCESSION.



BABY-CARRIAGE BRIGADE.



SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.



DRYING THEIR LOCKS AFTER BATHING.



MONUMENT MADE FROM BOWSPRIT OF THE "MARY E. KELLEY."

A UNIQUE SUMMER RESORT AND ITS FOUNDER—THE ANNUAL BABY PARADE AT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.—[SEE PAGE 119.]





TORCHING FOR HERRING IN IPSWICH BAY, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY A. W. BOUTER.—(SEE PAGE 120.)



## A Russian Meteorological Observatory.

METEOROLOGICAL observatories are divided into classes according to the completeness with which they permit the observation of atmospheric conditions. An observatory of the first class is one in which the meteorological elements of temperature, rainfall, wind, etc., are either

observations include the meteorology of the air and of the ground, and the earth's magnetism.

The amount of labor necessary to carry on the work can be imagined from the statement that every day the readings of fifty-eight different thermometers are made, and some of them require to be observed several times during the day.

Just as this article is in preparation, information is received privately that Director Wild

has been for forty years the most dangerous sort of criminal, and an almost constant source of fear and anxiety to the officials charged with protecting the currency from fraud, he has somehow managed to escape the punishment he deserved. Even when in prison the government detectives have been unable to relax their vigilance, as he managed by some means to direct the operations of outside counterfeiters and forgers.

Next to Brockway, the most important member of the group recently arrested was Dr. O. E. Bradford, who had managed to escape suspicion, being nominally engaged in dentistry. Subsequently to his arrest, he unfortunately managed to elude his captors, and at this writing is still at large. Other members of the gang are of less consequence, but are all expert and skillful in their particular line.

The arrest of these persons is of great importance to the government, as it will check the depredations of criminals whose activity has been a constant menace to the treasury. Important as it is, however, it is felt that until the outside accomplices of the counterfeiters have been arrested, full immunity will not be assured in this particular. It is well understood that the prominent counterfeiters of the country have relations with outside parties of good standing in society, who see to the issue and circulation of the money and the fraudulent government and corporation securities made by them, and the capture of these is of the very highest importance. But unless some of the persons now under arrest shall become informers, as is not probable, it is hardly likely that these equally guilty parties will be discovered and made to suffer the penalty due their crimes.



METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY AT PAWLOWSK, RUSSIA.—MAIN BUILDING.

directly observed hourly, or continuously, or at very short intervals, by means of automatic self-recording instruments. It is only within recent years that such observatories have been established in the United States, but in Europe some have been in existence for about half a century.

In America, where the observatories are either in rented buildings or in government buildings used also for other purposes, and where weather signals are displayed for the benefit of the community, there has been a tendency to get the observatory up as high and in an exposed location as possible. An extreme case of such an observatory has been shown in the illustration of the weather-bureau office in New York given in a recent issue of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. These observatories labor under one disadvantage, that some of the self-registering instruments used are of the cheapest construction, and do not furnish records with the minute accuracy demanded by modern science.

Turning now to Europe, we find two styles of observatories prevailing. In the one the method of detached buildings is adopted, and the residence quarter for the observers is kept separate as far as possible from the purely scientific department. Such an observatory is the one at Pawlowsk, near St. Petersburg, Russia, and which we shall briefly describe in this article. Another form is that in which one huge building is constructed, and which contains the observatory, computing-rooms, and residence for the observers. Such is the new observatory at Potsdam, near Berlin, a short description of which may be given at another time.

The Constantine Observatory, so named after the late Grand Duke Constantine, who gave a portion of his beautiful park at Pawlowsk as a site for the establishment, has undoubtedly been the finest observatory in the world, ever since its foundation nearly twenty years ago. Its excellence is due to the following circumstances: About 1867 Dr. Heinrich Wild was called from Switzerland to assume the position of director of the famous central physical observatory at St. Petersburg, and to become head of the Russian meteorological service. Director Wild is undoubtedly the highest authority in the world on the subject of the construction and methods of using meteorological and magnetic instruments, and he at once introduced advanced methods into the systems of work which he found already established. It was nearly ten years, however, before the desire of his heart was accomplished—viz., the building of a great observatory at some distance from the city, where the environment should be as perfect as possible for making meteorological and magnetic observations, and where the most refined observations could be made, and studies looking toward the betterment of apparatus and methods could be carried out. He wished, in fact, to found a model observatory, and he succeeded.

During its existence scientists from nearly all of the great countries of the globe have made a pilgrimage to this observatory to study its equipment and methods, and its important features have been widely copied.

The time of five scientists and observers, and as many other employees, is occupied in the work of the observatory, which includes not only the making of the regular observations which are published in *extenso* annually, but also special researches, reports of which are published in "Wild's Repertorium für Meteorologie" and in the "Proceedings of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science." The

has, owing to advancing years, tendered his resignation at St. Petersburg, to take effect on September 1st, when he will return to his native country, Switzerland (to Zurich), where he will occupy himself with scientific work unencumbered with administrative cares. He will leave behind him in Russia a noble monument in the Constantine Observatory at Pawlowsk.

FRANK WALDO, PH.D.

## The Arrest of Counterfeiters.

THERE is probably no branch of the public service which is more useful and efficient than the secret-service division of the Treasury Department. This service has to do with depredations upon the treasury in the form of counterfeiting and frauds upon the internal revenue, especially in connection with the liquor and tobacco industries. It is composed of experienced and expert detectives, several of whom have been identified with it for over a quarter of a century, and have made a study of criminals and criminal practices, particularly those of counterfeiting. Most of the counterfeiters of the country are brainy, crafty, courageous men, always alert and watchful, and their detection is only possible when men of equal sagacity and fearlessness of character and purpose are set to do the work of running them to cover.

The recent arrest in this city of the Brockway gang of counterfeiters illustrates the efficiency and the methods of the secret-service force. These officers had been engaged for over two years in pursuing these offenders. Often baffled, they never for a moment abandoned their vigilance. The leader of the gang had been carefully shadowed, and others had been located, long before the blow was struck. When discovered and arrested they had in their possession fraudulent five-hundred-dollar gold certificates, counterfeit Canadian money, counterfeit bills and coin of different denominations, and a complete plant for carrying on their operations, including plates and fibre paper. No plant of equal magnitude and so complete in every detail has been captured for several years. The paper used in printing notes is said to have been even superior in quality to that used by the government.

The head of the gang, William E. Brockway, has long been known as the cleverest and most skillful counterfeiter of the time. His career is perhaps the most extraordinary in the literature of criminal practice. Starting in life as a printer, he subsequently learned engraving, and then, becoming an expert, took a special course in electro-chemistry in Yale. The technical knowledge thus acquired he applied to the production of electrotypes. From the very first his counterfeiters were of the highest order. In one case ninety thousand dollars of government bonds of a certain issue got into the government vaults before any suspicion was aroused as to their character. In another case he counterfeited a considerable quantity of six per cent. United States coupon bonds. Arrested and convicted, he was sentenced to prison for thirty years, but managed to arrange a compromise with the government. Being caught again, he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to Sing Sing for five years. He was discharged in 1887, and, so far as now appears, has never repented himself of his evil courses, notwithstanding the repeated promises of amendment made by him to the authorities.

It is a little surprising that while this man

## The Connecticut National Guard.



SLIPPING gradually back from the shores of Long Island Sound and backed by a range of low hills, in the quaint old town of Niantic, lie the camping-grounds of Connecticut's militia, known officially as "The State Military Rendezvous," where once a year, in a camp named either for the Governor or adjutant-general of the State, takes place the mobilization of the State's citizen soldiers, the

Connecticut National Guard. Nature evidently realized that troops as good as these should have a model camp-ground, and Nature certainly did her part when she provided the one at Niantic. As we pass through the main gate we see the guard-house, and a glimpse of the barred cells within tells us that there is more than one incentive in camp for us to be "good" soldiers. Passing on down the road that leads by the quartermaster's store-house into camp, the eyes are greeted with a scene that makes every soldier's blood tingle with delight when he realizes what this sight means to him. There, stretching away for a third of a mile, are rows upon rows of clean white tents, of the "A" pattern used in the army, and between them and the tents of the general and his staff across the field, a long, level plateau covered with short green grass, a miniature prairie in fact, which is swept by the cool, salt-water breezes of Long Island Sound.

Here is encamped annually Connecticut's entire brigade of militia, consisting of over twenty-seven hundred men. There are four regiments of infantry, one battery of light artillery, one machine-gun battery of four pieces, Connecticut's famous signal-corps, bicycle mounted, and the first and second separate companies, colored. When we say that this brigade is commanded by Brigadier-General George Haven, we also give the reason why Connecticut's soldiers are known as the best in the country. The four regiments of the brigade are commanded by such soldiers as Colonel Charles L. Burdett of the First; Colonel Augustus C. Tyler of the Third, a graduate of West Point; Colonel Russell Frost of the Fourth; and Colonel Lucien F. Burpee of the Second, who is the eldest son of the late Colonel Thomas Burpee, who gave his life to his country while leading

his regiment, the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, at the Battle of Cold Harbor.

Reveille, which begins the day's work, and generally ends the night's fun, sounds at 5:45 in the morning. Then comes the breakfast-call at 6:30, followed by police-call at 7:00. From breakfast time until guard-mount at 9 A.M. each first-sergeant is occupied in getting his guard detail ready, all the time cherishing the hope that one of his men will be selected by the adjutant at guard-mount as the colonel's orderly for the day.

Friday is "Governor's Day," a day on which every man feels "Who wouldn't be a soldier?" and his actions prove that he thinks he would, and is. The ceremonies of Governor's Day are such that they bring the sight-seeer out in force. He comes in on excursion-trains, on his bicycle, walks in, rides in, and a great many from the surrounding farming district hitch up the "mare" in the "spring-wagon" and come in with the "wimmin folks." To the tax-payer who says this all costs money, and amounts to nothing but playing soldier, let me say that he must know that we have as playmates the best men that this State has produced, and that had such organizations as the Connecticut National Guard existed at the time of Lincoln's proclamation, a few brigades of men thus disciplined and equipped would have been sufficient to restore to his country the peace he so much desired. **LIEUTENANT HENRY B. CARTER,**  
Second Connecticut.

## Violation of the Thirty-second.

"Any soldier who absents himself from his troop, battery, company, or detachment, without leave from his commanding officer, shall be punished as a court-martial may direct."—32d ARTICLE OF WAR.

The moon shone over the old parade,  
(The sentry walked Post No. 2.)  
'Twas after taps, and I sought the shade  
So none of the wakeful guard should see.  
I dodged the sergeant making his round,  
And listened, intent, 'neath the maple-tree,  
Then—out o'er the fence! with a break and a bound.  
(And the sentry walked Post No. 3.)  
Oh, sweet is the face of the full, full moon,  
(The sentry walked Post No. 4.)  
And sweet are the scents of a night in June,  
With the breezes fanning along the sea;  
But there, where the rose-bush shines with dew,  
The fairest and sweetest of all is she—  
The lassie with eyes of love lit blue!  
(And the sentry walked Post No. 5.)  
A flutter of skirts in the glimmering night,  
(The sentry walked Post No. 6.)  
And my heart flared up like the signal-light  
That ships show out on the silent sea.  
A kiss, and a word of the boy-god's love,  
And with fingers twining away walk we  
With the luminous world of love before,  
(And the sentry walked Post No. 7.)  
In the gray half-light of the glimmering dawn,  
(The sentry walked Post No. 8.)  
Through the dew and the chill of the hourly lawn,  
I steal into quarters quietly;  
And lo! with a flurry of shell delight,  
The bugles are blowing the reveille—  
And none is the wiser! and all is right!  
(And the sentry walked Post No. 9.)

PRIVATE WILL STOKES.

## Torch-fishing for Herring.

WE give on page 121 a striking picture of torch-fishing for herring in the waters of Ipswich Bay. The typical torching dory usually requires a crew of three men, one standing in the bow to dip the herring, while the other two manage the boat, which is a large centre-board dory from eighteen to twenty-two feet long, with flat bottom, specially designed for this method of fishing. Cotton-linting saturated with kerosene oil is used in the torch, producing a fierce and brilliant flame, the bows of the boat being protected from the flames by a zinc shield on each side. Some fishermen, even in a good breeze, prefer to rely on their oars for speed, but the sprit-sail is generally used in conjunction with the oars.

Ipswich Bay is an excellent fishing-ground, when the herring strike in late in September and October. A fleet of dories from Annisquam, Lunenburg, and other fishing-villages that line the shores of the bay, give them chase, the boats with their torches as they flit about presenting a most novel and interesting spectacle. It is on dark nights, with an overcast sky, that the fishermen make their biggest hauls, and great is the excitement when a large school is struck. The fish literally pack together under the brilliant light of the torch, their heads just above the water, enabling the sturdy fishermen to speedily fill their dories, which they do sometimes to the danger-point in their eagerness and excitement, and in a number of instances the boats have sunk under them.

Immediately upon landing, the herring are transported in wagons to Gloucester, where they are promptly purchased by dealers, and by them sold again to fishing-vessels fitting out for the banks, where this species of herring is used for bait.



# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## Mr. Willard's Action in Withdrawing "Vigilant."

MR. E. A. WILLARD, who in the absence of George Gould has been racing *Vigilant*, in the capacity of trial-horse, against *Defender*, saw fit on August 6th to address a letter to the regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club, formally withdrawing *Vigilant* from races set down for the Thursday and Friday following. This withdrawal was based upon an *honest conviction*, to wit, that *Defender* had failed on two separate occasions to observe the rules governing yacht-racing, and in thus failing had forced *Vigilant* to give way in order to avoid a collision—and so based was justified, and should be upheld by fair-minded men. Whether or no Mr. Willard's action was entirely in accord with the facts, which seem to be as many as the sands on the beach at Newport, signifies nothing.

This does, however; Mr. Willard, his sailing-master, Charles Barr, and Edmund Fish, an amateur of good standing and an assistant on board, are sincere in the belief, to them a cer-



MR. EDWARD A. WILLARD.  
(By courtesy of Brooklyn Life.)

tainty, that in standing for the line as they did they had the right of way, and in being forced to relinquish an evident advantage they were unlawfully treated. It is their contention that by holding on, as they had every right to do, they would have cut down *Defender*. In view of these facts, Mr. Willard acted justifiably, and his spirit of independence in refusing to be ridden over, even by those in command of the prospective cup-defender, must be admired.

As Mr. Percy Chubb, owner of the Watson cutter *Queen Mab*, remarked for publication, "The racing rules are all we have to go by, and by all means let us live up to them." And there are quite as many yachtsmen who will back up this sentiment as there are to applaud Mr. Willard's protest and subsequent withdrawal.

According to Captain Haff, who handled *Defender*, the *Vigilant*, in the second race off Sandy Hook, July 23d, where the first alleged foul was committed, while at first having the right of way, lost claim to it later by bearing away for the line; that is to say, so long as she held her course close-hauled she had the right of way, but this right would be forfeited by the turning of the wheel one spoke. Captain Haff claims that Barr really did so manipulate the wheel. In fact, he saw him do it; hence his subsequent action in keeping *Defender* going and forcing *Vigilant* to luff under her stern. On the other hand, Charlie Barr, Mr. Willard, and his helmsmen, all of whom were better able to judge the turning of a spoke than others yards away, declare that *Vigilant* did not bear away toward the line, but held true to her course until a collision seemed imminent.

The question, then, resolves itself into one of veracity, as to whether or no *Vigilant* bore away toward the line as Haff declared she did, and the regatta committee, by ruling that Mr. Willard was unwarranted in withdrawing *Vigilant*—according to their opinion no rules of racing having been violated—grant the palm of honesty to Haff. This seems pretty rough on Mr. Willard, who unquestionably took his stand with sincerity of purpose, and inspired only with the feeling that he was being ridden over rough-shod, without any regard whatever for the rules which should govern to the better all match races.

Mr. Willard does not believe that *Vigilant* is a faster boat than *Defender*, and his protest for fair play has been based upon the pretty firm foundation that practice-sailing should conform to actual race-sailing, and that those rules

which must hold when *Defender* meets *Valkyrie III*, should be observed now for practice and as a means of safety from disqualification when such might mean the loss of the cup.

Mr. Willard, however, in spite of the failure of his protests, has agreed to have *Vigilant* at the line to start in the regular trial races off Sandy Hook, which have been set for August 20th and 23d, and, if need be, the 24th.

### SUCCESS OF AMERICAN BOATS ABROAD.

*Niagara*, Howard Gould's twenty-rater, continues to show the way to the boats of her class in English waters, thus glorifying the name of her designer and builder, Captain Nat Herreshoff, to the evident discomfiture of British designers, who seem absolutely incapable of building even a ten-rater able to sail within gunshot distance of *Dakota*, another Herreshoff boat. In a recent race sailed during Cowes regatta week, *Niagara* ran away from a large field and finished thirteen minutes and twelve seconds ahead (elapsed time) of *Audrey*. The question naturally suggests itself—as a result of the evident superiority of the Herreshoffs in boats of medium and small size—how can there be any doubt of *Defender's* ability to beat the world, particularly when it is considered that *Defender* represents absolutely the very best work, the most careful thought and attention of the Bristol genius? While *Niagara* and *Dakota* were the creations of a moment, *Defender* is the result of a lifetime of work wherein trouble has not been spared and no ideas have been kept up the sleeve.

### AN EXPERT'S OPINION OF "DEFENDER."

Lewis Nixon, formerly naval constructor in the United States Navy, and now ship-builder at the Crescent ship-yard, Elizabethport, New Jersey, ventilates his opinion of the coming *Defender-Valkyrie III* races for the America's Cup to the effect that *Defender*, unless she shows a very marked improvement, will surely be beaten by her English rival. Mr. Nixon arrives at this opinion from a comparison of the *Vigilant-Defender*, *Vigilant-Britannia*, and *Britannia-Valkyrie III* races. Assuming that *Britannia* is a faster boat than *Vigilant*, and knowing by recent trials that *Defender* has been unable to make as good a showing against *Vigilant* as *Valkyrie III* did against *Britannia*, he arrives at a conclusion which can have little value from the very fact that no allowance is made for *Vigilant's* greatly improved form over that of 1903 and 1904. This fact is generally conceded, and it seems funny indeed that Mr. Nixon, who superintended the alterations—to wit, the placing of inside ballast to the extent of some thousands of pounds on her keel bottom, and the cutting of her forefoot some eighteen inches in depth, should not base his argument upon a like assumption. Now Captain Haff and other experts who saw the *Vigilant-Britannia* races last year were of the opinion then, and are now, that *Vigilant*, over a decent cup course, was from five to seven minutes faster than *Britannia*. *Vigilant's* improved form this year is conservatively placed at three minutes. From these figures we glean this conclusion: granting the *Defender* to be faster than *Vigilant* by eight minutes, which is a fair estimate, *Defender* is a faster boat than *Britannia* by eighteen minutes. Now *Valkyrie III*, in her races with *Britannia*, never showed herself an all-around better boat than *Britannia* by eighteen minutes. And there you are; and what is more, the mass of yachting experts are of the opinion that *Defender* later on will show herself better than *Vigilant* by at least ten minutes over a cup course, and in the subsequent races with *Valkyrie III*, defeat her, barring accident or fluke.

### THE YALE-CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC MEETING.

Manhattan Field has been finally settled upon for the international college track and field games scheduled for October 5th. The time is yet weeks off, still the feeling is becoming more pronounced daily that the English adventurers to our shores have an excellent chance of winning. Their sprinters, Bradley and others, have been doing marvelous time in the English meetings, and seem unbeatable save by such a flyer as Crumm; and Richards, who will run for Yale, is not a Crumm by any means.

While a certain few look with satisfaction and equanimity on the meeting, the majority of sport-loving Americans do not exactly like the evidently too-ready disposition upon the part of those managing the Yale end of the affair to grant everything to insure a match where the granting means almost the gift of an event to an English champion. From the arranging of conditions to govern an American cup contest down to a game of tennis, this same

readiness upon our part to bow to the Englishman, showing an evident wish to give away everything in order to insure a match, is manifest. It may be years—in the event of the present policy being pursued—before an English athlete will of his own accord challenge an American, or a tennis crick come over here without being asked. It took, by the way, five years or more of entreaty to finally get a player like Pim to visit us. In truth, we are altogether too eager for our rightful independence.

It is a pretty difficult matter to speak definitely of the entire galaxy of stars sure to wear the Mercury foot on the day of the games, for additions may be made any day up to the very last moment. The reported acquisition of Crumm, the intercollegiate champion sprinter of 1905, seems to be founded on fact; and despite champion high-jumper Sweeney's repeated statements to the effect that he would not represent the New York Athletic Club, it seems pretty certain at this writing that he will. Comment is unnecessary on the acquisition of two such stars, for, in form, they should make sure of points in two events at the least.

Will hammer-thrower Barry represent the London Athletic Club? This question is a much mooted one, particularly among certain members of the New York Athletic Club who, among a number of New-Yorkers outside of the club, are alleged to hold the great athlete's I. O. U.'s from five dollars up, the sum total ranging into the thousands. These debts, it is said, were contracted when Barry visited America some few years ago, making quite a stay, on the strength of his hammer-throwing, shot-putting, and stories of the wealth of his father as a racing man in England. The majority of those interested in Barry's return to America are of the opinion that he will come to the conclusion at the last moment that a change of climate will not prove beneficial, and will stay behind in consequence.

*W. T. Ball.*

## Summer-resort Entertainments.

A NEW form of entertainment at our fashionable summer resorts, introduced during the present season, consists in open-air operatic and theatrical performances. At Saratoga fifteen hundred persons witnessed the production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on the lawn of the Grand Union Hotel, and at Lake George the pastoral comedy-opera "Dorothy" was successfully presented by a company numbering one hundred performers. The performance was given on the lawn of the Lake House, where a stage was erected with one thousand electric lights and all the necessary accessories. The scenes, set amid the trees and shrubbery, were peculiarly realistic, the village inn, nestling in the foliage, presenting an actual picture of rural life. These open-air entertainments afford a pleasing diversion to sojourners at the summer resorts, and are unquestionably more wholesome and elevating than the frivolities which too often engage the attention of very many of these pleasure-seekers.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

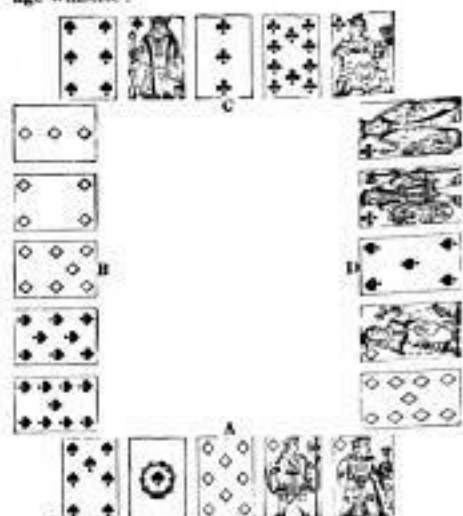
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 28 proved, indeed, to be a very confusing bit of whist strategy, and baffled many solvers, who gave various solutions without discovering the proper defense for B. For instance, A leads trumps, which D captures and leads spades to A, who then leads jack or king of hearts, which B should not take. The proper way to win three tricks is as follows: A leads spade, B heart three, C heart nine. A then leads heart jack, B the ace, C trumps. D takes the trick and leads spade, B over-trumps A, but loses two tricks in hearts. Correct answers were received from Messrs. O. Barnett, E. F. Bruce, C. D. Cook, W. Deane, G. Earl, A. Forsythe, Fort Schuyler, C. N. Gowen, P. Green, C. F. Holly, G. Hazard, M. C. Isabel, G. Kelly, A. Korn, C. Leland, C. F. Moore, H. Mangus, C. Nefuss, B. Orr, J. W. Russell, R. Rogers, E. F. Seward, A. L. Porter, G. Thorn,

J. Tanner, C. F. Ulman, G. Viole, W. Vreeland, W. R. White, G. W. Wales, C. B. Wash, and W. Young.

Here is another specimen of fine play, given as Problem No. 33, which will puzzle the average whistist:



Trumps all out. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

## The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 28. BY A. J. CONEN.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 25. BY LA MOTHE.

White. Black.  
1 Q to Q R 2. 1 Kt to K 2.  
2 Q to R1 square.

This problem, which was remarkable more for its brilliancy and artistic rendering than for difficulty, was correctly answered by Messrs. G. R. Macnamara, A. J. Conen, A. C. Cass, J. G. Schaefer, Dr. Baldwin, W. L. Fogg, A. Hardy, Z. Corser, T. Stout, G. T. Williams, C. P. Moore, T. Hazard, R. Morris, A. W. Hall, C. V. Smith, G. M. Ross, R. G. Fitzgerald, F. C. Nye, E. H. Baldwin, W. E. Heyward, W. Ellsworth, and T. Hunt. All others were incorrect.

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(Continued on page 126.)

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BROCKWAY'S TOOLS.



DR. O. E. BRADFORD, A PRINCIPAL IN THE "COMBINE."



THE RECENT ARREST OF THE BROCKWAY GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS.—DRAWN BY V. GRIDAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 122.]



SUMMER-RESORT OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENTS—PRODUCTION OF THE COMEDY-OPERA OF "DOROTHY" ON THE LAWN OF THE LAKE HOUSE AT LAKE GEORGE.—A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 123.]





THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—A SPANISH HOSPITAL.

*La Ilustración Española y Americana.*



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386.  
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Lord Salisbury (standing) 81 Parliament and 810  
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A TYPICAL CABLE "ACCIDENT" ON BROADWAY—MUST THE EXTENSION OF SURFACE RAPID TRANSIT BE ACCOMPANIED BY AN APPALLING AND TREMENDOUS LOSS OF HUMAN LIFE?—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 128.]



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## Mr. Cleveland and a Third Term.



HERE are some indications that Mr. Cleveland really desires to be a third-term candidate for the Presidency. He has probably persuaded himself that his re-election is necessary to the safety of a country whose people, as described by Ambassador Bayard, are "strong, self-confident, and oftentimes violent." Regarding himself as a man of destiny, such conclusion would not be unnatural. But it is easy to see that nomination for another term, even if it could be obtained, would prove the sordest disaster of Mr. Cleveland's career. It would expose him to a test which his reputation could not possibly survive. Unquestionably Mr. Cleveland is a man of mainly honest purpose. He has exhibited, as to some measures of policy—notably that of free-silver coinage—commendable decision and firmness of character. But he has been headstrong and intolerant of counsel; in his inordinate self-conceit he has been slow to profit by the lessons of experience, slow to perceive and recognize the demands of the popular will; he has, especially in our foreign relations, failed to manifest a virile and vigorous solicitude for the protection of American interests and rights; he has persistently antagonized the sound industrial policy which has contributed so enormously to our national prosperity; and he has permitted a debauchery of the public service in the interest of greedy partisanship, alike in violation of his own engagements and in contempt of the public good. These are faults and offenses which, in the present temper of the American people, would inevitably provoke rebuke and condemnation.

The wiser and more sagacious leaders of the party realize, if Mr. Cleveland does not, that his re-nomination, for these and other reasons, would be an act of superlative folly. They recognize especially the force of the national antipathy to the third-term idea. That antipathy is founded on the highest patriotism. It cannot be overcome by any persuasion or argument. The people of this country do not believe in a permanent personal government embodying all the attributes of a monarchy. They feel that there would be danger to our institutions in the investiture of a self-willed and arrogant man like Mr. Cleveland with permanence of authority. These considerations are quite sufficient to begot on the part of thoughtful Democrats vigorous opposition to any and every movement looking to his continuance in the party leadership. So far Mr. Whitney is the only man of real prominence and admitted influence who has ventured to express a belief in Mr. Cleveland's availability. Mr. Henry Watterson more nearly expresses the prevalent conviction of sagacious party observers when he says that if re-nominated the President would not carry a single county in any State of the Union. This, of course, is an exaggeration, but it indicates the intensity of the opposition which Mr. Cleveland's apparent candidacy has awakened. And there is a shrewd suspicion that even Mr. Whitney's declarations are colored by self-interest. He may himself be a candidate, when the movement for Mr. Cleveland collapses, and the help of the administration in that event would be a very important factor in his behalf.

We do not regard the realization of the third-term ambition of Mr. Cleveland, if he really aspires to succeed himself, as among the possibilities.

## Hard Times at Summer Resorts.



ALL through the summer we have heard plaints from those interested in summer resorts that they were having a bad time and were losing money. Almost invariably they have attributed the hard times to the cool summer and to the wet weather. We think it would have been as reasonable to attribute the conditions to the silver craze or to the Colorado beetle. The real cause of the new conditions which confront proprietors of seaside and other summer hotels is the change in the social and domestic tastes of the people who make the fashions in this country. Before the war of the Rebellion there were comparatively few rich Americans, and the vacation period was very much shorter than now. Two weeks or so in the dog-days, or occasional

fishing-trips, were considered to be all that nature demanded in the way of summer recreation. For such outings the seaside hotels and the lodges by the lakes and in the mountains were quite sufficient, even though they were both bare and rough in comparison to the great houses of entertainment which were established at a later period.

After the war there was a flash period; an era of vulgarity, when newly-acquired fortunes were spent with a reckless disregard of good taste, and mainly for the purpose of display. This was the time when summer resorts were the most prosperous, and the fortunes made so easily by the proprietors were an encouragement to other men to go into the hazardous venture of building up places of resort. These chances were taken so frequently that conservative observers saw even ten years ago that the business was being overdone. At the same time that this disastrous extension was in progress there was another potent influence at work which has put the finishing touch on summer-resort decadence, so that now not a few of these places are quite undone.

The influence we allude to has been exerted by the example of the people who have long had money, and who have become so accustomed to its possession that they look upon it as a matter of course and as a something not to be bothered about. These people have learned how to live, and they know, therefore, that real comfort, real recreation, and genuine amusement are not to be found at the crowded summer resorts, with their noise, their bustle, their unrest. They have, therefore, made summer homes for themselves at the seashore, in the country, or in the mountains. To such places they transfer the servants of their town establishments, and continue, with changed surroundings, their ordinary life. It was the chance of meeting these people which attracted great numbers of persons to the summer resorts in past eras. Now that that chance has been eliminated, the greatest attraction has passed for very many persons who formerly were constant patrons of the hotels. These, too, have taken to making summer homes for themselves, and therefore it will soon be the case that the best supporters and the next best will both be permanently withdrawn from the Long Branch and Sanitoga type of resorts.

It is hard, to be sure, on those who have invested in summer-resort property that this change should have come, but it is not a matter about which people generally will care to grieve. The change in taste which makes a long sojourn at a summer resort seem undesirable marks an improvement in our civilization. A more demoralizing or a more vulgar life than that of the flash summer resort cannot be conceived of; life in the country, whether in a hired house or in a house owned by the occupant, is, on the other hand, apt to be refined and modest, and pretty sure to be beneficial to the health. Besides such considerations, this method of spending the summer is less expensive than living in a hotel. For the head of a family to establish his people in the country in a comfortable summer home a fortune is not needed, though of course it needs a fortune to make a splendid country-seat. But a few thousand dollars will buy or will build a very pretty little country place, at which a family in moderate circumstances can live four or six months of the year in refined comfort. Those who have made such ventures during the last decade are generally well pleased, and many of them are beginning to look upon these country houses as their real homes. Our cities change so rapidly that it is seldom that a family lives more than one generation in a city house. A house which is to be given up in a few years can never seem to be a real home; but the country house, however modest, is not likely to be crowded out by growing business, and there the fires and penates can be permanently established in a fitting shrine which shall be worthy of tender love and loyal reverence.

## Long-distance Electric Travel.

THE recent consolidation of the Westinghouse and the Baldwin locomotive companies for the purpose of meeting more adequately the demands for electric locomotives is accepted as a very conclusive illustration of the expansion of the idea of electrical propulsion. In some quarters it has raised the belief that electricity will be applied generally to railway travel, but this is scarcely justified by the facts in the case. Mr. Westinghouse, who is perhaps better informed than any other man in the country as to the possibilities of electric travel, expresses it as his conviction that the time has not yet come for long-distance rapid travel by the electrical method. It is probable that the chief output of the new combination will be electric motors adapted to the system now employed in the Westinghouse works at Pittsburgh. This system does away with the underground and the overhead trolley, making the electric current available only at the instant of contact with the motor. The managers of the elevated railways of this city have made a careful examination of this system, and if the tests which are now in progress are found to justify such a course, it is possible that the system may be adopted on these roads. There are some, however, who differ from Mr. Westinghouse in his estimate as to the possibilities of long-distance electric travel. A scheme has recently been projected for the construction of an electric railway from Washington to Gettysburg, a distance of some sixty-five miles. The parties back of this movement are said to be thoroughly in earnest, and the project is well under way

toward practical results. The construction of such a road would be of enormous advantage, in the fact that it would reduce the distance between the termini by some forty miles; while it would bring a large and thrifty population into close relations with the national capital. Now, while we hear that a similar road is contemplated across New Jersey, one or two links of which have already been constructed. This road would in the beginning be designed rather for local than for through travel; but it is well understood that the persons pushing it are confident that a line from Jersey City to Baltimore can be completed and profitably maintained.

## The Solution of the Race Problem.



MR. A. D. Mayo, who has been conspicuous for some fifteen years past in the work of educational development at the South, expresses in a recent article in the *Christian Register*, certain opinions as to the educational situation in the Southern States which are likely to attract a good deal of attention. The efforts of the North in behalf

of education at the South have heretofore largely proceeded upon the idea that the elevation of the negro to a full enjoyment of his rights of citizenship, and to the proper discharge of its responsibilities, depended upon the enlightenment of the colored mass. That has been held to be the main consideration. Mr. Mayo, however, takes the ground, as the result of wide experience and observation, that the real problem to be solved is that of the education of the lower ten millions of white folk, who are the natural rivals in the race of life of the eight millions of blacks. In other words, he states that it is not so much by the establishment of new colleges in the South for common-school children, as by arousing and informing the industrial millions of the rising "third estate" to demand and obtain more and better common-school facilities that they now enjoy, that the desired result of a harmonious adjustment of racial relations is to be reached. His precise language on this point is as follows:

"The condition of the American negro twenty years hence depends far more on what the ten millions of Southern white people who form the stems next above them, and the corresponding class of social beings, extraction in the North, may then think about him, than on anything that any political party can do for him in Congress, or all that can be done for superior education. The Northern churches are not importing him on a mission of charity. For every law enacted for his political protection will be ignored and defied, and the more he knows, and the more capable he becomes, the less will he be tolerated by the great host of laboring interest of the North, that every one here wishes him into the gates; and the solid column, not of poor white trash, but of well-to-do, honest, but narrow-minded Southern people who are not yet half convinced that he has the common rights of American citizenship."

There is undoubted force in this statement of the conditions of the existing situation. However kindly the masses of Southern population may feel toward the black, the fact is that neither religiously nor socially are they qualified to deal intelligently or justly with the race problem that confronts them and the country. Not to realize the fact that the masses of the Southern people are yet under the domination of a selfish and dangerous body of leaders, the other fact that these masses have never outgrown the prejudices—and many of them have not yet outgrown the resentments—of the Civil War, constitutes a tremendous obstacle in the way of the black man. There is no possibility, no matter what may be done for his educationally, that he will be admitted to his rights and come to share in the responsibilities and dignities of American citizenship, until the popular conception of his relation to the body politic, and of his rights as a citizen, measure up to a higher standard of enlightenment. As a matter of fact, some millions of the white population of the South are in no sense better off than the average mass of blacks. These must be elevated out of their ignorance and their prejudices, and brought to realize moral, social, and political self-control, before it will be possible to remove the barrier which now stands in the path of negro advancement.

We are well aware that this view is not that which is held by a large body of our people, and there are some who will be inclined to regard this statement as an abandonment of sound policy; but the Southern problem, so-called, can only be solved by an intelligent and rational recognition of all the conditions which enter into it. It is fixed in the constitution of things that the two races are to live together, and to form one body politic. They have mutual interests and mutual obligations that cannot be dissolved. It is no abandonment of the rights of the black man to maintain that the best and truest way to secure their full enjoyment is through the education of those who now come into rough collisions with him in all the business of life, and who are in no sense prepared to concede to him that recognition in the race which is his inborn inheritance. On the one hand, everything possible should be done by the extension of the common-school system throughout the South, through appropriations by the individual States as well as by co-operation from without, for the education of the blacks; and, on the other hand, the education of the whites should be made compulsory, and carried forward on a scale of the most liberal expenditure and with the most generous help which the people and the churches of



the North can bestow. Mr. Mayo states that in his exploration of the South he has found everywhere a quickened interest in the whole matter of education. He refers to the fact that his public addresses—covering an area of thousands of miles—have attracted large and attentive audiences; and that among the unschooled citizens, as well as among those of a higher social grade, the utmost interest is manifested in the improvement of school methods and the extension of the common-school system. As illustrating this public interest, it is fair to say that nearly all the Southern States are making liberal appropriations for educational purposes, and it is not, perhaps, too much to expect that the misconception which exists in some localities as to the relative right of the blacks to share in these advantages will presently disappear. We are among those who believe that the racial antagonisms which have heretofore existed, and which still exist to some extent, will ultimately be obliterated, as the result of a policy based upon the ideas to which Mr. Mayo has given expression, and framed along the lines of the suggestions he has made.



ANOTHER man has discovered that General Harrison is out of politics. This time it is "one of the staunchest followers" of Senator Hill who proclaims the fact, alleging that he has it from the lips of the general himself. A little while ago the announcement was made that the ex-President would not under any circumstances accept a renomination. Now, according to the "original Hill man," he is going out of politics altogether. We have our doubts. General Harrison is too much of a patriot to become indifferent to the duties and obligations of good citizenship. The invigorating air of the Adirondacks must have quickened the Hill man's tongue into unguarded utterance.

A NUMBER of drug-stores in Des Moines, Iowa, were recently raided by the police for the illicit sale of malt and alcoholic beverages. It appears that a good many of these places were to all intents and purposes saloons, the beverages being presumably sold on prescriptions. Whether the same practice obtains in Portland, Maine, we cannot say, but every visitor to that prohibition city is sure to be struck by the great number of drug-stores, all of which seem to do a thriving business, and as the place is admittedly healthful the wonder always arises as to where the business comes from. Another curious fact is that in the residence portion of the city physicians seem to be almost as numerous as the druggists. Is there any connection between these facts and the illicit sale of intoxicants?

THE victory of the sound-money element of the Kentucky Democracy in the recent State convention does not appear to have been very much of a victory after all. The platform declared for honest money, but it is now deliberately repudiated by a large section of the party; and Senator Blackburn, who was supposed to have been "turned down" by the action of the convention, is making a vigorous fight for re-election on a free-silver platform, with a fair chance of success. It may fairly be doubted whether, under the circumstances, the election of the Democratic State ticket would really be a triumph for sound monetary principles. Happily the indications point to the success of the Republicans, whose attitude on the silver question is not at all doubtful, and if that shall be the outcome of the struggle there will be genuine reason for congratulation on the part of all friends of honest finance.

THE power of public opinion is shown in the recent change of attitude on the part of the national administration in the Waller case. For months the State Department paid no attention whatever to the appeals of Consul Waller and his friends for a vindication of his rights as an American citizen against French outrage and abuse. But when the newspapers took up the matter and characterized as it deserved the inactivity of the administration, it was so far roused to a sense of its duty as to demand a record of the trial, and this was soon followed by a decision to bring home the consul's wife and children, who had been left helpless and defenseless in a hostile country. There never having been any real trial, no record, of course, can be furnished, and having gone so far, our government cannot very well escape the duty of demanding full and unconditional reparation by France for the outrage it has perpetrated upon a citizen of the republic for which it professes to entertain a cordial friendship.

THE expectation that the better class of Democrats would have some measure of recognition in the reorganization of Tammany Hall has not been justified by the result. The new Tammany is, to all intents and purposes, the old Tammany, having the old leaders, except in five districts, with the same officers and the same general policy. All efforts to broaden the organization, so as to make it possible for respectable Democrats to get into the wigwam and share in the management of its affairs, have been overwhelmingly defeated, and there is no basis whatever for expecting that the Tiger will ever be anything else than the remorseless beast of prey he has always been. The simple

truth is that the rank and file of the Democracy in this metropolis have been so utterly debauched by long submission to the mercenary idea in politics that they are incapable of appreciating and asserting themselves in behalf of pure and upright party methods, and the leaders, who are themselves absolutely destitute of moral principle, thrive and will continue to thrive upon the conditions they have created. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Tammany can be permanently held in subjection without constant vigilance and thorough organization and unity on the part of right-minded citizens. Just so long as Republicans make patronage the supreme end in politics, and Democrats of the more enlightened class subordinate conscience and the highest civic interests to considerations of partisanship, just that long an organization founded on selfishness and held compactly together by lust and greed will be a menace to good government and a powerful factor in our metropolitan life.

AT last the memory of Thomas Jefferson is to be preserved to New-Yorkers in a handsome monument, the construction of which is to be directed by a committee of eminent citizens of this city. They have given the award to the sculptor, T. Scott Hartley, on the report of the art committee, of which the late Richard M. Hunt was chairman. It will embrace portraiture and emblematic composition expressing in bronze and granite the career of the author of the Declaration of American Independence and the founder of the University of Virginia. The committee is non-political, non-sectional, and non-sectarian in its composition, as will be seen when the names of such men as Noah Davis, Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-Judge Charles P. Daly, Dr. George F. Shrady, John D. Crimmins, and Bourke Cockran are considered. This long-deferred movement is certainly timely now, when the city is having a new growth, with distinct schools of architecture bringing out in strong relief the new era of construction along our streets and avenues, with additional parks within and beyond the old corporate limits. It is highly satisfactory to know, too, that an art committee embracing the advanced culture of the Union has given to the subject patient deliberation, and that the memorial movement starts out with a definite design and assured financial success.

### Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

I HAVE AN interesting tale anent the late very sanguine newspaper Indian war in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, that throws rather bright light on the approved methods of modern journalism. I have a friend who, at the first report of the Indian trouble and the ordering out of the troops, decided to make the trip and join the Ninth Cavalry, the officers of which he was acquainted with. Thinking that he might do a little amateur war-corresponding if there was anything to correspond about, he dropped into the editorial offices of one of the big papers down-town and had an interview with one of the assistant-editors, who seemed to think the idea an excellent one, and told him to call that evening to get a final decision. About an hour or so before train-time he again entered the editorial offices, and, on inquiry, was told by a sunny young man that their own special correspondent had been sent off on the six-o'clock train, and that therefore they would require nothing more. Evidently the powers in charge of the paper had concluded that the trouble was to be more extensive than they had any idea of, and they thought to get a "scoop" on some other paper, which they probably thought was sending my friend to the front. He was annoyed and chagrined more by the pettiness of the thing than at the idea of some one getting out ahead of him, and he said: "Well, I'll beat that man out there just for the satisfaction of it." "I guess not," said the sunny young man; "he has six hours' start." "You'll see," said my friend. His train left for Chicago at midnight, and by the time he arrived there he was twelve hours behind the S— I almost gave the paper away—man. At Omaha he had not lessened the distance any, and there was no chance of overtaking him now till after the railroad was left behind at Market Lake. The train got in there at two in the morning, and the first question he asked of the first person he met was: "Has Mr. Blank, of the New York Blank, been here?" "Yes, sir; left here this morning for Jackson's Hole." My friend's heart sank, and he almost gave up the race; by the time he could get off in the morning he would be nearly twenty-four hours behind. He was up bright and early, however, and sought the aid of Lieutenant Ladd, of the Ninth Cavalry, who was stationed in the town as depot quartermaster. Luckily there was an express going to start at eight o'clock for the Hole with some supplies for the troops, and my friend was packed aboard as the only passenger. I haven't space to tell here of his adventures. I will only say that the hundred and twenty-five miles from Market Lake to Jackson's Hole were covered in thirty-two hours, six hours ahead of the newspaper man. Beating him in was balm to the soul of my friend, but what was far dearer was the thought of the fruitless, expensive journey that would be charged up to the New York newspaper. Sharp practice hardly paid in this instance.

Mr. Howells, in some of his charming reminiscences that he has been so delightfully prodigal with lately, tells of an

evening spent at the house of James Lorimer Graham, where Edwin Booth was one of the guests. "A gentle, rather silent person in company, or with at least little social initiative, who, as fate would have it, went up to the east of a huge hand that lay upon one of the shelves. 'Whose hand is this, Lorry?' he asked our host, as he took it up and turned it over in both his hands. Graham feigned not to hear, and Booth asked again, 'Whose hand is this?' Then there was nothing for Graham but to say: 'It's Lincoln's hand'; and the man for whom it meant such unspeakable things put it softly down without a word." The tragedy of it is pathetic. I remember a somewhat similar occurrence that took place but a few years ago. A young friend upon whom he had conferred some favor, thinking thoughtlessly, and tactlessly, to please, purchased one of the very rare programmes of "Our American Cousin" for the night at Ford's Theatre when Lincoln was assassinated. It was a cruel thing, and the man didn't realize what he had done till he saw the kindly face blanch white, and saw the venerable actor leave the room unsteadily, without speaking. Afterward, in speaking of the incident, Mr. Booth said to one who was very near to him: "After thinking it over I think I am more pleased than hurt. It shows me that the young people of the present generation in no way connect me with that terrible thing." And he was right; he was looked upon only as a gentle, kindly man, and one of the greatest actors of his time.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—THE LL.D. conferred on Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, by the University of Edinburgh, is the second he has received, the first coming from Harvard; but it was left for the Scotch university to do him the extraordinary honor of referring to him as the "chief ornament to medical science in the New World." In addition to his great attainments as a physiologist, Dr. Mitchell has the unique distinction of maintaining a practice in London as well as in Philadelphia. He is one of the numerous physicians of celebrity, of whom Smollett and Oliver Wendell Holmes were examples, who have excelled in letters as well as in medicine. Dr. Mitchell is well known both as poet and as novelist, and it is not unlikely that a "run" on one of his books would have pleased him even more than the Edinburgh degree.

—At length, and except for a few pounds, the fund for the purchase of Carlyle's old home in Chelsea has been raised, and the house will hereafter be a museum of Carlyle relics—"a shrine for visitors, mostly Americans," in the words of the *London Daily News*. The price paid is £2,089. The dwelling is unimposing and even shabby, and is likely to prove disappointing to visitors from this side of the ocean. It contains nine small rooms and a mean little garden in the rear. Perhaps the most interesting feature of it is the attic room with a skylight, built by Carlyle to escape the noise of the crowing cocks and barking dogs of the neighborhood.

—Considering that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is said to have a wider range of encyclopedic information than any Southerner in public life since the days of General Toombs, it is rather remarkable to learn that he never went to school but for three years. He seems to have been a youthful prodigy, for at the age of nine he had read all the works of Virgil in the original Latin, and many of the odes of Horace. The Senator is now seventy-one years old. His father died at ninety-four, and might have lived longer if he had been willing to take his doctor's prescription of a little whiskey to stimulate his flagging vitality.

—The most interesting of the men made newly rich by the Cripple Creek mines is W. S. Stratton, who owns the Independence mine outright and has an interest in other mining properties. He is a carpenter, and three years ago he walked from Colorado Springs to the new camp, a distance of thirty miles, in order to save the fare, which amounted to four dollars. Success has not spoiled him, and with his income of one million two hundred thousand dollars a year he is a modest, small-sized man, with iron-gray hair and mustache, dressed in a plain business suit, and wholly inconspicuous.

—Moritz Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, says that he has done his best work while walking about under the trees in his garden in summer. In this way he elaborates the novel he has in hand to the minutest detail before putting pen to paper. Then he writes it out with great rapidity, and without erasing a sentence. Jokai is now seventy. He has been writing industriously for years, and with what fecundity is shown in the estimate of one of his friends that his works contain seventy-two million letters.

—Robert Grant, whom the book-reading public knows as a clever author, but who is known in Boston as a probate judge as well, is a hard-working lawyer on the shady side of forty, but apparently younger. His pen and his bicycle consume almost equally his intervals of leisure. When he was nominated for judge his novels were alleged against his fitness for the place, and it may be that he took the objection to heart, for his later writings are in a somewhat more serious vein.



## BOHEMIA IN NEW YORK.



"MICKEY FINN" SINGS "SLATTERY'S BABY."

BOHEMIA! What delightful associations cluster around the name, since the days that Henri Murger, in his immortal "Vie de Bohème," wrote of the escapades, the joys, and the sorrows of Schaunard and Colline, of Marcel, Rodolphe, Mimi, and Musette, and all the rest of that festive band of the Quartier Latin. Murger starved as he wrote, little thinking he had struck a chord which would vibrate in the hearts of future generations. Until he came upon the scene, Bohemia, though existing in fact since the commencement of time, had received little recognition from society, and shiftless and erratic followers of the Muses were often classed with vagabonds and ragamuffins. In fact, the term "Bohemian," as Murger himself points out in his preface, was applied by some authors of melodramas in France to highwaymen and assassins, and by the masses in general to sword-swallowers, thimble-riggers, three-card-monte men, and a thousand other "promoters of industry, who are distinguished by not possessing any of that commodity themselves."

Thanks to the same author, Bohemia to-day is an acknowledged factor in civilized society, at least such is the case in France, where Murger's memory has but recently received a tribute in bronze amid the very scenes in which his characters are laid. Even our own country, absorbed as it is in the great struggle for material wealth, has not entirely repelled the

W. E. S. Fales, lawyer and poet, exuding perspiration and geniality at all seasons of the year; Paul Potter, already the proud author of "The City Directory," foreshadowing so many subsequent theatrical successes; George R. Halm, whose presence, as was once remarked, lent an air of stately dignity to all proceedings; Captain de Mandeville, known as the "Knight of the Iron Wrist" (with a record of fifteen hundred handshakes an hour); Henry Guy Carlton, the playwright; and last but not least, poor Jack Moran, the gentle warbler of dainty sonnets, whom even a hacking cough and the spectre of approaching dissolution could not detain from these reunions.

The true spirit of Bohemia, it must be said, characterized the evenings at Jause's, and the presence of a Philistine was scarcely ever tolerated, unless, indeed, he paid a generous liquid tribute to the geni of the place; for albeit the practice of "wine-opening" is the most serious offense on the calendar of Bohemia when indulged in by a member of the fraternity, there is no rule forbidding his sharing in the fruits of such depravity on the part of a Philistine. Unfortunately for Jause, these "terrible examples" were not sufficiently frequent to compensate him for losses in other directions, and one fine day the habitués found their gathering-place in the hands of workmen, transferring it into a vulgar, every-day liquor-store.

(Continued on page 185.)



"L'HEURE DU SPAGHETTI" AT "MARIA'S" (MARKEE'S).

erratic goddess from its doors. The city of New York has for many years been a Bohemian centre; a gathering place for brilliant wits and followers of the Muses—lovers of art for art's sake. As far back as the 'fifties a coterie of men of this type were wont to gather at Pfaff's celebrated restaurant—men like Bayard Taylor, William Winter, William Dean Howells, Richard Realph, A. C. Wheeler, and a host of others. But I think it can be said that Bohemia first became crystallized in Gotham when one Jause opened a *table d'hôte* on Sixth Avenue, near Twenty-sixth Street, some time in the 'eighties. Barring the food, which was detestable, the place had a good deal of the Latin-quarter flavor. The menu was written in French, and the waiters answered you in the same language. The presence of actresses out of work and "grisettes"—I think this is what they loved to hear themselves called—and the general *déshonneur* of the guests, as a whole, brought to mind some of the students' eating-houses of the Rue Jacob or the Boulevard St. Michel. Despite the food and a growing tendency on the landlord's part not to give credit beyond certain reasonable limits, the place flourished for several years, during which time its portals were darkened by geniuses of every stripe. Maurice Barrymore, Wilton Lackaye, Augustus Thomas, Edward Henley, Laura Burt, Daisy Temple, Mabel Morris, Ray Douglas, Bertha Colby, poor Selma Dolaro in the last stages of her malady, Nettie Lyford, and many more constituted the theatrical contingent. The journalists' and artists' list of names was a lengthy one, and comprised among others James Croelman, the war correspondent; "Billy" Walsh, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* and literary sponsor of Amelie Rives;



A "BURN-JONES" BOHEMIENNE.



"MARIA" ON DUTY.





"The next moment Jaffray, with a well-planted blow, sent him sprawling on his back."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### III.

#### A MISSION UNFULFILLED.

ITHIN little more than a stone's throw Paris had held her first great feast of jokes and guns. The taking of the Bastille was child's play to the storming and overthrow of the Tuileries. From dawn until afternoon the burning and butchery had raged at fever heat. The evening sunshine fell upon sorry corpses, which sansculottes of both sexes turned over and stripped. Human vultures were worse than the obscene creatures of the air. Then the dead-carts began to collect their loads and move in grim processions to the cemeteries, the sansculottes stumbling homeward with relics of the palace—carpets, clocks, furniture. Less frugal citizens drank themselves to death in the royal cellars, while patriotic souls, above such vanities, continued the work of annihilating such betrayed Swiss as might be making their way toward Courbevoie, or such of their comrades or defenders as might seek for shelter in sanctuaries closer

at hand. It had been a day of victory for roused and indignant Patriotism. Jaffray Ellicott had fortunately kept his head and his appetite to good purpose.

"Then you know the Deputy Grébanval intimately?" said the girl, returning to the question of Jaffray's personal associations, and with a marked tone of interrogation in her voice.

"Yes," said Jaffray, enjoying his supper.

"Are you one of his secretaries?"

"He has employed me in various ways."

"They say he is in love."

"With himself?" asked Jaffray, swallowing his soup and cutting a fresh slice of bread.

"Firstly with himself, of course," said Marie,—"like all lovers; and secondly, with—"

"Whom?" asked Jaffray.

"A lady."

"Of course," said Jaffray.

"And perhaps you know Count de Fournier?"

"Most likely," said Jaffray; "many people know him."

"But you were in America."

"I only knew that he had been there on the day of the

Bastille," Jaffray replied, pausing to look up at his hostess,—"and on that day he was a revelation to me. Ah, mademoiselle, he is as brave as he is good; I would say that if it cost me my head."

"Hush! not so loud, my friend. I, too, wear the national colors, but I have a heart all the same. The count has been kind to you?"

"It is not treason to say so. I can see that in your kind face."

"My hand on it," said Marie, offering the pretty guarantee of her sincerity, which Jaffray, having wiped his lips, kissed with boyish reverence.

"Go on with your supper. It is good to talk while one eats," said Marie.

"I was only a child—little more—about eight; but I can see Cherry Valley at this moment as if it was yesterday. I was born in England, but my father and mother emigrated to America and carried me there when I was an infant. Often have I heard my mother tell of the hardships of the journey by sea. They settled in Cherry Valley. We knew the American troops had been defeated not far away, and there was



talk of massacres by Tories and Indians; but Cherry Valley had a strong fort, and Colonel Alden, who was in command, was confident of our safety. Unfortunately he knew nothing of Indian warfare. The villagers remained in their houses until they were aroused by a savage war-cry outside the stockade and fort. Colonel Alden, it turned out, had been reconnoitering in a free-and-easy way, and was suddenly surprised by an Indian scout. He fired his pistol and ran for his life, but he was killed before his men inside could repel an assault, and the next moment, as it seemed, the village was full of Indians under their wily chief, Joseph Brant. Fifty people were massacred, many of them women and children. My father and mother were among those who fell. The soldiers in the fort barely held their own against a troop of the British, but a young French officer did wonders in the way of combat with the Indians. He snatched me from death and bore me to the fort, where a few others of the villagers found shelter. The fort was not captured. It stood a siege of several hours, and finally beat off the enemy. Help came, I think; for the French officer, with part of the garrison, went out in pursuit of the Indians, and I never saw my deliverer again until that day of the Bastille, when I was lending a hand to the patriots of Paris. I flung myself among his assailants, and, drawing their attention from him for a moment, assisted his escape. It had been ordained that gratitude should have a show just then, as well as hatred and murder."

"It was Count de Fournier!" exclaimed Marie. "God bless you!" adding, after a pause, "yet you are in the service of his bitterest enemy."

"You mean the Deputy Grébanval?"

"Yes; the friend of Citizen Robespierre."

"If I wear the national colors," Jaffray replied, "I still have a heart."

"You are cautious, but you may trust me. I, too, know the count and the beautiful lady to whom he is this day to be betrothed. Hush! speak lower."

"You said there was no chance of our being disturbed."

"Nor is there; but there are some things one only whispers in these days. I work for Mademoiselle de Louvet. She was a friend to me long before the day of the Bastille. The duchess, her mother, receives the Deputy Grébanval; General Lafayette also. The duke is a royalist, the duchess has other views; it is likely to be a sad story. Have you seen the count to-day?"

"Yes," said Jaffray, pushing aside his empty cup.

"You were his messenger?"

"How, mademoiselle?"

"He sent you to the château?"

"How do you know?"

"I don't know; I only guess."

"I am in the service of the Citizen Grébanval," said Jaffray. "If my heart goes out to the *soi-disant* count, as they call him, it is for the reason I have told you—he snatched me from the Indian hatchet. It was by accident that I was in the midst of the fighting to-day. Oh, the horrors of it! I seemed to be back again in Cherry Valley."

Marie went to the window and drew the curtain aside the breadth of her finger. Then she crossed the room to the door and listened.

"What is it?" asked Jaffray.

"Nothing; you have made me nervous."

"What do you suspect?"

"Nothing," she said. "I was wondering where you will go when you leave here. Do you expect to reach Neully?"

"Neully?" repeated Jaffray.

"There is a short cut past the Lion d'Or, across through a stretch of wood and some meadows."

"Where to, mademoiselle?"

"The Château de Louvet. Do you know Pierre at the Lion d'Or? He is a patriot, and his wife is a virago. Pierre lived in the de Louvet family before the insurrection. He is a good fellow, Pierre; you may trust him. He will tell you what has been done at the château. Do you think Count de Fournier made his way safely there?"

Marie, with all her self-repression, could not disguise a certain anxiety in regard to the safety of Count de Fournier. She might have known that Jaffray had been intrusted with an important message to Mademoiselle Mathilde; but she only guessed it, not so much from what had fallen from the unwilling lips of Jaffray as from a remark that had been made to her early in the morning by one who was in the confidence of Grébanval and was a trusted agent of Robespierre.

"Was Count de Fournier going to the Château de Louvet?" asked Jaffray, in response to Marie's question.

"Don't you know he was to be there to-day?" she said, rising to her feet and standing close by Jaffray's side.

Jaffray only shrugged his shoulders and filled himself another cup of wine.

"I know it, monsieur, I know it; and others

know it. Nothing could have been more imprudent than to give a fête to-day, and fly the King's standard. It was madness. Citizen Grébanval is not the man to be defied. His influence is stronger to-day than that of twenty Counts de Fournier. You have seen what has happened within the past few hours. God knows what, I don't; I could only surmise, only sit in fear and wonder. I have not dared to go out to-day—not dared. I have been little better than a prisoner."

"A prisoner?" said Jaffray.

"No, no; not that, but under surveillance. Every man and woman in the Rue Barnabé is a spy. Is it not so everywhere, monsieur? And they know that I have business at the Château de Louvet. My—I mean a neighbor said last night that within a month every royalist head remaining in Paris would fall. Marat in his paper demands thousands of royalist heads as if he were a vampire. My neighbor was gay and jubilant this morning, and wore a long knife in his sash—a most unusual thing. There have been strange cries in the air, and the tocsin has been drowned by the firing of guns; and the *cordonniers* round the corner passed under my window this afternoon with a red pike and his sleeves turned up!"

"Calm yourself, mademoiselle. It is all very terrible, but I thought you were a stoic."

"I thought so, too; but I am only a poor creature after all. It is not for myself that I fear."

"Is it for me that you are anxious? You make me feel proud; but I am no royalist, and if I am a fugitive from a patriot mob it is only through an error, a mistake. Witness my tricolor; tender me the oath. *Vive la nation!*"

Jaffray was speaking now not alone for Marie Bruyet (was she really as friendly as she seemed?) but for others who might be within earshot. Jaffray, no longer hungry, was Jaffray no longer emotional; he was Jaffray the diplomat, Jaffray with a mission. Fear, the tocsin, death, danger, tribulation in every shape had for a time held him in bondage; a still more mission-obliterating influence had fallen upon him under the hospitable roof of Marie Bruyet. Rest, safety (at least for the time), dainty fare, good wine, and sweet companionship had eclipsed the memory of the hunted figure of his illustrious friend, whose sweetheart was to have had tidings of him from Jaffray, yet for an hour or more he had been wasting time under the spell of a bottle of wine and a pretty girl.

#### IV.

##### THE FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR.

His supper finished, Jaffray prepared to take his leave.

"Where do you live?" asked Marie.

"One can hardly be said to live anywhere in these times."

"I hope we may meet again," she said.

"Thank you, dear friend; reckon me among the dead if we do not, and that very soon," said Jaffray, tightening his belt and giving free play to a knife in an old leathern sheath.

"Hush! what time is that striking?"

They listened, and counted eleven by the clock of St. Roch.

"So late?" she said. "How quickly the time has gone! Adieu, monsieur; if I do not soon put out my lamp my father, seeing a light, may call to say good-night; and I would not have him see you for worlds."

"When we meet again I will tell you all you ask about myself, and invite from yourself a similar confidence. I don't believe we should ever betray each other, even on the rack."

"Don't be so sure of that," she replied, unlocking the door and offering her hand to Jaffray with the dignity of a queen and the grace of a French demoiselle.

"Au revoir," said Jaffray, pressing her pretty fingers to his lips.

"A pest upon it!" she exclaimed, snatching her hand away. "Sss-sh! your passage is barred," and as she said so she shut the door and turned the key.

"Who is it?" he asked in a whisper, half doubtful of his protectress—for there was something strange in the remark, "don't be so sure of that."

"An enemy, perhaps," she said. "He has seen the light; he is coming up."

"Then I did hear a footstep on the stair," he said, his hand on his knife.

"Perhaps," she answered. "You will need no knife. Come this way."

She led him across the room to a corner near her couch and drew aside a heavy portière.

"This is my secret," she said, and she drew a sliding door. "Enter."

Jaffray hesitated. A footstep was heard on the stairway.

"Trust me," she said. "My visitor is—but no matter, you will be safe here until he has gone."

Jaffray stepped within the closet, but as Marie drew the sliding door he slipped the sheath of his knife between it and the panel,

and as Marie pulled the portière across it he quietly slid the door back and stood within the curtain, where he could retire or step forward as occasion might seem desirable.

He heard a knock at the door. Marie opened at once.

"I thought you were abed," said a harsh, grating voice.

"I was just going," said Marie. "What do you want?"

"A word with you," was the answer.

"Come in the morning," said Marie; "I am tired."

"No, you are not," said the harsh voice. "You are afraid."

"Indeed?"

"If you do not fear, I fear for you. To be suspect is to be lost. You are suspect."

"Who is my accuser?"

"Simon, the printer."

"Canaille!" said Marie. "He wrote me a love-letter, though he can't spell my name. I flung it in his face. So I am suspect?"

"He saw a fugitive from justice climb your balcony. The man has not left your room."

"Oh, really! And Monsieur Simon says that, does he? I will speak to Citizen Simon to-morrow."

Jaffray tightened his belt and held his breath. "Oh, really; and why did not Citizen Simon follow the aristocrat and capture him?"

"He desired to spare you."

"Really, he is too good."

"He was sitting by his window when the patriots passed the Rue Barnabé, and the traitor slunk along the street and made for your balcony, where a light was burning. A signal, no doubt?"

"No doubt," said Marie, scornfully.

"Friend Simon, out of respect for me and regard for you, raised no alarm; but he watched."

"Yes; trust him for that," said Marie.

"And when I returned to my home after the duties of the day he lay in wait to tell me, that I might do what I thought best in the interest of my country, and with the least exposure of the dear little demoiselle Marie, as he called you."

"The dear little demoiselle Marie despises him, and will have the honor of telling him so—swine that he is!" was the angry rejoinder.

"You wrong him," said the harsh voice, "and you do not understand the service he has rendered you. Listen, Marie. The people have won a great victory. Tyranny brought its Swiss guards against them, and all its artillery. King and guards are overthrown. Liberty is enthroned at the Tuilleries. Among the fugitives, flying before the just vengeance of the people, was one Fournier, a count so-called, one of the king's entourage. You change color, Marie. I know why you have had so many commissions from the woman Mathilde Louvet."

"Mademoiselle de Louvet she is called," said Marie, defiantly; "daughter of le Duc et Duchesse de Louvet."

"At the moment of this Fournier's capture," went on Laroche, "a stripling in the secret employ of the Deputy Grébanval rushed from among the lookers-on to his rescue."

"Brave stripling," said Marie.

"The sudden diversion and a shout of 'The Swiss!' raised by an idiot who mistook a bonnet rouge for the red of the mercenaries, favored the escape of the traitors; but one of them has been traced; his name is Jaffray Elliott."

"All honor to him," said Marie, "wherever he is."

"It is well for you, Marie, that only I hear you say these things. But my patience is exhausted. This Elliott naturally made for the private office of the Deputy Grébanval close by; missed it, but eluded his pursuers in the Rue Barnabé."

Jaffray held himself motionless; but, strengthened by Marie's wine and soup, and encouraged by her brave words, resolved not to be taken alive.

"Yesterday, while you were on your weekly mission to the château, I discovered your secret closet," continued the harsh voice, with something of a chuckle.

"Then you entered my room in my absence and spied upon me?"

"It is my business to spy."

"On your daughter?" said Marie, "the daughter of the mother whose life you made a curse and a burden, you—"

"I've heard enough of that," said the harsh voice, "and I place duty above daughter, wife, or self."

"Her father?" said Jaffray to himself, and shrank the knife he had drawn.

"You have listened at my door?"

"I have; and I suspect that the traitor Elliott is not the first enemy of the people who has found shelter under your roof."

"Oh, you and Citizen Simon are in league to destroy me?" said Marie, bitterly. "Very well; do your worst. I despise you both."

"Don't couple me with Simon," said the harsh voice. "I would die for you in the cause

of honor—lose honor to save you; but I must have this youth Elliott."

Jaffray, conscious of the man's approach, compressed his lips and stiffened his sinews.

Thereupon there was a brief scuffle, Marie harring her father's way; he evidently resolute,

"I have been too blind to your doings, Marie. Let me pass, or, by my soul, I'll walk over you!"

Then a powerful hand tore at the curtain and dragged it, pole and all, to the ground. The next moment Jaffray, with a well-planted blow, sent the investigator sprawling on his back, and, dashing for the door, could be heard by every tenant of the echoing building making his way to the street.

(To be continued.)

## Colorado and the Cure of Consumption.

COLORADO SPRINGS is, and has been since its foundation but a little more than a score of years since, regarded solely as a resort for invalids. With this in view its site was chosen; its streets and avenues, alternating, one hundred and one hundred and forty feet wide, and its beautiful parks were laid out. During these few years of its building and growth to a population of about twenty thousand, constant regard has been given the preservation of its character as a health and pleasure resort, especially the exclusion of factories with their smoke and noise.

It is now a beautiful city, with streets and sidewalks always dry, hard, and smooth, with numerous fine hotels and private boarding-houses, three well-equipped sanitariums, a magnificent high-school building, costing over one hundred thousand dollars; Colorado College, with excellent buildings and large grounds, located in the centre of the city; the State Mute and Blind Institutes; the Printers' Home, founded by George W. Childs and Mr. Drexel, of Philadelphia; and fourteen churches—which institutions and buildings go to the making of Colorado Springs one of the most desirable residence cities in the world.

Colorado has the climatic influences most potent in the cure of consumption, and of all sections in this wonderful State, Colorado Springs is to be selected; indeed, I believe Colorado Springs stands first among all places on the globe as an all-the-year-around residence for persons suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs and from asthma. It is six thousand feet above sea-level, and it follows that it has an atmosphere of much less pressure. Here we get about one hundred and eight grains of oxygen in a cubic foot of the air we breathe; at sea-level we get one hundred and thirty grains. The blood demands as much oxygen here as there, and at once on coming from a lower altitude to this, more frequent and deeper breathing is established; the more frequent breathing gradually gives way to greater expansion of the lungs; and thus, after a time, varying with the degree and extent of diseased or lost lung, in given cases, the full amount of oxygen required is again obtained by an expanded lung. During this effort at compensation the heart's action is quickened and the invalid is advised to be very moderate in exercise; air is now entering portions of the lung hitherto unused; diseased air-cells and areas are brought into contact with oxygen, and germs of disease perish. The pressure at sea-level on the air-cell of the lung is fifteen pounds to the square inch; here it is 11.50 pounds, and again a great benefit is obtained; a quicker capillary circulation—that circulation in the lungs which exposes the blood to the revivifying action of oxygen—is at once established, and an examination of the blood soon shows it to be richer.

I esteem these benefits obtained by altitude as of the greatest importance; but a dry air and sunshine are not much less essential. Elevation and a rare atmosphere may be gotten "nearer home," doubtless, by most invalids, but nowhere else in the world may so much sunshine and dryness at the same time be secured; by the dryness of the air, liquid inflammatory products filling up air-vesicles are by evaporation removed; the pabulum of the deadly bacilli no longer there, the germs perish and oxygen enters to give life to the blood.

The number of grains of moisture in a cubic foot of air here is less than two, at Jacksonville more than five, at New York more than three, at Los Angeles almost four. Here are the facts as to sunshine, according to signal-service statistics: In New York there are in a year 109 cloudy days; Jacksonville, 87; Los Angeles, 51; and in the greatly-praised Davis Platz of Switzerland, the shortest day gives less than five hours of sunshine, while here we have nine hours.

This climate will not restore life to the dead; too many leave coming here as a last resort, and come only to die, yet I have known those who have reached this place on beds to have health restored. S. W. MORGANSON, M. D.



# Bohemia in New York.

(Continued from page 132.)

The substitution of the Italian and French *table d'hôte* for the dyspepsia-breeding domestic restaurant, where records in food eating are the order of the day, has doubtless contributed largely to the spread of the Bohemian spirit among writers, newspaper men, and artists. Lingering over a bottle of good California St. Julien or a *deux-huit* with *petit verre* in cozy quarters is more stimulating to the flow of thought and the growth of inspiration than the atmosphere of an oyster-house or a bar-room. Little by little coteries have been formed under the softening influences of a Latin cuisine, and New York is now second only to Paris as a head centre of all that Bohemianism implies.

The best known Bohemian resort in the city at present, and one to which the stranger is first conducted on his sight-seeing expedition, is situated on Twelfth Street, a stone's-throw from Sixth Avenue. It is known as "Maria's," pronounced Marrow's, and serves my purpose of illustrating my subject better than any other place I can think of, because it exemplifies all the defects as well as the virtues of New York Bohemianism. It was a fortunate moment in her life when "Maria" decided to relinquish her position as the chief cook of an Italian *pensione* in University Place and open what the "boys" called a "small joint" way down on McDougall Street. One of the habits of



MICKEY KEETEN "DAVID AND GOLIATH."



ANTHONY IN THE "LITTLE WHITE OZAR."

the *pensione*, Colonel "Bill" Gilder, Arctic explorer and war correspondent, followed her to the new place, and in his wake came his sister Jeannette, the distinguished literary critic of the *World*; his brother Joseph, editor of the *New York Critic*, and a number of their friends. This, with the addition of a few Italians, gave "Maria" a fair start. Her dinner was plain but toothsome. No "dago joint" in town could equal her soup, and few her spaghetti. Her dining-room, fifteen by twenty feet, soon began

to be crowded, especially the "American table." Here one would often meet some well-known personalities. Now and again Clara Louise Kellogg, the renowned singer, might be found, with her husband, sandwiched in between Paul Du Chaille, discoverer of the gorilla, Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, or some other person of note. The old James crowd, or a portion of it, also drifted to "Maria's" before long, re-enforced by two most unique figures in Bohemia, imps of mirth, teeming with exuberant spirits, overflowing with boisterous fun. They were Ripkey Osgood Anthony, artist, and George B. Lusk, caricaturist. In their eager desire to outdo each other as "entertainers" these gentlemen did not allow themselves to be hampered to any noticeable extent by the laws regulating polite society. Their "imitations," songs, dances, and gymnastics brought to mind at once the Bal Bullier in Paris and the Midway Plaisance. Finally one of them kicked a hole in the ceiling in defiance of a waiter, and then Maria considered it time to call a halt.

Three years or more have rolled by since those joyous times, and now we find Maria married to one of her former Italian patrons, the head of a large establishment on Twelfth Street. Her basement dining-room now holds a hundred people, and the rooms above as many more. It is safe to say that on Saturdays, the gala-day, three hundred guests find accommodation under her roof; and what a motley throng! The sounds of revelry often reach the ear half a block away. There are seven long tables in this lower-died apartment, all occupied to their utmost capacity, and we are lucky to obtain a seat through the kind offices of the *patron*. Let us glance around a moment, this being Saturday, a specially good night.

Who is that florid, middle-aged man yonder to the left—the one with sandy hair and whiskers tinged with white, clinking glasses with a pretty black-eyed girl? A close scrutiny reveals the familiar features of John W. Goff, the fearless inquisitor of the Lexow committee, and now recorder of the city of New York. Those who saw him daily during that grand inquisition—say, those who are familiar with his stern mien on the bench—will scarce recognize him now, for his eyes sparkle and his face is suffused with the flush of enjoyment. He has ceased for the moment to be the severe exponent of the law. He is a Bohemian once more, even though for a brief period. My eye wanders further along the table, and at the other end I see the smiling face of Julius

Recorder, a *fin-de-siècle* journalist *par excellence* and a good fellow through and through. His companions are Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, an early arrival in Bohemia, and Nugent Robinson, editor of *Vanity*. It has been truly said of Robinson that he not only has kissed the Blarney stone, but has taken a bite out of it, as no one better than he, with his mellow Dublin brogue, can revive the drooping spirits of the man whose manuscript he is impelled to reject. Robinson has written several plays, and has occupied various editorial positions. His relations with the nobility of the effete monarchies of Europe are only one degree less intimate than those of Postumy Bigelow himself.

Further back in the body of the room is another festive Bohemian group, amidst whom I discern the beaming features of Colonel F. Jarvis Patten, formerly of the United States Army, now a fixture at Maria's, ready and able to discuss any subject under the sun, from the origin of species or the theory of evolu-

tion to the divided skirt; James L. Ford, author of "The Literary Shop" and "Hypnotic Tales"; W. S. Walsh; Paul Du Chaille; J. M. Stoddard; Julian Hawthorne, the great novelist's son; Nicholas Maximoff, the war-scarred veteran of the *Herald* reception-room, who expounds Tolstoi in four languages; Morton McMichael, third of that Quaker City dynasty; Melville Phillips, literary editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, and Cleveland Moffatt, all-round writer and *feuilletoniste*.



A FIN-DE-SIÈCLE BOHEMIENNE.

The three crack Bohemian entertainers, "Mickey Finn," Archie Gunn, and R. O. Anthony, complete the list of Bohemians present. The balance of the guests belong, in the main, to a category which one might characterize as *faux Bohémiens*. A few of them, it is true, appear to be nice enough people—ordinary citizens with their wives, who have come for this evening only, prompted by curiosity. But the majority, having already glutted themselves on the soup and the spaghetti, are rapidly growing dizzy on the fifteen-cent red wine that goes with the dinner. They have become boisterous and are calling to the string band to play "Auld Lang Syne," "Sweet Marie," and

other funeral melodies—a sure sign of inebriety in the American Philistines.

It was for the benefit of this "ribbon-counter" brigade that a wag of Bohemia recently got up a series of rules enjoining them among other things never to pay for their dinner when they could avoid it, always to put their feet into the soup-tureen, and setting forth that true Bohemian humor consists in pounding the tables with bottles and crockery, yelling one's self hoarse at the smallest provocation, pouring wine down one another's backs, etc., etc.

Thank heaven, quiet has at last been restored! Those of the Philistines who have not disappeared are too drunk for utterance. Anthony has stepped back into the kitchen, whence



GUNN SINGS THE "CAFÉ CHANTANT."

he soon emerges in the disguise of Fearful, the Terror of Central Asia. A dish-towel is wound around his head, turban fashion, and a table-cloth hangs from his shoulders. As he strides majestically into the centre of the room he strikes the death-knell of the foe with a carving-knife and a waiter. Space will not permit of any detailed description of his "entertainment." It is replete with metaphor, hyperbole, ejaculation, and Hindostanee! It has, moreover, the merit of being impromptu, no two renderings of the same piece having ever been alike. Anthony drops into the arms of his better-half—he has recently married a daughter of Bohemia—after a half-hour of arduous effort, and the great and only "Mickey Finn" takes his place at the general request.

In private life Mickey is Mr. Ernest Jarrold, an Englishman by birth, a journalist and Irish impersonator by occupation. Mickey Finn's ability as an "entertainer" is too well known to need elaboration here. His "David and Goliath," his "Slattery's Baby," his "Margaret," are familiar themes to many of us. Mickey has finished his repertoire amid deafening applause, and now it is Archie Gunn's turn to give us an excellent rendering of Albert Chevallier's costermongers' songs, but above all, the ditty of the "Café Chantant," which the singer accompanies with clever Gaieté gestures and grimaces. Gunn is also well known as an illustrator, but, thorough Englishman that he is, takes the greatest pride of all in his reputation as the hardest hitter of the Metropolitan Cricket League.

And so the evening wears on till far into the night. For the nonce the troubles of life and the rent-day are forgotten! Bohemia has cast her spell over us all! After us the deluge.

V. GRIBAYDOFF.



MR. GEORGE B. LUSK IN ONE OF HIS BANEFUL MOODS. Chambers, managing editor of the



TWO BOHEMIAN "GESTALS."





PROVIDENCE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.



STs. PETER AND PAUL ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.



CITY HALL.



SCENE IN ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.



WESTMINSTER STREET AT JUNCTION WITH MARKET SQUARE.



A VIEW OF PROVIDENCE, LOOKING UP THE VALLEY TOWARD PAWTUCKET.



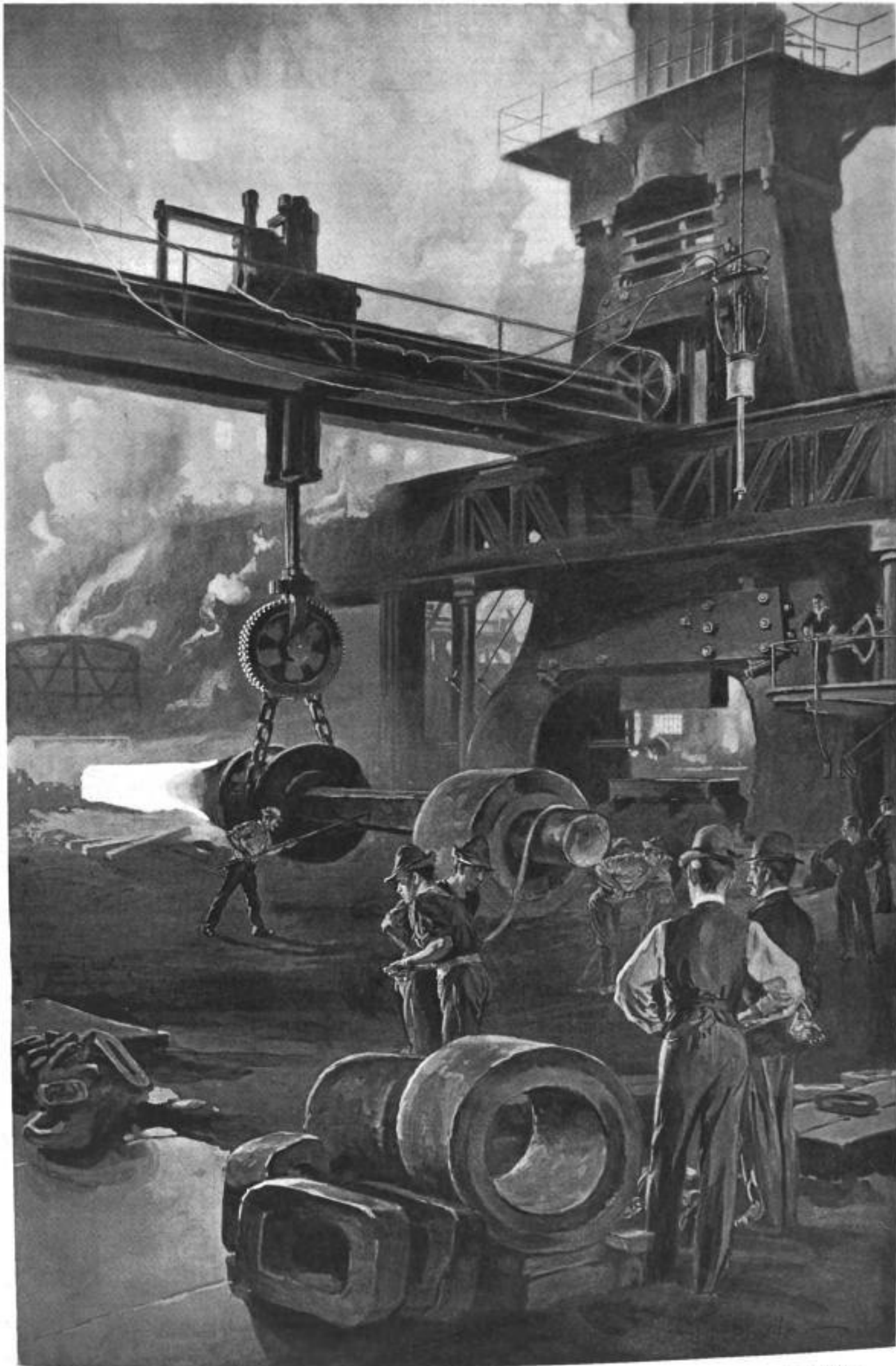
PROVIDENCE RIVER, WITH EAST PROVIDENCE IN THE BACKGROUND.



ROGER WILLIAMS' MONUMENT IN ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.

THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, WHICH, WITH A POPULATION OF THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND WITHIN A RADIUS OF TEN MILES, ASPIRES TO BE THE "GREATER PROVIDENCE."—PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAKER, PROVIDENCE.—[SEE PAGE 138.]





THE NEW NAVY—FORGING ARMOR FOR A BATTLESHIP AT SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



## The Chinese Feeling Toward Foreigners.

It is difficult to think of inferior nations as experiencing contempt for the superior. Envy, admiration, emulation, or hopeless difference, they may all feel; but, with only one exception, none now look down upon their Western rivals. That exception is China. The pre-eminence of the Celestial kingdom, in all wise ways and works, is to the true Celestial absolutely undoubted. He is as sure of it as others can possibly be of the reverse. All other races, tribes, and peoples are to him simply outer barbarians; to be repelled if possible, frightened if practicable, endured in disdainful silence if necessary, as the proud Roman Empire endured perforce the onslaughts of the despised Vandals of the North.

This curious national conceit is adamant. The government carefully fosters it. The most of the Chinese people never hear of China's defects. Those who do hear, for example, of England's last war with China, ending in the occupation of Peking, were informed, and to this day believe, that the puny English, finding their warlike efforts futile, ended by humbly dispatching an ambassadorial expedition to the capital of the Son of Heaven—an expedition large and splendidly arrayed, as became an embassy to such a potentate—to sue for peace! Other parts of China gained different impressions, as with some of the tributary Tibetan officials. In the course of a meeting of these officials with some English officials regarding a matter affecting the Sikkim frontier, reference was incidentally made by the Englishmen to this capture of Peking. "Yes," said the Tibetans, laughing, "we know you said you went there, and we read with much amusement your gazettes giving your account of it all. They were very cleverly written, and we dare say deceived your subjects into a belief that you actually went to Peking. We often do the same thing."

The contempt for outsiders naturally arising from such colossal national conceit and ignorance as this is without measure and without end. And it is not tempered either by justice or mercy. The Chinese idea of administration of justice is a thing to shudder at; and as for mercy, in the modern conception of it, the feeling does not exist. A Chinaman will let his fellow down before his eyes without making an effort to save him. He is fatalistic about it, and besides, there is one less individual for the soil to support. Were China to conquer and overrun any civilized nation, the consequences of this untempered contempt would be felt to a simply appalling degree. As it is, the feeling is of necessity confined to Chinese soil, and is overtly manifested, therefore, only to travelers and to foreigners resident there.

It is easy to perceive, in view of these facts, that the lives of missionaries in China, particularly in the remote parts, are dependent principally on the fear which their home governments are able to inspire in the Chinese Cabinet, the Tsungli Yamen, and, through that body, upon subordinate magistrates and local officials, and thus upon the population at large. "If the Tsungli Yamen were abolished," said a Peking diplomat, "our lives would not be safe here for twenty-four hours." Hatred and contempt, conjointly and deeply ingrained into the feelings of one-fourth of the globe's population toward the whole of the other three-fourths, are terribly potent factors in the safety of individuals of the latter class among the former. Even the Tsungli Yamen, though of course more enlightened and alert than the body of the people, is incredibly indifferent to the current of outside political events, ignorant of the tremendous latent punitive power of the Western nations, and correspondingly egotistical and insincere in its diplomatic intercourse. As an example of Celestial insincerity it is known and has been repeatedly proven that the plausible promises of the Tsungli Yamen to punish the offenders in the long list of Chinese missionary massacres have been made expressly to be broken. A few coolies are arrested, tried, and perhaps tortured or imprisoned, with much publicity, but the real ringleaders are secretly shielded and even rewarded.

The conclusion is very clear that protection to individuals of other countries in China can only be effectually insured in one way—by increasing the slight modicum of fear in the Celestial mind toward outside nations, and correspondingly lessening the contempt. And the only real means of accomplishing this is by decisive outside pressure downwards. Polite though earnest remonstrances will simply continue to evoke polite but hollow professions of regret. The national vanity is so far invincible. The late war has not appreciably opened their eyes. One is strongly tempted to regret that Japan did not go farther and give its huge, concerted, unyielding antagonist such a complete, thorough-going and humiliating drubbing as would have, at least in part, opened the eyes of

the Chinese, and modified their "cocksureness" and intolerant arrogance. And there is strong ground for the belief that some other nation will yet have to undertake this congenial task, if the interests of its subjects resident in the Flowery Kingdom are ever to be really and effectually safeguarded. Such atrocities as the Kucheng massacre go far to confirm this belief, and to afford, if unexplained, an imperative *casus belli*.  
E. A. DIX.

## Criminal Neglect of Surface Railways.

THE State of New York has passed a law which requires its railroads to equip their cars with automatic couplers and air-brakes of a kind to be approved by the best technical talent available—the association of Master Mechanics. Three times the President of the United States has asked Congress to enact legislation of similar import, to protect human life by thus enforcing a uniformity in couplers and brakes. Congress, however, has failed to act. This failure reacts with undue severity on such great transportation systems as the New York Central, which has not waited for the expiration of the ten-year limit allowed by the State Legislature, but will in materially less time have finished this great and costly but admirable work. Vice-President Webb of the Central, and other representative railroad men, would like to see Congress act, in spite of the assertion that such a sweeping enactment would inflict hardships.

What do the patient, thoughtful, tax-paying citizens of New York City, Brooklyn, and other centres of population think of the cruel greed and criminal neglect of the surface transportation companies which refuse, with a lie on the lips of their sponsors, to stop the slaughter of innocent lives by putting fenders on their cars? Forbearance has long since ceased to be a virtue; it is time to act! Why have one hundred and ten lives been crushed out in Brooklyn and a score in Philadelphia along the rails of the penurious plutocrats which control the trolley lines of those cities? Why are there no fenders on the Broadway cars? Why should not Legislative power compel this common precaution by decreeing that the street railway is no less bound than the steam railroad to protect the lives of the people?

## The Greater Providence.

THE State census which has been taken in Rhode Island this summer emphasizes the tendency of population to group itself in and around the cities and larger towns of the United States. Providence, according to this latest enumeration, has about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, or eighteen thousand more than the total found by the Federal enumerators five years ago, and the cities and towns in the immediate vicinity raise the aggregate of what is essentially one community to two hundred and fifty thousand at least. Indeed, if a radius of ten miles be drawn from the site of the new State capital in Providence it will be seen that there are nearly, if not quite, three hundred thousand people within this limit, and that the density of population is greater here than anywhere else in New England except in the vicinity of Boston.

The evident destiny of the adjacent towns of northern Rhode Island is to consolidate, and although it may be a long time before they are united under a single municipal government, there is much current talk among them regarding annexation to the largest member of the group. As they increase in size the town form of government is seen to be too inconvenient, and the result is either inclusion within city limits already existing or the establishment of a new municipality. For a long time Pawtucket resisted the inevitable and maintained itself as a township, but a few years ago it adopted a city charter, and at present it has thirty thousand inhabitants. Central Falls, a village in the town of Lincoln, was forced by the logic of events a few months ago to become a municipality, and the census just taken shows that it was high time, as it contains fifteen thousand people. Cranston, with twelve thousand inhabitants, was permitted by the Legislature this year to vote on the adoption of a city charter, and although the proposition was defeated by a small majority it is practically certain that the old town form of government will not be maintained much longer. In Johnston, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, there is much dissatisfaction with the present order of things, and it is not improbable that in the near future its voters will endeavor either to annex its more populous portions to Providence or erect them into a separate city.

One of the most interesting facts regarding these communities is that they are on adjoining tracts of territory. There is no natural boundary between any of them, and no rural districts separate them from each other. The

city of Central Falls touches Pawtucket, and Pawtucket touches Providence, so that the unusual spectacle is presented of three cities not only near to each other but occupying a continuous area. Eventually all three will be united under one form of government, together with much of the territory surrounding them. How actually they are one already is indicated by the fact that no morning newspaper outside of Providence is printed within their borders.

The opportunities for the further growth of Providence are wide and far-reaching. Its natural situation at the head of Narragansett Bay is excellent, and all its suburbs are connected by trolley roads with the business centre of the city. These suburbs are absorbing the overflow of population from the municipality proper at a surprising rate, while the growth of the latter is well shown by the fact that during the first half of the present year nearly as many permits to build have been issued by the city authorities as were issued during the whole of 1904.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

## A Presidential Possibility.



GEORGE RECORD PECK.

George Record Peck, though not widely known in national politics, would possess many attractions as a Republican candidate. Born in New York State, he went West when a very young man, and, shouldering a market at the age of eighteen, served with a Wisconsin regiment from 1862 to the close of the war. Sherman's march to the sea was not a mere song with him. It was a stern reality. At the head of his company, a captain then, he marched in the grand review at Washington in 1865, one of the youngest "veterans" among the brave men gathered there.

Captain Peck studied law after the war, making all the sacrifices of a poor boy in a new country. In 1869 he became a citizen of the Sunflower State, where he soon won a commanding position at the Kansas Bar. President Grant appointed him United States District Attorney, and President Hayes re-appointed him. In 1879 he resigned and has held no public office of note since. The Governor of Kansas tendered Mr. Peck the United States Senatorship to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Preston B. Plumb. The honor was declined through love of his profession and loyalty to his clients.

For two years Mr. Peck has resided in Chicago, but is known as a Kansan, where the important years of his life have been spent. His duties as general counsel of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company, which bring him an income of one-half the salary of the President of the United States—are most exacting and onerous, yet he finds time to address the college and the club, the young man and the veteran. His addresses are of a high order, characterized by great sincerity and earnestness, exact knowledge, and wide research. He is a very pleasing speaker, possessing a magnificent physique and an agreeable voice; is fifty-two years of age, and looks ten years younger.

Mr. Peck is one of the most generous of men. Many old soldiers, many struggling young attorneys, bless this large-hearted, kindly-spoken man.

In June last Mr. Peck delivered an address before the famed University of Virginia, where the most distinguished orators and statesmen of the past two-score years have spoken, his subject being "The Worth of a Sentiment." I quote a passage from this address:

"Most of you are of Southern birth, while my blood courses from men who were born under the light of the Northern star. But you asked me to come, and in the asking gave me your hands in brave, honest, chivalric welcome. I give you mine, with my heart in it. This day I have your warrant to claim kinship with Virginia. The world is not so large as some would make it. We might be nearer if we tried, and if we were nearer perhaps we should find we ought never to have been apart."

"We have heard much of a 'New South.' We have waited for it as for the dawn. We have dreamed of a day when there should be a new life in your industries and the sound of enterprise in your rivers; of a day when a thousand hearts should be joining to give the world the wealth of Southern fields and of Southern industry. Your own orators—your Grays and your Walteres—have announced its coming. They have pointed you to a land of promise. And yet I, for one, could never see the New South in the mills of Birmingham, nor in the iron mines of Alabama, nor in the low coal mines of Tennessee. These are

important factors; but the New South can only be on a commercial basis. Iron and coal and other powerful agencies, but no people were ever truly moved by monetary considerations alone. They help us the ten helped in the Revolution; they sustain but not motivate or inspire."

"Gentlemen, I have seen the New South. I saw it not by the Potomac nor by the Cumberland. I saw it by the shores of that peaceful lake whose waters are broad enough to carry the doom of the world, and deep enough to bury its bones of hate and all the sorrows of the past. I saw the New South with her helmet on, looking to the sunset sea. She had not forgotten the past, but was looking giving herself to a welcoming future. There is peace in the West, known over all the earth to be a type of eager, restless business activity—a city that has been called coarse and vulgar because it is young and strong; a city that has been sneered at as being given over to the service of mammon. Behold! In that day every shop and store and factory worked, the hum of made was heard; the pace of industry seemed to beat. And all this—this I saw—was because Chicago, gathering her own dead to be laid, found room for years. Longstreet and Lee and Hampton sat at our hearths while the bugles of the drum proclaimed the everlasting peace. The monument which marks the tomb of the Confederate and at Chickasaw was raised almost entirely by the city fought against them. When it was dedicated, West and South marched together in solemn throngs to with enemies, but friends. Remembering no one heroic deed, no reverently uttered words, no presents and flowers to youth. The New South once line with the New South; and above them her towers a form, brave, puissant, serene and true. It was the New South."

To those who know George R. Peck, the notion of his name as a possible President of the United States does not seem strange. His ability, his character, his large love for the whole people make him to them an ideal candidate.  
CHARLES W. FORT.

## Urban Dialogues—IV.

"You've seen all the sights, I suppose," he said, gayly, after I had made my salutations and been allowed the privilege of sitting myself beside her in the little alcove behind some palms, where we could see and hear, but be neither seen nor heard.

"Not quite all," rejoined I, half flippantly (her mood was infectious); "but some of them."

"The monument, of course," she said, wearily, "and the Smithsonian?"

"I haven't got that far yet," replied I.

"Surely, then, some of the department buildings and the White House grounds?"

"No, I've only seen the Metropolitan Club and the Congressional barbershop. That's really a sight worth seeing."

She made a little grimace at this and laughed.

"You New-Yorkers!" was all she said, though.

"Pray, what am I to understand by that?" replied I, feeling rather pleased.

"You're never impressed or surprised when off your guard. But tell me," she went on, "what do you think of the city?"

"I think it charming," said I—and so I did.

"and beautiful—"

"Of course," she broke in, impatiently.

"Everybody thinks that."

"I was going to add, too," I went on, "that I think it fascinating."

"Yes," she said, in a pleased little way that was quite irresistible.

"It has all the fascination of an enigma," continued I, "and affords all the amusement of solving one." She gave me a look of puzzled interrogation at this, and I said: "I got tangled up in your geometric system of circular reasoning, and after an hour's fruitless effort to extricate myself, I proceeded to get as much amusement as I could by shutting my eyes, turning around twice, and then trying to find the street by which I had entered the city. I had to give it up every time, though, and was at last liberated by the good nature of a passer-by."

"You have been having adventures, haven't you?" she said rather coolly.

"Oh, yes; but they've been very pleasant ones," I hastened to say. And then, thinking it best to talk about something else, I said: "The is that over-dressed woman standing over there by the fireplace with such a crowd around her?"

I parted the palms with my hand and she looked through.

"Why, that is our hostess!" she exclaimed.

"Indeed! Is that Mrs. Hervey?"

"You seem surprised."

"I am. Do tell me about her."

"It is the same old story."

"The same old story?" I said, rather vaguely—for there are so many "same old stories."

"Yes," rejoined my companion. "Many seeking social recognition by the shortest route. Old Mr. Hervey made a fortune out of one thing or other out West somewhere, and now his wife and daughters are utilizing it to boot them upward on the social ladder."

"Have they succeeded yet?" I inquired.

"They've started well," she continued. "All it requires is tact and perseverance. They're almost finished with Washington."



"What will be the next step?" I asked curiously.

"Oh, London, of course."

"But how will they make that rifle?" My surprise at what she was telling me caused me to drop into slang. She reproved me with a look and went on:

"Do you see that group of tall, broad-shouldered young men surrounding those pretty girls over there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, the pretty girls are the Miss Heviers, and the tall young men are attachés of the British Legation."

"Ah, I see," said I, light beginning to flood in upon Mrs. Hevier's social processes. "They'll serve to introduce our aspirants to London society."

"Quite correct," she replied. "And after that your conquest will be but a matter of months."

"My conquest? What do you mean?"

"I mean that once they've received British sanction, Newport and New York will be at their feet. You with the rest."

"Well, they deserve the best the world affords after such a struggle," I observed.

"Meaning?" she questioned, with kindling eyes.

"The recognition by us, of course," I said, without flinching.

"Well, for calm, cool, impertinent self-sufficiency, I think that quite surpasses anything I've ever heard." At this moment there was a flutter in the room as two men entered through the curtained doorway. "Why, there are the German and Italian ambassadors," she said.

"Who is that stout, dignified-looking gentleman behind them?" I asked.

"Oh, that's only the President," she replied.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The Advent of England's Greatest Yacht.

VALKYRIE III., Lord Dunraven's 1866 cup-challenger, arrived at the port of New York on the evening of Sunday, August 18th. All hands on board were well; and, according to Captains William Wadley Cranfield and Edward Sycamore, *Valkyrie III.* behaved remarkably well in the successive high winds and seas encountered. Only light seas boarded her, and she rode waves mountain-high in duck-like fashion. Hove to on numerous occasions during gales of wind, under stay-sail sheet, she stood up stoutly and well.

Her fastest day's run of two hundred and nineteen miles must be considered excellent, in view of her small sail-spread, and the fact that she was not strained a particle and carried nothing away speaks well indeed for her seagoing qualities and the thorough manner in which she was fitted out.

The rig which she carried is known as a "ketch," and consists of mainsail, jigger, top-sail, staysail, and jib. Though steered with the much-decried wheel, she will, in her races, carry the long and tapering tiller, a feature of all English racing yachts.

*Valkyrie III.* was navigated by Captain James Harrison, recently chief officer of the Allen Line steamship, *State of Nevada*. Her log as kept by him follows:

Date	Miles	Total Miles
Saturday, July 27th, left Gourock, Scotland.		
Sunday, July 28th, Tory Island.....	148	148
Monday, July 29th.....	147	295
Tuesday, July 30th.....	80	375
Wednesday, July 31st.....	125	500
Thursday, August 1st.....	204	704
Friday, August 2nd.....	81	785
Saturday, August 3rd.....	169	954
Sunday, August 4th.....	93	1,047
Monday, August 5th.....	91	1,138
Tuesday, August 6th.....	125	1,263
Wednesday, August 7th.....	81	1,344
Thursday, August 8th.....	219	1,563
Friday, August 9th.....	129	1,692
Saturday, August 10th.....	83	1,775
Sunday, August 11th.....	140	1,915
Monday, August 12th.....	173	2,088
Tuesday, August 13th.....	154	2,242
Wednesday, August 14th.....	185	2,427
Thursday, August 15th.....	141	2,568
Friday, August 16th.....	80	2,648
Saturday, August 17th.....	159	2,807
Sunday, August 18th.....	30	2,837
To Sandy Hook bar.....		3,036

It will thus be seen that the English craft made the trip in something over twenty-two days, viz., from Gourock, or about twenty-one days from Tory Island at the entrance to the channel. This, of course, does not equal by any means either *Vigilant's* eastward or westward records of fourteen and eighteen days respectively. Under the circumstances, however, of unfavorable weather and reduced rig, the trip may justly be counted a fast one.

Below deck the English boat may be briefly described in this way: At a point about twenty-five feet forward of the taffrail, or six feet abaft the jigger mast, is the mess-room for the officers; then forward of this is the main cabin, some ten yards in length. Further forward of the cabin are the mess-tables on each side, leaving a large space amidships which shows to advantage the boat's great beam, probably not less than twenty-six feet. Then comes another bulkhead, with a door on the port side leading to the galley; and the mast is stepped about ten feet forward of this bulkhead.

*Valkyrie III.* is a composite boat—viz., she is one built of wood with steel beams, and, contrary to custom, instead of the usual copper bottom, a newly-patented black lead enamel protects her under-body.

It is safe to say that public interest was never at such fever pitch as it is in reference to *Valkyrie III.*, and it is quite as safe to assert that no English cup-challenger of the past has created such a respectful opinion of our yachting experts. Two points of particular prominence stand out in this feeling of respect. These are, firstly, her American appearance in form, and secondly, the really gigantic spars which tell of the clouds upon clouds of canvas possible to stretch from deck to lofty truck.

The glance of a landlubber is alone sufficient to show the minds of Lord Dunraven and Designer Watson as reflected in their boat—minds which team with the determination that *Valkyrie III.* will not be outdone by *Defender* in the matter of power, where power in moderate weather means so much. In 1866 a little more power to drive *Valkyrie* would have surely meant the sailing of at least one more race, for in the fifteen-mile run home from the boat to windward, in which she beat out *Vigilant* in handy fashion, a little more canvas would have made a minute's difference, and *Vigilant*, it will be recalled, actually won by seconds only, corrected time.

In view of *Valkyrie III.*'s appearance in these waters, and attention universally focused upon her, it may prove interesting to review briefly her trial work in English waters against *Britannia* and *Ailsa*.

Over a fifty-mile course the *Valkyrie III.* defeated the *Britannia* about nineteen minutes. There was a nine-mile whole-sail breeze blowing at the time. This was the last of the three trials which *Valkyrie III.* had with *Britannia*, the first having been sailed in a light wind which wafted Dunraven's boat far ahead, then left her becalmed. The second race was sailed in a stiff wind, and *Valkyrie III.* showed herself unable to carry effectively her immense spars and sail-spread. The third trial was a conclusive one, however, as showing the cup-challenger a wonderfully fast boat in a moderate to light breeze.

Now, a nineteen-minute's beat for fifty miles is in the proportion of about fourteen minutes for thirty miles, the regular cup course. *Defender* has not succeeded in administering such a beating to *Vigilant* for thirty miles, but this does not signify much.

We do know, however, that *Vigilant* is sailing as never before, this year, and *Britannia*, too, cannot but be as good or a bit better than in any previous season. She has shown this in no uncertain way by defeating, time and again, *Ailsa*, the new '95 Fife boat, and a boat rating several tons more than *Britannia*. Hence the boats able to defeat these proven flyers *decisively* must both be wonders. Then, when we take into consideration another fact, to wit, that *Valkyrie III.* is apt to perform in these waters even better than abroad, conviction almost becomes a certainty that the American's Cup is for the first time really in danger.

### POLO, LIKE TENNIS, MAY RIPEN IN THIS COUNTRY WITH AGE.

The recent polo games at Newport were hugely enjoyed by the assembled hundreds of devotees of the game, but so far as "good polo" went, were but little better than the average games of the past, which shows that our polo experts are but little, if any, better now than they were several years ago, when an English team came over here and defeated the very best American players possible to get together, with consummate ease. While the riding was generally better and faster, there seemed to be as little conception of team-play as formerly; and right here we find our greatest weakness; and such a weakness becomes a certain factor of defeat when the opposing team play as a team, playing not at haphazard and relying upon individual brilliancy, but together into each other's hands, and basing all their combinations upon principle, not luck.

Time was when American polo-players could not make one back-hand stroke of merit in a dozen tries. Now the very best are fairly uniform in making well-directed shots of this style, though the file are lucky to get in one good one in six attempts. The English team already spoken of showed up in this particular to great advantage, and it is not stretching the truth

one bit to say that the major part of their back-handers were as good and telling as the forward, straight-ahead strokes of the American poloists.

Then, too, in shooting for goal, particularly off to one side, uniform accuracy of strokes seems to be wanting still among American players, save with possibly six exceptions in the entire string of players of the different clubs here in the East.

Of course there is an excuse in a way to be found for these lacks, which render our game so insignificant in comparison to that played in England or in India, and that is the great expense which attends the practice of the game. The poor man can't play; neither can the man of moderate means. Hence the polo list must look for its champions among the very few—or those who combine large incomes with the desire to shine in the polo world. While three out of every ten of these fortunate mortals play the game because of a true love of sport, the seven play because it is fashionable so to do, giving them the while a certain conspicuous prominence in the social world.

The polo men to-day who would receive any consideration whatsoever were a match on the card with an English team, might be counted upon the fingers of one hand. After Cowdin, Keene, Shaw, Hitchcock, and a few others, the search would have to be keen indeed to unearth a player capable of making any sort of showing.

But, after all, the game of polo may be likened to tennis in this country, all it needs being time to grow and get firmly seated in the blood of the rising generation of athletically-inclined young men.

*W. T. Bull.*

### Richard Croker in England.

On the Exning Road, in the village of Newmarket, about a mile and a half from the great race-track of the same name, stands Richard Croker's cottage and training-paddock. It differs but little from the score of other cottages which have been there longer than the oldest inhabitant. It is a two-story building of brick, with a big extension, and stands on a plot of ground about two acres in extent. Back of the house are the stables and quarters, surrounding a central court-yard into which the owner and friends are driven through an archway, over which, faintly seen through the paint, is a coat-of-arms. There is a front entrance, but that is rarely used. The house, with the extension, contains fourteen rooms, Mr. Croker and his friends occupying the main house, and the trainer, jockeys, and boys the extension. The stables have accommodations for twenty-five horses, and contain box-stalls about the same size as those in this country, but they are of stone and brick, rough-finished, and much less comfortable than those seen on this side of the water.

Adjoining the house, and surrounded by a twelve-foot wall of round flint stones, covered here and there with English ivy, is the yearling paddock, with a track about a sixteenth of a mile in length. This is reached from the road by a high gate, and from the stables by two openings, one of which was cut by Mr. Croker. The place has been leased for some time, and is known as the Middleton Cottage. It has been a training place for many years, and well-known thoroughbreds have got their early education in the yearling paddock. Mr. Croker does not live at the cottage, but makes occasional trips there, where he watches his horses at their exercise and gets reports of their work and prospects. It is a quiet place, with no attractions beyond the horses, and the whole section seems to have been given over to them. On race-days it is a lively place, but on off days there are few people to be seen.

In the training-stables, at present in charge of John Dennis, who has broken yearlings in this country for many years, are the well-known American racers, Dobbins, Armitage, and Prince George; Eau Gallie and Montank, the two-year-olds which have never run in this country, and fifteen yearlings. The yearlings were purchased from Milton Young, and were shipped a short time ago. Nine of them are by Hanover, and six by Strathmore. They are all

out of well-bred dams, and are well engaged in English stakes. They are well broken, and when they start will be fit to run. Mr. Croker is expected back in New York within a month, but will return to his horses and be with them during their races.

C. P. SAWYER.

### Forging Armor for Battle-ships.

THE process of forging armor-plates for the battle-ships of the new navy, as carried on at the works at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is one of deep interest. A picture of the great hammer used in the process is given on another page. The artist, in describing the scene, says: "In the centre stood the great hammer, reaching upward sixty feet into the blue haze which filled the building. The eye, following the outline downward toward the base, rested for a moment on a bright railing around a platform about eight feet above the ground. The figure of a man emerged from the darkness and leaned against the railing. There are two cranes, one each side of the hammer, constructed in the strongest manner. The engines operating the crane use compressed air. A long steel beam lies on the ground. There is a drum formed about one-third the distance from one end; this drum is hollowed out something like a spoon. A very heavy chain is passed under this and upward over a cylinder flanked on either side by cog-wheels. A round, slender steel rod connects this with the machinery on the crane. The great beam is lifted and run over to one of the four furnaces, two on each side of the building. The end of the beam is enlarged so as to form what is called the 'thimble.' This fits over the end of the steel ingot heating in the furnace. The furnace-gate is lifted, a flood of light illuminates the faces of the men, and as the crane commences a slow, steady movement away from the furnace the ingot comes into view and blazes with a white heat, the result of sixty-two hours' exposure to the intense action of gas-fuel.

"The mass of heated steel is put upon the anvil and shaped, turned on edge and gently tapped; and again placed flat down and struck with an energy of one hundred and thirty tons. The ground fairly trembles, and a dull thud strikes the ear, but the finest display is seen when the scales are removed by pouring a thick stream of water over the surface of the plate. Then the hammer descends with full force, the air is filled with flying particles of steel, and every one seeks some shelter, watching meanwhile the workman on the small platform working a lever up and down like a ticket-chopper at an elevated-railroad station, the hammer following the movement of his hand. For the moment deafening noises and showers of sparks fill the air. Then a man raises his hand and all is still. Darting forth with a wooden frame on the end of a long stick, he approaches the hot mass of steel and lays the frame on it for an instant. It bursts into flame while he takes an observation or two and then rushes back waving his smoking model and leaving a thin trail of smoke behind him."

### The Chinese Massacre.

THE Chinese authorities are making a pretense of complying with the British demand for an investigation into the recent massacre of missionaries, but the latest accounts show that the commission sent to the scene is receiving no real assistance from the government, and that the inquiry will probably prove futile. Great Britain has refused to discuss the question of indemnity until the perpetrators of the outrage are punished, and if this attitude shall be persisted in, as it probably will be, China will finally be compelled to abandon her trifling policy and act decisively, or take the consequences of her refusal. The evidence is conclusive that the massacres were deliberately planned, and the government could easily detect and bring to punishment the actual offenders if it cared to do so. The plea that the vegetarians who are immediately accountable are too powerful to be dealt with in a drastic fashion does not, of course, abate in the least the responsibility of the imperial authorities, and will not modify in the slightest degree British or American opinion. We give on another page two illustrations of some of the victims of the murderous attack.

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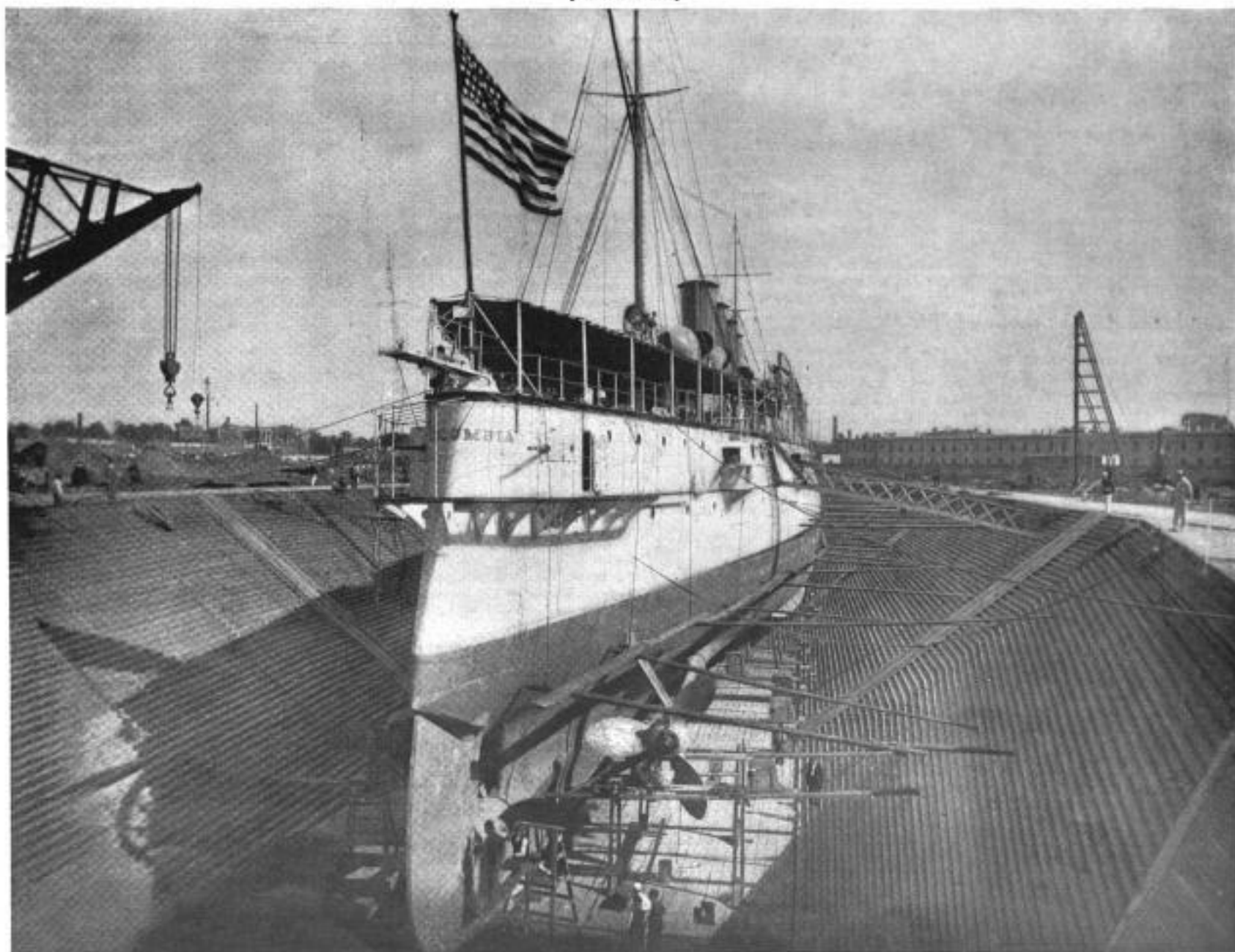


THE EXERCISE PADDOK, SHOWING THE HORSE DOBBINS AND PART OF THE STABLES.



SOME OF THE STABLES AND THE BREAKING-IN PADDOK.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN ABROAD—MR. RICHARD CROKERS COTTAGE AND STABLES AT NEWMARKET.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMONS & CO., PORTSMOUTH.  
[SEE PAGE 139.]



THE CRUISER "COLUMBIA" IN DRY-DOCK AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD FOR THE REPAIR OF THE DAMAGE DONE TO HER FLAT KEEL PLATES WHILE DOCKED AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.—PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. HEMMENT.





FEAT OF SWORDSMANSHIP AT THE NEW WEST END GYMNASIUM, LONDON—"CUTTING THE APPLE ON THE NAKED NECK."—*Black and White.*



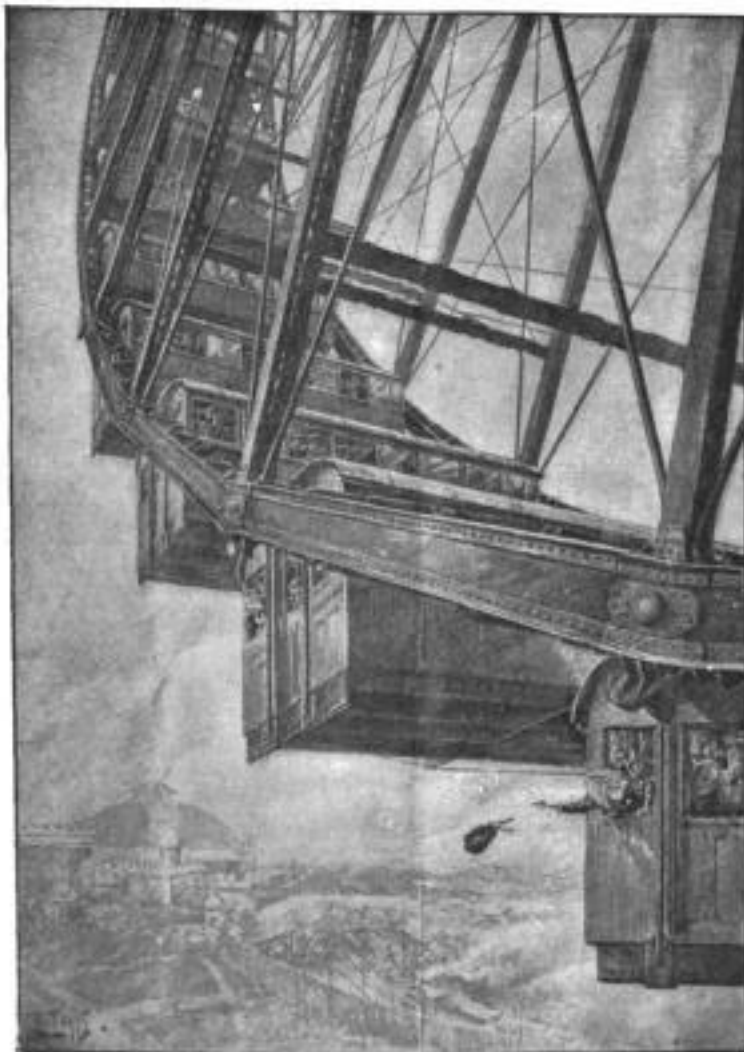
THE REMAINS OF THE ASSASSINATED EX-PREMIER OF BULGARIA, M. STAMBOULOF, PREPARED FOR BURIAL.—*L'Illustration.*



THE YACHTING SEASON AT COWES—THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA" DURING A RACE.—*London Graphic.*



The late Rev. R. W. Stewart and his wife, recently married, with a notable convert to Christianity.



THE GREAT WHEEL AT EARL'S COURT, LONDON, THREE HUNDRED FEET HIGH AND WEIGHING NINE HUNDRED TONS.—*London Graphic.*



Group of missionaries with some of the victims of the massacre. THE RECENT MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES AT KUCHING, CHINA.—*London Daily Graphic.*



MR GLAISTONE'S SPEECH ON THE ARMENIAN ATROCITIES AT CHESTER, ENGLAND. *London Daily Graphic.*

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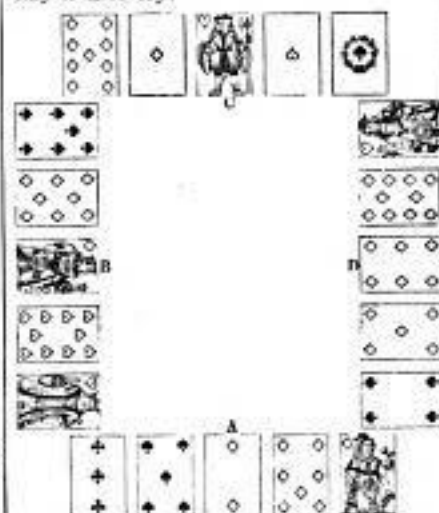
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CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOTT.

### Whist Practice.

SEVERAL WAYS of capturing all five tricks were discovered to Problem No. 29, which involve different lines of play. The most simple, as being a direct force and good whist play as well, is to lead off with club three, which C trumps and leads trumps up to A's ten-ace, who proceeds to take the two tricks in trumps and the last two in spades and clubs. It was solved correctly by Messrs. H. K. Armstrong, G. Anders, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," T. Barry, Dr. Cole, E. Cook, E. S. Demaret, T. Doer, Dr. Eastman, G. Earle, Fort Schuyler, H. Fiske, C. N. Gowen, B. Gool, "H. D. L. H.," A. W. Hall, G. Hervey, B. Irwin, M. C. Isabel, "Ivanhoe," D. W. Kennedy, G. Kaufman, Nettie Long, C. H. Marsters, Mrs. H. T. Meuser, G. Manchester, "A. O.," G. Olney, A. L. Porter, T. Peters, C. F. Orr, J. W. Russell, J. P. Stewart, C. V. Smith, Dr. Tyler, W. Tabor, V. Uman, G. Underwood, R. H. White, A. Walters, W. Yound, and T. Zerrega.

Here is a pretty ending, given as Problem No. 34, which involves some scientific play not easy of discovery:



Clubs trumps. A leads, and with partner C wins how many tricks against any possible play!

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 29. BY N. MAXIMOW.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above clever problem, by a distinguished Russian composer, was the subject of a solving match at the St. Petersburg Chess Club, and baffled some of the noted experts.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 26. BY LA MOTHE.

White. Black.  
1 Q to Q Kt 5 1 Kt to Kt 6  
2 R to Q 3 mate.

The unwary went down before this bland little problem, as we predicted they would, by the score. All manner of key moves were received, but to each and all of them there is a proper defense to be found if the analysts will patiently search for it. Among those, however, who successfully mastered the situation are Messrs. A. C. Cass, C. V. Smith, W. L. Fogg, Dr. Baldwin, T. Stout, W. Spain, C. Neuss, G. Arnold, R. G. Fitzgerald, A. Hardy, J. Keonin, and D. Alvard. All others were incorrect.

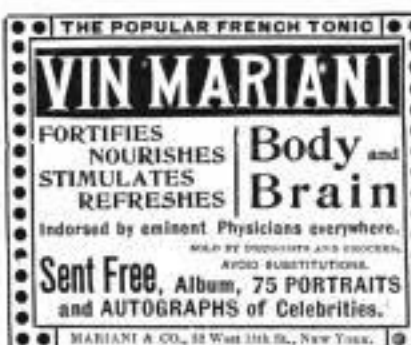
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W. H. MALLOCK. "Between Flesh and Spirit."  
W. L. ALDEN. "The Baggage Smasher."  
GRANT ALLEN. "Evolution in Early Italian Art."  
VIOLET FANE. "To the Yelkoran."  
MARIE BANCROFT (the famous actress). "Lines on an Edelweiss Muff."  
A new serial story by SARAH JEANETTE DUNCAN, entitled "His Honour, and a Lady," Chapters I. to IV.

The frontispiece is a splendid photograph from a painting by Greuze; and the whole number is profusely illustrated throughout by the best artists, many full-page plates being included.

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UNTIL THURSDAY, THE 25th DAY OF AUGUST, 1893, AT  
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ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller  
Comptroller's Office, August 18th, 1893.

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MENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the  
25th day of July, 1893, and continuing for ten  
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ing, etc., from Hudson River to East 10th St.;  
St. Peter, between West End and Riverside Ave.;  
165th St., Sewer, between Amsterdam Ave. and  
Edgewater Road.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—Brown Place, Sewer, be-  
tween Southern Boulevard and 23rd St.; 10th  
Avenue, Regulating, Grading, etc., between 140th  
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between Westchester and Prospect Aves.; 125th St.,  
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East, and Madison Ave. bridge; 145th St., Regulating,  
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St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between 145th St. and  
East, and Morris Ave.; 150th St., Regulating,  
Grading, etc., from Morris Ave. to East 150th St.;  
Franklin Ave., and 15th St.; 150th St., Sewer,  
Carrying, etc., between Franklin Ave. and East  
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Avenue; 175th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., be-  
tween 151st St. and Westchester Ave.

ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller  
City of New York—Finance Department  
Comptroller's Office, July 30th, 1893.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-  
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31st day of July, 1893, and continuing for ten  
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assessments:

TWELFTH WARD—150th, 155th, and 160th  
Sts., Opening and acquiring title to, from the  
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Edgewater Road; 140th St., Opening, from East  
Ave. to Kingsbridge Road.

ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller  
City of New York—Finance Department  
Comptroller's Office, July 30th, 1893.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-  
MENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the  
1st day of August, 1893, and continuing for ten  
days consecutively thereafter, of the following  
assessments:

TWELFTH WARD—100th, 105th, 110th, and 115th  
Sts., Opening and acquiring title to, from the  
East, and acquiring title to, from the West, of the  
Edgewater Road; 140th St., Opening, from East  
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ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller  
City of New York—Finance Department  
Comptroller's Office, August 3d, 1893.

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ing, from Southern Blvd. to North 24th St.)  
ARTHUR P. FITCH, Comptroller  
City of New York—Finance Department  
Comptroller's Office, August 1th, 1893.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISE-  
MENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the  
1st day of August, 1893, and continuing for ten  
days consecutively thereafter, of the following  
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VOL. LXXXI.—NO. 2086.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1895.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

## AMERICA'S CUP



THE "AMERICA" WINNING THE CUP, AUGUST 22, 1851.

# YACHTING NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY THE ARKELL WEEKLY CO., NEW YORK.



# THE AMERICA'S CUP AND ITS DEFENDERS.



THE CUP.

By courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

"Oh, it often has been told  
How the British yachtsmen told  
Could beat the French and Scandians  
So handy, oh!  
And they never found their match  
Till the Yankees did them catch.  
Oh, the Yankee boys for yachting  
Are the dandy, oh!"



HIS stirring jingle, slightly changed from the opening verse of an old patriotic song glorifying our naval heroes of the war of 1812—

It, doubtless expresses the feeling that now stirs the soul of every patriot in contemplating the coming contests to retain the prestige which has

accrued with the America's Cup, and which in a measure sustains our claim to a nautical eminence which was undisputed up to the time when the Civil War, the substitution of iron and steel for wood in vessel production, and high wages combined to lower our standing; the process of degeneracy as a commercial nation continuing until the present day.

The syndicate that built and operated the *America* seem to have been mostly actuated by sporting motives when, in accepting the proffered hospitalities of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1851, they concluded to take the *America* across to try conclusions. They had received no invitation to a regatta on the other side, though there had been a vague intimation that one would be held. There was no assurance that an international yacht-race was projected or desired by the great representative organization, the Royal Yacht Squadron. The *America* seemed to represent principally, in 1851, the faith of Commodore John C. Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, and his companions, Hamilton Weeks, George R. Schuyler, James Hamilton, and J. B. Finlay, in the ability of George Steers to build a yacht that could make it hot for anything afloat under canvas. Steers having been the Burgess or Herreshoff of his day. The pilot-boats built by him, notably the *Mary Taylor*, had proved very fast and able. The *America* was indeed but a "glorified pilot-boat," as she was aptly called by a British yachting authority, her rig having been precisely that of the Sandy Hook pilot-boats of the period, sailing as they did with but a single jib, lug foresail and mainsail, her short main-

impromptu race, thinking it adverse to his interests in getting on matches, and though he may not have been prompted by "highly patriotic" motives of patriotism in the venture, he was still a Yankee, believing  
"The great Yankee nation  
Could lick all creation."  
He looked aloft at his country's ensign snapping from the peak in the lively breeze that had sprung up, and as his sporting blood rose and boiled over, he sang:  
"All save the flag of America,  
Blow high, blow low!  
That's the flag, you know."  
Then, giving a nautical hitch to his breeches, and the sails having been set all taut and trim, he gave orders to the skipper: "Put her to the wind, trim the sheets close down, and let her

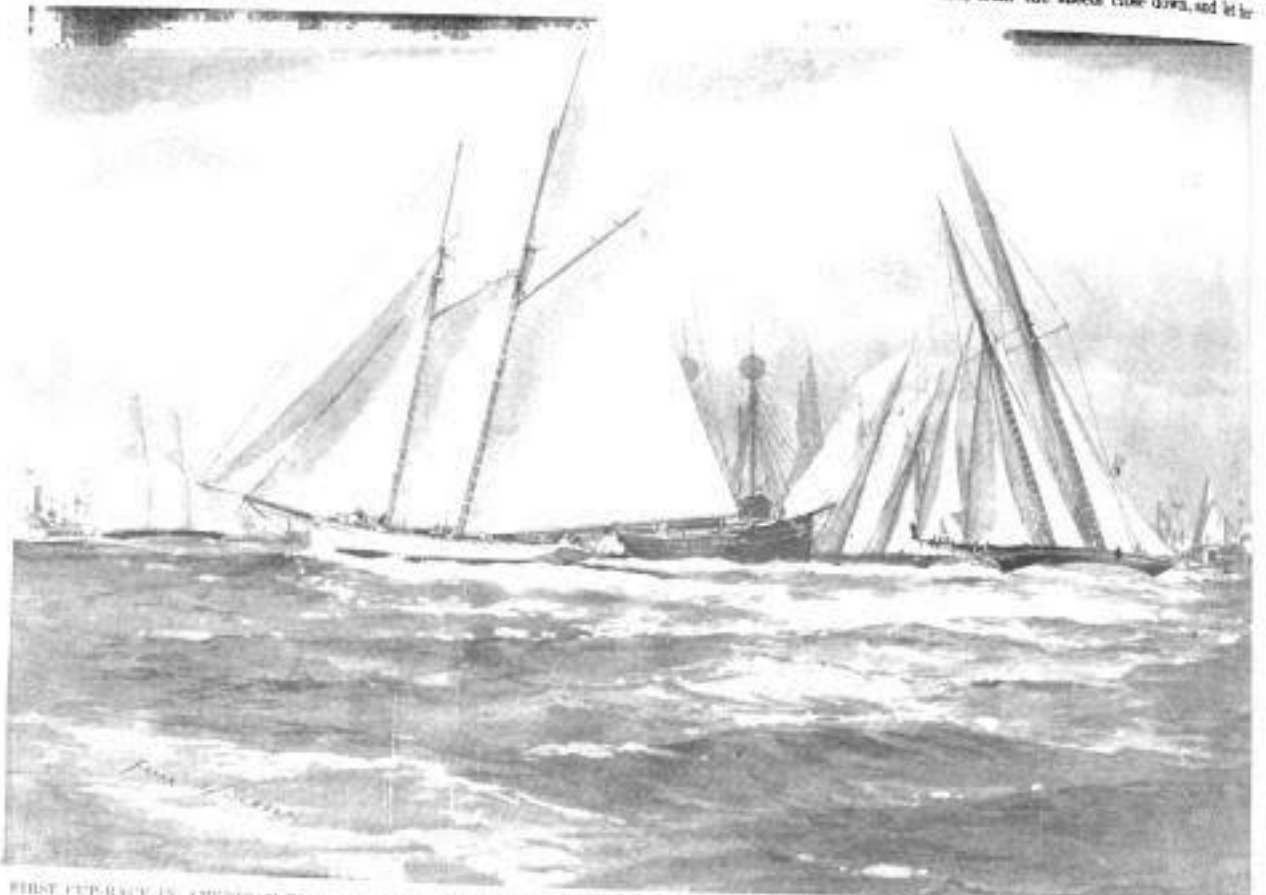
go!" It was a dead beat to windward—the *Lacarne* was weathered on the second tack and soon beaten "all hollow."

Such was the consternation which this little prelude to the nautical drama produced that Commodore Stevens and his fellows found the greatest difficulty in getting on a match, though he had posted a challenge in the club-house at Cowes "to sail the *America* in a match against any British vessel whatever, for any sum from one to ten thousand guineas," merely stipulating there should be not less than a six-knot breeze.

This fact was stated by the late George R. Schuyler, one of her owners. The state of feeling in England in regard to the reluctance of her yachtsmen to give the *America* a show was expressed in the *Cowes* correspondence of the *London Times*, August 19th, 1851. "Most of us," he says, "have seen the agitation which the appearance of a sparrow-hawk in the horizon creates among a flock of wood-pigeons or skylarks when unsuspecting danger and engaged in their flights, or playing about over the fallows. They all at once come down to the ground and are rendered almost motionless for fear of the disagreeable visitor; and the wren then proceeds to lash his fellow-countrymen for evading a contest with such courageous and chivalrous opponents. He also denounces the course around the Isle of Wight as notorious unfair to strangers, for 'the current and tide under local knowledge of more value than swift sailing and nautical skill.'"

His criticism, as Mr. George Gould, Captain Hank Haff, and the *Vigilant* people found out in 1894, will apply as well to the fluky course of the Clyde and other northern courses as to the waters around the Isle of Wight.

Only Robert Stevenson, the famous engineer, who owned the schooner *Titanic*, was bold enough, after lots of "jaw and paper talk," to make a match with the *America*, and that after a threat from Commodore Stevens to take the *America* back. The match was sailed about a week after the cup regatta, and was a hollow victory for the *America*.



FIRST CUP-RACE IN AMERICAN WATERS, AUGUST 2TH, 1850—JAMES ASHURBY'S SCHOONER "CAMBRIA" AGAINST THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S FLEET OF FIFTEEN SCHOONERS—THE "MAGIC" LEADING THE FLEET AROUND THE SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.



THE RACE OF OCTOBER 21ST, 1872—THE SCHOONER "COLUMBIA," ONE OF THE CONQUERORS OF THE "LIVONIA."—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.

topmost accommodating a little handkerchief of a main-topsail.

Up to the time of her sailing for British shores the general public cared but little about her, the papers of the day giving her or her doings but "scant hospitality." She had been beaten badly by the commodore's famous ship *Maria*, and it required "sand" in quantities to accept and send her over—one of the conditions of her acceptance having been her ability to beat the *Maria*.

So she sailed away quietly one hot July day in 1851, without any marine pageantry—no excursion boats, bands, or fold-de-rol for a send-off, and in three weeks, under easy sail, she made the French port of Havre, where some slight alterations were made in her, and she was fitted to jump into a race immediately upon her arrival in English waters, which occurred one foggy night in early August, when she cast anchor off Cowes.

In the morning the fog cleared, and one of the English yachts was descried coming out from Cowes. She proved to be the fast cutter, *Lacarne*, and under cover of an implied tender of escort to an anchoring ground she tantalizingly tacked around the Yankee schooner in a way that could be understood only as a challenge. Commodore Stevens was averse to an



The regatta of August 23d was gotten up as an international affair, and open to foreign yachts, so the Yankee could not be excluded. The famous cup, now "the blue ribbon of the ocean," was a subscription trophy, contributed to at a general meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was to be sailed for without allowance of time for disparities of hull or sail.

The morning of the race, the 23d of August, 1851, after the sun had dissipated the mists, was warm and beautiful, with a gentle breeze from the west, which afterward veered to the south. Fifteen schooners and cutters started, including the *America*, and the sight was described by the London *Times* correspondent as "such as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice. . . . Nothing like it was ever seen here in the annals of yachting. . . . As the glorious pageant passed the Osborne House the sight was surpassingly fine, the whole expanse of sea from shore to shore being filled as with a countless fleet."

The contrast of the *America* with her competitors was striking. She looked, with her two raking, heavy masts, free of all balloon canvas and flat sails, "ludicrously deficient in power," though she had been fitted previous to the race with a jib-boom and flying jib; while the Englishcraft staggered under bellying mainsails, foresails, and balloon-jibs.

The *America* started last, and it is an oft-told story how she, "with her high, keen bow making a clean-cut furrow, picked up one after another of the floundering 'lack-number' craft, finally anchoring the victor at 8:57 P.M." And how her Majesty inquired of the signal-master, "Which is first?" "The American, your Majesty." "And which is second?" "Ah, your Majesty, there is no second." And the signal-master at the club-house saying to a gentleman asking for information, "Fellow, sir! catch her! You might as well set a bulldog to catch a hare."

The cup was not intended as a challenge cup, but was the actual property of the owners of the *America*; but in July, 1857, they decided to offer it to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge cup, open, on specified conditions, to any organized yacht club in any foreign country for competition.

The first challenger was Mr. James Ashbury, owner of the schooner-yacht *Columbia*, and representing the Royal Thames Yacht Club. His yacht had, in 1828, beaten the American schooner *Sappho* badly in a race round the Isle of Wight, but had in turn been easily vanquished by the *Sappho* in the following year in a series of three match races, after the Yankee boat had returned to America and been altered by "hipping."

Mr. Ashbury's challenge in 1870 was promptly accepted, and, an ocean race having been arranged between Mr. James Gordon Bennett's *Thetis* and the *Columbia*, from Daunt Head buoy, Ireland, to Sandy Hook light-ships, for a two hundred and fifty pound cup, the *Columbia's* entry into American waters was made in triumph, she having won the ocean race by a narrow margin of a couple of hours.

On August 8th, 1870, the first race on this side for the cup was sailed, and the *Columbia* competed with the New York Yacht Club's entire fleet of schooners. The day was an ideal one for the business—a fine whole-sail breeze from the south-southeast blowing during the entire race. The start was, as usual in those days, from an anchorage, the yachts forming a line with sails down, and getting away as best they could on the signal; very picturesque, but unfair. The *Columbia* was courteously given the best—the windward—position, with the *America*, which had become the property of the American government after various vicissitudes and put into condition for the race, next to her. The little *Majie*, by magical management, slipped away in the lead, which she maintained during the entire contest, winning by both elapsed and corrected time, and beating the *Columbia* 39 minutes, 12.7 seconds. The *America* also beat the *Columbia* 13 minutes, 47.5 seconds. The *Columbia*, however, carried away her foretopmast in returning, but not until she was hopelessly beaten.

Mr. Ashbury was plucky and unflinching—didn't know when he was whipped—and the next year ordered the schooner *Livonia* built by Mr. Ratsey, of Cowes. She was put together with great secrecy, and was, of course, the inevitable "cinch" in advance of the contest. In the innumerable correspondence that grew out of the challenge by the invincible-sea-lawyers, and which induced the late yachting



THE CANADIAN SCHOONER "COUNTRESS OF DUFFERIN" BEATING OUT TO SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP—THE "MADEIRAINE" RUNNING IN, THE WINNER, AUGUST 11TH, 1870.—Described by F. H. Schell.

authority, Captain Coffin, to speak of it as "a pen-and-ink contest for the cup," the custom of sailing one champion yacht against the challenger was established. Ashbury claimed the right to represent twelve clubs, and to sail a race for each of them on twelve different days, and in case of winning one of them he was to be entitled to the cup. This was disallowed (without thanks).

The *Livonia* reached here on September 2d, 1871. Finally her races were arranged, and the first one was sailed on October 16th, the *Columbia* being her opponent, and the course an inside one, from Owl's Head through the Narrows, out around the Sandy Hook light-ship and back. The New York Yacht Club had claimed and exercised the right to have several yachts at the starting-point, and to select the one best fitted for the day's business.

It was a "snag" for the *Columbia*, she winning by over twenty-five minutes. On the 18th the *Columbia* was again selected to do the trick, this time the course being twenty miles from the Sandy Hook light-ship to windward and return. Ashbury claimed this race, although he finished last, his contention being that the *Columbia* rounded the outer stake-boat on the wrong side; but his protest was disallowed and the *Columbia* won by over seven minutes, corrected time. On October 19th the *Columbia* was again entered, and the *Livonia* won the only race of the entire series up to date for her country, through an accident, the *Columbia* having parted her flying-jib stay.

The *Livonia* next confronted the glorious old *Sappho* for the fourth race—twenty miles from the Sandy Hook light and back. In this contest the *Sappho* displayed wonderful powers in "sailing" to windward. The breeze was rather light at the start, but freshened rapidly; the *Sappho* "jumped away like a frightened deer," and turned the outer mark twenty-seven minutes, thirty-five seconds ahead. In one of her spurts, with green water over her plank sheer, and foaming billows playing amidships, the boat she carried was floated out of her cockpit and off to sea. On the return there was no further occasion to hurry, and she took it easy, winning the race by thirty minutes, twenty-five seconds.

The final brush of the series was over this inside course, October 23d, 1871, and was easily taken by the *Sappho*, with twenty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds to spare. For four years the "old mug" lay unexposed by challenges, until in April, 1876, yachtsmen were somewhat startled by the announcement in the New York *Herald*, by the secretary of the New York Yacht Club, that the Royal Canadian Yacht Club had challenged, naming the schooner *Countess of Dufferin* as the victor, and in due season the challenge was accepted. Mr. Alexander Cuthbert, of Cobourg, Ontario, was her designer, builder, and sailing-master, and his confidence in her power to take the cup was unique. His models had won races on the lakes against, among others, those by McFadden of Passaic, New Jersey, who had designed the Kaiser Wilhelm and other fast sloops, and

who, in Mr. Cuthbert's judgment, was the great yacht-designing genius of America. The *Countess* was crude and rough to the last degree in her construction, but she was touched up after her arrival at Staten Island on July 8th, after a passage that ludicrously inflated the ideas and hopes of those interested in her.

A dispatch dated Douglastown, Gaspe Bay, July 3d, stated among other things that "she raced with two flying coasters for thirty miles, beating them hollow!" She had new sails and balloon canvas put on her at New York, and after engaging in the race for the "Brenton's Reef Challenge Cup" with the *Yolter* (winner), *Wanderer*, *Tadul* Ware, and the old *America*, and bringing up the rear of the procession, she finally came to the line to try conclusions with the schooner *Madeline*, which had been wisely chosen as her antagonist for the "old mug," on August 11th, 1876. This race was over the inside course, and was won handsily by the *Madeline*, which beat the *Countess* eleven minutes.

The second and concluding race was sailed outside, Captain Joe Ellsworth on this occasion presiding at the obsequies on board the *Countess*, she losing again by over twenty-seven minutes. The *America* also went over the course and beat the *Countess* with ease.

Four more years of rest, and then Captain Cuthbert came up smiling again in a serio-comic episode. The Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Ontario, challenged with the captain's model sloop *Atalanta*, which, after a

tempestuous voyage through the "raging catawl," during which her mast and rigging went by the board—having been unhipped, ballast taken out of her bottom and piled in one barge to run her through the locks of the Erie Canal, she having been wider than the locks. But little space is necessary to narrate the races between the *Atalanta* and the A. Cary Smith sloop *Mischief*, which was chosen to do the bold Kanuck, and which she did effectually on November 9th and 10th, 1881, over the inside and outside courses of the New York Yacht Club, winning by twenty-eight minutes, thirty seconds, and thirty-eight minutes, fifty-four seconds respectively.

In 1885 began what might be called the evolutionary period of the cup contests. Previously the races with English yachts had been between vessels of conventional types, all of the American victors having been won with centre-board boats, with the single exception of the *Sappho*, and the winners were all of the extreme "skimming-dish" type. But in 1885 Burgess appeared, and though in all his cup-defenders the Yankee centre-board still held its place, the draught was increased and the great beam preserved, so that great sail-carrying capacity was possible, and since then there has been a gradual converging of ideas in modeling, so that there can now be said to be no characteristic national type. This result was greatly contributed to by the importation of the "knife-on-edge" "lead-nine" cutter *Madge* and others of her kind, and their often successful tilts with our beloved centre-board "skimming dishes."

The *Mischief* (Pike's design) was a notable instance of a boat which sailed our courses unconquered—if my memory

serves me—three years, until Burgess's *Cosmos* finally "threw her down." When Sir Richard Sutton challenged, in 1885, with the *Genesta* we seemed helpless. Public-spirited gentlemen like James Gordon Bennett, who commissioned Mr. A. Cary Smith to design the *Priscilla*, and which was built of iron at Wilmington, Delaware, and the Boston syndicate which built the wooden *Parthia* at Boston, saw the predicament in time, and were the preservers for the time of our yachting prestige. The *Parthia* beat the *Priscilla* in trial races, and on September 12th, 1885, the *Genesta* and *Parthia* met for the first brush in what proved to be an impotent effort, lack of wind preventing the race being finished within the time limit of seven hours. On the morning of the next day, the 8th, they tried it again, but the *Parthia* fouled the *Genesta* at the start, and the *Genesta's* owner, in the true spirit of the sportsman, refused to sail over the course alone and take the race, as requested by the regatta committee, and the race was attempted again on the 11th without success, the *Parthia* being ahead when the race was called off. Finally, on September 14th, the *Parthia* succeeded in beating the *Genesta* handsily over the inside course by sixteen minutes, nine seconds. On the 16th the final tussle took place, and one of the most spirited, closely-contested, and picturesque yachting battles in history resulted. The course was from the Scotland light-ship down the wind twenty miles and back dead to windward. Through a series of squalls that threw both boats "on their uppers" and buried them in foam and spindrift, the yachts struggled neck and neck back to windward, the *Parthia*, with hoisted topmast, winning by a very narrow margin. The *Genesta*, it was thought, lost much by, in a spirit of bravado, carrying her working-topmast, which nearly threw her on beam ends, to the eyes of those unaccustomed to the heaving propensities of the narrow English cutters, and spilling her wind.

Lieutenant Henck's turn came in 1886. He was probably the most popular of all the challengers, and from the time his "sardine-box," as he playfully called his beloved *Galatea*, arrived at Marblehead on August 1st until she finally left our shores, he was a welcome guest in every circle, his jovial geniality never deserting him, though his racing career on this side was one continuous string of defeats. His yacht was considered slightly inferior to the *Genesta* by experts, and when she met General Paine's *Mayflower* for a clinch over the inside course on September



SLOOP "MISCHIEF" BEATING THE CANADIAN SLOOP "ATALANTA," NOVEMBER 9TH, 1881.



7th, the stimulating element of uncertainty being lacking, there was a listless atmosphere pervading the great crowd on board the attending pleasure fleet, corresponding with the weather conditions of the early morning. But the sun broke through as the southerly breeze came lazily up through the Narrows and swept away the mists, and the two beauties were started on the procession—for such it proved to be, after the *Galatea* lost the advantage of a windward start—and after a beautiful race, from a spectacular point of view, the *Galatea* trailed her lonely way up the bay, as Lieutenant Hearn and his confrères listened to the victorious booming of guns, and to the joyful shouts of the excited thousands on the excursion boats and other attendant craft about the finish line, as the *Maryflower* swept triumphantly by. Scarcely less boisterous was the friendly greeting to the defeated, but not disgraced, *Galatea*.

The second race, outside, was a fiasco. It started in a good southeasterly breeze, which had wafted the *Maryflower* before it to the outer mark with nearly three miles to the good, when the wind slackened simultaneously with the inflow of a thick fog, which prevented the *Galatea* from seeing and reaching the twenty-mile mark, and the *Maryflower* from making her race within the seven-hour time limit. On September 11th the "two white beauties" were started on the last of their struggles for the cup before an ample northwest breeze, and making, with their bulging spinners and bellying balloon jib-top-sails, as pretty and exhilarating a sporting picture as the most blasé "sea-dog" could desire, and though the intermediate work was too one-sided to be over interesting, the finish was a fit sequel to the majestic beauty of the start. Again the *Maryflower* won, with just eleven minutes to spare; and that episode was closed.

And now for 1887—and again General Paine, with the *Volunteer*—stimulating names to the American patriot.

The "provocation" from "the other side" was this time the challenge by Vice-Commodore Bell of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club in 1886. Mr. George L. Watson designed the boat—the *Thistle*—which was built with unusual secrecy, and the mystery concerning her clung to her until the inevitable exposure of the dry-dock. So successful was the Scotch syndicate in concealing her under-form and dimensions that, up to the time of her hauling out, even the diving and feeling around of an aquatic journalistic detective failed to give any authentic clue to her sacred form; but her day of doom finally came, with its inglorious termination of all the sweet visions of glory hidden behind the

veil of mystery that had so successfully enfolded her.

On the morning of September 27th she for the first time met the *Volunteer*. Both boats were beauties—together, a symphony in black and white. This time a flutter of doubt was felt by many as to the result. The *Thistle* seemed so quick and nimble, responding instantly to the slightest touch of the tiller, while the beautiful, white *Volunteer* seemed so sluggish in her movements that a cloud of depression seemed to settle upon the spirits of all who wished our champion to win. But how sudden and complete the change a few minutes after the start, when the *Volunteer*, having kept on her port tack while the *Thistle* had gone about on the starboard, finally went about to starboard and showed several lengths of clear water to the good! Steadily she pulled away, increasing her lead surprisingly, until at noon 14 she was fully a mile ahead. The wind increased steadily,

the *Volunteer* getting the first benefit of it. The *Thistle* was hopelessly beaten and her racing status firmly settled, having been fairly and squarely defeated nineteen minutes, twenty-three and three-quarters seconds over a forty-mile course.

General Paine was deservedly the hero of the occasion and of the ovation he so modestly received. The second and deciding race on September 30th was quite as one-sided, but more picturesque. The Yankee boat proved her vast superiority by beating her opponent fourteen minutes to the outer stake boat, and by eleven minutes, forty-eight and three quarters seconds corrected time for the race. This concluded the series in which the boats modeled by the lamented Edward Burgess were contestants. His name, linked with that of General Paine, will ever hold a conspicuous place in the annals of American yachting.

FRANK H. SCHILL.



RACES BETWEEN ASHURBY'S "LIVONIA" AND SCHOONER SELECTED BY NEW YORK YACHT CLUB COMMITTEE—RACE OF OCTOBER 21st, 1882. TWENTY MILES TO WINDWARD FROM SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP—THE "SAPPHO" RUNNING AWAY FROM THE "LIVONIA."—Drawn by F. H. Schell.

## Races of Recent Years.



PROGRESS in yacht architecture did not come during the five years following the races just described, even though there were no more runs for the America's Cup till 1891, when Lord Dunsany's *Valkyrie II.* furnished the new-to-be-forgotten struggle with the *Vigilant*. In the class under seventy feet, design and builders, both in England and America, worked fast

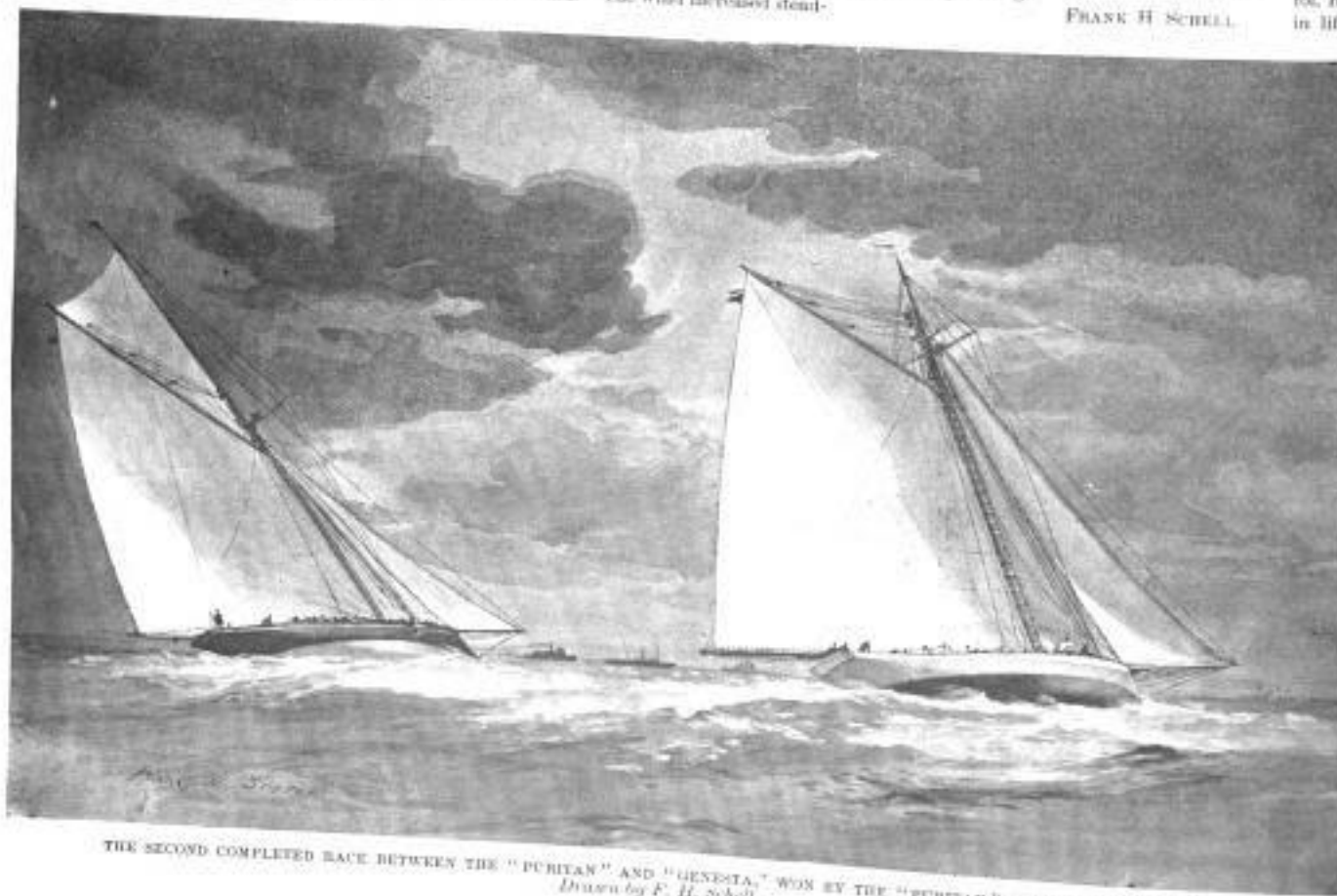
and progressively.

None labored harder over his design, however, than Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island. It was his ambition, plain in life, to build a winner of an international yacht-race, and his reward came finally, in the fall of 1891, when he received orders to build not one, but two boats to contest with others—the *Valkyrie* and the *Vigilant*—in a series of trial races for the right to defend the cup. He had previously built the *Nasau* for Royal Phelps Carroll, who in the early summer of 1890 crossed the ocean, bent on winning the Cape May and Bremen's Reef cups, which had seven years previously been won in American waters by the *Genesta*.

The history of the *Vigilant-Valkyrie* races is too fresh in the minds of all to recount here in detail. How the *Vigilant* downed the *Valkyrie* three straight in poise fashion we all remember well, though a review of the figure of the races cannot fail to interest in view of the mass of computation now of daily report on the trial work of the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie III.*

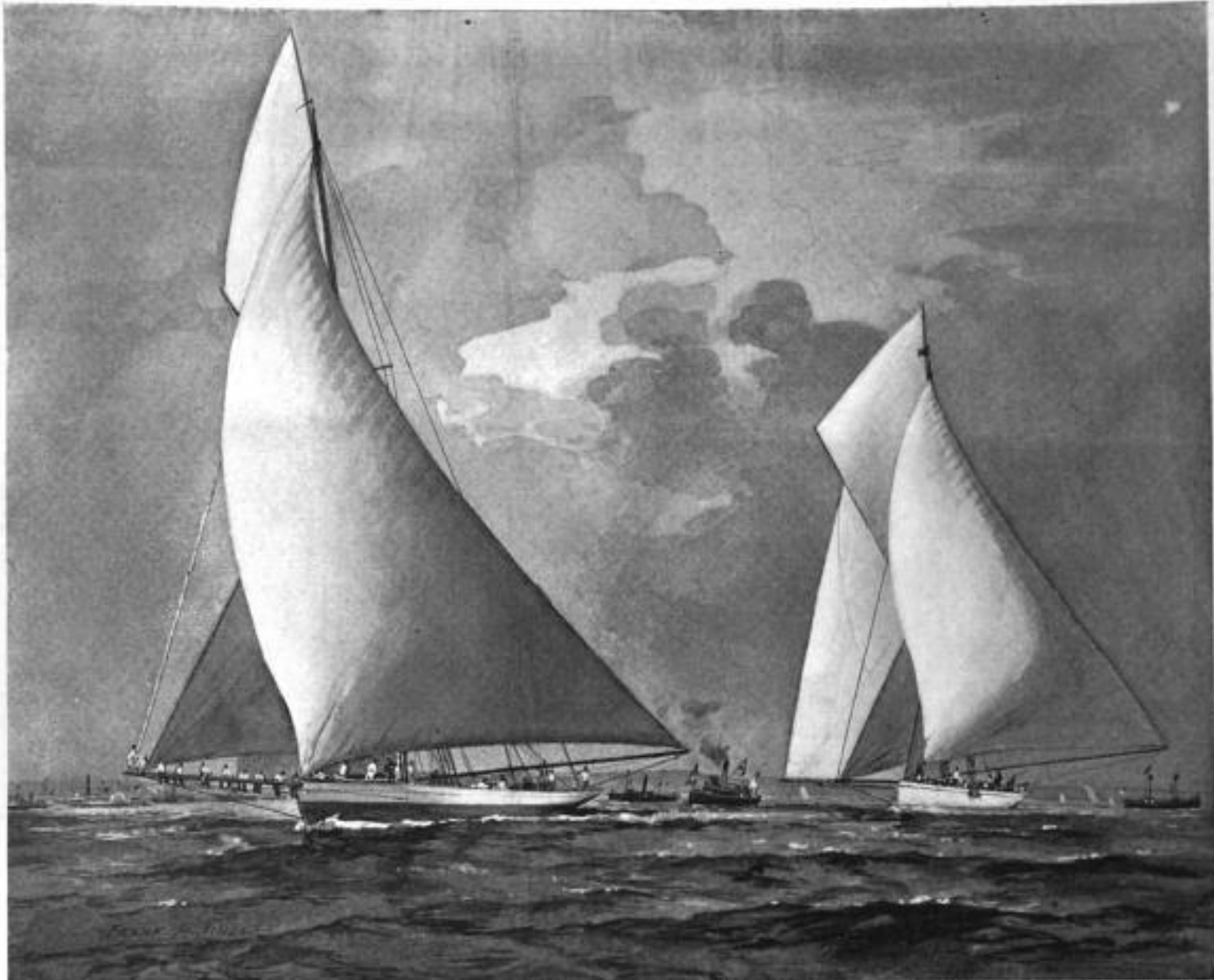
On October 31st the first attempt to race proved unsuccessful. The course to be sailed was fifteen miles to windward and return, but, neither boat finishing within the time limit of six hours, the race was declared off, though the *Valkyrie* led at the outer mark by virtue of favorable wind slack—by twenty-five minutes, fraction seconds.

On October 7th a second attempt, fifteen miles to windward and

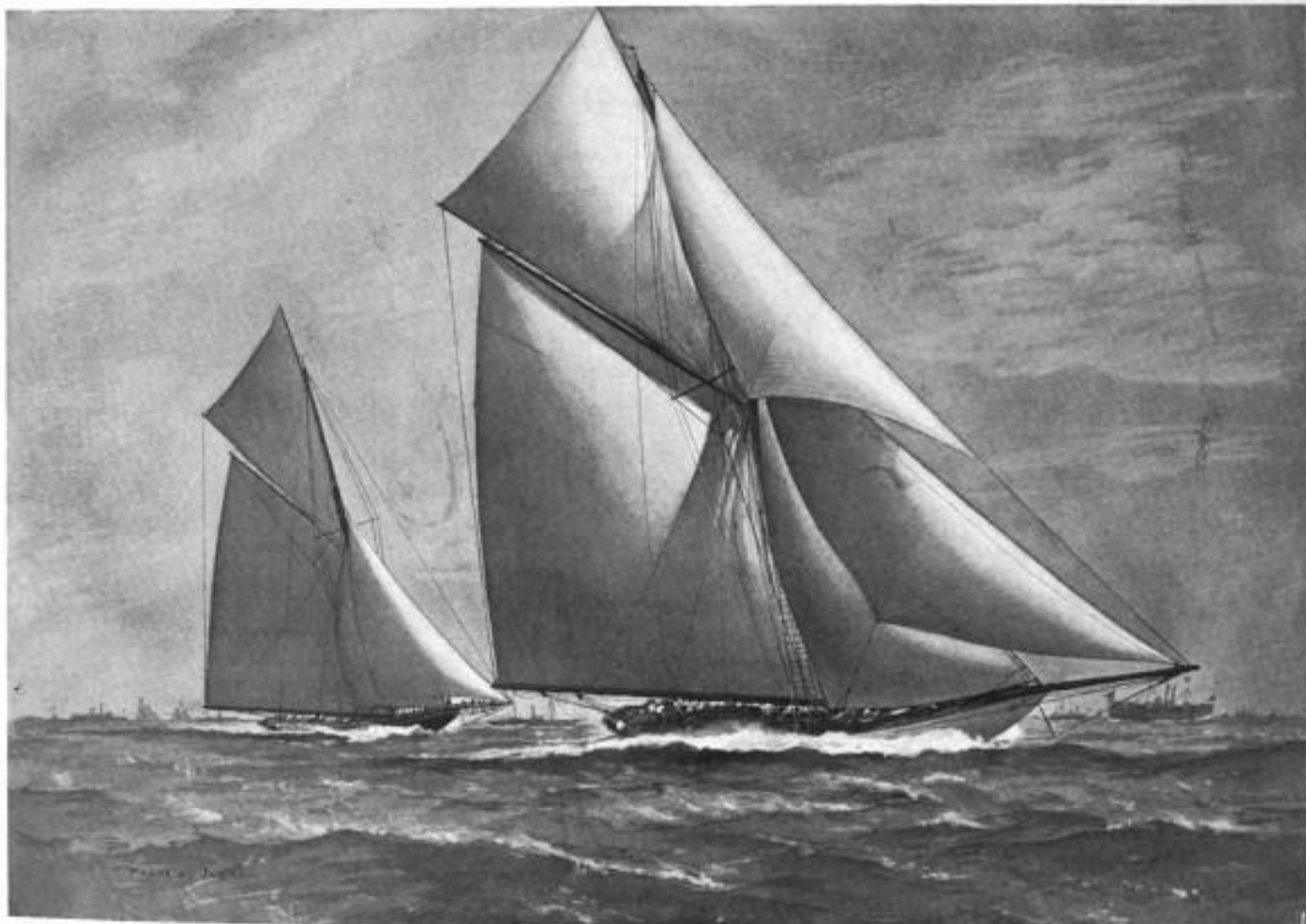


THE SECOND COMPLETED RACE BETWEEN THE "PURITAN" AND "GENESTA," WON BY THE "PURITAN," SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1885. Drawn by F. H. Schell.



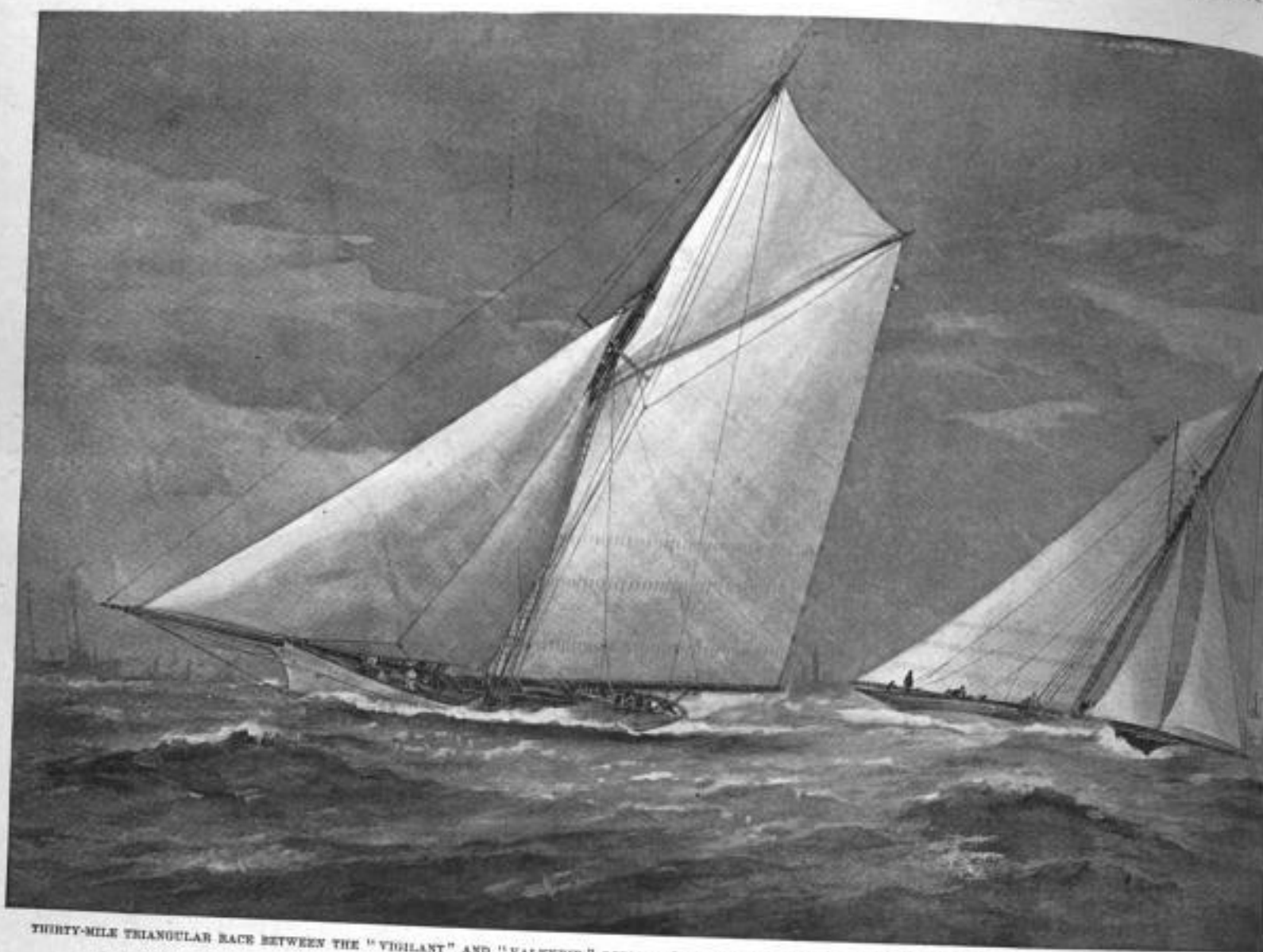


START IN THE SECOND RACE BETWEEN THE "MAYFLOWER" AND "GALATEA," TWENTY MILES TO LEeward AND BACK, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1885.  
DRAWN BY F. H. SCHILL.



START IN THE SECOND RACE BETWEEN THE "VOLUNTEER" AND "THISTLE," TWENTY MILES TO WINDWARD FROM SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP, SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1887.—DRAWN BY F. H. SCHILL.





THIRTY-MILE TRIANGULAR RACE BETWEEN THE "VIGILANT" AND "VALKYRIE," OCTOBER 9TH, 1903.—FIRST LEG—THE "VIGILANT" PASSING THE "VALKYRIE" TO LEeward AND THEN CROSSING HER BOW.—Drawn by F. H. Schell.

return, was made, the figures below telling the story of the Vigilant's handy win:

Start	Outer mark	Finish	Elapsed time	Corrected time
VIGILANT	11:25:00	1:50:30	3:30:47	4:05:47
VALKYRIE	11:25:00	1:58:30	3:38:25	4:18:25

Two days later, on October 9th, the second race was sailed over the regular triangular course, ten miles to a leg, and resulted in this way:

Start	First outer mark	Second outer mark	Finish	Elapsed time	Corrected time
VIGILANT	11:25:00	1:05:55	1:56:55	2:50:01	3:35:01
VALKYRIE	11:25:00	1:11:30	2:05:54	3:02:24	3:37:24

The Vigilant won in runaway fashion by 12 minutes, 25 seconds elapsed, and 10 minutes, 45 seconds corrected time. The first leg was to windward while the second and third were reaches.

Again, on October 11th, an unsuccessful attempt was made to sail a fifteen-mile race to windward and return, the time limit having been exceeded. On October 13th, however, a start was made, and in the thrush to windward of fifteen miles along the Long Island shore the Valkyrie led the way. She rounded the outer mark first, but in the home-stretch, as it were, was passed by the Vigilant, who won, as the following figures show, by the bare margin of forty seconds, corrected time.

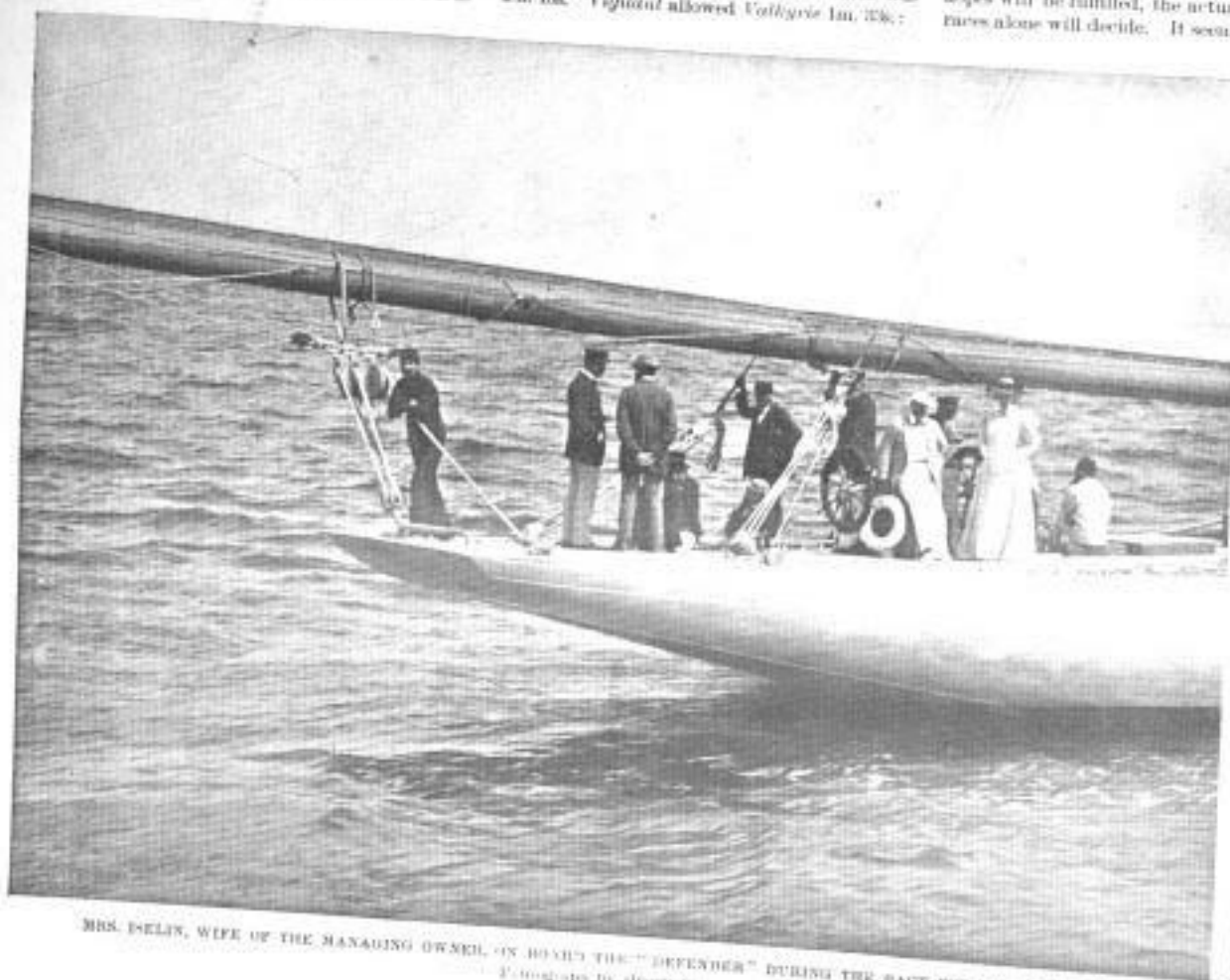
The Vigilant's gain over entire course was 11 n. m. Vigilant allowed Valkyrie 1 n. m.

	Elapsed time	Corrected time
VIGILANT	3:34:25	3:24:25
VALKYRIE	3:35:02	3:25:19

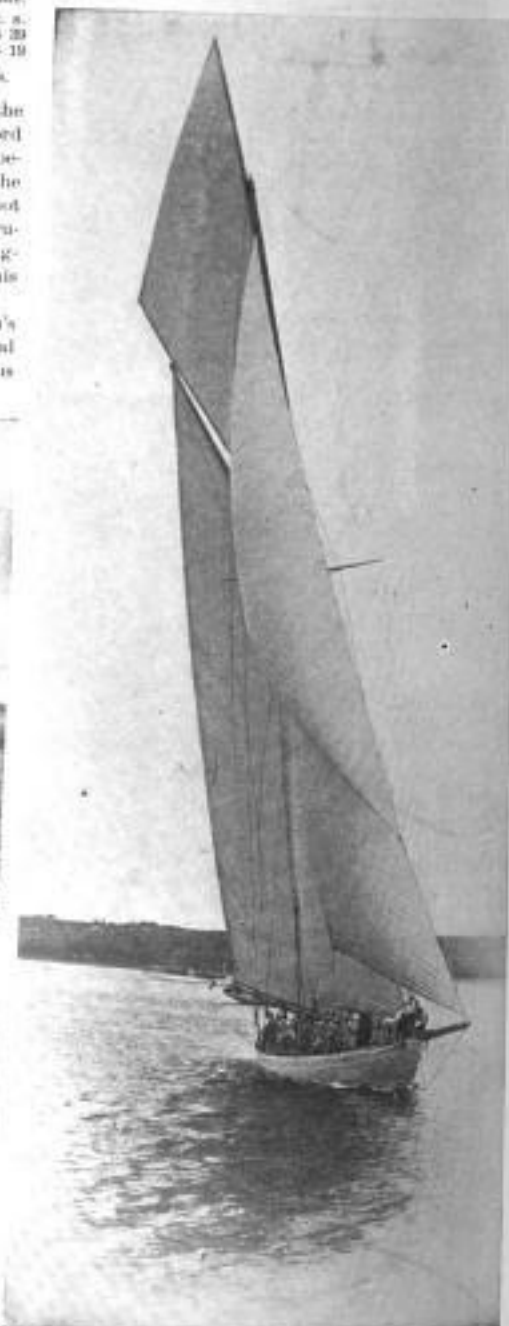
The Vigilant wins by 40 seconds.

It is quite probable that the closeness of this race, which Lord Dauraven and his friends all believed would have gone to the Valkyrie had her spinnaker not split on the run home, was instrumental almost entirely in bringing about another contest this year.

Whether or no Dauraven's hopes will be fulfilled, the actual races alone will decide. It seems



MRS. EDELIN, WIFE OF THE MANAGING OWNER, ON BOARD THE "DEFENDER" DURING THE RACE FOR THE ASTOR CUPS. Photograph by Hendon.



THE "DEFENDER," SHOWING HER UNUSUALLY LOFTY MAST. Photograph by Hendon.





E. D. Morgan.



C. Oliver Davis.



W. R. Vanderbilt.

THE SYNDICATE OWNERS OF THE "DEFENDER."

to be agreed upon generally, however, that the cup is, even in the defending wings of the *Defender*—a proven boat of marvelous speed—in danger; and even the layman who knows not

This conclusion is strengthened when her great spars and steel boom almost speak of the great power which will be derived from her enormous sail-spread.

The evident desire upon Dunraven's part to try again was fully appreciated in this country, and after a year of rest, as it were, during which the *Vigilant* in the summer of 1894 went abroad and tried conclusions with the *Britannia*, another of Watson's creations, negotiations were begun for a race this year. The fact alone that Dunraven wanted to race was sufficient to bind a match, for the America's Cup

an exalted place among the crack amateurs of the yachting world.

The rival helmsmen of the two boats are men of international fame. Captain Haff having participated in all the late cup races, and Captain Cranstield in the *Valkyrie II*, *Vigilant* contests. While the former holds undisputed the first place in sailing of all our crack skippers, the latter divides honors with Captain Carter of *Britannia* fame. Both men are cool in an emergency, ripe in judgment, and masterful in the handling of a boat in trying times. By reason of a vastly greater experience in yacht-

impossibility of getting together such a crew, when the trade of yacht-sailing was monopolized by foreigners, principally Swedes and Norwegians.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM CRANSTIELD, SKIPPER OF "VALKYRIE III."—Photograph by Heineken.

the difference between a "turnbuckle" and a "dead-eye," who glances critically at the under-bodies of the rival boats in a comparative sort of way, will come to a like conclusion.



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

committee, like all other American committees who have dealing with Englishmen, were willing to concede everything.

THE different spunk-blossoms of the new deed of gift are still fresh in our minds, and it is only necessary to say that Dunraven got all he asked for, and should he win this year the history of the gift in English hands will furnish the nautical story of the age, and may yet lead to serious contentions between the two countries. Though

Lord Dunraven is spoken of alone in connection with the *Valkyrie III*, thus giving the impression of ownership, the boat is the property of a syndicate the same as the *Defender*. Lord Dunraven, however, is managing owner, the same as Mr. Iselin is of the *Defender*. Both syndicates consist of men of millions—but the American one is the richer of the two. Both Mr. Iselin and Dunraven have been yachtsmen from boys, and each in his own country holds

racing, the English captain probably would be considered the all-round better man.

The rival crews constitute as hardy, good-looking, and nimble a lot of sailors as ever walked the deck of a ship. The English tars are, with a few exceptions, the same who were here in 1890 on the *Valkyrie II*. To a man they come from Wivenhoe, somewhere on the English coast—few of us know where—but the fame of whose sailormen is widely known throughout England. The town enjoys the distinction of being designated the cradle of the English cutter. Wivenhoe men are all sailors, and from boys are trained to yacht-racing.

Strangely enough, the *Defender's* crew comes from a place where sailors are bred from boyhood. Like Wivenhoe, Deer Island, Maine, is a fishing town, and its male population indulges largely in the business. From a picked list of forty men Captain Haff sifted out twenty-five of the most "likely," and, as will be recalled, these men received a thorough early training on board the *Columbia*. The crew is known, and justly, too, of course, as the all-American crew, and before Haff's successful visit to Deer Island many were the opinions expressed as to the



CAPTAIN HYMAMORE, ASSISTANT SKIPPER OF "VALKYRIE III."—Photograph by Heineken.

On nearly, if not all, of the *Defender's* trials Mrs. Iselin, wife of the managing owner, has been aboard, and naturally enough has attracted much attention; for women on cup-racers in the past have been conspicuous only

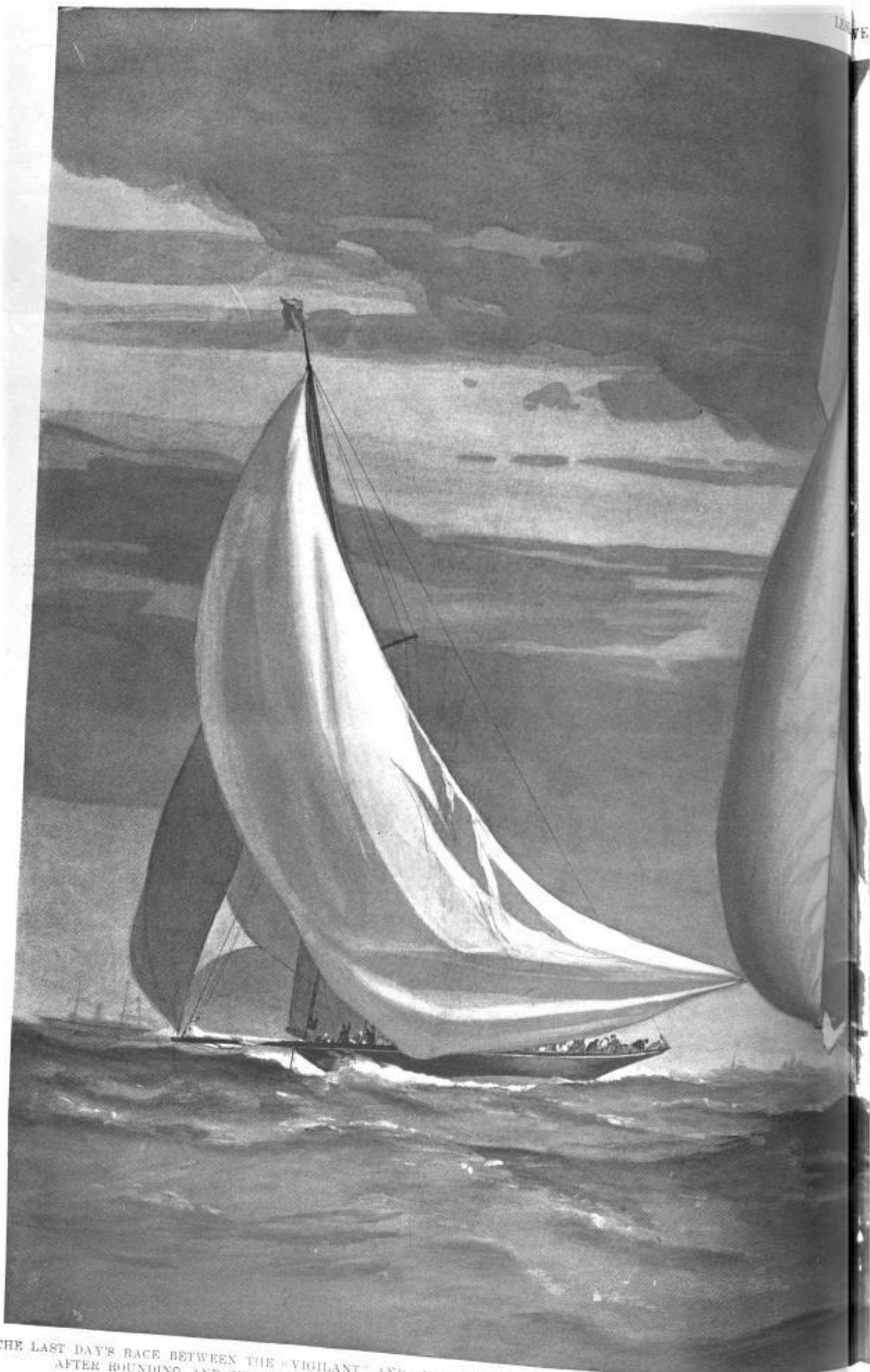


CAPTAIN "BANK" HAFF, OF THE "DEFENDER."



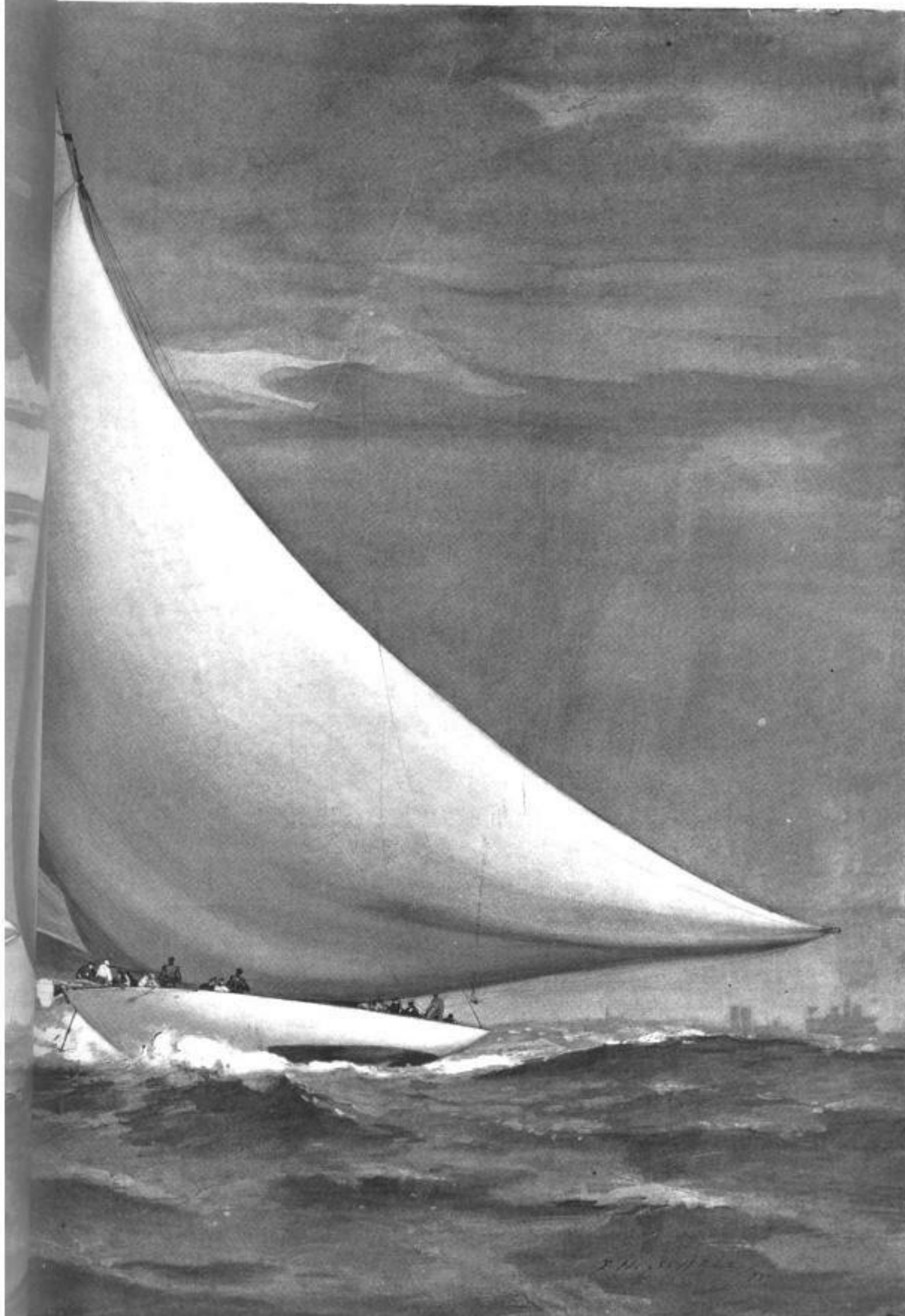
G. L. WATSON, THE ENGLISH YACHT DESIGNER.





THE LAST DAY'S RACE BETWEEN THE "VIGILANT" AND "VALKYRIE," OCTOBER 13TH, 1893.—THE "VALKYRIE" HAD LET  
AFTER ROUNDING AND SETTING HER ENORMOUS SPINNAKER AND BALLOON JIB-TOPSAIL, BEGAN TO GAIN, AND





"VIGILANT" FIFTEEN MILES TO WINDWARD, ROUNDING THE MARK-BOAT THREE OR FOUR MINUTES AHEAD. THE "VIGILANT,"  
 THE "VALKYRIE" JUST AS THE LATTER BURST HER SPINNAKER, WINNING BY FORTY SECONDS, CORRECTED TIME.  
 J. H. CHILL.





THE CREW OF THE "VALKYRIE III."—From a photograph taken expressly for "Leslie's Weekly."



JOHN HERRESHOFF, THE BLIND BUILDER.

by their absence. Mrs. Iselin is a yachtswoman of no mean ability, and, it is said, holds opinions of value. In the picture of her, which is so natural as to give one the impression that she had posed for it, she is discussing the *Defender's* accident in the first trial-race,



THE ALL-AMERICAN CREW OF THE "DEFENDER," CAPTAIN "HANK" RAFF, WITH CAPTAIN JAMES H. BERRY AS FIRST MATE. Photograph by Heumont.

when the rigging became loose and a withdrawal was forced when the race was only half finished. Near at hand and further aft her husband may be noticed, in discussion, too, with Designer Nat Herreshoff.

Mr. A. Cary Smith, designer of many of our fastest schooners, and a well-known naval architect, after a long inspection of the hull of the *Valkyrie III*, said: "No man's opinion of

a boat on the dry-dock is worth much, as it is impossible to tell what she would do under sail. The *Valkyrie*, however, looks like a big, powerful boat." Yet, despite the opinion of such an expert, predictions on the race as a result of the exposure of the under-body of the English boat have been as many as the sands on the seashore.

But, little as can really be told of a boat from a survey of her hull, this much may be done

with interest, and that is compare her lines with those of her rival alongside. The chances are that these great racers will never be dry-docked together and in line, in order to furnish such a field, but by means of the camera we arrive at the same result, though with not quite the satisfaction possible to be had from a walk around them, thus getting views from every direction instead of a few.



THE "VALKYRIE III," SHOWING HER EXTRAORDINARY BREADTH OF BEAM. Photograph by West & Son, Southsea.



THE "DEFENDER," SHOWING HER MODERATE BEAM AS COMPARED WITH THE "VALKYRIE III."—From a photograph.



Glennie.

Cranfield.

Sprague.



CAPTAINS CRANFIELD AND SPRAGUE AND COMMANDER GLENNIE.—Photograph by Hemenet.



MR. RATSEY, SAIL-MAKER OF THE VALKYRIE III.—Photograph by Hemenet.

the boats as they float upon the water, pictures of which were taken especially to illustrate their difference in beam. Probably the English boat has not less than a foot more width than the *Defender*, surely not more than two feet, though the pictures of the *Valkyrie* make her look several feet more.

While the bottom of the keel of the American boat is rocker or bow-shaped, and the forward and after ends of the bow are nearly in a



"VALKYRIE III," IN HER NEW DRESS OF BLACK.—Photograph by Hemenet.

Now an expert, in looking over these pictures of the hulls of the two, would be able to point out instantly a dozen little differences of importance. It is a question, however, if the unknowing ones will be able to detect other than a few. Possibly one point which will be readily taken in is that she is a trifle more bulky, and this impression is fixed by a brief glance at

#### A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.



H. MAITLAND KERSEY AND ARTHUR GLENNIE VIEWING THE "VALKYRIE III."—Photograph by Hemenet.

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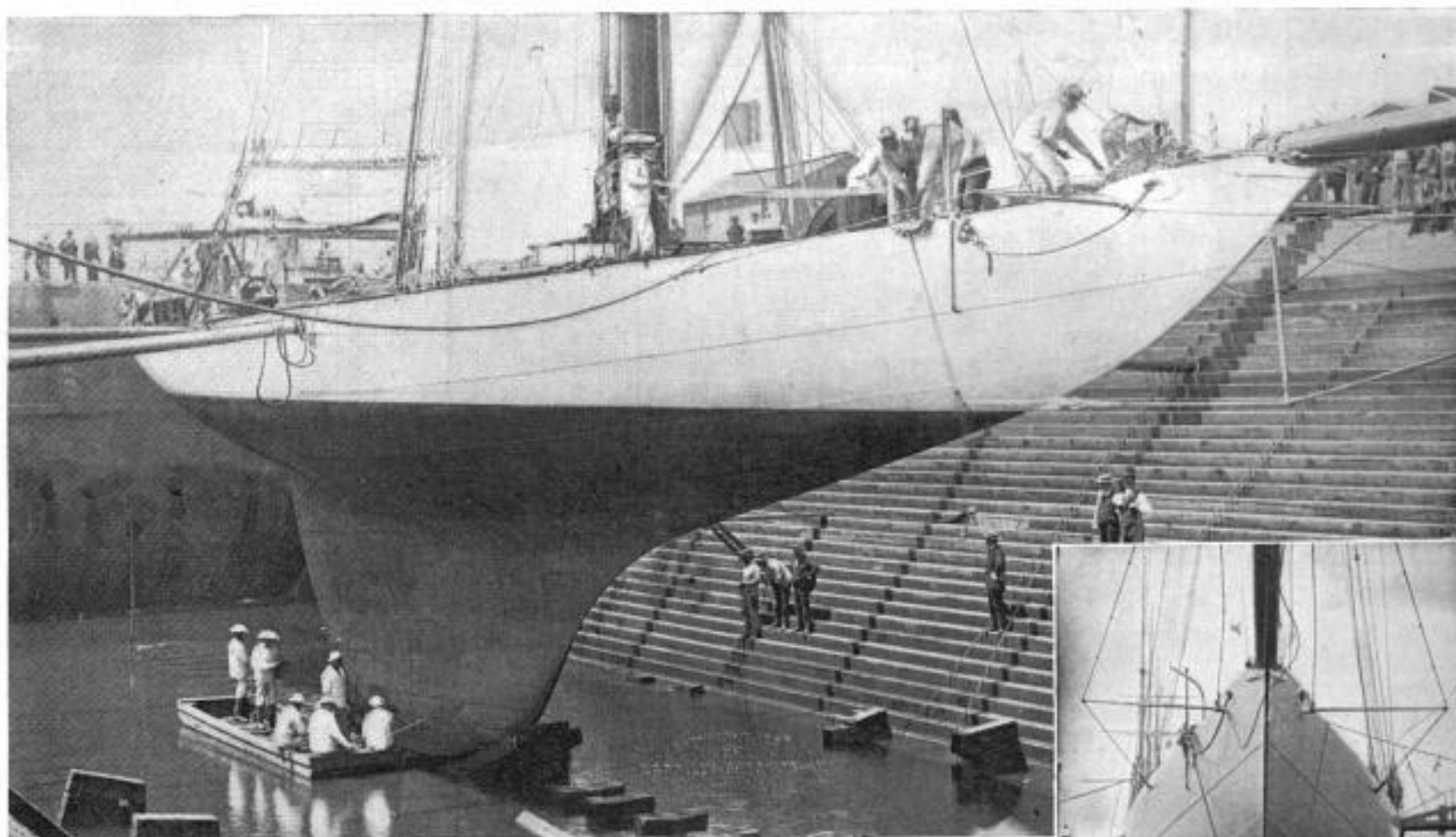
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DURING THE  
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THE "DEFENDER" IN DRY-DOCK, SHOWING HER FIN KEEL.—From a photograph, copyrighted 1885, by C. E. Bolles.

line, the keel of the *Valkyrie*, as will be readily seen, has a decided slant upward from the foot of the stern-post.

Then, too, while the lead of the American boat is bulged, that of her rival shows straight lines. Its greatest thickness is about a third of the way aft from the forward end, and it tapers gradually to quite a thin section at the stern-post. The lead is smoothly coppered, and the picture shows just where the coppering stops, thus showing the shape of the seventy-five to eighty tons of lead which go to make up the keel. The *Defender's* keel is said to be just as heavy.

There is no difference in the draught of the two boats which can be noticed, though it seems to be the general impression that the English boat draws more water, reaching down at least twenty feet. On the other hand, the hull proper of the *Valkyrie III*, looks, if anything, shallower than that of the *Defender*.

The rake of the stern-post in each looks about the same, which is really the case. This fact is doubly interesting, as showing

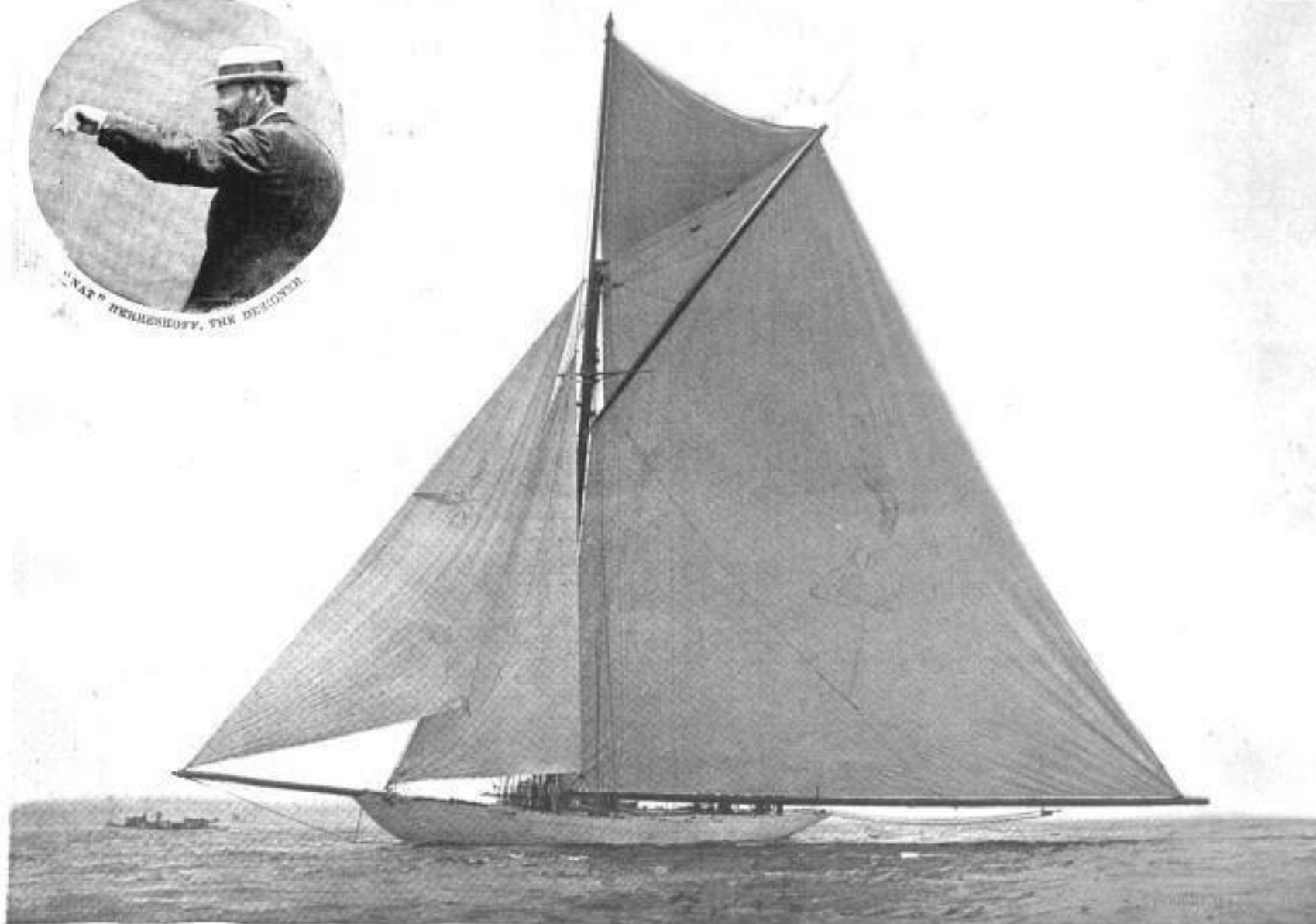
the adoption by our designer of an English idea, in order to acquire quickness in going about. The freeboard of the *Valkyrie III* is also noticed to be higher, but, after all, these are all minor points, and a general view shows the two boats to be of the same type—fin-keels—with the same shallow bodies, easy entrances, and a great cutting away forward and aft.

As originally agreed, the first race between the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie III*, will take place on September 7th, which falls on a Saturday, and it is safe to say that never has such a fleet of craft of all manner and kind assembled to see an international yacht-race as will gather on this occasion. Not only will there be steam yachts and pleasure sailing-craft galore, but hundreds of steam vessels chartered for the occasion by yacht clubs, athletic and social clubs, and private parties. The ocean-going tug and the river or harbor tug will be in evidence, the former affording the very best vantage-ground to see the race from beginning to end.

*W. F. Bull*

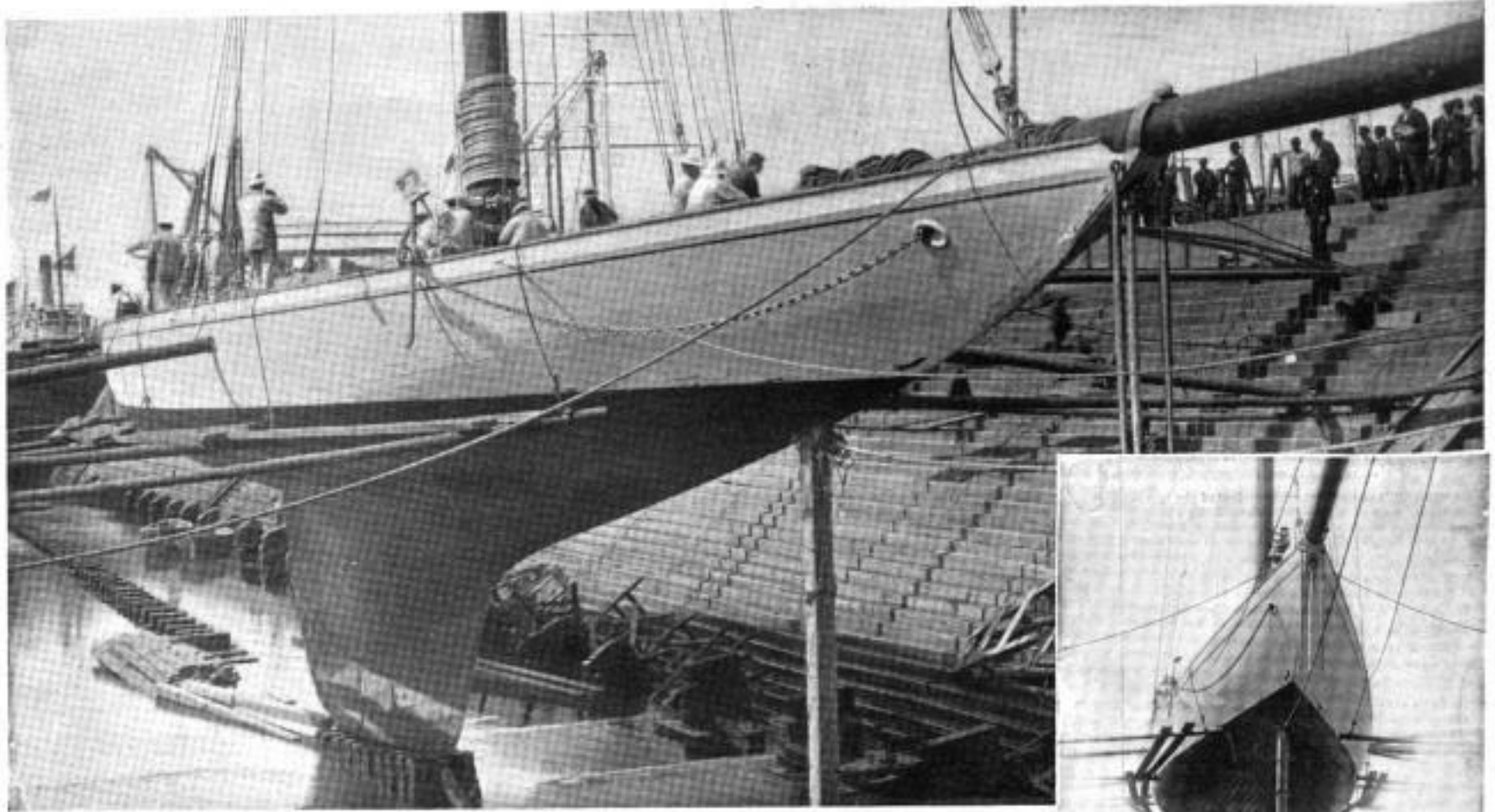


BOW VIEW OF THE "DEFENDER" IN THE DRY-DOCK. From photograph, copyrighted 1885, by C. E. Bolles.

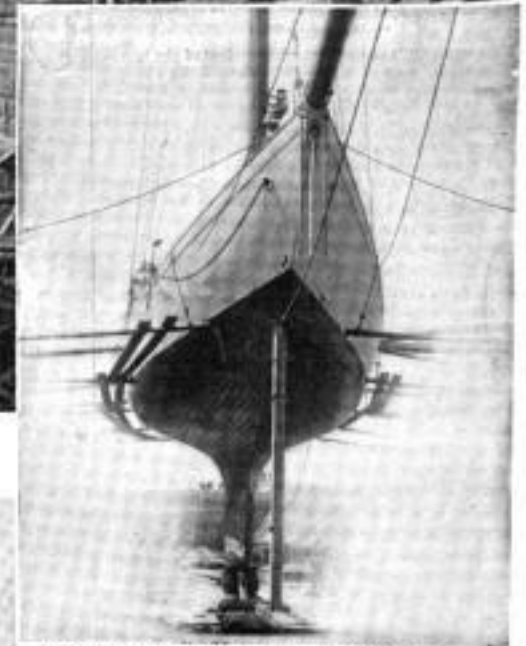


THE "DEFENDER" RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND IN HER TRIAL RACE WITH THE "COLONIA" IN NARRAGANSETT BAY.—Copyrighted photograph by C. E. Bolles.

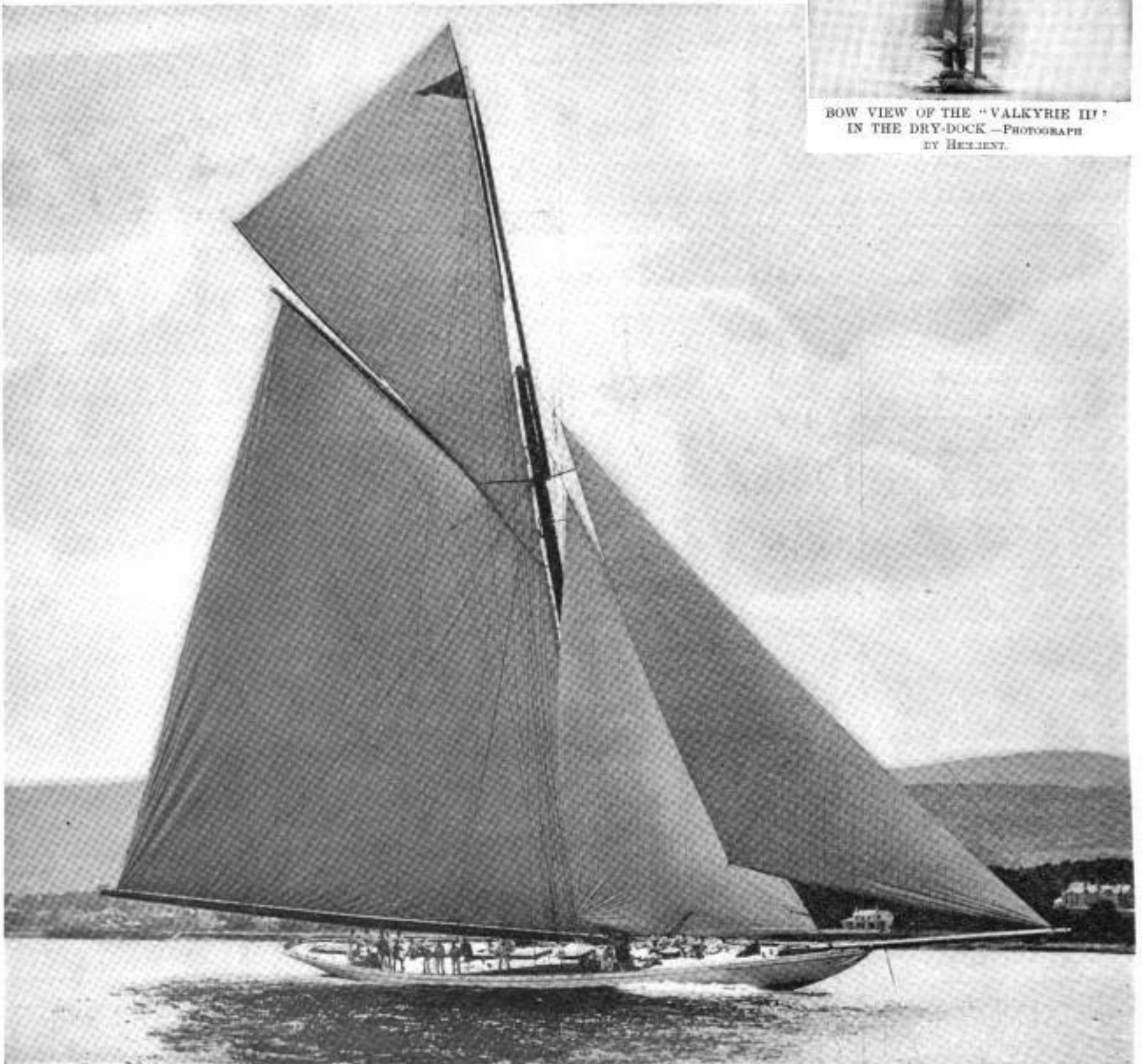




THE "VALKYRIE III." IN DRY-DOCK, SHOWING HER KEEL.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HEDDENT.



BOW VIEW OF THE "VALKYRIE III." IN THE DRY-DOCK.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HEDDENT.



THE "VALKYRIE III." AS SHE APPEARED IN HER CONTEST WITH THE "BRITANNIA" AND "AILSA."—PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS & CO., PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND



It leads the world of travel in all things—  
In comfort, safety, luxury, and speed;  
It introduces black signals, and all else  
Tending to give, with safety, quickest time;  
The vestibule, electric lighting, baths,  
Ladies' maids, barbers, stock reports, buffets,  
Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—  
In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited."  
It gives to all desiring privacy,  
Compartment cars equipped for excellence.  
It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines  
From North and East to South and West.  
Boats from New York to Chicago, St.  
Cincinnati, St. Louis, St.  
Others may emulate, but equal none,  
THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

G. A. R. NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The B. & O. R. Co. will sell extension tickets  
to Louisville and return at all ticket stations on its  
line east of the Ohio River, at rate of one cent per  
mile each way for the round trip, for all trains Sep-  
tember 7th to 10th, inclusive, valid for return journey  
until October 5th, inclusive. Tickets will also be  
placed on sale, via B. & O., at offices of all connect-  
ing lines. Stop-over will be allowed on the return  
trip.  
Veterans will bear in mind that all B. & O. trains  
run via Washington and Harper's Ferry.

"*Transit*," the great weekly review of the trans-  
portation interests of Great Britain, noticing a recent  
American publication entitled "Comfort in Travel,"  
which gives one a comprehensive idea of how they  
travel in America, "gives the following rate tribute to  
the magnificent service of American railways:  
"Certainly they outdo us in comfort and luxury,  
and the accounts of the sleeping- and dining-cars  
must create envy in the hearts of those who know  
what it is to travel all night seated upright in a jolting  
railway-carriage. Indeed, the trains on the Michigan  
Central are like colossal hotels on wheels, and the  
comfort of the passengers is a thing assured."

One of the rare refinements of modern travel is the  
dining car service on the Lehigh Valley  
Railroad, and another is the notable absence of smoke,  
dust or cinders on this popular line, hard anthracite  
coal being used exclusively in passenger locomotives.  
Solid constructed through trains are now run on this  
line between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago,  
via Niagara Falls.

### TEN DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL TRAVEL THROUGH THE SOUTH FOR FIFTY- FIVE DOLLARS.

Two early autumn tours, September 28th and Oc-  
tober 5th, under the Personally-conducted Tourist  
System of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; Gen-  
tlemen, Ladies, Boys, Girls, Buses, Mountain, Lanes, Caves,  
Basin City, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Groves  
of the Shenandoah, Richmond, Washington, and  
Mt. Vernon visited during the tour. Parlor car and  
hotel accommodations, guides, carriages, and all  
necessary expenses covered by the rate. A tourist  
agent, chaperon, and baggage master will accompany  
party. For detailed itineraries address Tourist Agent,  
Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York.

### TO AVOID

constipation is to prolong life. Ripens Tablets are  
gentle, yet positive in their cure of constipation. One  
tablet gives relief.

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, Dr. Siegel's  
Angerina Bitters will cure you.

### CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will  
commence June 1st, be known as Pier 11 instead  
of St. North River, foot of Murray Street.  
Double service (two boats each way daily) between  
New York and Fall River will be operated commencing  
June 17th.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of  
mothers for their children while teething, with perfect  
success. It soothes the child, softens the gums,  
allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best reme-  
dy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part  
of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Natural domestic champagnes are now very popu-  
lar. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting  
attention.

### Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering  
from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness  
from excess or excesses, will receive this medicine, I will  
send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure  
free of cost: no humbug, no deception. It is cheap,  
simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send  
you the correct prescription and you can buy the  
remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you  
choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree  
to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, Lock Box 601,  
Marshall, Michigan.

**TEUTONIC**



CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF  
**MALT & HOPS**  
FOR  
CONVALESCENTS, NURSING  
MOTHERS & THOSE SUFFERING  
FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA, etc.

TEUTONIC  
IS A DELICIOUS  
TASTY BEVERAGE

S. LUDMANN'S SONS  
BREMEN, CO.  
463 DEWEY ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

# THE SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL SKIN IS FOUND IN CUTICURA SOAP

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and  
American chemists in all the principal cities. Retail depots:  
F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward St., London. FORTES  
DAVIS AND CO., 100, St. Paul St., Boston, U. S. A.

95—  
TIMES IN 100  
(CONSTANTINE'S)  
Pine Tar Soap.  
(SERBIAN HEALING.)

IS PREFERRED OVER  
ALL OTHER PINE TAR  
SOAPS BY THE INTEL-  
LIGENT PURCHASER.

Resolve to purchase  
during 1895 only Con-  
stantine's if you wish  
the original and the  
purest soap of its kind  
for beautifying the  
skin. It is also a lux-  
ury for the bath. Try it.  
—DRUGGISTS—

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warehouses: 449-455 E. 94th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-  
found the Sohmer Pianos with one of a similarly  
sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

**TAMAR**  
A laxative, refreshing  
fruit lozenge,  
very agreeable to take, for  
Constipation,  
hemorrhoids, bile,  
loss of appetite, gastric  
and intestinal troubles and  
headache arising  
from them.

**INDIEN**  
**GRILLON**  
E. GRILLON,  
31 Rue des Archives, Paris  
Sold by all Druggists.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10  
to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

At the International Yacht  
Race our  
"Defender"  
will protect  
America's  
Cup, while  
Fibre  
Chamois  
will hold harmless  
against damage by the  
damp sea air our ladies'  
puffed sleeves and skirts.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS  
If you may get a cheap substitute that will require  
taking out after the dress is worn.  
See that what you buy is stamped with letters like this: **Fibre Chamois**

### JUDGMENTS.

An affectation is a blemish.  
"Set a beggar on horseback," for a rich man  
can afford a bicycle.  
"Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," but  
in these days I must fetch my chaperon.  
"A boy's will is the wind's will," but a boy's  
"won't" is for just as long as he can hold out  
against the powers.—Judge.

### PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

CUMSO—"George Washington is responsible  
for the damage to the wheat crop."  
Cusker—"I thought it was the Hessian fly  
which was doing the damage."  
Cumso—"It is; but Washington made the  
Hessian fly."—Judge.

## Pocket ... Kodak

\$5.00

Makes  
pictures

large enough to be good for contact  
printing and good enough to enlarge  
to any reasonable size.

Pocket Kodak, loaded for 12 pictures, 2 1/2 x 3 in., \$5.00  
Developing and Printing Quilt, 1.50

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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**SOZODONT**  
Have Been Sung for  
Over Half a Century



## "A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSE- FUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO



**Rae's Lucca Oil**  
The Perfection of Olive Oil  
Your physician will tell you that Olive  
Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most  
wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure  
and sweet, as is testified to by many  
awards whenever exhibited. Your diges-  
tion will not suffer if you use Rae's Oil.  
Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by  
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Established 1836. Leghorn, Italy.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC  
**VIN MARIANI**  
FORTIFIES  
NOURISHES  
STIMULATES  
REFRESHES  
Body and  
Brain  
Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.  
Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS  
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MARIANI & CO., 21 West 10th St., New York.

**BLOOD POISON**  
A SPECIALTY  
FROST'S  
BLOOD POISON  
cured in 15 to 20 days. You can be cured at  
home for same price as to send here we will  
send you a bottle of the medicine and a bottle of  
the ointment. If you fail to cure, if you have taken mer-  
cury, iodine, potash, and still have skin and  
pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat,  
Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Eruptions on  
any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling  
out, it is this Secondary Blood Poison. We  
guarantee to cure. We send the most cele-  
brate cases and challenge the world for a  
case we cannot cure. This disease has been  
baffled the skill of the most eminent physi-  
cians. \$500,000 capital behind our medi-  
cine. Absolute proof and satisfaction  
guaranteed. Address: C. O. R. REEDY, CO.,  
407 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.



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9 Hours from New York  
5 Hours from Albany  
8 Hours from Niagara Falls  
7 Hours from Buffalo

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**A Quick Line,**  
**A Through Line,**  
**A Popular Line**  
to All Points in  
New York State.

**THE MODERN  
WEST-SHORE  
RAILROAD**  
ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS.  
FIVE FAST TRAINS TO THE  
WEST.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 5:30 P. M. and arrives there early next morning.



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TEA  
COMPANY**  
**LADIES!!**  
Do you like a cup of Good Tea? If so send this "Ad" and 10c. to us and we will mail you a 14-oz. sample box of Tea Imported. Ask kind you may prefer. Good Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Spices.  
Send 7c. terms. (Mexico—Eastern Weekly)  
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,  
P. O. Box 28,  
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**Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills.**  
A remedy that has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Liver? Have you a heavy, oppressive feeling of the face, especially under the eyes? No matter what the cause, we know Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. They impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the whole system, and make a new man of you. Mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents per box.  
WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.  
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**\$85 AND \$100 {AND WORTH} {EVERY CENT.}**

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Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts., Chicago, Ill.

**EASTERN BRANCH:**  
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**FACIAL BLEMISHES.**  
Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of ACNE, SCALP, AND NEURAS. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 28 St., N. Y. City. Inventor of Woodbury's FACIAL SOAP. Send for sample and 100-page book on Dermatology.

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Poultry, Sporting Dogs.** Send stamps for catalogues. R. P. BOYER & CO., Conestoga, Pa.

**SEARCH-LIGHT**  
The only perfect  
**Bicycle Lantern,**  
burns kerosene ten hours;  
central draft; flame adjustable.  
R. P. SEARLE says:  
"I was only able to make the speed of 15 miles an hour in the dark because I used your lamp, which I consider the best in the world today."  
Sold by A. G. SPALDING & BROS., and all fine cycle dealers, or delivered by mfrs. Price \$5.  
**BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.,** Bridgeport, Conn.  
Or, 19 Murray St., New York City.

### THE CHILD'S PARADISE.

**LITTLE DOROTHY**—"Grandma's is the nicest place! You don't have to mind a thing that is said to you."—Judge.

### NO DANGER AT ALL.

**MOTHER**—"Emeline, you kissed that young man last night?"  
**Emeline**—"Yes, mamma."

**Mother**—"Don't you know that that is wrong?"

**Emeline**—"Oh, pshaw, mamma! I applied an antiseptic immediately."—Judge.

### CHILD'S COMPOSITION ON NAMES.

If it were not for names they would call you calf, or something of that sort. If you ain't christened you can't have any name. Nick-names are when you have a name and don't like it and get called something else. Slippers is a nickname for shoes.—Judge.

### A UNIVERSAL FAILING.

**FRIEND**—"Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations. Does he write for money?"  
**Father** (feelingly)—"Unceasingly."—Judge.

Even the worm will turn. We are told of a society of young men the members of which pledge themselves to marry no young woman who chews state-pencils or plays the piano.—Judge.

A SPECIALIST says baldness occurs from having the hair cut too frequently. We know some men who do not have their hair cut at all, and there isn't a hair to their blessed heads.—Judge.

### LEGAL NOTICES.

**ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the 1st day of August, 1906, and continuing for nine (9) days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the following assessments:**

**TWELFTH WARD**—1906A, 1906B, 1906C, and 1906D Sts., opening and acquiring title to, from the present easterly terminus of each of the aforesaid streets, to the westerly line of Edgecombe Road.  
ASHEB, P. FITCH, Comptroller.  
City of New York, Finance Department.  
Comptroller's Office, August 2d, 1906.

**ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the 5th day of August, 1906, and continuing for nine (9) days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the following assessments:**

**TWENTY-FOURTH WARD**—Reinhardt Ave., opening, from Southern Boulevard to Modesto Parkway.  
ASHEB, P. FITCH, Comptroller.  
City of New York, Finance Department.  
Comptroller's Office, August 7th, 1906.

**ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE City Record, commencing on the 17th day of August, 1906, and continuing for nine (9) days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the following assessments:**

**TWENTY-THIRD WARD**—Sherman Ave., opening, from East 161st St. to East 164th St.; East 164th St., opening, from Elder Ave. to Southern Boulevard.  
ASHEB, P. FITCH, Comptroller.  
City of New York, Finance Department.  
Comptroller's Office, August 21st, 1906.

**NOTICE**—Estimates for Medical Baths, Bellevue Hospital, will be received by the Department of Public Charities and Corrections until ten o'clock A. M., September 2d, 1906.  
For full particulars see City Record.  
G. F. BURTON, Secretary.

**\$1000 & UPWARDS** easily made with small capital by safe method of systematic speculation in gold, silver and bull (particulars free). Nat'l. Bank References. PATTERSON & CO., 412 Omaha Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.



## NESTLÉ'S FOOD

There is a food for babies which does not require the addition of cow's milk—a food possessing especial value in hot weather—a food which saves thousands of lives from Cholera Infantum every year. It requires the addition of water only in preparation. It is Nestlé's Food.

A sample can of Nestlé's Food will be sent on application.  
THOS. LEEMING & CO.,  
Sole Agents,  
73 Warren St., New York.

The New York Weekly Recorder, largest and best family newspaper, will be sent from now until after election, November, 1906, for only \$1. Keep posted from start to finish. The Weekly Recorder has all the news and exposes every deserving cause, whether Republican or Democratic be the drivers. Special Department for Women, edited and illustrated by women, containing latest New York and Paris fashions, perfect copies of famous oil paintings, size 10 1/2 by 16 1/2 inches, will be presented FREE to all who accept this offer.

**ONLY \$1** From now until after  
**Election, Nov., 1896.**



**PRINTED IN COLORS.**

**Look Out For It. Price, 10 Cents.**  
For sale on all Trains and by all Book and Newsdealers.

## The Automatic Reel

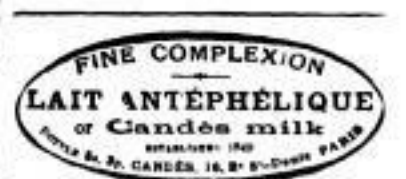
**THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT**  
It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will move more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.  
The Little Finger Does It.  
NEW FOR CATALOGUE  
YAWMAN & ERBE,  
Rochester, N.Y.

## DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

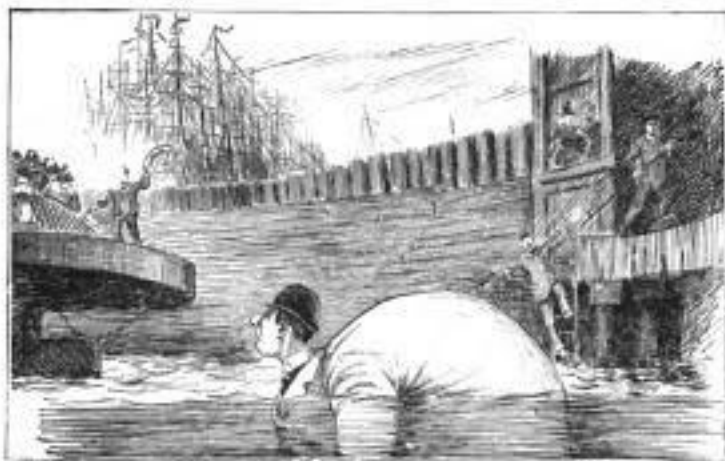


**FOR MEDICINAL USE.**  
**No Fusel Oil.**  
Kills the myriad germs that float in the summer air and lurk in impure water. Will rally the forces of the body after exhaustion from work under the pitiless sun. A tried and true defender of the family.

**DON'T WAIT TO BE SICK**  
**AND OLD SOL CAN'T HURT YOU.**  
The ill in hot weather will not afflict anybody who checks the first weakness with this pure medicinal stimulant. Your neighbors will tell you so.  
Book with pictures sent by  
**DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO.,**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.







RECOMMENDED FOR SUMMER YACHTING.

ALGERNON GILROY (who has missed his boat, with his new full-back London top-coat on, somewhat impatiently to deck-hand)—“Don't hit me with that life-preserver; I'm all right!”

## After The Play

or, in fact, anywhere, at any hour, one can make delicious Bouillon from

**Armour's**  
Extract of BEEF

Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. It's the master of a moment.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

EARL & WILSON'S.  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
“ARE THE BEST”  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**VAN BIBBER**  
CIGARETTES  
OR  
LITTLE  
CIGARS.  
ALL IMPORTED  
TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.  
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10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.  
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

## Allcock's Corn Shields, Allcock's Bunion Shields,

Have no equal as a relief and cure for corns and bunions.

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*The World's Greatest Cataract*

*“As wonderful in Winter  
as it is in Summer.”*



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A fall with nothing worse than mud stains is not serious; Ivory Soap will remove troublesome spots and restore the original freshness to a good piece of cloth.

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(TRADE-MARK)

More efficacious than any liniment, embrocation, or extract.

Especially useful in Summer for insect bites, sunburn, and skin irritation.

Of marvelous potency in colds, bruises, chafings, stiff or sore muscles.

A positive cure for piles.

Heals wounds and old sores when everything else fails.

## Hits the Mark

EVERY TIME.

Two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. At druggists', or by mail.

THE BRANDRETH CO., 274 Canal St., New York.



You See Them  
Everywhere

## Satisfaction and Speed in Columbia Bicycles

The famous Hartford Single-Tube Tires with which Columbia Bicycles are equipped add much to the pleasure Columbia riders have in bicycling. Even the dreaded puncture loses its terrors with Hartford Single-Tubes. Repaired in a minute. Anyone can do it. Dunlop tires, best of double tubes, if you prefer.

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The Finest  
CHAMPAGNE  
In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

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BICYCLES

are ridden by the better class of bicyclists, people who are either well posted on wheel affairs or were prompted by the world-wide popularity of the RAMBLER, and the sterling worth of its guarantee, to pay the price . . .

“AND RUN NO RISK”

Catalogue free at any of the 1,200 Rambler agencies, or by addressing the GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., Chicago, Boston, New York, Washington, Brooklyn, Detroit, Coventry, Eng.

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Manufacturer's Sample Pieces

Fine Swiss, Nainsook, and Cambric

EMBROIDERIES,

33 1/2 per cent. Under Regular Prices.

Broadway & 19th St.  
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The Largest Manufacturers of  
PURE, HIGH GRADE  
COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received  
HIGHEST AWARDS

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Industrial and Food  
EXPOSITIONS  
IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.



Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, Dorchester, Mass., is printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

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## ILLUSTRATED

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A YACHTING PARTY: THE POPULAR FAD OF THE HOUR.—DRAWN BY L. L. ROUSH.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## New York's Object-Lesson.



LEAVING aside altogether the question as to whether the Sunday features of the excise law are or are not unduly rigid, one thing has certainly been settled by the policy of our police commissioners, and that is that the law can be enforced, even in our polyglot community. Not enforced absolutely in the sense that some individuals cannot evade it by a resort to artifice and conspiracy, but so enforced as to practically secure the ends for which it was enacted.

Comparatively speaking, the enforcement of this particular law is as effectual, considering the magnitude of the interests involved, the multitude of persons it affects, and the appetites and passions it encounters, as that of any other law upon the statute-book.

If the maintenance of law, as the embodiment of the popular will, is essential to the public and individual safety; if the sovereignty of the State, incarnated in statute, is in the last resort the supreme buttress against anarchy and misrule, then the fact here demonstrated in the metropolis of the nation, that the laws can be enforced and the authority of the State vindicated against assault whenever an honest effort is made to enforce them, is of the very highest importance and value. It affords a conspicuous object-lesson to the entire country of the ability of the constituted authorities to deal with the most serious and dangerous forms of lawlessness and vice. It must be remembered that the excise law has to do with the appetites of men, inborn and acquired; it lays restraint upon personal and organized greed; it touches intimately the classes who construe liberty to mean license; it contravenes prejudices and opinions which, in some cases, are honestly entertained by citizens who have no sympathy with lawlessness, and the effort to enforce it consolidates in opposition influences and forces stronger and more resolute than are found in organized resistance to any other law. It is to be remembered, too, that for years the law has been practically ignored, no real attempt having been made to enforce its provisions, and that as a result of this neglect on the part of the authorities, and the open and defiant hostility of interested classes, the difficulty of its execution had been greatly increased, if, indeed, the possibility of compelling a decent observance of Sunday had not come to be matter of almost universal doubt. And yet, in face of all these facts and conditions, it has been and is being enforced. As the result of a conscientious, well-directed, persistent effort it is demonstrated conclusively that the State is stronger than the saloon, and stronger than any and all cabals of partisan mercenaries in alliance with it; that, moreover, it is a pure fallacy to assume that law, as such and because it is the law, cannot be made actually effective as against any form of opposition whatever.

There is not a city in the Union where the result which has been achieved here cannot be duplicated if the executive authorities will employ, honestly and positively, the resources at their command in the interest of law and order. The dominance of the lawless elements in Chicago and other leading cities in recent years has been largely due to the inactivity and indifference of the public officials, who have excused their failure to perform their duty by the pretense that public opinion could not be relied upon to support them in any attempt to enforce certain laws—that, in other words, the saloon, the gambling-hell and brothel counted for more than the conscience and law-abiding spirit of the people. It needed the bombs of the Hay-market massacre to awaken the people and authorities of Chicago to even a dim perception of the necessity, let to say the possibility, of enforcing the law against the murderous anarchists who were plotting against the public peace. There are a dozen populous Western cities in which the Sunday law, so-called, is habitually violated with impunity, the day being characterized by lawlessness, disorder, and debauchery, in defiance of the best public sentiment, solely because of official indolence or cowardice. At this hour the State of Kansas, once dominated in all its affairs by the highest civic spirit, is torn over the question of the enforcement of the prohibitory law—some of the municipalities presenting the spectacle of open defiance of its requirements, while others, cowering before the braves of the slums, make no attempt at all to maintain it. The break-down of authority is not confined, by any means, to one class of offenses. Men debauch the ballot, corrupt Legislatures, attack property and business by strikes and combines, rob institutions, States and cities, perpetrate all

sorts of social and political enormities, and the law remains a dead letter as to all these offenses because timid, half-hearted, flabby officials either choose to regard it as incapable of enforcement, or are unwilling, for some other reason, to make an attempt in that direction.

To all officials of this class, and to the feeble-hearted folk of every community who have lost faith in the potency of law, the city of New York offers in evidence the work of her police authorities as illustrating the competency of law to do its work, fully and effectively, whenever the power inhering in it is actively asserted. In the face of what has been accomplished here no American community can excuse itself for acquiescence in the domination of the seditious classes. The popularity or unpopularity of a given statute cannot and does not affect the duty of the executive or the obligation of citizens concerning it. So long as it stands it is equally the duty of the one to enforce and of the other to obey and respect it. And if our institutions are to be preserved in their integrity, and we are to become a determining factor in the life and civilization of the future, we must settle down to this deliberate conviction as to the supremacy of law in all its wide relations and the duty of the public administration and of every individual citizen to uphold and maintain it.

## Reform in Census Methods.

WE are glad to see that our suggestions in reference to the establishment of a permanent census bureau are arousing public attention and finding cordial response from many influential men. Among others who have written us on the subject is Mr. J. M. Eddy, of San Francisco, who some years ago made a similar suggestion as to the desirability of a permanent census to Mr. Carroll D. Wright in connection with the Blair Educational bill then pending in Congress. Mr. Eddy's suggestion, however, was not only for a permanent bureau, but for a more frequent census, to be taken through the medium of the public schools. His argument in favor of this plan is that the school district is practically uniform as a political division in every State; that the teacher in such district, being selected with reference to competency and without regard to partisanship, and being thoroughly acquainted and familiar with all local interests and conditions, is peculiarly qualified to make a yearly census and to keep a local record of all information available, both for purposes of consultation and comparison; and that the work can be done without additional cost to the State (except in the larger cities) if the law requires it as a part of the teacher's duties. He maintains further that the national government could afford to pay most liberally for an accurate census available any year of the decade. The suggestion here made is certainly worthy of consideration. The present manner of taking the census nullifies, as we have before said, most of the benefits expected from the use of the statistics, because of the delay in making them available. This is especially true as to the States of the West which are developing so rapidly that what is true of them this year may be entirely false next year. It is a fact worthy of note that commercial organizations, improvement clubs, and local communities are annually expending thousands, if not millions, of dollars to provide themselves quickly with the very information that the national census is supposed to provide, but which it is so slow in tabulating and publishing that its usefulness is destroyed. While all communities find that data concerning their own population and industries are useful, the highest utility is obtained only when a comparison can be made with equally reliable data respecting other communities.

Mr. Eddy says truly that "An ideal census in this age is one where the information to be collated is a matter of daily record and always available for government use any day it may be advisable to have the information transmitted to the department. Such conditions might be brought about by adopting the suggestions made herein."

## The Forestry Problem.



NE of the serious questions pressing for a solution is how to prevent private greed, in the handling of our trees and forests, from working irreparable public detriment. The fact that the White Mountains have been shorn of their beauty in so many rare places by the lumbermen led the New Hampshire Legislature, not long ago, to appoint a commission to act in the matter, and to provide some means, if possible, to prevent their further despoilment.

It seems that this State foolishly sold off, for a pitiful sum, the last of its timbered area nearly thirty years ago, so that it has to face the unpleasant fact that the charms of its scenery are left to the cold mercy of the mingled ownership of private estates. The only method left to save the forests being moral suasion and an appeal to better methods of forestry, the State commission is employing these in every community where the trees are perilously threatened. We understand, also, that private individuals have circulated printed tracts designed to show the ultimate folly of reckless tree destruction, not without some effect. Not long ago a romantic story was told of the sturdy efforts in this direction of one woman who, without much

means, managed to save a very considerable tract of picturesque New Hampshire woodland, by slowly, and by piecemeal, as it were, obtaining possession of it.

It is the fact, not denied, that the practice of cutting down only trees of mature growth, or of a certain specified height and diameter, and then planting all the vacant acres which do not respond themselves to a new growth, is the one that is the most profitable in the end. And it is this fact which the commission is now going about to enforce.

It is said that some of the various pulp-mills follow this plan, while others do not, but strive simply to see how quickly they can make the mountains naked, and the Merrimac and Saco rivers run drier. A marked diminution of these streams, the sources of large water-power as well as of other usefulness, is sure to come if the reckless cutting of the forests should be continued.

New Hampshire is half forest, and will be able, no doubt, to save this graceful and profitable adornment. But Michigan, Wisconsin, and the Pacific slope, and our own Adirondacks, need this New Hampshire propaganda, too. And there is one thing that even State laws might do. The practice so universally prevailing among lumbermen of leaving the chips, branches, and debris of their work behind them as they pass on to further devastations should be at once stopped. Millions of dollars' worth of property have been destroyed by the fires resulting therefrom, and tragical scenes of loss of life and home have followed.

## The Care of Needy Gentlewomen.



VERY one who has touched, even in the most dilettante way, upon philanthropic work, must have been confronted with one great problem—what to do with the great body of destitute women who belong by right of birth and education to the upper classes.

Every one knows some decayed gentlewoman, old and decrepit, or merely and hopelessly incompetent, whose support is a necessity and too often a burden upon unsympathetic friends. For the woman past middle life there is assumed to be a safe and happy haven in one of the numerous old ladies' homes; for the younger but equally helpless one there is absolutely nothing. Unless suffering from acute disease, she is no "case" for a hospital; the woman who is merely "delicate," whose constitution is broken down and whose nerves are shattered from trouble or over strain, who is physically incapable of steady work or any sustained effort, has, in point of fact, no choice between private charity and the poor-house.

The ideal charity is that given privately and personally, and it can be made sweet to receive, as well as most blessed to give. But where this is impossible, is there nothing better, more humane, more kindly, than the chilly philanthropy of the county poor-house or the old ladies' home? Human nature objects to being treated in the lump; the strongest human instinct and the last to die is that of individuality—the right of one's selfhood—as jealously, if unconsciously, hugged fast by the battered pauper in the streets, as by the "daughter of a hundred earls." "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," and for many a sensitive and gently-reared woman, old or young, it is far easier to struggle day by day through a losing battle with starvation, independent and alone, than to sink into the hopeless swamp of pauperism; to be herded with others like a flock of sheep, without distinction, without privacy, crushed to a common dead-level by rules and restrictions, and counted as one more "case" in a hundred for a board of managers to feed and handle.

The old almshouses in England, survivors of the Middle Ages, deal more kindly with their occupants. There, in the picturesque row of quaint, semi-detached cottages, all thatch and gables and leaded window-panes, each old woman is mistress of her own fireside. She may cook her own little dinner, and brew her own comforting cup of tea in her own bit of grandmother's china, and she may bolt the door on her solitude and be happy or miserable, sociable or misanthropic, in her own way. Is such a system impossible in America? Cannot the restless energy of the *fo de siècle*, boiling over into almost every channel provided between heaven and earth for the outflow of human vitality, turn and grapple with this problem—the problem of how best to change a cold, cold, unloving system of organized charity into one that shall recognize the individuality and reach the sympathies and preserve inviolate the self-respect of the recipient?

Some dreamers have had Utopian visions of a home where gentlewomen—old and middle-aged and semi-invalided—could find shelter, under one roof, indeed, but not necessarily together; a home like a great apartment-house, conducted on the same lines, and insuring to every lady who entered it the same privacy and seclusion, subject to the same governing rules, that she would find in any well-regulated New York flat. The number of women thus accommodated would necessarily be limited, but for a larger proportion there should be provision in the form of a quarterly stipend, varying perhaps with the needs of the beneficiary, and paid with few or no conditions, thereby leaving her free to arrange her manner of life as she



pleased. Surely there should be men and women in New York able and ready to associate together in endowing such a fund, solely for the help of women of their own class, once, perhaps, standing on their own level of prosperity.

### The Conditions of Child-life.

THE multiplication of organized agencies for the improvement of the conditions of child-life is one of the marked features of our modern social development. It is not too much to say that within a quarter of a century the relation of society toward the children of the poor, the victims of cruelty and neglect, has been radically revolutionized, so that now, instead of indifference more or less complete, we have manifested everywhere the keenest interest and solicitude as to the condition of this unfortunate class. Here, for instance, is the fresh-air work of the *Tribune*, in aid of which contributions, indicating the wide popular interest felt in it, come from all parts of the Union, and even from foreign lands. Only the other day a gift of two hundred dollars was received from far Australia, and offerings are not infrequent from other countries equally remote. It must not be forgotten that every work of this character is a double beneficence, in that while it benefits its objects it blesses also those whose sympathy makes it possible. Think how it has awakened and stimulated the benevolent impulses of multitudes of children all over the country who, in helping to brighten the lives of others, have themselves been broadened and enriched in motive and aspiration. There is nothing more beautiful—nothing that illustrates more effectively the feeling of human kinship—than the spectacle of thousands of children, of every sort and condition except the lowest and poorest, conspiring to promote, in all kindly childish ways, this fresh-air beneficence.



THE coming Atlanta exposition will have at least one novel feature. The managers have set apart a building which is to be devoted to an exhibition of the progress, educational and industrial, which has been made by the negro since his emancipation. The more intelligent blacks of the South have taken up the matter with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm, and it is already evident that their exhibit will be one of the most interesting and valuable of the exposition. It speaks well for the managers that they recognize the progress which the blacks are making, and are disposed to afford them an opportunity to show to all the world the results of their growing enlightenment and activity in education and the various industries with which they are identified.

THE recent conviction and imprisonment of a prominent Mexican official and society man who had killed an antagonist in a duel marks a great advance in the popular sentiment of that country as to this particular method of avenging real or imaginary injuries. The time is not very remote when the conviction of a duelist by any ordinary jury would, if it had been possible at all, have provoked almost universal protest. Now it appears that public opinion actually demanded the punishment of the survivor of the fight, and the court not only sentenced him to three years at hard labor, but required him to pay the funeral expenses of his victim, and also to pay the widow the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars annually for a period of eighteen years. The effect of this conspicuous vindication of the sacredness of human life, in obedience to an overwhelming public sentiment, cannot be otherwise than most salutary in holding in check the more violent classes of Mexican society.

WHILE this year's wheat crop is small, the corn crop promises to be the largest in the history of the country. Estimates of the Agricultural Department place it at 2,500,000,000 bushels. At the present market price this will yield a total sum of \$768,000,000. If the price shall reach the average for the last six years the farmers of the country will receive for this year's crop the sum of \$943,000,000, exclusive of the value of the stalks used for fodder, which, at the lowest rate commanded in recent years, would amount to some \$250,000,000. The largest yield in any previous year was 2,200,000,000 bushels in 1889. The reports from the Danube show that an immense crop is also expected there. Experts give it as their opinion that prices will not be lower than those of last season, while conditions may arise which will assure an advance. In any event, the Populist calamity-howlers will not find much encouragement for a prosecution of the pessimistic propaganda in which they have found so much satisfaction.

THE recent election of Mr. Edward E. Poor as president of the National Park Bank of this city is an event upon which the friends of that institution may well felicitate themselves. It assures an unbroken continuance in the line of exceptionally able presidents who have from the first directed its affairs. Mr. Poor, who is a native of Boston, and in the prime of life, has been identified with the business interests of New York since 1864, when he

engaged in mercantile pursuits, a year later connecting himself with the house of which he has been for eighteen years the senior partner. The firm known as Denny, Poor & Co. is one of the leading commission houses of their line, representing large manufacturing corporations, and has houses in both Boston and Chicago. Mr. Poor became a director of the National Park Bank in 1888, and in 1893 was elected one of the vice-presidents. He has been a member of the Union League Club since 1870, a member of the Chamber of Commerce since 1872, is a life-member of the New England Society, and a member of the Merchants' and Manhattan Clubs. He is in every respect admirably equipped for the duties of the position to which he has now been advanced.

IT is said authoritatively that there are fifty thousand children in this city between the ages of six and eighteen years who are unable to find accommodation in our public schools. That is a very grave and startling statement, and it is not surprising that it is provoking alarm and anxiety among thoughtful citizens. It reveals a condition of affairs which is full of menace to the social order. It accounts, too, in a measure, for the dominance which the evil forces have acquired in our civic life. With thousands of children growing up in ignorance and vice, and coming to the exercise of the responsibilities of citizenship without any real equipment for their intelligent discharge, what wonder is it that good government has been difficult, and that demagogues and mercenaries of every sort have preyed upon the community? Illiteracy is always and everywhere a source of peril to popular institutions, and if this metropolis is to become the influential factor it ought to be in the national life it must make adequate provision at once for the education of every child within its limits. The erection of seven new school-houses, as now proposed by the board of education, will be a step in the right direction, but it is only a step. We must meet all the demands of the emergency, however great may be the expenditure involved. It will be infinitely cheaper to do this than to postpone the performance of an obvious duty and bear the consequences our neglect will entail.

### Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE daily dangers and vicissitudes of pioneer life have but little meaning for the generation of to-day, brought up as it has been in most instances thousands of miles from the frontiers, and with neither knowledge nor inclination to know of the perils and hardships that beset the out-runners of civilization at every hand. The recent trouble with the Bannocks in Wyoming served to jog the sensibilities considerably of those among us who think that an Indian is a vague and mythical creature, confined mostly on mental reservations, and picturesquely harmless. Not to enter into the discussion concerning the merits of the dispute between the whites and reds, which, as far as I know, has but one side—that of the Indians—it was certainly a pitiable sight, and a brave one, too, to see the women and children of the settlers huddled together in the rudely-barricaded houses, while the men, sternly awaiting whatever event might befall, guarded without, behind hastily thrown together defenses. I saw this not a month ago, and had to rub my eyes and pinch myself to be convinced of its reality. Not six days from New York, and the whole population of the country on the alert defensive against the legendary Indian! Curiously enough, I ran across, in the archives of Pennsylvania, the other day, an appeal from one Adam Hoops to Governor Morris, of Pennsylvania, dated in 1733, that, allowing for slight peculiarities of spelling, might pass for a petition of to-day to the Governor of Wyoming. I give it because it shows interestingly that the conditions of a hundred and forty years ago were somewhat analogous to those of to-day, although the scene of struggle has been gradually shifted farther and farther West, till now it is almost beyond the Rockies, and to-morrow—during the lives of the oldest of us—it will cease altogether, but only with the extinction of the weaker race. This is the letter:

"May it please your Honor,

"I have sent in Closed, is 2 qualifications of which is Patrick Burns, who is the owner, and a tumbak, which was found striking in the breast of one David McKellan. The people of the path valley is all clothed unto a small foot, and the last account was safe. The great Cove and Kennelways is all burned to Ashes, and about 50 persons killed or taken, there is numbers of the inhabitants of this County have moved there families, Sum to York County, and Sum to Maryland: Hans Hamilton, Esq. is now at John McDowell's mill with upwards of 300 men and about 200 from this county. . . . We are informed by a Delaware Indian, which lives a moughts us, on the same day the Murder was committed, he seen four hundred Indians in the Cove, and we have Sum reason to believe the are a bent there yet. . . . I am your Honor's  
"Most Humbly Servt,  
AND. HOOPE."

It has become commonplace to comment on the versatility and many-sidedness of Andrew Lang, but the varied accomplishments of Brander Matthews among ourselves seem hardly to have been realized. Our mental focus is probably better adjusted on Lang, he being a foreigner and Matthews but an American—an American, however, who not only takes a pure pride in that mere fact, but who grows almost truculent over the claims of any other nationality to intellectual precedence. We have all read his bibliographical papers on British "as it is spoke," and

many of us have seen his amusing comedies; few, however, have sat under him as professor of English literature at Columbia—I mean few except the youngsters—and not very many, comparatively, have heard his charming and humorous addresses as president of the Nineteenth Century Club—from which position he has recently withdrawn. Not long ago he won second prize in competition for a best detective story, and his essays, reviews, stories, and verses are known to all magazine readers. Besides the time given to his routine work at the university and the demands of his general literary work—which, from the output, must be enormous—he showed me not long ago an immense amount of material which he had collected for a life of Molière. We could spare some of his other work for the pleasure of seeing it completed.

Vituperation and ridicule have been of no avail; the sixth number of the *Yellow Book* has made its—to me—very welcome appearance. But an ominous danger threatens; worse than vilipendence, worse than caricature—cruel neglect. There seems to be a conspiracy of silence concerning it among the papers, and if it succeeds the *Yellow Book* is doomed. Things must be talked about to be successful. The present number deserves no more to be ignored than the former ones deserved to be gilded at. On the contrary, it gets distinction from the very admirable story by Henry James, and gives a great deal of pleasure by the various essays, bits of verse, and several excellent pictures which it offers. Hearshley is missed more than ever; for the first time he is absent from the covers, and there is no trace of him between them. As he is the art-editor, he is himself to blame, and the only one, besides, who can make good the loss.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



MADAME MARCHESI has trained prima-donnas for the lyric stage for forty years, and what she says on matters of vocal culture is law. It is refreshing to hear her statement that the elaborate rules of diet for singers on which many teachers lay stress are humbug. "If a girl has not learned by the time she comes to me what food suits her she never will," says Madame Marchesi. This famous teacher, now a fine-looking woman a few years past sixty, trained Melba, Calvé, Eames, Sighy Sanderson and other artistes of almost equally great fame. She gained celebrity as a concert singer in 1850, and a few years later married the Marquis de Castrone, an Italian political refugee. She was long a friend of the Abbé Liszt.

Although Max Nordau is several years under fifty, his hair and beard are perfectly white. He is a hearty, genial man, with no trace in his private life of his professional pessimism. Reading was his only boyish amusement, for his father, a Jewish rabbi, was poor, but possessed of a full library. He began to write when only fourteen years old, and at sixteen he was earning twelve dollars a month from literary work. Dr. Nordau neither smokes nor drinks spirituous liquors, and he takes but little interest in society or the theatre. He recently told an interviewer that the few hours he spends at his writing-table every evening are the one pleasure of his life.

The rise in prominence of the Gully family, the grandson of the founder of which is speaker of the British House of Commons, illustrates the possibilities of democracy even in a kingdom. The grandfather, John Gully, was a butcher who, on losing his trade, became a prize-fighter, then a book-maker, and finally left the turf with a fortune. He was elected to Parliament in 1832, at the age of forty-nine. His son became a celebrated physician, and his grandson was a successful lawyer before he entered politics. The speaker's salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and after retirement he has a pension for life of twenty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Kate Chapin, whose tales of the people of the Louisiana bayous have given her high rank as a writer of short stories, lives in St. Louis, where she was famous for her beauty before she gained equal fame from her pen. She is still a handsome woman, though now the mother of six children. She is a cradle by birth, and her husband was a Louisiana planter. It may be of interest to ambitious young authors of the gentler sex to know that Mrs. Chapin writes on an old cutting-board held in her lap.

Rose Hartwich Thorpe, who wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," lives in San Diego County, in California, nowadays. She was a Michigan school-girl sixteen years old when she literally "dashed off" her famous recitational poem, writing it down on a slate as fast as her pencil could go. This was in 1867, and the verses were printed three years later in a Detroit newspaper. Hillsdale College, in Michigan, gave her the degree of M. A. in 1883.

The spot chosen by Sarah Bernhardt for her summer home is an old and dismantled fort at Belle Isle, off the coast of Brittany. She purchased it for an insignificant price, had it partially refitted for occupancy, and with but one or two servants to attend her she makes it a temporary hermitage. It is the very acme of solitude.





MOUNT ADAMS, LOOKING NORTH FROM TROUT LAKE, SIXTEEN MILES DISTANT.



ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ADAMS—LOOKING OVER THE BRINK OF A SNOW PRECIPICE.



ASCENDING MOUNT ADAMS—THE SUMMIT IN SIGHT.



COASTING DOWN MOUNT ADAMS.

## MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING AND SIGNALING BY HELIOGRAPH.

FROM the international line between the United States and Canada almost to the border of Mexico, the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges of mountains are sentinelled by huge volcanic peaks, crowned by eternal snow and seamed and gashed by ridges of lava and mighty cañons, and streaked with rivers of glacial ice. These mountains are from thirty to one hundred miles apart, and form a connected line of signal-stations for more than a thousand miles. Nowhere else in the world is found such a chain of volcanic peaks, averaging more than two miles in height, as is constituted by Baker, Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Diamond, Pitt, Shasta, Lassen, Lola, Round Top, Conness, and Whitney, and consequently nowhere else would have been conceived the herculean undertaking of converting each of these peaks into a heliographic signal-station, and transmitting a message by sun-flashes from one end to the other. Such was the plan outlined by the Mazamas, a mountain-climbing club of Oregon, a few months ago, and recently partially carried out.

After a vain effort to induce persons in California to look after the portion of the line in that State, the society selected six peaks in Oregon and Washington, three in each, and confined their efforts to an attempt to send a message across the two States, from Baker on the north to Diamond on the south. The highest of these is Rainier, 14,444 feet, and the lowest Diamond, 9,500 feet. The extreme distance is about four hundred miles. The time selected was at noon, July 10th, at which hour the various parties were to make their appearance upon the summits of their respective mountains with their heliograph instruments. It is easily to be seen that this was the most difficult portion of the feat. The mountains are all remote from lines of travel, and crown the summit ridge of the range, surrounded by miles of dense forests, steep hills, and deep cañons. The parties detailed to Rainier, Adams, Hood, and Jefferson reached the summits in good season. The Baker party returned baffled after five days of floundering in the dense forests and rugged cañons that hem that mountain in, and the party that plunged into the almost unknown wilderness about Diamond Peak has not even been heard from. Messages were interchanged between Adams and Hood, sixty miles apart, but the dense smoke that had been blown in for two days by a strong east wind soon cut them off, and at the same time prevented communication with the other mountains. Had it not been for this unfavorable and unusual atmospheric condition messages would have gone from Rainier to Adams, Hood and Jefferson, and perhaps Diamond; for the instruments were all in place and the operators skilled in the use of them.

The main body of the Mazamas went to Adams. How they got there is a story in itself, but suffice it to say that on the evening of the ninth there were eighty-two persons encamped amid the little patches of snow and scrubby timber, about six thousand feet up the mountain-side, near the point where the forest and the perpetual snow have their

(Continued on page 167.)

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING AND SIGNALING BY HELIOGRAPH IN OREGON AND WASHINGTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.





"The less practical swordsman found a skill in his coolness that the other had won by military usage."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK. A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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V.  
NOW THE PRINTER FIRES HIS GUN.  
"RAYO!" exclaimed Marie, as Jaffray rushed past her, but her heart stood still almost the next moment, for, simultaneously with the banging of the outer door, a gun-shot was heard, followed by a sudden cry and the shouts of pursuers.  
Laroche picked himself slowly up from the floor. Marie ran to the window, and by the light of a lantern hung from an opposite doorway observed Simon the printer with a fire-lock which he had evidently just discharged.  
"But he has escaped," she said. "Yes, I'm sure of it; the saints would never permit that he should fall by such vile hands as those."  
"You will fall, and by viler paws, you traitress!" exclaimed Laroche, wiping his bruised face.  
"That would be impossible," said Marie.  
"You have learned the lesson of the aristocrats. It only needed that you should become a wanton to make your perfidy complete."  
"How dare you say that?" Marie replied, pale to the lips.  
"How dare you?"  
"Because I am your father, and have surprised you with

your lover, who is a spy and an agent of the enemies of France—I can't say of his country; he is a foreigner—but Paris will free herself of all such parasites."  
"Paris is mad," said Marie. "and I have lived long enough, since my father takes me for one of the creatures who make their shame their glory. Order my arrest; it is not far to the Conciergerie. At least I shall find some honorable companionship among your prisoners."  
Laroche contemplated the only human being whom he had ever loved with a passion of anger and affection, wounded pride and enforced admiration. The sting of Jaffray's blow and a pang of remorse at the same time for the epithet he had used against Marie, whose young life of virtue and courage was a perpetual reproach to him and at the same time a secret delight, struggled in his rough, hard nature for mastery. Parental instinct conquered.  
"I'm sorry for what I said, Marie," came from his unwilling lips; "it isn't true. You are the only one pure soul I ever knew; on that count I ask your pardon."  
"I forgive you," said Marie, her eyes full of tears.  
"Oh, why will you go against me and France?" he said, opening his arms to her and mingling his tears with her own—this hard, bitter, old agent of the police. "I didn't mean it, my girl; it's the cruellest lie I ever uttered. I'd tear the heart out of any man who said it; and yet I have done you that wrong, and I am your father."

"Let it pass, dear; let it pass. He was a fugitive from death, I sheltered him for that, not because he was royalist or patriot, citizen or stranger; but he is no spy, believe me. Citizen Fournier saved his life when he was a child, in America, during the Revolution there, when Indians massacred women and children—not Frenchmen, but Indians. Why shall we French become Indians? It was an act of gratitude on his part—this fugitive—to try and save his deliverer—"  
"But this Fournier is the enemy of the people. You know it; you know it. To be allied with him and his friends is treason. You know it, Marie, and you risk my life, too, when you risk your own, and my life is my country's; it may take it, but not for treason—not for treason! Be advised. You say I love you; I do. Give me a little in return. Events are marching quickly. Throats have bled to-day for and against France. Patriotism is master. The nation rules peacefully. It will be a rule of discipline and justice. From this moment to be suspect is to be arrested; to be arrested is to be condemned. You had until an hour ago one enemy—only one; he is now in my service,—Simon the printer. Don't answer me. Make no other enemy. Be warned. Good-night!"  
During the last few sentences Laroche had passed from the father to the officer of the secret police. His manner had become formal, his words fell heavily, his sentences were short and crisp; there was something of a canine snap in their periods.  
"One word," said Marie. "This young man?"



At this moment there was a low whistle on the stairway.

"He is taken," said Laroche; "that is the signal."

"My God!" exclaimed Marie. "And the de Louvets?"

"The Deputy Grébaud went with a company of the National Guard to Neuilly this afternoon."

"You have warned me," said Marie, facing her father, her eyes fixed upon his, her manner calm as any heroine of the *Pièce Henri IV.* "I warn you. The safety of the de Louvets and of this fugitive, Jaffray Elliott, are the terms of my peace with you. Such as their fortunes may be, so shall mine. I look to you in this, and to you only. And so, good-night!"

Laroche made no reply. He turned as if he would, but the next moment he was gone, and Marie stood listening to his firm, steady tread, and heard the door close upon him as he left the great rambling house of many tenants.

Now Marie Bruyset was a spy. Jaffray Elliott was little better. They were both living among the people against whom they plotted, not for scrip or fee, not in their own interest, not of malice prepense, but out of very love and pity. Spies all the same. Nearly everybody was a spy in Paris at that time. Neighbor spied on neighbor, friend on friend, relative on relative, each for his own sake; some from spite and vengeance and a thirst for blood, others to save their own necks; many for no reason in particular, but all actuated by the satanic spirit of the times.

Sitting aloft in her garret with her miniatures and her prints, her little stove and her clean carpet, Marie Bruyset could hear the music all the time. It was like living on the skirts of a fair, with its eternal shows and shooting-galleries, its tintinnabular invitations to unsaturnal wonders, and its hurly-burly of human shouts and showmen's cries. It swirled up and down the outer frontiers of the Rue Barnabé, but had never found its way into the precincts of the old court-yard with its tubs of laurels, its huddlers, its drying clothes, and its romping children; for children romped and played, and men and women made love and were given in marriage, and there were quiet families that partook of their quiet dinners and spent musical evenings, all through the Terror and its storm of blood.

The father of Jaffray Elliott's little hostess was Eugene Laroche, one of the most uncompromising agents of police in the employment of the Revolutionary Tribunal. When Marie was a girl of fifteen her mother died of a broken heart, caused by the dissipation, infidelity, and general ill-usage of her husband. On her death he swore a vow of reform which he had kept ever since, and by way of making some amends to the ghost of the dead mother, he had been a kind and considerate father to Marie. When she was twenty he married again, a decent woman, who was content to be a drudge and give him the place of lord and master. Then Marie resolved to be her own mistress and live her own life. She had been educated at a convent hard by, had shown some skill as a miniature-painter, was content to paint from life or make copies from original works, and she had formed quite a *clientèle* among the sunny good families in Paris when the Revolution broke out. Her sympathies were naturally supposed to be with the people and her father, but she still, as far as possible, kept her connection together. Exile and the guillotine reduced their numbers, and as they fell away Marie's heart went after them to the guillotine and beyond the sea; but it was only recently that she had been induced to play the spy against her father and his blood-thirsty masters.

When Marie set up housekeeping on her own account she adopted her mother's maiden name, and of late had found it of great advantage not to be known as Mademoiselle Laroche, a name which had become terrible even among "the people" so-called. Laroche was a sleuth-hound. Once on the scent, no fugitive escaped him. He was under the impression that he obtained useful information from his daughter, more particularly in regard to the family of de Louvet and a certain Henri Comte de Fournier; but Marie's heart was engaged in their interests, and it was Laroche who was useful to Marie and her friends. Laroche lived in the same building as that which sheltered Marie, and he frequently paid her fatherly as well as official visits, though they were all supposed to count under the first category. It is as well to say at once that Laroche had a weak streak in his character; it was a leaning toward Marie—a leaning and a fervent admiration. He would listen to her with patience, even when she appealed for some poor creature whom she knew to be in his power. He even tolerated the portrait of the queen in her room.

Jaffray Elliott was playing a double game, with cards no less powerful than Marie's, and with a more subtle purpose. If he had known that he was talking to the "little spy's" daughter he might not have talked so freely

about himself; but Marie had a way of winning confidence, and by hints that she let fall he was shrewd enough to gather that while she displayed among her miniatures famous revolutionary chiefs and their mistresses, there was something more than mere bravado in her exhibition of the portrait of the unpopular Marie Antoinette.

## VI.

### RIVALS IN LOVE AND WAR.

NEITHER good news nor bad traveled very quickly in the first days of the French Revolution; though there was in the air an instinct of dire events.

The taking of the Bastille was a mere local incident to thousands of Parisians, and the fall of the Tuileries was accomplished without the fierce din and stir of it being felt beyond the faubourgs.

Count de Fournier, however, early in the morning of the eventful day, finding that he might be seriously engaged in Paris when he should be taking part in the ceremony of betrothal at the Château de Louvet, dispatched Jaffray Elliott to acquaint the persons most concerned, beyond himself, with the possibility of his presence being delayed by events which he could not control.

We have seen how it fared with the count's ambassador. It is now the business of the historian to follow the adventures of the master. To this purpose it will be necessary to make the reader acquainted with other leading characters in this drama of love and war.

The ceremony of the betrothal of Mathilde de Louvet (the gracious friend of Marie Bruyset) to Henri Comte de Fournier had been fixed for the very day upon which the mawkish weakness of Louis the king had signed the death-warrant of his brave Swiss Guard and the fall of his dynasty. You may see the slip of paper to this day in a black frame at the Carnavalet Museum, in the handwriting of the unfortunate monarch; a simple thing to have caused so much mischief. Neither Swiss Guards nor the courtiers in attendance on the royal family ever dreamed that they would not be free at least to defend themselves, whatever concessions the king might be induced to make to his opponents.

Count de Fournier was an officer of Hussars, and was making arrangements to join Lafayette on the frontier, whither he had hoped to induce his prospective relatives by marriage to accompany him, with a view to their leaving France until her political troubles should be sufficiently settled for the safety of such members of the aristocracy as desired to live at home in peace and on good terms with their neighbors. But the Duke de Louvet was a stern and proud old royalist, strong in his title to the respect of France, with a record of brave deeds and an honest belief in the fidelity of the nation to the men who had been true to her in all weathers; and he would not budge.

It was the duke's stiff-neckedness that had forced an old custom of the family into public observance when it might have taken place privately with much propriety, at a time when anything like social display was an invitation to democratic criticism and revolt. For the people had suffered grievously at the hands of their inconsiderate rulers. Even in the village life of France the despotic heel of a grinding tyranny had been felt by all classes below the salt. It is true the de Louvets from time immemorial had been kindly and free-handed to their neighbors, rich and poor. Nevertheless, their prosperity had been out of proportion to that of the commoner folk of Neuilly and Courbevoie—whichever latter place, by the way, was the chief quarters of the Swiss Guard, who had a barracks there, and represented to the district and to Paris a section of that foreign element of repression against which the democratic spirit chafed fretfully.

All this made a fete at the Château de Louvet a most unwise proceeding.

Count de Fournier and the Deputy Grébaud were strangely alike in person, and they loved the same woman, Mademoiselle Mathilde, the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Louvet. This sentiment, however, was the only human link between them, if we except pride and a certain mingling of blood that did not make for peace.

Nevertheless, they both claimed to be patriots. Each, in his own way, was ambitious for the glory of his country. There entered, however, into the political faith of the Deputy Grébaud selfish influences that were foreign to the nature of his rival.

It was not generally known that the two men were brothers. Madame Grébaud was not the mother of Count de Fournier, though the late count was the father of both. The bar sinister on Grébaud's escutcheon had not held him back in his flight for fame and fortune. A masterful and exulting youth, he had been successful at college and later, in the profession of the law. Intellectually he was not inferior to his friend and patron Robespierre.

As fate would have it, whenever de Fournier and Grébaud had met, in the course of their young and eventful lives, they invariably left behind them the trail of a mutual animosity. It must have been ordained from the first that these two men should be enemies.

It was no doubt hard upon Grébaud that he should suffer the smart of a shame he had no hand in. Nor was there anything personally meritorious in the fact that de Fournier had come into the world with the sanction of the church. Nevertheless, the constant friction of a tortured pride had burnt into Grébaud's soul the memory of his mother's wrongs and his own. To him there was only one sliver in the compact which gave him birth, and that was Count de Fournier's father; and it maddened him to feel that the son rejoiced in all the social qualifications that would necessarily influence the Duke and Duchess de Louvet in their choice of a son-in-law.

Disciples of Lavater would have expected to find in the physical similarities of Grébaud and Fournier reflected moral qualities. No two men could have been more unlike each other in this respect. Nor would a shrewd observer have failed to detect the difference in the expressions of the two faces. De Fournier could mislead Grébaud, and did so often, and, at one period of their two eventful histories, much to his own advantage; but they were unlike in manner as they were in mind. The one was courtier-like, scrupulously dressed, gay in hat and feather, quick in repartee, frank of speech, open-handed, fearless in quarrel, and generous to both friend and foe. The other was saturnine, crafty, and *intriguer*, a treacherous friend and a cruel enemy; and, under an affected passion for the welfare of his country, nursed an overweening and selfish ambition. The two men were alike, however, in a spirit of personal pride.

If Grébaud chafed against the social distinction of de Fournier he was proud of his own skill in rising above his station, and plumed himself upon a political power that was daily increasing. If he had a redeeming quality—and no man is without some suggestion of his divine origin—it was his love for Mathilde. It was a genuine passion. Whatever his laches might have been, his love for Mathilde was as sincere as that of the brave and gallant de Fournier.

De Fournier and Grébaud had both been in America at the same time, though in different places and on opposite missions. The count had served on the staff of Lafayette, young and ardent like himself, but, as it turned out, more faithfully attached to monarchical institutions; for de Fournier had resigned his place after his first important victory, dissatisfied with Lafayette's democratic aspirations for France, and urged to return by the Duke de Louvet, who advised him that the place for every true Frenchman was by the side of the king, who would soon have plenty of enemies to fight near home, without going across the Atlantic to find them. The death of the young count's father had provided him with further and more public reasons for returning home, and Mathilde was an attraction that he might not reckon so long as duty seemed to keep him from her.

Citizen Grébaud had followed Lafayette to the New World in his civic capacity, and with a view to studying liberty at its fountain-head; and he had returned to Paris at a time that was ripe for mischief, both as to the interests of Paris and the Château de Louvet. After sundry adventures Mathilde's civilian admirer had returned with the general when that gallant soldier brought home the sword with which it was claimed he had conquered England in America, to the service of freedom in France. It was his misconception of the difference between the conditions under which the young republic had sought emancipation from kingly control and those of the ancient monarchy of France, that gave a fatally pernicious direction to his influence in the French Revolution. But this is another story, and we are engaged with the history of Paris when the Bastille had newly fallen before the trumpet blasts of liberty and (in the estimation of the author) the pamphlets of the Citizen Grébaud, who was no less vain of his pen than Lafayette of his sword. He had defied the literature of America in his "Apocalypse of Freedom," and had translated into French, for private circulation, several Boston tracts on the liberty of nations, the rights of man, and other subjects that agitated the minds of men in his own country, still suffering from the influence of a despotism as cruel as it was luxurious.

The duchess, both from interest and inclination, favored Grébaud's suit for her daughter's hand. She traded upon the deputy's friendship in the matter of certain privileges that would have been otherwise denied by the government to the de Louvet family. Moreover, she had induced Mathilde to give Grébaud's matrimonial proposal serious consideration. The duchess feared that at least she would keep him on their visiting-list. But

neither Grébaud nor Mathilde could endure to have the question of her decision postponed. In addressing Mathilde, Grébaud had begged her not to give him a definite answer—to wait that she might test the honesty of his passion, which he assured her was an all-consuming love for her; but she felt in her heart that she had already wronged the man she loved by listening to the serious proposals of another.

It had been unfortunate that, as these last passages of love and controversy were passing between Mathilde and Grébaud, the young Count de Fournier, all silks and gold and lace and feathers, a picture-gallant, so to speak, haughty and yet gay of demeanor, full of animal spirits and soldier-like daring, had arrived at the château with messages from the troubled court and news of a safe retreat in the event of the danger to peace and order which was even then daily predicted and hourly expected, though the cloud which threatened shifted from day to day, and had not, on this day of Mathilde's refusal of the hand of Grébaud, broken out into active sanguinary revolt.

Grébaud was leaving the château. He and the young count met. From the moment the two observed each other there was an instinctive reaching out for swords. It only needed an exchange of a few words for them to draw. The incident was quickly over. The count was the aggressor with both tongue and sword. Though from the outset he saw what would happen, Grébaud was reluctant to draw; not that he was a coward, but he had more thought for the de Louvets than even their more devoted friend. Henri, the young Count de Fournier, was impulsive, reckless, fearless, thoughtless. His love for Mathilde, which was his excuse for insulting and attacking Grébaud, had nothing whatever to do with the situation. A passionate man thinks of nobody but his own passion, if even he thinks of that. He is not his own master, his wits are impaled on the shafts of his rage; he knows nothing, sees nobody but the supposed enemy, the antagonist, in front of him. On this occasion the young soldier was the victim of his temper. The less practiced swordsman found a skill in his coolness that the other had won on the field of honor by the practice of necessity and military usage. In half a dozen passes Grébaud disarmed his enemy, and was returning him his sword as the duke and duchess rushed upon the scene.

"Learn patience, Sir Count," said Grébaud, "and don't forget that in these days fencing is not an art alone understood among gentlemen, so called."

With mortification and rage the count took back his sword, and in reply to the demand of the duke, "What has happened? Explain, explain," Grébaud merely remarked: "Nothing, Monsieur le Duc; the count was only showing me his weapon. The hit is undoubtedly beautiful. An *en garde*," bowed with the grace of a gallant to the duchess, and went on his way to the council that was before sunset to decide one of the most momentous questions of the first days of the Revolution.

This unhappy incident had occurred long before the fall of the Bastille, but the Duchess de Louvet had not ceased to use her influence in favor of Grébaud. She made a point of visiting a certain salon where he and both Robespierre and St. Just were guests. It was hoped even, at one time, that she might have been the medium of an accommodation with the king. That time, however, had passed, and she had begun to find herself between the fire of two parties, with the additional disadvantage of satisfying neither.

Such was the relationship of de Fournier and Grébaud, and of both toward Mathilde and the de Louvets, on the day when Mathilde was to be publicly betrothed to Grébaud's successful rival, and on which memorable day Jaffray Elliott had found refuge in the garret of Marie Bruyset, in the Rue Barnabé.

## VII.

### VIVE LA NATION!

THE Lion d'Or was a wayside cabaret on the outskirts of Paris, between the barrier and Neuilly. It furnished good accommodation for both man and beast. Of late it had sheltered as many men who were entitled to the latter appellation as it had stabled examples of the more exemplary quadruped. The fall of the Bastille and the march of subsequent events of a violent character had begun to exercise a violent influence all over the country. Such creatures as no one had ever heard of before, out of a sensational novel of the night side of Paris, appeared in the streets—men of ferocious aspect, and unsevered women no less forbidding of appearance.

While anxious guests were waiting for Count de Fournier at the Château de Louvet, the Lion d'Or, half a league away, was occupied by a no less picturesque assemblage of guests. The company was a mixed one. They had abandoned the seats and tables outside the porchway, under the influence of a sharp shower of rain that



brought down into the roadway a few of the first fallen leaves of an early autumn. The room in which they were smoking and drinking had a pleasant, low window with an ample inside seat, with a bar-counter at the other end which gave upon a small parlor, the sanctuary of the hostess, who was known as Madame Angélique, in cynical recognition of qualities that made her on occasion a terror alike to her customers and her husband, Pierre Grappin.

Among the guests in the common room of the *Lion d'Or* on the day of the de Louvet fête were the usual village loafers, who lived on odd jobs round about Neuilly and Courbevoie, and spent their leisure in listening to the news from Paris and bragging of their untested prowess as prospective volunteers for the army that was engaged in doing battle for France with the foreign invader. It was already late in the afternoon, and yet no news of the morning's tragedy of the Tuilleries had reached the *Lion d'Or*.

"They say all women are alike in the dark," remarked a scoffing Parisian, with a cravat that somewhat impeded his affected elocution, "not even excluding our friend, Madame Angélique," at which there was a burst of suppressed laughter, the speaker himself having lowered his voice as he named the hostess, "and the same may apply to some men; but even by candle-light, Mademoiselle the Citizeness Louvet might easily mistake the Deputy Grébaud for the *soldat* Count de Fournier."

"Yes," said another gossip lolling by the open window, "a confounded curious thing that! Who knows? The old count was a gay dog in his time, like all the crew of the base aristocrats."

"They say," remarked the first speaker, "that the duchess was inclined to favor the deputy's suit, and that the heiress herself was vastly civil to him, but that Citizen Henri, otherwise the count, insulted him, and that they fought."

"No!" exclaimed another, "Fought, did you say?"

"I said fought—that was my very word; and, moreover, the deputy disarmed the fiery young viper."

"Vive la nation!" shouted Jacques Roden, rushing in from the roadway in the midst of the conversation.

"By all means," was the reply; "but manners, Master Blunderbuss; you have interrupted a conversation."

"Many another will be interrupted before many hours are over," said Jacques, flinging his greasy hat upon a seat and rubbing his dirty hands through his matted hair.

"Are you off to Paris, then?" asked a quiet man from a corner of the smoky room.

"Vive le peuple!" was the reply of the gobemouche. "A mort tout les aristocrats!"

It was a rasping voice in which Jacques Roden called down anathemas upon the aristocracy in general; and the blouse he wore was dark with stains of drink and mud. He was a cowardly ragamuffin and he looked it, from his narrow forehead and little pecky eyes to his great sprawling, half-shod feet.

"Less noise, if you please," said Pierre, the landlord, putting his round, well-shaped head into the room. "One would think the Revolution had taken a fresh start."

"And so it has," said a new-comer, who had followed him and was standing by his side as he spoke; "and so it has, my brothers. A bottle of wine, good Pierre, to drink to our noble selves, the sovereign people!"

Pierre hustled out to his wife in the little bar and brought two bottles of wine.

"One for you, Citizen Neroe, and one at my own charge to drink to our better fortune!"

Citizen Neroe was a person of local note and a red-hot revolutionary. He wore a red sash about his ample waist and a cockade in his tall hat; and, moreover, carried a pair of pistols in his waistband. Madame Angélique came forth from her parlor to greet him. She was low-browed, with a wide, thin-lipped mouth, broad-shouldered but flat-bosomed, wore a loose gown open so that it exhibited her sinewy neck. She had bright, flashing eyes, and, by way of contrast, a slow, deliberate manner of speaking. And she was more or less Biblical in her similes.

"Well, Citizen Neroe, we are smiting them hip and thigh," she said, putting out a hard, broad hand which he raised to his lips with an air of serious gallantry. "Are we taking our vengeance upon the enemies of the Lord and his people?"

"We are marching on," said Neroe, "the news whereof will reach you all in good time, Vive la France!"

Pierre had filled every glass. "To France!" shouted a dozen voices. "And down with the aristocrats!" said Roden, to whom Madame, raising her hand for silence, appended, "And let us begin at the enemy within our gates. Down with the Louvets!"

"Stop!" cried Pierre. "Stop, I say; or, by God, I will stab the man who doesn't!" and he drew from a sheath hanging upon his hip a formidable knife. "Drink what it please you against the enemies of France, but the Louvets are none, and they are my friends, and this is my house."

Pierre's manifesto created general consternation.

"Your house!" said Madame, facing him.

"My house!" said Pierre, "and I will keep its honor clean—if such canaille as Citizen Roden does not make that quite impossible."

It was only once in a way that Pierre contested the supremacy of his wife, but when he did so his usually calm nature burst all bounds: "Very Vesuvius, it overcame all obstacles. Madame, to the amazement of every one, made no reply, and Roden, to no one's surprise, slunk with his glass into a corner and gulped down his liquor."

"We are not here to destroy the domestic peace of the *Lion d'Or*," said the Parisian, "so let the toast stand 'Vive la nation!'"

"Vive la nation!" responded the company, and the wine disappeared as did also Monsieur Neroe, who remounted the horse he had tied to the post at the door and rode off toward St. Germain.

Before a fresh order of wine at the command of the Parisian had been drunk, there arrived, with a clatter of horses' hoofs and a rattling of arms and accoutrements, the Deputy Grébaud himself and a company of the National Guard.

(To be continued.)

## MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING AND SIGNALING BY HELIOGRAPH.

(Continued from page 164.)

mutual picket-line. At three o'clock the next morning the reveille was sounded on the bugle, and an hour later the first climbers started up the mountain in the teeth of a terrific gale.

The scientific contingent carried packs on their backs, containing heliographs, telescope, mercurial barometer for ascertaining the mountain's height, boiling-point thermometer for the same purpose, four carrier-pigeons, cameras, a copper box, and a flag, while others carried canteens of provisions. Eyes were protected by goggles, and faces by veils or a coating of flour for such as had no beards. The intense reflection of the sun from the snow renders this necessary, and several who neglected these precautions had the skin nearly burned from their faces, and were snow-blind for two days.

A huge lava moraine follows a serpentine course down the mountain from near the summit on the southern face of the peak, and the route selected was up the open snow-field to the right of this ridge. Slowly they toiled upward, sometimes on the hard surface of the snow, gaining foothold only by the long spikes in their shoes, and sometimes clambering over the broken masses of lava on the moraines, the strong climbers gradually forging ahead. The wind blew terrifically in the more exposed places, and nearly carried the climbers from their feet. At last, after six hours of steady climbing, the apparent summit was reached with a desperate effort, and as the exhausted climbers raised their heads above its snowy margin they beheld another mountain rising a thousand feet higher. The remarks made were strictly unparliamentary, and the deceptive summit was promptly christened "Mons Assinorum." A mile of comparatively level snow-field and another hour of steady toiling upward brought them at last to the true summit, a rounded dome of snow more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and half that distance above their camp of the night before.

Thirty feet of cloth were stretched around alpen stocks for a wind-break, and the heliographs and telescope were mounted on their tripods and brought to bear on Hood and Rainier. Soon a brilliant flash was seen on Hood, and in a short time the instruments were aligned and conversation commenced. In a little while the rising smoke interfered with the operation of the instruments, and soon completely obscured the distant mountains, and the experiment was brought to an untimely end. The four carrier-pigeons were released in pairs at intervals of two hours, with messages to Portland, ninety miles distant. A photograph was taken at the instant of releasing them, which shows also the heliograph and many of the climbers. Of about seventy persons who started, forty-one reached the summit, six of them ladies.

The view from the top of Adams is grand beyond description, and embraces the greater portion of the two States and much of Idaho. The forest-clad mountains flatten out into mere ridges, while the volcanic snow peaks seem to pierce the very sky, with nothing to dwarf them to the eye.

The trip down the mountain was as exhu-

rating as the climb was exhausting, and the camp was reached in little more than an hour. This was done by coasting down the steeper places, the softness of the snow under the hot sun rendering this method of progression perfectly safe. The coaster sits upon the snow, places his alpenstock under his right arm for a brake, raises his heels, and away he goes, with little chance to stop until he reaches the bottom of the particular hill down which he is sliding, perhaps half a mile in length. If he is an expert he stands with his knees slightly bent and slides upon his feet, but this is something novices should avoid if they care to arrive at the bottom in good condition and possessing all their cuticle.

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came and went, and it was five o'clock in the afternoon before the last glimmer was seen. The light shone like a sparkling diamond on a background of purple. At times its face seemed to enlarge, until it appeared a counterpart of Jupiter or Venus in the horizon on a clear winter evening. Again the gleam died away and was lost in the blue haze that hung along the range. For ten minutes nothing could be seen but the unulating peaks, their tops covered with eternal snow, while over all hung the fleecy clouds, ranging as far as the eye could extend along the Continental Divide. Then the star began to sparkle again, and all eyes were turned to the unusual spectacle.

A heliograph in the hands of an expert of the

was as easily interpreted as the click of the telegraph. Messages were sent from Denver to the party on Long's Peak, and when "30" was flashed the operators folded their instruments and started for a toilsome climb to the summit of Gray's Peak, where the next experiments were to be made.

The first message from the summit of Long's Peak told the story of the experience of the party since it was ordered from Denver—a succession of snow-storms, rain, and hail that would have daunted any but a party of military men assigned to the performance of a stern duty. For three weeks the men had not had a day free from snow, and while down in the valley of Denver there were days when the mercury climbed to ninety-five, the mountain detail were hugging camp-fires and trying to steal a little sleep, wrapped in the heaviest army blankets. The party was unable to remain at the summit of the peak, owing to the intense cold, and therefore sought a sheltered spot on the side of the mountain for the point of observation. The altitude was given as eleven thousand five hundred feet.

In the midst of the signaling a flash was observed from the top of Pike's Peak, sixty miles in an air line in an opposite direction, south of Denver. The flash was almost as large as a full-moon and came from an instrument of the heliotropers who are calculating the height of this great landmark. The glass used by these men is round, and much larger than that used by the signal men. The heliotropers know nothing about signaling, and could not answer messages flashed from Denver. The light appeared on the extreme summit of Pike's Peak, and was much the largest flash seen during the day.

The heliographing outfit consists of a mirror, a "shutter," a telescope, and a field-glass. The mirror and "shutter" are each mounted on tripods for convenience. When it is desired to communicate with a party in any specified locality the mirror is set so as to throw a reflection on the spot where the answering party is supposed to be located. By sweeping the horizon the answering flash indicates when the mirror is correctly set. The opening and closing of the shutter in front of the mirror gives the effect of dots and dashes and enables the second party to receive the message. At ordinary distances the telescope is not found necessary.

The world's record in long-distance signaling is held by the Department of the Colorado, but the plans that had been outlined for this year have come to naught owing to the unprecedented succession of storms that have swept the entire arid country, making it difficult for men to keep the field for any time and then rendering the transmission of messages almost impossible.

The signal party consisted of an escort of cavalry, a pack-train and mounts for the signal men. They were given an opportunity to thoroughly explore a section of the Rocky Mountains that has never been invaded by an expedition of the army since the days of Fremont, and the result of the observations will be recorded with interest by the War Department.

JOHN C. MARTIN.



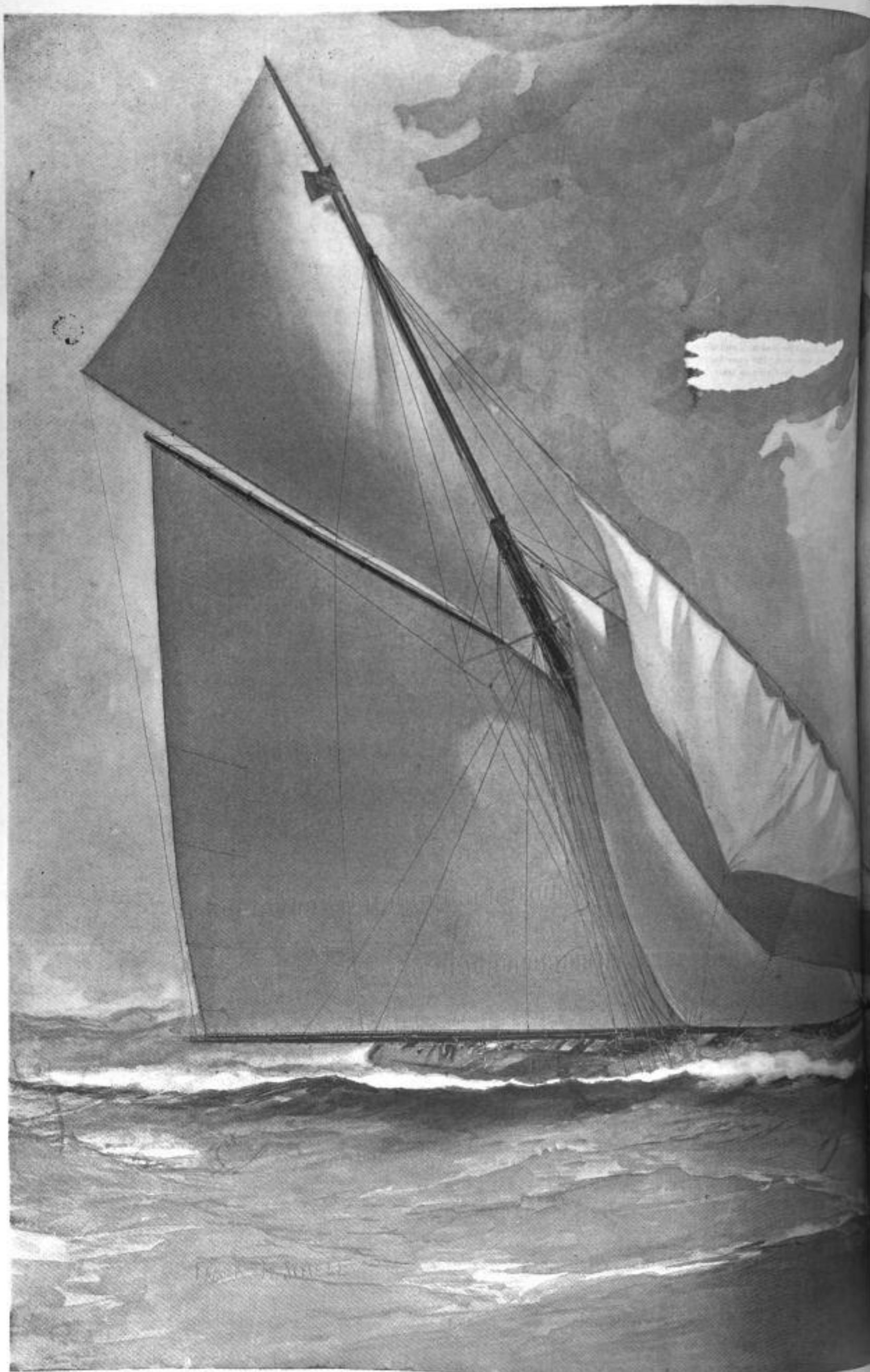
SIGNALING DENVER FROM LADY WASHINGTON, BELOW LONG'S PEAK.  
Photograph by F. E. Baker.

### Signaling from Long's Peak in Colorado.

A TWINKLING star seventy miles away in the mountains the other day caught the eyes of Denver people. For hours the shifting meteor

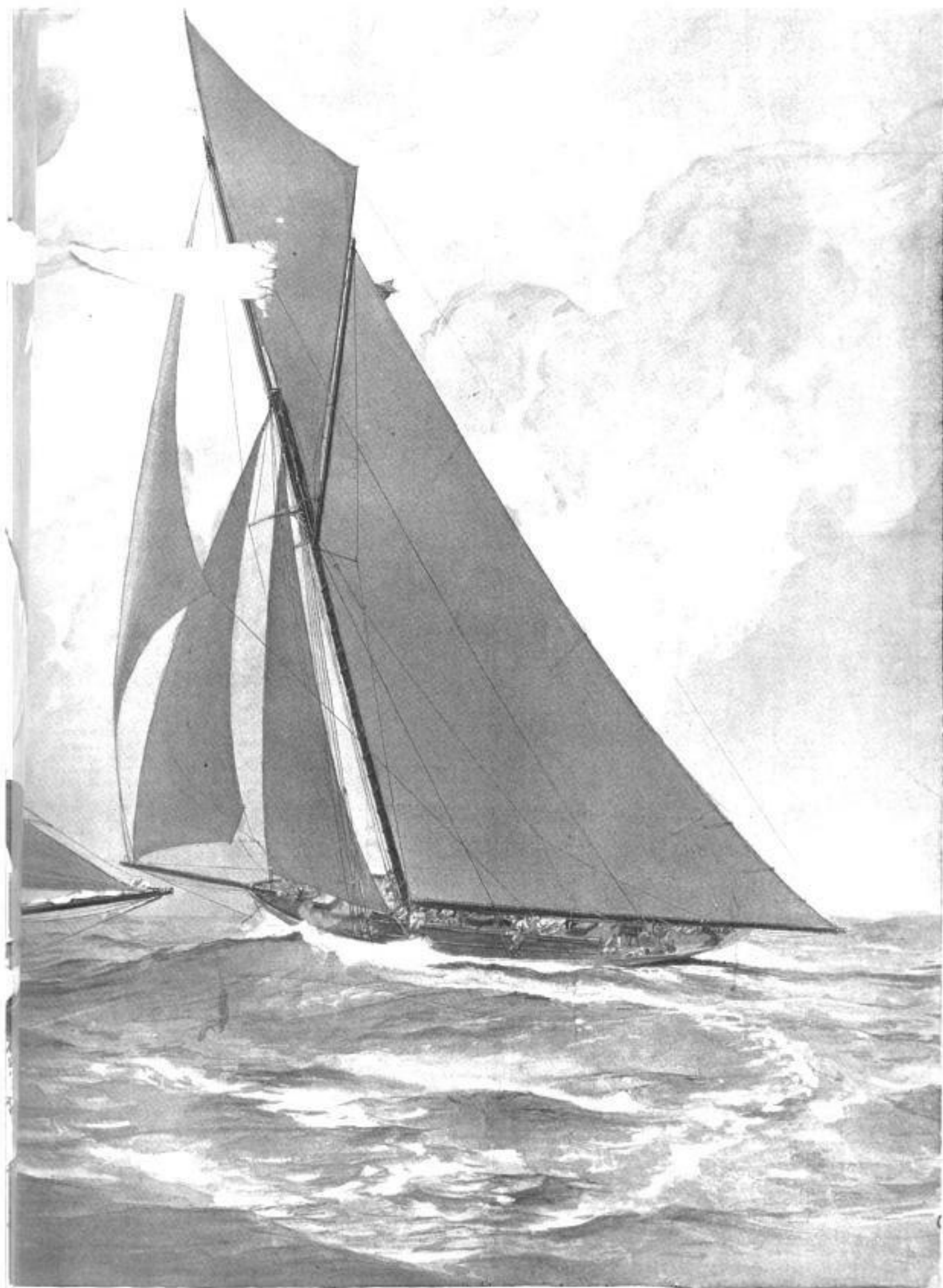
United States Army Signal Corps was responsible for the flash that came from the mountains. On the top of the Equitable building in Denver, Captain William A. Glasford, chief signal officer of the Department of the Colorado, and his men received the intelligence. It came in dots and dashes, in the Morse code, and





THE CONTESTANTS FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP, SHOWING THE CONTRAST PRESENTED BY





"DEFENDER" AND "VALKYRIE," IN ENTERING AND LEAVING THE WATER. DRAWN BY F. H. SCHILL.



## The Fight against Gormanism.

ARTHUR PUE GORMAN, United States Senator from Maryland, and autocrat of the politics of that State, is the only great Democratic boss in this country who has never been defeated.



ARTHUR P. GORMAN.

Bosses have risen and gone, and politics has changed, but for twenty years Gorman has held Maryland firmly in his grip, has dictated the nominations, has elected or counted in the tickets of his party.

But the inevitable is on its way. All the reports agree in saying that Gorman's ticket will this year be defeated. The Baltimore Sun, which for more than thirty years has been the main reliance of the party in Maryland, and which is one of the most influential papers of the country, has bolted the ticket and has been pouring the hottest kind of hot shot into Gormanism every day. It says that it is a fight to the finish, and that Gormanism is doomed. The Evening News, the independent Democratic paper of the State, is openly supporting the Republican ticket. The Baltimore American, which for years has been the leading Republican paper of the South, has the contest well in hand. Not a single daily paper of Baltimore has come to the support of the Gorman ticket, and all that formerly supported him are now fighting him. In addition to the opposition of the influential press, thousands of Democrats have declared against him, and in the counties anti-Gorman movements and anti-Gorman tickets are being organized and nominated.

Senator Gorman is fifty-six years old. He comes from Irish stock, and is a native of Maryland. At the age of thirteen he became a page in the Senate; from that to private secretary of Stephen A. Douglas; then messenger of the Senate, assistant door-keeper, door-keeper, assistant postmaster, and finally postmaster, of the Senate. He held office all through the Civil War. He sided with President Johnson, and when he was removed from the postmaster'ship of the Senate, Johnson appointed him collector of internal revenue for the District of Maryland. This brought him into the local politics of Maryland, and in 1869, at the age of thirty, he was elected to the House of Delegates. Two years later he was returned, and was made speaker. The powers in the Democratic politics of the State at that time were William T. Hamilton and William Pinckney Whyte, both of whom expressed great hopes of the young, smooth-faced, taciturn politician. So highly did Governor Whyte regard him that he made him president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, the great ditch stretching from Washington to Cumberland, in which the State had sunk more than forty millions of dollars. This was Gorman's first great opportunity. He converted the canal into a political machine, and in a short time he was a power. He broke with his friend, Governor Whyte. He inaugurated political corruption in his own county, the charges being made by the most reputable people of his own neighborhood, and standing to-day uncontradicted by the Senator. He had his way in the nomination for Governor in 1875, when Carroll was selected, and the ticket was defeated by at least ten thousand majority, but ballot-boxes were tampered with and Carroll was counted in. Those who committed the frauds have since freely confessed their crimes, and the criminals who did the work in Senator Gorman's county told all about it from the platform of one of the city theatres to a large audience. In 1878 the contest for the Senatorship came, and Gorman was elected over his former patron, Whyte. He has held on to the office ever since, and in the management of the State's politics has brooked no interference. His main strength is in the counties. In Baltimore city, which does almost one-half the voting, the boss is I. Freeman Rasin, who has grown rich in trafficking with legislation. Rasin is more to Baltimore than Croker in his best days ever was to New York. Gorman in the counties and Rasin in the city are the blades of the pair of scissors, generally cutting against each other, but always working together and dismembering anything that comes between them.

For fifteen years the Democratic party has explicitly pledged itself to a reassessment of the property of the State. It has been the usual fight between the country and the city; between the farmer and the capitalist. In this the Gorman-Rasin partnership worked with great effect. Gorman made personal strength by favoring reassessment, and Rasin made thousands of dollars and city strength

by defeating it. But there was a limit to this sort of thing. The leader of reassessment was Thomas G. Hayes, a Baltimore lawyer of excellent character and standing. He was a friend of Senator Gorman, and when the resolutions were offered in the last Legislature condemning Gorman and Gilson for their course in the Senate it was Hayes who saved the day for them. Of all the men in the State Gorman had no more useful friend than Hayes. There was a general call for Hayes for the Governorship, and Gorman told him to go ahead and make his fight. He did so, and under this cover Gorman got the delegates. There were other candidates, and when the convention met the situation was in the deepest doubt. Hayes was far in the lead. At the last moment Gorman sent for Hayes and told him that he had decided to throw him over. Then followed a scene which has already become memorable in Maryland.

Hayes denounced him as a traitor, a liar, and a scoundrel, and Gorman had to take it in the presence of his henchmen. The man Gorman and Rasin chose to lead their forlorn hope was John E. Hurst, a millionaire dry-goods dealer, a gentleman of excellent standing and of ability. The bosses believed his respectability would cover the situation, but they have found out their mistake.

From past experience Gorman expected to retrieve his lost strength by the blunders of the Republicans. They have done a great deal of that sort of thing in the past, and have played into his hands. It looked as if his expectations would be realized. There was a bitter fight between the faction supporting the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes and that supporting William T. Malster, the president of the Columbian Iron Works, which built the *Delaware* and the *Montgomery* for the new navy. But while the fight was vigorous and the feeling heated, the convention was the best ever held in Maryland, and the ticket was the strongest the Republicans ever put forth. Immediately the Republicans and thousands of Democrats rallied to its support.



HON. LLOYD LOWNDES.

From a photograph by Bendam. State. He was elected to Congress in 1872; he was president of the Bar Association of Alleghany County; he is connected officially with more than twenty of the important corporations of the State; he was a World's Fair commissioner, and he is one of the most delightful men socially in the State. His record is absolutely clean, and he is strong on all the important questions involved in the campaign. His competitor, Mr. Hurst, is an Eastern Shoreman, sixty-three years old, a first cousin of Bishop Hurst, and a man who has accumulated a fortune from the dry-goods business. He is connected with important corporations and is considered one of the ablest business men in Baltimore.

Much will depend in the contest upon the honesty of the elections. Greatly against Senator Gorman's wish, an Australian ballot law was passed six years ago, but it is not as strong as it should be, and if the judges are not all right it can be easily used to defeat the honest result. The people believe that, bold as Gorman has been in the past, he will not go thus far again. At the same time it is the fight of his life, for defeat now means the loss of his Senatorship.

A MARYLAND DEMOCRAT.

## Conclave of Knights Templars.

THE city of Boston has witnessed many memorable pageants, but no spectacular display recorded in its history ever exceeded in brilliant accessories the parade of the Knights Templars on the 27th ultimo. Anticipating that the triennial conclave would bring together knights from every State in the Union, the good Bostonese had arranged a hospitable welcome. The city has seldom, if ever, been so

elaborately decorated. Practically every building along the line of march, besides many of the side streets, was clothed in color, with appropriate mottoes and Masonic emblems, intertwined with streamers and bunting. The spectacle was well calculated to stir the enthusiasm of the vast multitude of people, estimated at seven hundred thousand, who witnessed it. There were over thirty thousand men in line, and the rich uniforms, adorned with jewels, the floating plumes, the magnificent mounts of many of the commanderies, the fluttering banners, and other accessories, all combined to make the procession wondrously impressive and inspiring. The procession was made up of thirteen divisions in a column of double sections.

The official reports made to the conclave show that the order now has a membership of one hundred and ten thousand in the United States, including forty grand commanderies and nine hundred and eighty subordinate commanderies. Asylums are erected in every State and Territory, except Alaska. A temple and shrine has also been erected by the Grand Encampment in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. The mission of the Knight Templar, as stated in the address of the grand commander, "is no longer that of the ancient knight, to rescue the tomb of our Divine Lord from desecration. The essence of the new chivalry is to care for the little ones, the widows, the aged and infirm, the poor, the overworked; to rescue manhood and womanhood from their graves, and honor, virtue and chivalry from their sepulchre—a work far nobler than that which summoned the ancient Knights Templars to battle-fields or toilsome journeys."

## Disguised.

"Where poverty enters the door," 'tis said,  
"Sweet love from the window flies."  
She laughed as she spoke, but he saw washed  
Bright tears in her earnest eyes.

"Proverbs," he said, "are a misty lore.  
Sweetheart, let us prove it so—  
For a love that is strong can guard the door  
'Gainst any and every foe."

Long years went by and they knew not they,  
As together they hoped and strove,  
That poverty looked at them, day by day,  
With the eyes and the smile of love.

MADRIEN S. BARNES.

## The Ohio Democracy.

THERE will be a great campaign in Ohio this year. The nomination of James E. Campbell for Governor at the Democratic State Convention gives promise of the unexpected. After the great Republican plurality of one hundred and thirty-seven thousand last November, the Ohio Democrats have been hopelessly dispirited; but with the dashing Campbell as a leader they are attempting to be hopeful. No one believes that Campbell can beat General Bushnell, the Republican nominee, and indeed his only hope is to reduce the plurality of 1893 by, say, one hundred thousand votes. To the great American public this would appear a remarkable thing, but to those who understand matters there would be nothing surprising in such a losing victory.

The Democrats of Ohio stayed at home last year. The total Republican vote was little larger than it was in 1893, when Governor McKinley had eighty thousand plurality. Last year the Democrats were disgusted, not alone with the national administration, but with the Ohio platform, which declared for the free coinage of silver. More than all else the free-silver heresy kept thousands of Democrats from the polls and left a startling deficiency in the campaign coffers. It was an off year, and the ticket was unimportant. This year, with the most popular Democrat of the State heading the ticket, with a sound-money platform and the prospect of a plenteous purse for campaign purposes, the wonder would be if the Democracy of Ohio did not make a respectable showing.

James E. Campbell, the party candidate for Governor, is a wonderful campaigner. He has been called the "mascot" of his party in times past because of his success against Republican odds. This title fell into disuse after his defeat for Governor in 1891, and since then he has been in private life, devoted to the work of repairing his shattered personal fortunes. He is

just fifty years old. During the war he was an officer in the gun-boat service on the Mississippi, and saw much hard fighting. He was a Republican until the Greeley movement of 1872, and has served three terms in Congress. He was elected Governor in 1880, and in 1891 was defeated for re-election. His home is at Hamilton, near Cincinnati, and he is very happy in his domestic relations. His wife is counted fully as good a politician as her husband, and there is no woman in Ohio more gifted or popular in social circles. Mrs. Campbell was Miss Elizabeth Owens, of Hamilton, before her marriage, and her husband's success in politics has been largely due to her graceful tact and high social qualities.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Hovey Scores a Brilliant Victory.

FREDERICK H. HOVEY fully deserves the title of the country's lawn-tennis champion, for he won it fairly and on the merits of the game. Luck did not favor him, neither did the onlookers cheer him on nearly so warmly as his work deserved. Hovey won because, unlike the Hovey of old, he displayed the steadiness and the self-command and the unflinching strength of purpose which characterizes the play of English experts. While his game failed to show quite the brilliant passages which were wont to sprinkle his game in past years, it was first and last a careful one, and one of such power as to place his opponent on a continuous and heart-breaking defense.

Wrenn by a majority of experts was looked to win—and to win, he it said, not on form or technical skill—for his form was admittedly poor as compared to last year—but on those mental qualities of his make-up which embrace a cool head, steady nerves, and confidence. On the other hand, Hovey was slated, as of old, to "go down" because of his want of self-command and carelessness. Hovey, however, refused absolutely to show any of his erratic and unmoved play, and Wrenn failed signally to force him down.

The situation was not exactly the reverse of the expected, for while Wrenn failed to rise to the occasion, he played a cool, if not a well-planned, game, and a plucky one right through. At no time did he feel that the day was lost, and on several occasions in passing—to change court—a certain spectator seated by an official's chair, he would remark: "Now I am going to win three straight"—"Now I am going to win this game."

While Wrenn's game evidently suffered from too much work in other sports, as foot-ball and base-ball, and the mistaken notion that he needed but six weeks to prepare for a championship match, it would be impossible to say to what extent, for the simply marvelous way in which Hovey would shoot along one side line, then the other, defied mastery.

And right here we find a reason for the almost total absence of rallies; such, for instance, as abounded in the game between Wrenn and



EX-GOVERNOR JAMES E. CAMPBELL AND MRS. CAMPBELL.  
Photograph by Elliott.

Goodbody last year. But Goodbody, it must be clearly understood, did not play the game Hovey did. Goodbody's game was simply a safe game, relying almost entirely on his opponent's carelessness and errors, rather than tries for brilliant side-line shots and showy, though effective, cross-court drives. Quite the contrary was Hovey's game, and quite as unaided to a successful defense by Wrenn.

After the game, Hovey, in speaking of his victory, claimed that much, if not all, of his success was due to the visit of Dr. Pim, the English expert. From this player, who exhibited his



superiority over the tennis players of the world in the West Newton tournament. Hovey learned the lesson of self-control, and that careful play and strokes easily played, and played according to a well-laid-out plan of playing the side lines and crossing, now right, now left, were far better than the slam-bang, careless, though at times brilliant, play of which he had previously known no other.

Pimtaught Hovey how little there was really in trying to kill the ball always, thus rendering accuracy a child of chance. And tennis enthusiasts, rank and file, cannot fail to be interested in a result which surely marks a step forward, and a nearer approach to Dr. Pim, a worthy standard of excellence, to say the least.

As has been aired in this department before, our tennis men need the right kind of object-lessons. Nothing can compare to practice play with a master to acquire rapid progress and assist in steering clear the while of ruts and the slough of self-satisfaction.

Only once during the slaughter of the champion did the question of doubt arise whether Hovey would be compelled to play a fourth set. With the score three to one against Wrenn for the first time put fire and dash into his work, and though he lost the next game, his improvement was apparent. So continuing, he captured the next two, the former game going to deuce and advantage a half-dozen times, and the latter once. Hovey at this time was needing only that aggravating "last point," and by playing steadily without sign of weakness, a display of which would probably have turned the tide resolutely against him, he showed clearly that, near as Wrenn might come, he held the upper hand. Finally Wrenn gave Hovey the set by netting a ball after a sharp drive by Hovey.

For a number of years Hovey has been prominent in the national and other tournaments, and has from time to time added to a valuable collection of prizes won from the best players in the country. He has for the past five years ranked in the first division of the "ten best men" class. In 1890 ranking five; in 1891, four; in 1892, five; in 1893, three, and four in 1894. In 1891 Clarence Hobart defeated him in the finals, but succeeded the following year in securing the all-comers prize. Wrenn defeated him in the finals in 1893, in which year the latter secured the championship by Campbell's default. Last year he was defeated by the English player Goodbody.

Hovey makes the fifth player to win the championship during the fourteen years in which the national lawn-tennis championship has been played. From 1891 to 1897, inclusive, Richard Sears held it, and more safely than any player since his time. Henry W. Slocum received it as a gift in 1898, and retained it the following year. "Ollie" Campbell then came along and held it for three years, after which he bequeathed it to Wrenn, the all-comers winner of 1893.

Last year Wrenn prevented, in gallant fashion, the cool-headed Goodbody from carrying the trophy across the pond, and with it a coveted American title, and we owe much to Wrenn in consequence.

#### THE "ETHELWYN" WILL DEFEND.

The crack half-racer *Ethelwyn*, owned by C. J. Field, having won all three trials held last month in the sound off Oyster Bay, for the purpose of sifting out the best boat to defend the rich Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club international trophy, has been chosen by the yacht club's committee to race this year's challenger, the *Spruce IV*, owned by J. Arthur Brand, of England.

The races were all sailed in a smooth sea and light airs, yet the selection of the *Ethelwyn* is generally approved, although L. B. Huntington's *Question* is admittedly a faster boat in heavy weather, the little 'un having defeated boats large enough to take her on their decks during the season. In heavy weather it is a question if the race would be sailed. In moderately heavy going, the *Ethelwyn* would probably keep up her end, while in the conditions which governed the trials she showed herself by far the better boat. The defender's strongest point is windward work—the winning factor in any race where a thrash into the wind figures to any extent.

Four other boats were entered in the trials, and—most commendable of their owners to relate—they sailed out each race, though there seemed little hope that the honor would fall other than upon the *Ethelwyn*. These boats were H. C. Bussell's *Olita*, L. B. Huntington's *Question*, G. G. Tyson's *Tring*, and Charles Clark's *Test Me*. The *Olita* made a fine showing, and on the point of reaching proved herself the ablest boat of the lot.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that the *Spruce IV* will have to develop marvelous speed to win.

The trials were not nearly so well attended as expected, and the club boat, which on the day of each event made the trip from New York to

Oyster Bay, carried something like a baker's dozen. This seemed a poor reward, indeed, for the commendable efforts of the Seawanhakas in introducing this class of small boats in American waters.

#### TWO WORLD'S RECORDS.

The New York Athletic Club's team of champion track and field athletes, in the experienced hands of Mike Murphy, trainer, are rounding into fine shape, and should meet the Londoners on September 21st, the day of contest, in a condition dangerous to opponents and exciting to on-lookers.

Already Connelley, the club's star for the mile event, has run the distance, in a trial with O'Brien and Carter, in the wonderful time of 4 minutes, 15.35 seconds—for it recorded the fastest mile ever made by an amateur. The previous record, by the way, is 4:12, held by W. G. George. The first quarter was made in 1:02 2-5, the half in 2:06 3-5, and the three-quarters in 3:10 4-5.

Kilpatrick, the half-mile, has also shown a great pace, once going the distance in 1:55 2-5, or a second only outside the world's amateur record, held by the English wonder, F. J. K. Cross, Oxford University. In the opinion of those who saw the Union College crack accomplish the feat, Cross's record would have gone had the "effort" been better timed.

M. F. Sweeney, the high jumper, has also established a record, inspired so to do because of the performance of J. M. Ryan, the Irish jumper, on August 19th, at Tipperary. Ryan cleared 6 feet 4 1/2 inches, thus demolishing Sweeney's world's record of 6 feet 4 1/4 inches. Sweeney made in all five jumps, the first cleared the stick at five feet; the second at five feet, six inches; the third at six feet; the fourth failed to negotiate six feet, five inches, but another try carried the graceful body of Sweeney cleanly over the bar with a goodly inch to spare. The jump was simply a wonderful one, and incredible almost to those who witnessed it.

#### THE RIG OF THE "DEFENDER" AND THE "VALKYRIE III."

Down Bristol way the Herreshoffs and their following believe that both the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie III* are over-carryed, yet the *Defender* has been so treated because it would be the part of folly not to follow the lead of the Englishmen; for sail-power under certain conditions, which are equal for all, counts for a deal more than time allowance.

Captain Cranfield, of the *Valkyrie III*, has expressed his opinion in a like manner, and the English skipper goes a bit further and says that the rigs now carried by his boat and the *Defender* are altogether too large; in other words, the limit in the sloop class has been over-reached.

Lord Dunraven has said that a return should be made to the seventy-five-foot class, which is as much as admitting that the ninety-foot class is carrying the sloop class too far. In the light of such valuable opinions it may be set down as probable that this year will see the end of the mammoth single-stickers.

*A. T. Bull.*

#### Pierola, President of Peru.

DON NICHOLAS DE PIEROLA, twice Dictator of Peru, is now the President, elected by the people. The vote of popular approval was given in July, and last month saw inaugurated a man who, it is thought, will do more for his country than any of his predecessors since Prado's time. Pierola has been termed the Napoleon of South America. Twice he has been exiled from his native land and twice he has marched upon Lima with troops composed of hardy mountaineers, and, after fierce fighting, has won his way to the executive building. His last battle occurred in May, and one thousand dead men lay on the paving-stones of the City of Kings before he was its master. Then he appealed to the people and they, by a splendid majority, gave him the greatest gift at their hands.

Pierola has in view the aggrandizement of Peru. He believes in a more liberal treatment of foreigners, the attraction of capital to his country, and the opening of the interior. He proposes completing the road to the wealth of the Cerro del Pasco mines and furnishing an outlet for the treasure that is known to be in hitherto inaccessible regions. For fourteen years he has been striving to bring this about, but each time that he occupied the executive chair an overthrow came before he could accomplish anything. Now that he is President he has the opportunity he has fought and waited for.

To show the wonderful energy of the man a bit of history is necessary, yet it is history one cannot find in books.

In 1870-71 Peru prospered as she never had

before, under the administration of Prado, an eminent jurist. While at the height of his success he was shot down by a fanatic, and was succeeded in office by Prado. In 1870 Peru sided with Bolivia against Chili in a struggle for the control of the Antioquista nitrate beds. Then a cloud settled down upon the northern republic. Her superior navy was defeated.



DON NICHOLAS DE PIEROLA.

Her allies, the Bolivian soldiers, deserted during the first battle. In October, 1879, the southern part of the state was held by the enemy, and a march on Lima was expected.

One afternoon of that month Prado ordered his state barge to be ready in Callao, and, traveling by a special train from Lima, he reached the seaport, where he announced that he intended inspecting what remained of the fleet and also the forts, so as to be ready for the coming conflict. The people shouted their bravos as he stepped into the barge, accompanied by brilliantly-uniformed officers. He doffed his hat and addressed them, saying he would yet save Peru. The executive party

de Pierola, an under-secretary in the war department. He issued a pronouncement and sent forth trusted friends. "Pierola! Pierola!" shouted the people. "Yes; anybody rather than the knaves at the palace!" For Prado's ministry had declared they would carry on the government.

At ten o'clock there was a rumble of wheels and a clatter of hoofs; a battery of artillery and a squadron of cavalry had deserted the barracks and declared for Pierola. Infantry soon followed; then men arrived from every direction. A barricade was erected across a side street leading to the Grand Plaza. It was attacked by the government forces at midnight. Pierola, mounted upon a black horse, commanded the revolutionists. At two o'clock there were five hundred dead and the government was defeated.

But Pierola, as Dictator, felt the effects of Prado, the knave. The country bankrupt, the army and navy destroyed, he could do nothing in the face of the victorious Chilians. They captured Lima and they gorged themselves with southern territory. Pierola's friends turned against him and he was compelled to flee. Four years later he returned and, by force of arms, again won the place of Dictator. But the people were against him and again he fell. From that time until this year he waited patiently, slowly organizing another army in the mountains. Again he has been successful, and now our people follows the clash of arms.

Pierola, President of Peru, is as brave a soldier as South America ever produced, and he is loved by his troops as Napoleon was by the Guard. As a statesman he has yet to demonstrate his ability, but there are many who believe that his advent signals prosperity for a country which has seen only reverses for fifteen years.

C. H. HARRINGTON.

#### The Horseless Carriage.

THE horseless carriage, which has become popular in Paris, both as a vehicle of pleasure and business, has at last appeared in the streets



THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

visited the monitors in the bay, then the two wooden cruisers. There was much powder burned in saluting. The barge then turned shoreward, but Prado, as if the idea had just come to him, bade the cornetman steer for the steamship *Islay*, then lying at anchor in the outer bay and due to sail for Panama; saying, as he did so, that there was a friend on board to whom he wished to deliver his parting salutation. Thither the barge was rowed, and the President tripped gayly up the side-ladder. He never came down it again in Peruvian waters. The barge waited and waited until the big ship nearly capsized it when heading around to get her nose to the sea. The officers of state cursed and called out that their President was being kidnapped. The captain of the *Islay* smiled at them and ordered full speed ahead. As she was fairly under way Prado, smiling and debonair, appeared near the after-rail and kissed his hands to his aides. In his cabin he had several hundred thousand dollars. He went to Paris and enjoyed himself.

That night came the opportunity for Nicholas

of New York. The pioneer wagon was imported by Hilton, Hughes & Co., who propose to use it for delivery purposes, and will be followed by two others, which will be used as pleasure vehicles. The wagon recently introduced is operated by a petroleum motor, and the cost of running it is less than a cent a mile. It is fitted with a series of spoked wheels and chains. It is guided by a crank and checked by three brakes. It can be stopped or started instantly. On good roads the wagon, which is of four-horse power, runs about fifteen miles an hour. It climbs easily ten to twelve per cent. grades. Its carrying capacity is one thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, and it is comparatively noiseless, the tires of the wheels being composed of solid rubber.

The success which has attended the use of these carriages in Paris, where over two thousand are running on the boulevards, seems to justify the belief that they will soon be introduced in all our larger cities in connection with the parcel-delivery service and as a substitute for other styles of wagons.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE





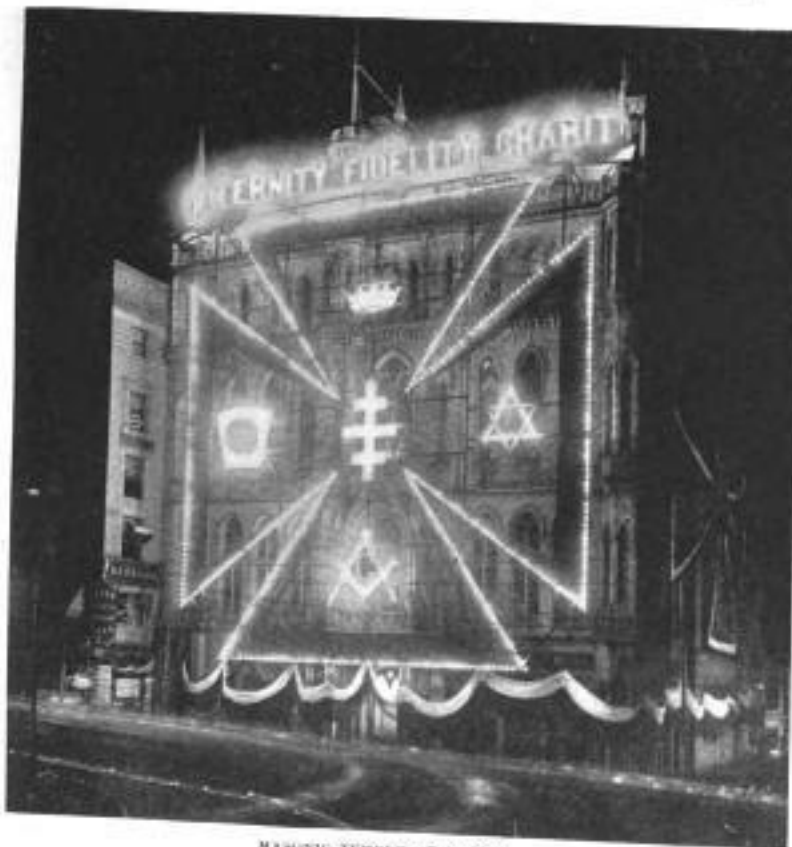
PORTLAND COMMANDERY, OF PORTLAND, MAINE.



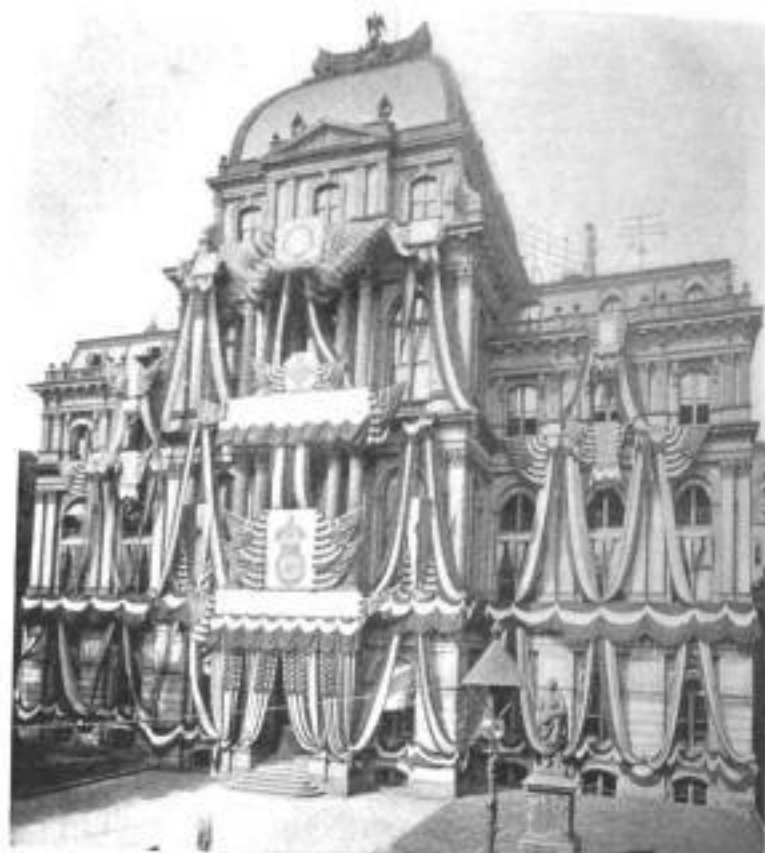
BOSTON COMMANDERY ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.



THE LITTLE COMMANDERY OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, IN COMPETITIVE DRILL.



MASONS TEMPLE AT NIGHT.



DECORATIONS ON CITY HALL.



ZERUBBABEL IV.—THE BEAR FROM CALIFORNIA.



COMMANDERY FROM BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.



STAFF OF CHIEF MARSHAL ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

THE MONSTER PARADE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS IN BOSTON, ON THE OCCASION OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. STEBBINS.—[SEE PAGE 170.]





Fording a river by means of floats made out of logs.



Building a bridge across the Overspre.



Fording a river by canvas boats.



Crossing a river on torpedoes (porks or bays).

SUMMER EXERCISES OF THE DIVISIONS OF THE GERMAN ARMY ON THE OBERSPREE, NEAR BERLIN.—*Illustrirte Zeitung*.



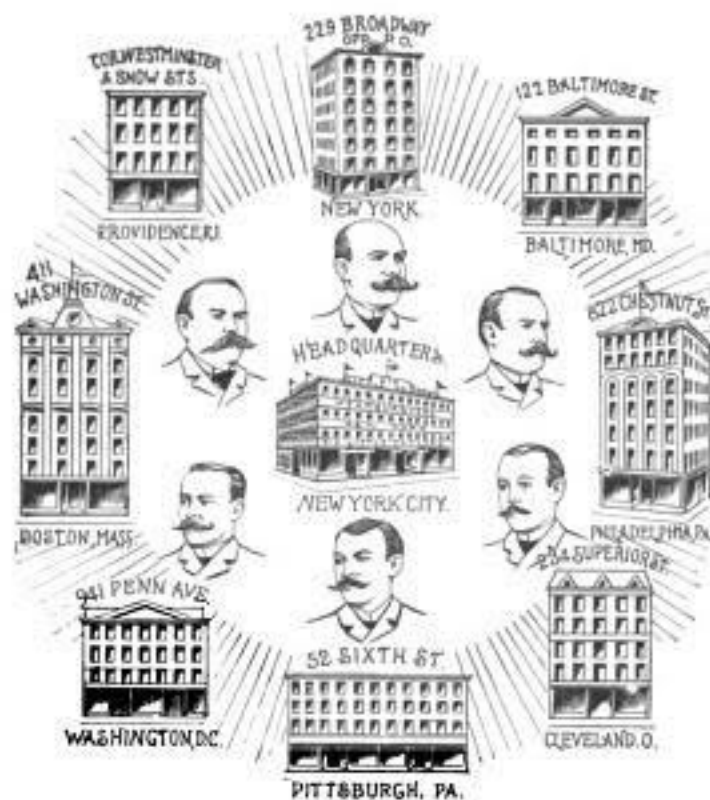
THE GERMAN EMPEROR SHOOTING GROUSE OVER THE MOORS OF LORD WESTBURY, IN ENGLAND.—*London Graphic*.

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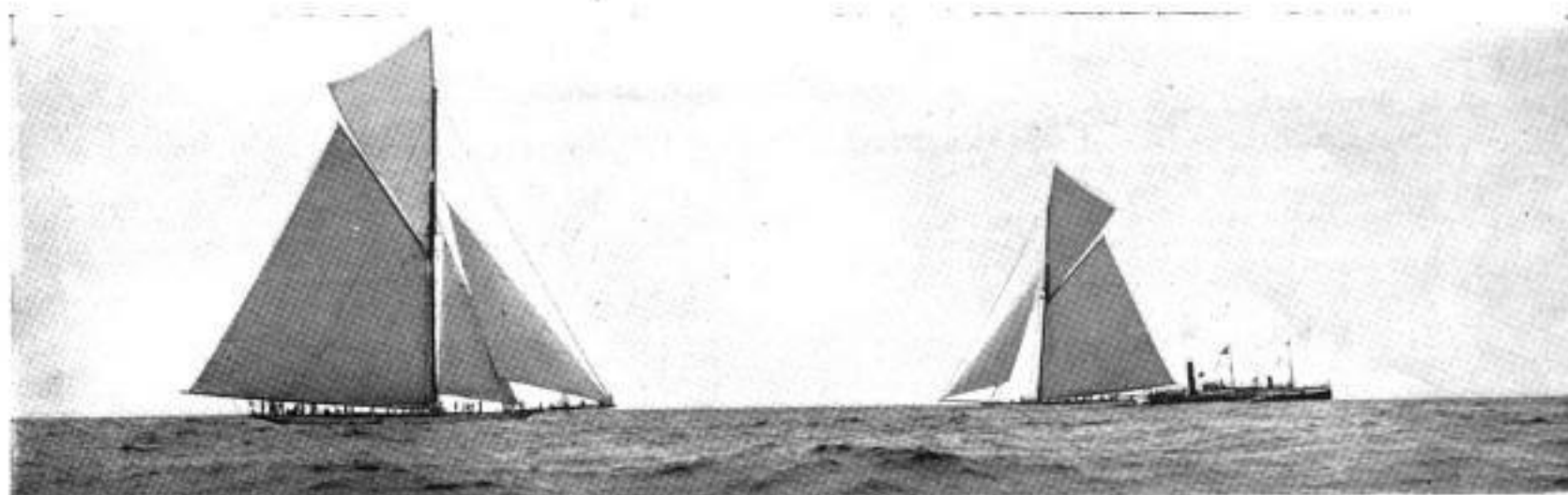
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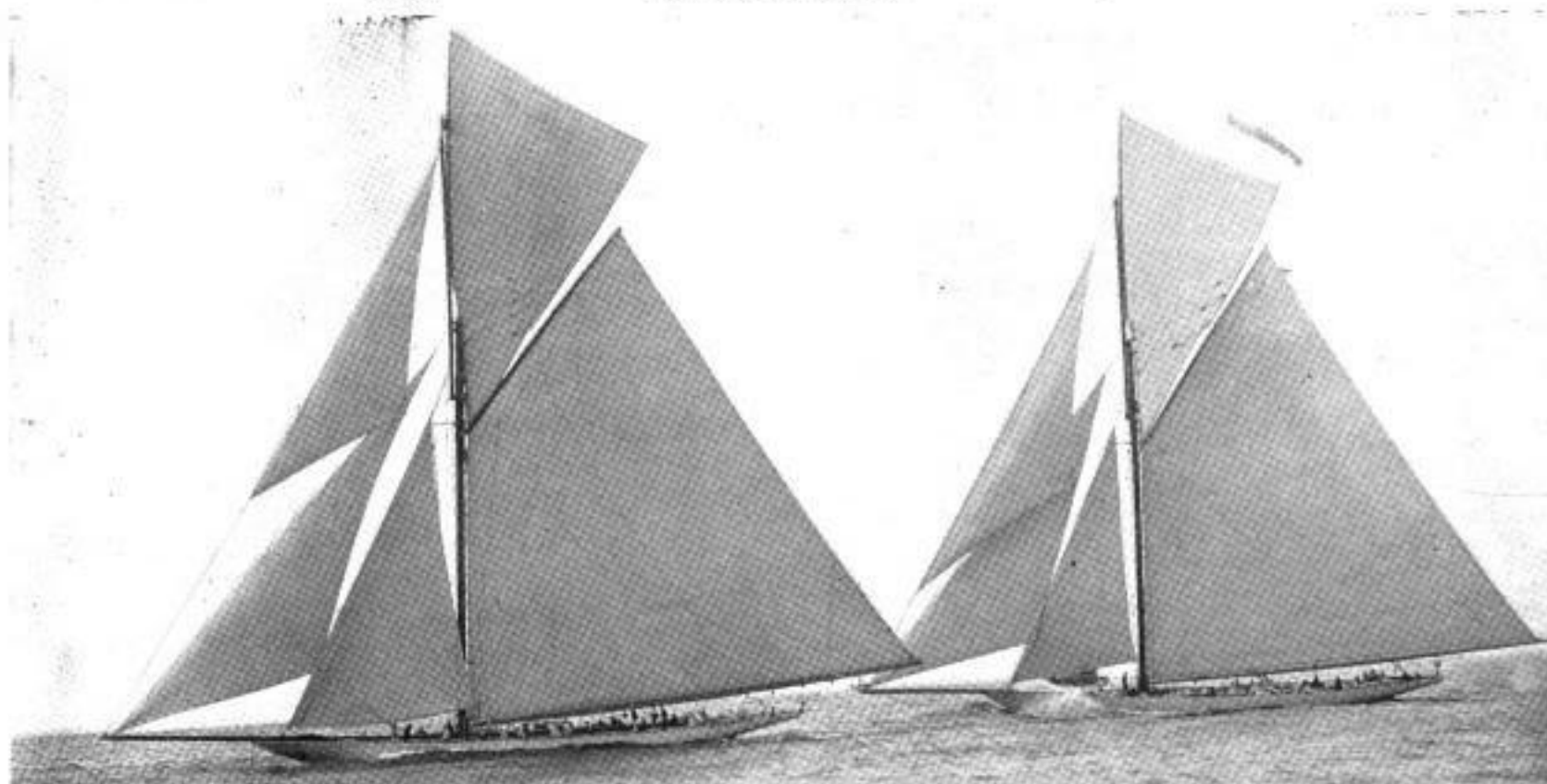
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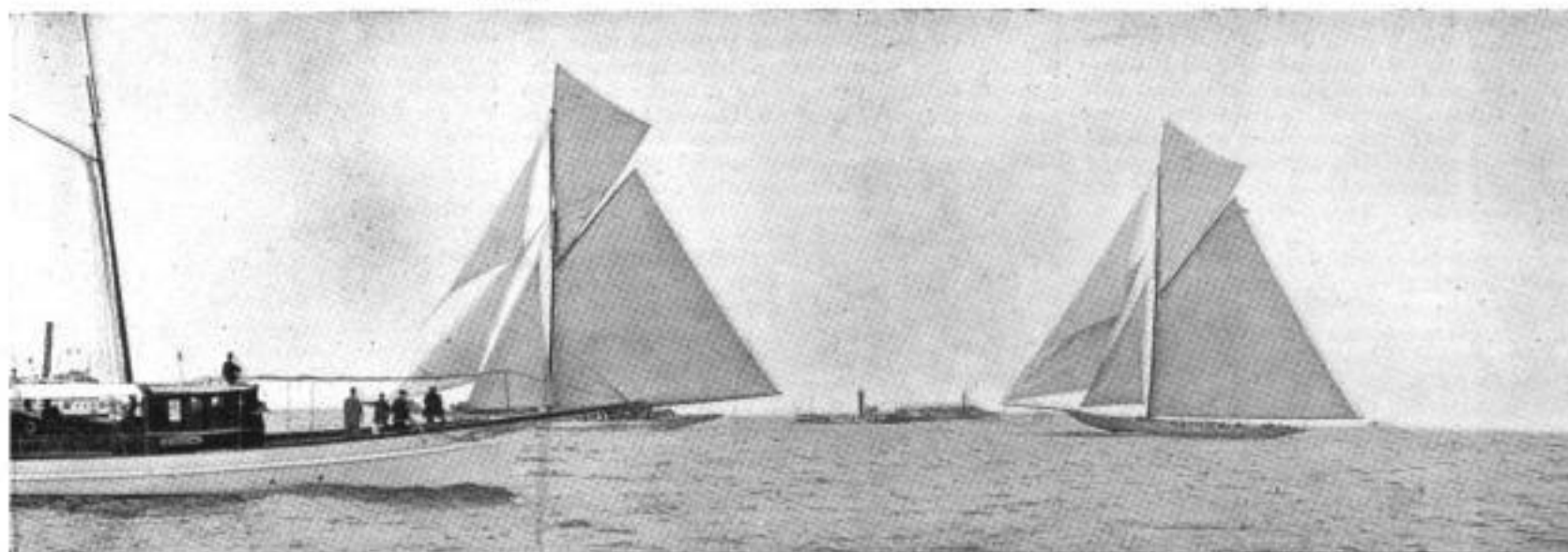
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*Valkyrie.*

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FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE START—THE "VALKYRIE" DRAWING STEADILY AWAY FROM THE "DEFENDER."

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY J. C. HEMMENT.  
[SEE PAGE 187.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Literary and Art Staff: John T. Brushall, H. Besterlahl.

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## Wanted—A Higher Party Standard.

**M**R. WARNER MILLER, when asked recently as to the Republican prospects in this State, is reported to have said that there could be no doubt of the party's success, for the reason that "the people are utterly disgusted with Democratic incompetency and dishonesty." That is to say, the Republican party is to be continued in power, not on any grounds of positive achievement or conspicuous public service, but because, relatively, it is not so hopelessly and irredeemably bad as its antagonist.

Does Mr. Warner Miller really think that this is the sort of argument which Republicans should employ in the campaign now upon us? Is there nothing in the Republican record or policy which entitles it to popular support? Are the failings and faults of its adversaries its only stock in trade? Must it depend for success, not upon what it has done affirmatively in the public interest, but upon its failure to do as badly as the party of the other part?

It is not encouraging to find a man of Mr. Miller's experience and acknowledged moral uprightness basing his hopes of success upon such a theory as this. And yet, in doing so he merely reflects the view and policy of many of the party managers. Every one at all familiar with our political history knows that some of the most influential of the party leaders, so-called, have for years persisted in keying the party policy just to this idea. There has been no high regard for principle, no elevated conception of party responsibility. The effort has been to win, not by holding up the party to a high standard of performance, elevating its methods and making it in the largest and fullest sense representative of the highest impulses and most patriotic purposes of the people, but by so far avoiding flagrant sins, and just so far recognizing the popular will, as, comparatively, to give it the advantage, in any general estimate, over the Democracy. Thus, all the criticisms of the infidelities and the corruption of the last Republican Legislature have been met, in some quarters, not by an honest confession and apology, but by the plea that, anyhow, that Legislature was not as bad as the Hill Legislatures which preceded it; that, while its governing spirit was selfish and partisan, it, as to some things, lived up to its engagements; whereas the Democracy, under like circumstances, would have been absolutely faithless. So as to the question of the enforcement of the excise laws: instead of facing the question squarely and applauding the action of the authorities, these leaders have from the first played the coward, addressing to the lawless classes the pitiful plea that these laws are of Democratic origin, and that any inconvenience resulting from their enforcement by overzealous officials must be charged upon that party.

It is shameful that the Republican party of this State should be humiliated before the country by any such contemptible policy as this. With all its faults and mistakes it has a magnificent history, and has contributed enormously in vital crises to the preservation of the national honor and the promotion of the interests of good government. It stood for the national unity when the Democracy as a party was against it. It upheld the cause of freedom when that party was for slavery. It has been a bulwark of honest finance. It has maintained the cause of honest elections and the right of every man to cast his ballot without molestation or hindrance. It has thus a capital in actual and solid performance upon which it may safely and successfully depend, if it chooses to use it, in every encounter with its foes. That capital should be employed. We can afford to appeal, and we ought to appeal, to the people of this State for their continued support, on the strength of the fact that the party record as a whole attests a genuine devotion to the public interests, and a real desire for the elimination of the evil forces which are struggling for the mastery in our politics. Recent events have demonstrated most conclusively this latter fact. The party ought, in a word, to have the courage of its convictions, and seem to see for favor on any lower plane. It counts for nothing in its favor as a positive force that the

party in opposition is unworthy of confidence. Upon its own merits it must stand or fall.

## The New York Novel.



WHO will write the great New York novel? A rather extraordinary opinion regarding this has been put forth by Professor Boyesen, in a recent newspaper article in which he said it will "be written either by a bachelor who has spent years of his life in the metropolis and retired into the country with a competency, or by a married author who is rich enough to be independent of editors and publishers." In other words, Professor Boyesen believes that the great novelist of New York must necessarily be a man of means first and an author afterward. He looks for genius not in a garret, living on a daily crust, but in a rich mansion, wooing his fancy amid surroundings pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the aesthetic instincts.

The writing of a great novel under such circumstances, it must be said, would be counter to literary history, for when has it been shown that a condition of luxury and wealth is a prerequisite of great fiction-writing? And why should such an environment be imperative in this instance? The answer Professor Boyesen gives is that at least ten years' incubation is needed for the production of such a novel, and that no one of the literary New-Yorkers of to-day is able to give to any work that amount of time unless he is paid for it—and pay for his work he could not expect short of the acceptance of the manuscript.

This seems to be a point well taken, but it reckons not of some essential elements of the story. For instance, there can be no great New York novel with the slums—the dark side of our life—left out of it. This seems already to have been recognized by most of the contemporaneous writers of stories with a New York setting. Yet neither the bachelor "who has spent some years of his life in the metropolis," nor the independent literary man can know the slums with anything approaching accurate information of their many-sided life. Society life in New York, on the other hand, is an open book. Even if the literary men are not of it—from preference rather than the accident of circumstances—yet it requires no great effort of the imagination to portray that life quite truly. The material has been found to be easy to get at. But the slums are an unsolved mystery. They cannot be understood simply by walking through them, as Mr. Howells has done, nor by studying the reports of the social reformers, nor by watching the work of the College Settlement girls. The slums of New York are a vast social and moral desert whose abject hopelessness and crushing woes and dark tragedies, whose stories of noble courage and heroic self-sacrifice and the fierce, unrelenting struggle for existence, can be realized only by those who have lived there, who have been of them, and who have emerged with impressive memories of their horrors, needing only the story-telling gift to startle the world with a virile and moving tale. Some native of the slums, some educated son or daughter of the tenements, who has escaped the pernicious influences of birth and breeding in such a place, is the more likely one to make this contribution to American literature. Of all the phases of American civilization thus far treated in the form of fiction, it would be difficult to name one that has not found its delineator within the limits of the locality where the scene is laid, or at least in an atmosphere of sympathy with that locality. This is the logic of literary production. So it will be with the novel of the slums.

With his exceptional abilities as a writer, and with an ever-increasing knowledge of New York, Mr. Howells is really the best equipped of all our literary men to attempt this predestined feat. The question is, could he give power to this work by a deep and disinterested sympathy with the hopelessness and despair of life in the squalid East Side? In his published works he has evolved his characters from utterly different soil. It is well known that Mr. Howells is a good deal of a socialist at heart, and despises mere wealth. It is regrettable that he could not have enjoyed the boundless opportunities of a New York reporter with a literary style. Thrown into the environment of a reporter, brought face to face with the misery and crime and reckless living and passion and folly and imposture and social degeneracy of the metropolis, Mr. Howells could not have failed to have his sensibilities quickened to the point of producing a powerful novel. It would have been better, for that matter, if certain others of our novel-writers could have covered night assignments at police headquarters.

## Crime Avenges Itself.

RETRIBUTION, as he may, a man's sin is pretty sure to find him out. It happens sometimes, indeed, that the offender is able to baffle justice and escape the punishment he deserves, but as a rule the fact is otherwise. There is a Nemesis that keeps watch in the universe and lets no crime go unchastised, no matter how it may disguise itself, or in what far corner it may seek to hide itself.

Two or three notable illustrations of this fact have

recently been recorded in the newspapers. One is that of a Dr. George W. Fraker, who, some two years ago, after having insured his life for a large sum, suddenly disappeared from Excelsior Springs, in Missouri. The story given out was that he was drowned while on a fishing excursion. Three persons who were with him at the time swore that they had seen him perish, giving a circumstantial account of the affair, and on the strength of their evidence his executor—the insurance companies having refused to pay the claims because of the suspicious circumstances of the case—brought suit for the full amount of fifty-eight thousand dollars. In the first trial a verdict was given for the defense, but a new trial was granted, and in that, judgment was given for the full amount, which was duly paid. The counsel of the companies, however, believing that fraud had been practiced, instituted a search, which was prosecuted for two years, and this was at last rewarded with success, Dr. Fraker being found in the wilds of northern Minnesota, where he was living with only a boy for a companion. Fifty miles away from the nearest post office, he regarded himself as secure beyond the reach of law and justice. But he was mistaken. When arrested he made no resistance, and later on confessed his guilt. He had not as yet received from his executor any part of the money which his fraud was to bring him, and so earns at last, as its only compensation, disgrace, penury, and imprisonment.

The experience of this offender simply duplicates that of hundreds of others who have found all their wisdom of no avail whatever in their struggle against the retributive forces which are anchored in the constitution of things. The obvious lesson is that it is honesty, after all, which pays the largest dividends; that there are no prizes in any of the koteries of crime which possess a permanent value, and that it is infinitely better, on a purely selfish basis, to say nothing of higher motives, to make an honest use of talent and opportunities, content to earn and enjoy the fruit of labor thus employed, than to seek abnormal gains by devious ways, or methods at variance with moral principle or prejudicial to the rights and interests of others.

## The Roads and Local Authorities.



IN the location, construction, and maintenance of public highways our governmental scheme, based on home rule, appears to break down almost completely. This fact does not constitute an argument against home rule, but merely furnishes another instance that every human scheme is sure to be faulty in some particular. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the merits of the democratic system of government, but to point out wherein, under that system, some special laws should be made as to public roads: for the experience of more than a hundred years in this country and in Europe teaches us that the local authorities should not be intrusted with supreme control of the roads in any neighborhood. Until the roads were taken away from local administrators in England all of the efforts to improve them miscarried, and millions of pounds expended on the highways were wasted. So, too, it has been in this country from the beginning, and so it is in this country to-day, though in Europe advantage has been taken of experience, and now in France and the other continental countries, and in a measure also in Great Britain, the roads are administered by the central authorities.

During the interim after Washington had retired from the command of the army, and before he had been sworn in as President, he lived quietly at Mount Vernon and interested himself with his private affairs and the business of his State. Patrick Henry was then Governor of Virginia. To him Washington wrote, advising that the road laws be so changed that county courts should not have authority to locate roads, but that these locations should be determined upon by State engineers. His reason was that merely local interests would influence the county court and all citizens of the neighborhood, and that therefore not the wise thing, but the locally popular thing, would be done. But Washington's advice was not taken, and the Virginia road laws are as faulty to-day as they were a hundred years ago, while the roads are a disgrace to the civilization of the Old Dominion. The other day an enlightened county judge in Virginia requested advice from the engineer in charge of the road bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture. The engineer made a reconnaissance of the country where the road was to be improved, and showed the county judge, to his entire satisfaction, that in one or more places the location of the road should be changed, as on the present line no good road was possible. The law requires that freeholders should petition the court to make any change in location. The freeholders of the neighborhood were asked to look at the plan. Being intelligent men, they saw that the plan was wise, but not a man of them would sign the petition. They explained their refusal by saying that the change would be disagreeable and disadvantageous to one of their number, and that therefore to sign the petition would be unneighborly. Therefore the road on the old location is to be macadamized, and every penny spent upon it will be worse than wasted, for the new pavement will not much improve the road, while



the cost will fix the highway in the wrong place for several generations, and maybe forever.

So, too, in one of the most beautiful and prosperous counties in New Jersey a large sum raised from the sale of bonds for road improvement is being wasted at this moment. Without a man in the county board with any knowledge of road-building, it is not wonderful that an engineer was selected without any experience. Taking good advice to begin with, this ignorant local board and ignorant local engineer have abandoned every wise counsel, and now propose to pave over hills so steep that a horse can only climb them laboriously in a walk, and to use in the construction a native hasted stone so coarse in grain that it disintegrates when in contact with the weather. This money will be thrown away, and in that section of New Jersey the movement for good roads will be seriously injured.

State road laws should be framed so that, while home-rule will not be interfered with, the ignorance of the local bumpkins will have small chance to wreak itself on the public highways. Good roads should be universal in every American State, and therefore their construction from funds raised in part by general taxation should not be a hardship to any. It is a bad plan, as a general thing, to help those who won't help themselves, and for this reason not every kind of local interest and responsibility should be abrogated in any State road law. But a State law granting to each county State aid to the extent of one-third of the cost of road improvement, provided that the plans should be made and the work itself supervised by the State engineers, would secure the desired results without relieving the county of a good proportion of an expense made in a large part for the benefit of the residents of the county.

The road parliament which is to convene in Atlanta in October next cannot do a better thing than initiate a movement looking to the adoption of the policy and the accomplishment of the results here suggested.



In quoting a recent editorial in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, in which we remarked that the Liberals in England had lost control of the government because, like our Democratic party, they had failed to live up to their pledges to the people, the *Atlanta Constitution* remarks:

"Change the word 'Liberals' to 'Democrats,' knock out Gladstone and substitute 'United States' for 'Great Britain,' and the above would read like a description of the present status in this country. It is certainly a striking parallel. Like the Liberals, the Democratic leaders in power broke their pledges, lost the confidence of the masses of their party, and suffered defeat. Their failure to keep their promises discredited them with the people, and they were rebuked at the polls. A party and its leaders must keep faith with the people or suffer the penalty."

THE proposition to construct a bicycle-path along the towpath of the Erie Canal has been brought to the attention of the superintendent of canals, and is understood to be now under advisement. The idea is to appropriate a strip of land five feet in width along the entire extent of the canal, a distance of three hundred miles, and construct a path which shall be first class in every particular, and the expense of which shall be paid by private subscriptions and the contributions of associations of wheelmen, many of which have already tendered their co-operation. There is no apparent reason why the project should not be carried out. It will involve no expense to the State, while on the other hand such a course, practically unequaled in length, would be a source of almost infinite satisfaction and pleasure to thousands of our citizens.

THE extent and growth of the railway mail service is illustrated by the fact that the number of pieces of mail-matter of all classes handled in the second division, comprising New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the peninsula of Maryland and Virginia, during the year ending on the 1st of July last, was 1,249,740,337. This is an increase of three and one-half per cent. over 1894, and of twenty-five per cent. in the mail distributed in the last five years. The improvement in the character of the service is illustrated by the statement that last year there were but 76,051 errors of all kinds in the handling and carriage of this vast volume of mail-matter. The decrease in the number of errors in the last five years has been about twenty-four and one-third per cent. The number of clerks employed in this branch of the service is 849. The superintendent of this division, Mr. R. C. Jackson, is one of the oldest and best-equipped postal officials in the country, and the efficiency of the service in this metropolitan district is very largely due to his business-like policy and methods.

It is not by any means impossible that the British Conservatives may undertake to undermine the home-rule agitation in Ireland by making concessions which have been long demanded but never heretofore assented to by the now dominant party. Mr. J. Kelt Hardie, the well-known English labor agitator, who is now in this country,

said in a recent interview that he would not be surprised to see the Conservative government give to Ireland "a comprehensive system of municipal government, with a national Parliament under some other name than that of home rule, and by an extension of the principles of the Ashbourne acts and the land acts, pacify the tenant farmers." He added as within his personal knowledge that the government proposes to meet the demands of the clergy by more liberal grants to church schools. The policy indicated as to Ireland would certainly be "good politics"; while it would not appease the Irish extremists, it would satisfy the great body of the people, and make it difficult for the factional leaders to maintain a successful propaganda in behalf of radical and revolutionary measures.

It would seem that there cannot be any room for doubt as to the course which should be pursued in the coming municipal election in this city. Mayor Strong expresses the exact fact when he says that "the only logical thing to do is to form another union. That is the only way to keep Tammany out. With that end in view all Republicans, all good Democrats, and all lovers of a non-partisan administration of this city's government should form a union." Of course the political mercenaries in the Republican ranks are violently opposed to a combination of this sort, and are doing everything in their power to secure the nomination of a straight party ticket—a policy which would afford opportunity for bargains and trades, and result inevitably in the restoration to power of the old gang of corruptionists. The conditions are perhaps less favorable for a union than they were one year ago, but if Republicans of influence assert themselves in behalf of such a result, and the independent Democrats adhere honestly to the position which they now hold, it can no doubt be brought about, so far, at least, as to preserve substantially the gains for good government secured at the last election.

THE experiment of nominating a free-silver candidate on a sound-money platform seems likely to prove disastrous to the Kentucky Democracy. General Hardin's refusal to withdraw and his stubborn adherence to the flat money views he avowed in the opening speeches of his campaign have already provoked widespread confusion in the party ranks, and it is freely predicted in some quarters that Colonel Bradley, the Republican nominee for Governor, will be elected by a safe majority. It is to the credit of many of the leading Democrats of the State that they refuse to have anything to do with a campaign which promises to be one of false pretenses throughout, and there is every reason to believe that most of these will carry their protest to the point of voting against the party candidate. As to Legislative candidates there is as yet no break-up of party lines, but it is probable that the Republicans will make gains in some districts where Senator Blackburn has secured the nomination of free-coinage advocates who are favorable to his re-election. The Republican leaders apparently appreciate the opportunity which has come to them, and if they act wisely, and in a broadly patriotic spirit, a victory may be won which will place Kentucky permanently in the column of Republican States.



"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THE heat of the past summer has been unnaturally increased at different intervals by the unwonted warmth of discussion over Mr. George Moore's latest book, "Celibates," a collection of three short stories published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. But now that the dog-days have gone the way of all other dog-days, and the coolness of autumn is in the air, I think I can venture a few words in praise of these three very subtle studies that will not bring down upon me the ireful reproaches of half the New York book reviewers, or even of the *Critic's* artful "Lounge." With the exception of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy, who stand quite alone in really isolated greatness, there is no man in England to-day who combines so many attributes of the true artist as George Moore. He has feeling, dramatic power, and skill, besides unusual knowledge and appreciation of the complexities and diversities of character. He has shown this repeatedly in his novels, and it is patent in this little group of short stories, though not to such an extent as in some of his former work. In "Agnes Lahens," however, the last of the three, he is at his very best, and in the study of the outcast father, Major Lahens, he has done something worthy of his master—Balzac. There is the touch of real tragedy in his handling of the pitiable, despicable creature, and it brings instantly to one's mind the sorrowful images of Père Goriot and Cousin Pons. The two other stories of the volume are not so satisfactory. "Mildred Lawson" being too long, and "John Norton" too short. They are both rather vague, and I must confess, in parts, they are brutal. But no doubt Mr. Moore would answer, "Life is brutal, too." Yes, too true; but there are squeamish ones amongst us who don't care to recognize the fact. At any rate, there is a sufficient remnant who are not afraid to confront life's realities, and

to them, and to all lovers of strong, virile studies of human life, Mr. Moore's work will appeal strongly.

Mr. George W. Smalley's exile to his native land for the benefit of his adopted country promises to be as productive of good as every one good-naturedly predicted, on his arrival several months ago. His New York letters to the *London Times* are already beginning to have their effect, and it is no unusual thing now to find articles in the various English magazines and papers, on United States topics, that are partially correct—in fact, it is but in the last number of the *Saturday Review* that I read an article on the New York police force that might have been written in Printing House Square (though hardly, for it was in correct English). It was accurate and full of sense and understanding. A quotation from the *Times* showed the source of its writer's knowledge, and a feeling of thankfulness crept over me on realizing that at last the sensational "agencies" and "correspondents" were effectively check-mated, and that in the future Englishmen could rest assured that if they saw it in the *Times* it would be so—at least about us. The only pity is that Mr. Smalley hasn't a double.

As if a consciousness of the very low ebb of the dramatic instinct in themselves had suddenly struck our writers for the theatre, they all seem to be scrambling to put into dramatic form—save the mark!—whatever novel or story seems to them most adaptable. And we are promised versions of "The Prisoner of Zenda"—by the time this is in print Mr. Sothern will have made this an accomplished fact—several of Stanley Weyman's stories, George Eliot's "Romola," and any number of others. I have no doubt that a good dramatization of a book is better than most of our so-called original plays, but so many adaptations argue for a pitiable paucity of idea in our dramatists—that is, if an argument were needed to establish the truth of a very evident fact. The bane of our theatre is the lack of ideas in author, actor, manager, and public; they are, one and all, sunk in the rut of commonplace and vulgarity. What lucky person or circumstance is to jolt them out remains to be seen. It may be the adapter and the dramatized novel.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—ALMOST at the same time that the foremost actor in England was receiving the honor of knighthood from the Queen, the foremost French actress was being oddly snubbed by some Brittany fishermen, the story of which has just become public through the *Parispress*. While Madame Bernhardt was spending the summer in her ruined castle at Belle Isle she noticed how dangerous the harbor of Sauzon is, and how likely to cause shipwreck to fishermen's boats. She thereupon proposed to present the fishermen with a staunch brigantine to be used for life-saving, and to bear her name, but the villagers declined the offer. They were willing to accept the gift of the boat, but not if it was to be named for an actress.

—Although José Echegaray, the Spanish dramatist, has written more than a hundred plays during the past twenty years, nearly all of them successful, he aspires to be famous as a mathematician rather than as a playwright. He writes plays in the intervals of leisure from his scientific studies, and none of them has cost him more than a fortnight's labor. Echegaray is a lively old man of seventy, and he has recently learned to ride the bicycle. He makes the curious boast that up to the age of fifty he had read every novel published in England.

—In addition to his knowledge of the law, Judge Harmon, the new Attorney-General, has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed men in Cincinnati, and one of the few able to keep their linen immaculate in that soot-stained city. Judge Harmon has found leisure to acquire various accomplishments. He knows a good deal about music, he fences skillfully, and he is enough of an artist to have painted some very creditable miniatures of his daughters. Judge Harmon is still a few years under fifty, and even younger in personal appearance.

—There is probably no more popular divine in New Jersey than Dr. A. H. Bradford, who has recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate in Montclair, where he has remained in preference to accepting any of the several offers he has received of pulpits in England. Dr. Bradford returned from London late in August, after spending the summer preaching in Birmingham. He sailed for Japan on September 12th, to report, with three other divines, on the question of withdrawing the Congregational missionaries from the Japanese empire.

—John Burroughs has just finished harvesting his grapes, of which his vines yield nearly ninety tons a year, and for which he finds a ready market in New York. The naturalist and essayist leads a very bucolic life, for a literary man, at his country home on the Hudson. He exacts all he can from nature, even to the goose-quills he uses for pens, and the reeds a visitor found him transforming into pen-holders. His currants, peaches, and grapes return him a better income than his books.

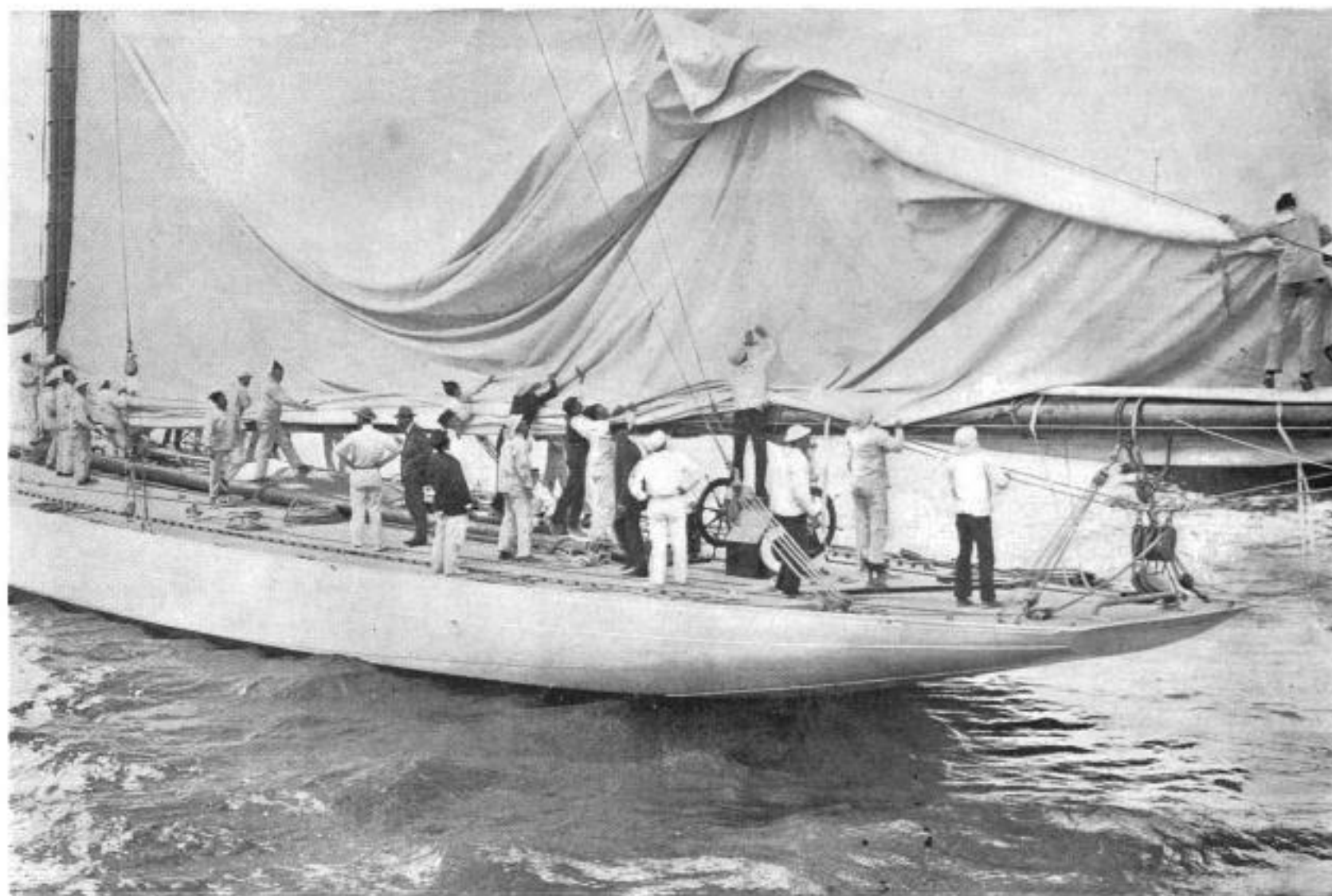




WAITING FOR SAILING ORDERS ON BOARD THE "DEFENDER".



ONE OF THE OVER-CROWDED EXCURSION BOATS.



THE "DEFENDER'S" CREW HAULING DOWN HER MAINSAIL.



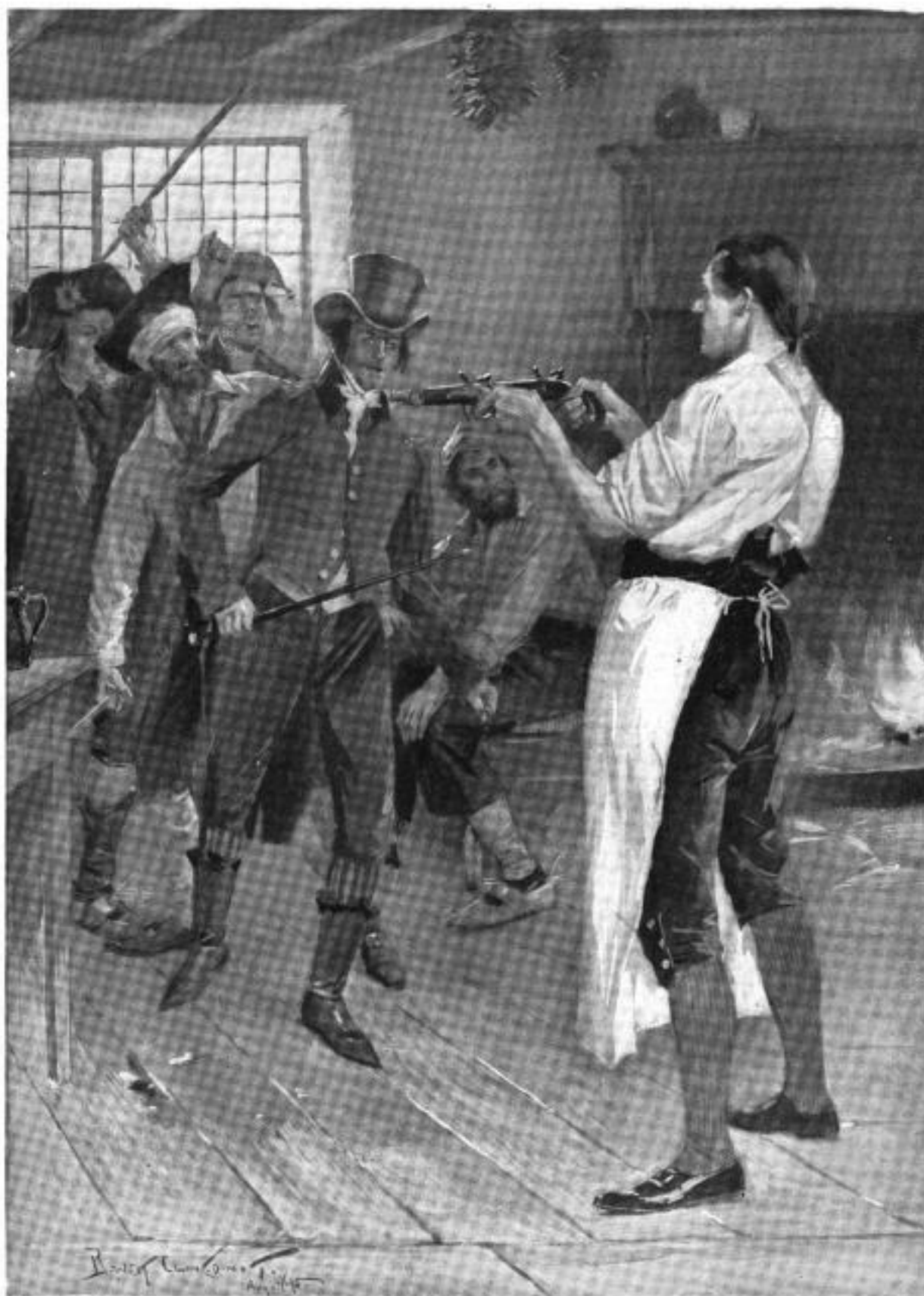
CAPTAIN SYCAMORE, DESIGNER WATSON, AND LORD DUNRAVEN.



LORD DUNRAVEN'S DAUGHTERS AND CAPTAINS CRANFIELD AND SYCAMORE ON THE "VALKYRIE" CONVERSING WITH MR. HENDERSON.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY J. C. HEMMETT  
[SEE PAGE 187.]





"Pierre turned upon the blatant patriots with a brace of pistols."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

### A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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#### VIII.

##### A LA MORT TOUT LES ARISTOCRATES



ed, his white neckerchief pinned with a glittering brooch, and he wore a sword within a showy scabbard and with an ostentatiously fashioned hilt.

The reader can no doubt recall many instances of two men who were very much alike in appearance when seen apart from each other. Brought together, you observe how scrupulously

nature has separated them. Grébauval, in his tri-color sash and tie-wig, with his artistically fashioned sword-hilt and scrupulously clean linen, might, to a casual observer who was acquainted with Count de Fournier, have been mistaken for that ardent royalist masquerading as a Jacobin. Seen side by side, the difference would have been marked, in gait and manner, in facial expression and tone of voice. They were sufficiently alike, nevertheless, to be remarked upon, as we have already seen, by ordinary people; and it was of considerable moment in the development of the aspirations and adventures of the two men that this was so.

Pierre ran to the doorway, followed by the company, to receive the deputy and his escort of National Guards, brave in their new uniforms that were bright with the national colors. Madame the hostess retired to her chamber in the roof to meditate and plot her schemes of vengeance alone, her indignant soul now in permanent revolt against Pierre, who was a Girondist rather than a Jacobin, and, like many another that marched with pike against Louis and the Queen, might have been royalist if royalty had maintained its station with courage as well as generosity.

He was a sturdy fellow of strong build. His arms were long, his body short in proportion, but denoting great strength. He had something of a rubicund countenance, with a nose that was a liberal indication of a festive character. He had enjoyed himself in his time. Not that it was a Bardolphian nose, though it was prominent and a trifle bulbous, and his cheeks were lumpy with a bitulous suggestiveness, but firm withal. He had white teeth and a thick crop of hair, denoting good health. Pierre was a man whom you would notice in a crowd; he was more like a Yorkshire groom than a French publican—a remarkable contrast to Jacques Roden, a slimy, besotted, loose-lipped, pimply wretch, who had drunk away both his moral and mental faculties, and had only retained the *semblance* of a once powerful frame both as to height and strength.

Jacques was, in fact, a giant gone wrong. He was, however, still able to terrify a few undersized mortals with his height of body and his still taller habit of boasting and brawling, a noisy imitation of reckless courage.

"Give our horses a feed and a rub-down," said Grébauval; "they are weary; men are stronger than horses. It is not simply the ride from Paris that has fatigued them; we have



achieved a great victory over the common enemy, and there is a hunting to follow!"

"Vive le Deputé Grébaud!" said the host. "And whom are we hunting?"

"Vive la nation!" shouted Jacques Roden. "Vive le grand deputé!" pressing forward and seizing the deputy's right hand with both his greasy fists, Grébaud releasing himself from his admirer with an impatient gesture.

"A word with you, Pierre," he said, taking the landlord by the arm and withdrawing into madame's parlor behind the bar. "Excuse us, gentlemen, a moment."

"It is coming to pass—all I warned you of. The overture is finished, the drama has begun."

"God prosper the right!" said Pierre.

"He will," was Grébaud's prompt reply. "But listen, Pierre; it is the cause now—not men, not neighbors—the cause, the people!"

"Of a surety," said Pierre, "we have groaned and suffered long enough; it is the turn of the others—yes, yes. But do not blame me if I remember the count with gratitude."

"It is of him I am here to speak," said Grébaud, fixing his searching eyes upon Pierre's frank, open face.

"I knew it," said Pierre.

"He has to-day been a leading figure in the first great blow the people have struck in Paris; he has had his horse shot from under him, and is on his way to the Château de Louvet on foot."

"Yet he had joined the newly-organized company of hussars, monsieur," said Pierre.

"Yes; and wore his uniform for the first time."

"He supported the National Assembly," continued Pierre.

"Did he so?" remarked Grébaud.

"And was about to leave Paris to join his illustrious comrade, the General Lafayette."

"Whose loyalty is very much in question, friend Pierre."

"Nay? Then who shall we trust?"

"Well, you at least are not suspect," Grébaud replied, "and I am about to commit an important duty to you."

"Thank you, Monsieur le Deputé. I hope it is a duty I may like."

"It is a duty you must like, Pierre. It is not for true patriots to consider what they like, but what is necessary for the safety of France."

"Name the duty you confide to me, if you please," said Pierre, with something like a defiant glance at Grébaud, with whom he was not by any means having his first awkward interview.

"Henri Lavelle, whom you call Count de Fournier—"

"Call?" said Pierre. "But he is Count de Fournier. Who questions it?"

"No matter," said Grébaud. "A file of the National Guard, or perhaps a company of gendarmerie are on his track; one or the other will halt at your door. You will receive them."

"Certainly," said Pierre.

"Your Count de Fournier—since you still love titles—will also make his way to the Lion d'Or; he will trust to that gratitude you spoke of. Be warned, Pierre; to shelter him may mean arrest, perhaps death. I do not ask you to take part against him; but aid and abet him, and I cannot save you."

"I am not a brute beast," said Pierre, looking Grébaud steadily in the eye and thrusting his strong hands into his breeches pockets.

"No; you are a free man, with the right to choose who shall govern you, and a voice equal to the voice of kings."

"No voice, king's or people's, will induce me to raise a hand against Count Henri de Fournier."

"I don't ask you to raise a hand against him; but to be neutral—not to aid his escape."

"I will promise nothing."

"You will."

"Who will make me?"

"I will."

"Your father once said that to me, and did he make me? No man makes me do what I will not."

"You will lose your head, Pierre," said Grébaud, impatiently.

"Others will fall when mine goes, depend upon it," said Pierre, doggedly. "When your father—"

"Don't speak of my father," said Grébaud, quickly.

"I am speaking of the merchant, not the count of that day," said Pierre, drawing himself up as if in preparation for a blow.

"You have been set on to say these things, and, by heavens, I will punish you!"

"I dare say you will. If you are willing to hunt your brother to death, why, in God's name, should you spare the old servant of your reputed father?"

"Speak lower, curse you!" said Grébaud. "Do you dare to call this Henri of the aristocracy my brother?"

"Yes, I dare; for I know he is, and you know it, too," said Pierre, slowly, and still in an attitude of defense.

"And do you think that knowledge will shield him?"

"It should do so, the same blood running in your veins."

"The same blood! What do you call the same blood? Can honor and dishonor mingle? Can ditch water and the clean stream come together and be pure? Have you ever spoken to the count of these matters?"

"Never," said Pierre.

"I know how true you were to the wronged husband of my mother: how you served them both; how you defended, at the risk of your life, the questioned honor of my mother—"

"I know you do; and you know how the lad Henri, when only a stripling, saved the wretched life I was willing to lay down for my master; and yet you come here to dictate to me and give me orders, as if I were a swine or a Jacques Renaud. Know better, Monsieur Grébaud, know better; you take your way, I take mine."

"Give me your hand, old friend. I am in the wrong."

"It is nobly said," Pierre replied, holding forth his broad, strong hand.

"Come what may, Pierre, I am your friend. You are on the roll of the patriot people; but the nation looks for deeds, not words. The day may come when my friendship may not avail to save you; it is a stern régime that begins from to-day. Beware how you betray the sacred cause!"

"The sacred cause can count on me in all honor and Christian dealing," said Pierre. "God knows I have no reason to love the aristocrat—with some exceptions, if you please."

"I know your exceptions; but have a care."

"I am not for tyranny and famine. I am poorer this year than last, was poorer last than the year before, and the country has been betrayed, that I believe; but ask me to hand over to death a man who has always forgotten that he is an aristocrat when he has honored the Lion d'Or, and the cause may go to the devil first—so there, Monsieur le Deputé Grébaud!"

"As you will, Pierre Grippin; as you will," said Grébaud.

By this time the horses had been fed and rubbed down, and the deputy's companions, who had taken their refreshment in the general room, were already remounting at the door. One who was addressed by his fellows as Captain Marcy gave the word to Grébaud, who, dropping one last warning into Pierre's ear, rode off with his company in the direction of the château.

## IX.

### A SEA OF TROUBLES.

FOREMOST among the gallant defenders of royalty on the fatal 10th of August, when the Duke and Duchess de Louvet were innocently, not to say recklessly, preparing to receive their ceremonious guests, Count de Fournier was a conspicuous actor in the tragedy.

The king had plenty of troops and faithful guards to hold his own against all the black-browed Marseillais and red-caps of the faubourgs, but there wanted that day a king with the physical courage of a Maille and the élan of a de Fournier. Maille was there, brave as an old lion, and Mandant with his fiery staff, and the king's Swiss body-guard, ready to fight like warriors and to die like heroes. They were ready and under arms all the night of the 9th; ready and under arms on the morning of the 10th.

De Fournier was there in his bright new uniform as an officer of hussars, his black shako with its defiant feather, his quaint hair-plaits, his blue-and-gold jacket with its fur trimming and gold facings, his red vest and bright gilt buttons—a veritable *beau sabreur*, full of youthful ardor. He was not the least distinguished-looking representative of the ancient noblesse among the patricians who surrounded the king, drawn thither by loyalty and sentiment. They were in various costumes, private, official, and military; but few had arrived on horseback. De Fournier, for the time being, had joined the staff of the commander of the heavy dragoons in an honorary capacity, and made a notable appearance among the different uniforms. The dragoons numbered nine hundred men and officers, and they were supported by twelve pieces of artillery. The *gendarmes à cheval* were an almost equally important force; but, like the National Guard, they were unfortunately not to be trusted. They deserted, in fact, before the night of the 9th was over. Pétion, the mayor, by traitorous arrangement with the rebel chiefs, went to the insurrectionary headquarters at the Hôtel de Ville and summoned Mandant, the commander of the National Guard, who was murdered en route. His death was a heavy blow to the royalist defense.

When the king reviewed the troops at five in the morning, de Fournier and the rest of his volunteer corps by his side, the battalion of the Croix Rouge raised the cry of "Vive la nation!" A regiment of pikemen, defiling before

the king, shouted "Vive Pétion!" and "A bas le Veto!" The king lost all the little spirit of resistance he had hitherto displayed, and went back to the queen depressed and wretched.

If her Majesty had possessed half the power with which she was credited she might have saved the king and the country even at this supreme moment. "Everything you hold most dear," she said to the grenadiers of the National Guard, "your homes, your wives, your children, depends on our existence. To-day our cause is that of the people."

But the people, swarming with pike and gun outside the palace gates, thought differently, and the king could not be persuaded to stand by his faithful troops. Otherwise, there was a moment that morning when the Swiss Guard alone would have turned the fortunes of the day and rescued France from a nightmare of horrors, and Frenchmen from a lasting blot on their humanity; though it should never be forgotten that if the Revolution developed a fiendish devilry that eclipses the worst pages of savage history, it also has redeeming instances of virtue and heroism among the persecuted of all classes, noble and bourgeois, that are equally without parallel in the records of insurrection and revolt.

What need to do more than merely recall the mistakes and blunders, the horrors and the heroisms, the marching and counter-marching, the desperate fighting and the equally desperate running away, the temerities and braveries, and the ultimate massacres of that awful day? Is not European history full of it? Do not the pages of Carlyle exhale the odors of its burnt powder and its weltering corpses? "Oh, ye gallant Swiss, ye gallant gentlemen in black, for what cause are ye to spend and be spent?" Thrust by Fate into their midst when royalty vanished forever and left them to their unhappy lot, ordered to lay down their arms, Count de Fournier was tossed hither and thither on the tide of steel and intermittent explosion of guns, fighting with all his might, finding in every foe a Grébaud, and wiping out in every stroke the memory of the humiliation of that sudden duel outside the Château de Louvet.

At last, betrayal and rout; betrayal of the king, betrayal by Louis of his most devoted troops. Backed by artillery, mad with an unexpected triumph after their overwhelming defeat at the beginning of the day, the rioters carried fury and carnage into the palace. De Fournier with the dragoons had made an ineffectual stand in the open, on foot, with a few officers of the royal body-guard, but had for a time withstood the massacre in the palace. The king's final order to lay down their arms had left the Swiss all but defenseless, and utterly demoralized the royalist nobles who had rallied to the support of the king.

There was a running fight from staircase to staircase, from room to room, throughout the palace, which at length became a hideous massacre. A few escaped by leaping from the windows. De Fournier was a marked man. His unfortunately conspicuous uniform, which should have saved him, only augmented his danger. The palace was in flames, and the multitude were attacking the fire brigade that had arrived on the spot to extinguish the flames, when de Fournier, dazed and bleeding, found his way into the Rue St. Honoré, and obtained shelter in the passage-way of an empty house at the back of the church of St. Roch, whose storm-bell, with the other furious tin-tinabulary performances of the day, had invaded the peace of the Rue Barnabé.

Jaffray Elliott, a spectator of so much of the attack on the Tuilleries as was possible for lookers-on, had more than once caught sight of the ubiquitous Count de Fournier, and had seen him cross the Rue St. Honoré, but from that moment had lost all trace of him.

The count, finding that his wounds were not serious, wiped his sword upon his torn uniform, resheathed it, breathed a short prayer of gratitude and supplication, and sallied forth from his temporary shelter. Every narrow street and court seemed to be deserted. Citizens who had not locked themselves in their houses were taking part in the insurrection, or looking on at the fighting and massacres. He paused to debate whether he could not safely reach his own hotel, which was close to La Madeleine, and there rehabilitate himself; but approaching the Place Vendôme he once more came in contact with a fanfaring crowd hurrying from the faubourg. Furthermore, he had one desire in his mind, which was to reach the Château de Louvet, as soon as the news of the disaster of the Tuilleries should have traveled thither. It was not unlikely, he thought, that Grébaud might in some villainous way utilize the event to advance his purpose against Mathilde. The duke had made the ceremony of espousal so public that Grébaud would easily find excuse to make a patriotic demonstration at the château if the sanguinary business in Paris did not occupy all his attention.

De Fournier was right in suspecting that

Grébaud would not, in his love of liberty, forget his own immediate interests or desires. "Grébaud first and France next" represented Grébaud's principle, and he was not singular in this, nor is the fashion of his patriotism out of date. So de Fournier, by devious routes, made for the Lion d'Or on his way to the château, hoping to obtain useful news from Pierre Grippin, and perhaps a horse for the completion of his journey.

Having reconnoitered the locality of La Madeleine, he made for the Champs Elysées, and found points of shelter as he advanced among the trees. Once he had a narrow escape, coming suddenly upon a wounded Swiss guardman who was cut down with yells of execration by a dozen sansculottes with pikes and knives. Fortunately they were all too blown with their exertions to have chased de Fournier, even if they had seen him. He was half inclined to have fallen upon them red-handed, but the uselessness of his vengeance and the risk of it to himself came to him with a flash of thought for Mathilde, and he pursued his course, but with his sword drawn for emergencies. As he kept on, however, he saw fewer and fewer persons, and crossing the open country between the farthest outskirts of the Faubourg St. Honoré and Montmartre, seemed almost to be comfortably free from possible molest. A company of horsemen, however, turned him for a while out of his route. He pulled up beneath an ancient cluster of planes to observe the ruins of the gate of Montmartre. It had been recently burned, and the way was clear.

Gradually he now left Paris well behind him; but he sickened as he thought of the scenes through which he had passed, and marveled that he was alive to thank God for his merciful preservation. To think that on this day of all others he was to be betrothed—on this day of all red days in the year! But who could have dreamed, when the duke marked it down in his calendar, that patriotism would be tearing the uniforms of the smitten Swiss into strips to decorate their pikes and celebrate amidst blood and pillage the downfall of royalty in Paris!

## X.

### "LONG LIVE THE KING!"

JACQUES RENAUD, who had stood outside the Lion d'Or with the rest of Pierre's guests to cheer the officers of the people on their way to the château, was the first to see Count de Fournier pushing his way along the road toward the inn.

"Ah, here he comes, with his head cracked, ragged and torn, a hussar without a horse, muddy and thirsty—a tramp. Vive la nation!" he shouted, flinging his cap into the air.

"Well, give him room!" said Pierre, picking up the greasy headgear of his slouching guest and flinging it into the porch-way.

"Give him a halter!" said the Parisian.

"Don't rob the gallows," growled Renaud, as he slunk into the house before the threatening looks of Pierre.

"A bas tout les aristocrates!" roared the rest, except the man with the pipe, who made way for de Fournier as the ragged hussar walked straight through the group and entered the house. His sword clanked on the doorstep, and he swung his way with an effort into the common room and flung himself into a chair. His left arm pained him badly, and for a moment he felt half like fainting; but the sympathetic face of Pierre cheered him, and he knew that to falter before the crowd about him would be to court insult, perhaps worse.

"Pierre, my good fellow, give me some wine; I'm perishing of thirst."

The swaggering guests followed de Fournier into the common room.

"A la mort tout les aristocrates!" shouted Jacques Renaud. "A bas Louis Veto!"

"Wine, Pierre," said de Fournier; and the willing landlord responded with a full goblet. The fugitive drained it, and heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Sir," said the man with the pipe, "I fear it becomes our duty to place you under arrest. We do not like our duty; but duty is duty!"

"No doubt," said the count, looking round upon the company and measuring their strength and their weakness with a wary eye. The only arms among them were a couple of knives—one in the belt of Jacques, another worn by the smoker.

"Yes, it is our duty; and, mort de Dieu, we'll do it!" said Jacques, lumbering up against de Fournier's chair. "A mort les rois et les aristocrates!"

As Jacques, encouraged by the valor of numbers, stretched out his hand toward de Fournier the count seized him by the throat and forced him upon his knees, at the same time drawing his sword with a dangerous sweep that scattered the bully's companions.

"Shout 'Vive le Roi' or by the living God I'll kill you!"

Jacques drew his knife, with a deft



out of the count's sword, flew from his hand, to be at once seized upon by the Parisian.

"Stand back, canaille; back, you swine!" said de Fournier, between his teeth. "He shall shout 'Vive le Roi!' By all the saints, he shall. Shout, you brute; shout!"

The count's sword at the coward's throat, Jacques shouted "Vive le Roi!"—not loud enough to shake the rafters, but "Vive le Roi!" was his undoubted utterance as he scrambled from his knees, the perspiration bursting from every pore in his body. "On compulsion," he said; "under protest," at which moment the Parisian seized the count from behind, to be instantly flung aside by Pierre.

"This way, count," said Pierre, his usually rubicund face paling with anxiety, but his lips tight and his eyes full of danger to the receding patriots.

As the count followed his host, Pierre turned upon the blatant patriots with a brace of pistols which he drew from his ample breeches pockets.

"I'll give you a dose of lead with your liquor if you stir an inch!"

"That's a horse of another color," said the Parisian. "We don't war with our host."

"I'll hold them in check," said Pierre, "while you get away. There's a good mare in the stable—my old roan; here's a pistol. Take the bridle-path down by the firs; don't go to the chateau—Grébaud and his Guards will be there before you. Keep to the right; make for my sister's cottage; she will hide you. At night I will join you. Nay, for God's sake, do as I tell you!"

"All right, Pierre, old fellow," said the count, grasping his friend's hand. "The saints guard you! You'll need more than mortal defense, I fear."

"Not from cowards such as those," said Pierre; and so they parted. But the count had escaped too many dangers that day to ride for any other house than the chateau, whither Grébaud and his companions were now approaching at a leisurely trot.

"Now, my beauty," said de Fournier, mounting Pierre's sure-footed roan; "there are more roads than one to Rome."

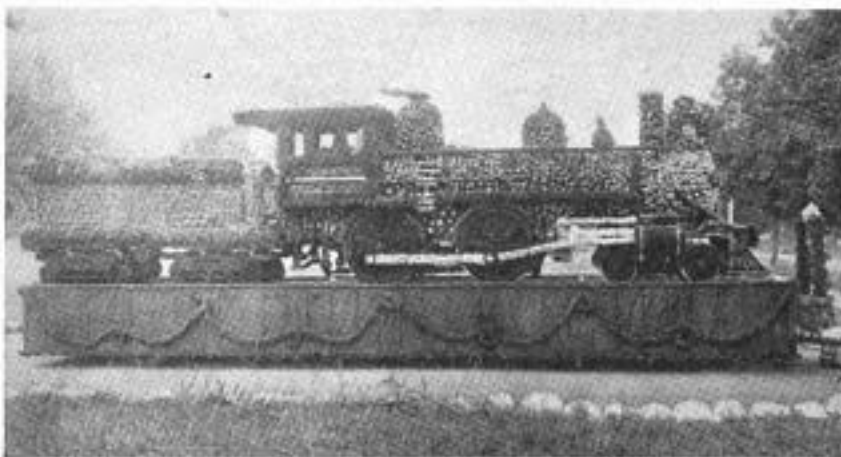
It was neither the bridle-path nor the highway that de Fournier took, but a short cut down in the valley of the brook that fed the lake in the de Louvet grounds and through the coppice beyond, a steep-chase course that would have delighted a horseman of to-day. Pierre's gallant roan seemed to understand what was required of her. She stopped at nothing, fence or wall, stream or ditch, until de Fournier checked her to reconnoitre the sunken fence or dry moat of the Parc de Louvet.

(To be continued.)

## Saratoga's Floral Festival.

THE second annual floral parade and battle of flowers of the Floral Festival Association of Saratoga Springs, which took place on the 5th instant, consisted of a magnificent street pageant including great numbers of elaborate and artistic floats representing historical, mythological and allegorical subjects, and hundreds of magnificently decorated private equipages. The festivities of the day were concluded with a grand floral ball, held in the Convention Hall, the immense auditorium of which was profusely decorated with verdure and flowers.

His Excellency, Governor Levi F. Morton,



Float of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co., which took the first prize. Photograph by Epler & Arnold.

rode in the procession, escorted by the Twenty-second Separate Company of the National Guard, and reviewed the parade. He remarked that never, in Nice or on this side of the sea, had he witnessed its equal in brilliancy or in proportions. The floral procession was more than a mile in length and was escorted by four hundred wheelmen and wheelwomen, whose steel steeds were resplendent with gay silks and sweet blossoms, and formed a picturesque and brilliant display. There were also cavalades of horsemen and other features that gave color to the affair. One of the conspicuous floats



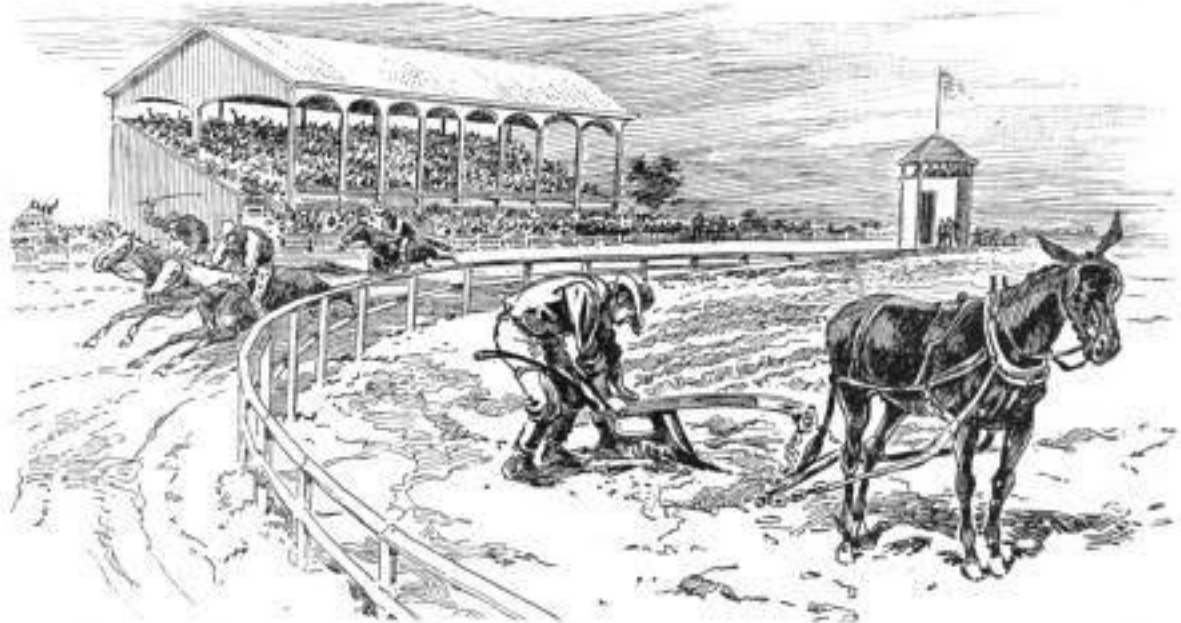
ONE OF THE DECORATED CARRIAGES.

was that of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. This took the first prize, and was a magnificent affair, being an exact representation of engine No. 210, now in use on the Saratoga division of the company's system.

It is said that more than one hundred thousand persons, in holiday attire, viewed this splendid spectacle and assisted in returning the fusillade of bouquets and scattering blossoms thrown from the carriages and seats during the charming battle of flowers. The streets and

jockeys, and horses, all within a stone's throw of him, pursued the even tenor of his way, in the midst of it all, seemingly unconscious of the wild excitement that surrounded him in all directions.

The track is so arranged that it describes a circle enclosing a piece of fertile land, which the rural Texan in this year cultivating into a cotton crop. If industry and persistency count for anything, his crop ought certainly to be a generous one, for the singular part of this incident



AN IMPERTURBABLE TEXAN WHO CALMLY PLOWED HIS FIELD WITHIN A RACE-TRACK DURING THE PROGRESS OF A RACE. From a photograph.

buildings of the great American Spa, through and in front of which the parade took place, were elaborately decorated with millions of flowers and thousands of yards of bunting.

At the grand finale in the evening, the floral ball, six thousand fashionables applauded original and spectacular torpedoreum conceits, arranged for the occasion by competent masters of the ballet. Following the ballets, general dancing was indulged in until a late hour by the thousands present.

The floral festival of Saratoga for 1895 was pronounced by art critics and the public the most elaborate and beautiful affair of its kind

is that, though the horses ran, the crowd yelled, and the judges judged, our honestiller of the soil trailed his mule and guided his plow just the same as if not a soul was within a thousand miles of him. That Texas farmer is certainly unique. Fancy any New York or New Jersey farmer, with a similar environment, maintaining like equanimity. Our county fairs would soon cease to be attractive if our practical agriculturists were as indifferent in the matter of racing as this Texas stolid.

## The Sedan Celebration in Chicago.

ONE hundred and twenty-five thousand Germans, or in other words, the German born population of Chicago, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Sedan on the first of the present month. The celebration, as the leaders were careful to point out, was not so much of the triumph over Napoleon III, as of the event which opened the way to the re-establishment of the ancient German empire. The distinctive feature of the German character is love for the fatherland. It is not the victory over France that these Germans celebrate on the anniversary of Sedan, nor the triumph over Austria in Sadowa, but the unification of Germany. Americans, citizens of a steadily-growing and never-subjugated country, can scarcely comprehend this German pride in the restored unity of the fatherland, not a century ago prostrate and dismembered, now a powerful empire. Nor can the Frenchman, whose France, through many vicissitudes of reigning houses, has yet been France for a thousand years, comprehend the real meaning of the German rejoicings over the unity of the fatherland.

It is natural that the national antipathies of aliens who become citizens of the United States should be greatly modified by their new environment, and we are not surprised, therefore, that Germans who have settled among us are not actuated by the same violent animosities toward the French which are felt by their countrymen at home. There, the recent Sedan celebrations were undoubtedly characterized by a very different feeling from that which pervaded the celebrations here. The testimony

of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, on this point, is both instructive and conclusive. He witnessed the celebrations in Germany, and he declares that they developed an intensity of national feeling that surprised him, and which the Germans themselves had not suspected. The celebrations seemed to create a universal, passionate desire for a war with France which would settle once for all the supremacy of Germany with Alsace-Lorraine as part of her territory and put France in such a position that she would no longer be a menace. It may be that the quickening of the national feeling may result in complications which nothing but war can solve.

## Fast Railway Travel.

THE English newspapers and railway officials are felicitating themselves upon recent achievements in swift traveling on two of the principal railway lines of that country. A rivalry has long existed between the London and North-western and the Great Northern roads, extending from London to Aberdeen, each claiming to operate the swiftest trains and to offer the best service. Last month a competition was arranged. The East Coast, or Great Northern, made the distance between London and Aberdeen (521 miles) in 521 minutes. The West

Coast made the distance of 540 miles between Islington and Aberdeen in 512 minutes, or 63 1/4 miles an hour for the whole run. In both cases the trains were light. It is to be remembered that these English roads have no crossings at grade, and are without the sharp curves which mark many of our principal American lines. Then, their coaches are very much lighter than the ordinary American cars. While the time made seems remarkable, the fact still remains that the New York Central Empire State Express, between New York and Buffalo, is the fastest train, regular running time, in the world for long distance. It makes the trip between New York and Buffalo regularly, a distance of four hundred and forty miles, in eight hours and forty minutes, and does it without difficulty. The English roads, it should be understood, do not propose to maintain the speed demonstrated at these trials, but have already returned to the ordinary schedule time.

The feat of the East Coast line, to which we have only barely referred, created great enthusiasm along the route, and crowds welcomed the train at all the principal stations.

## Colonel R. P. Bellsmith.

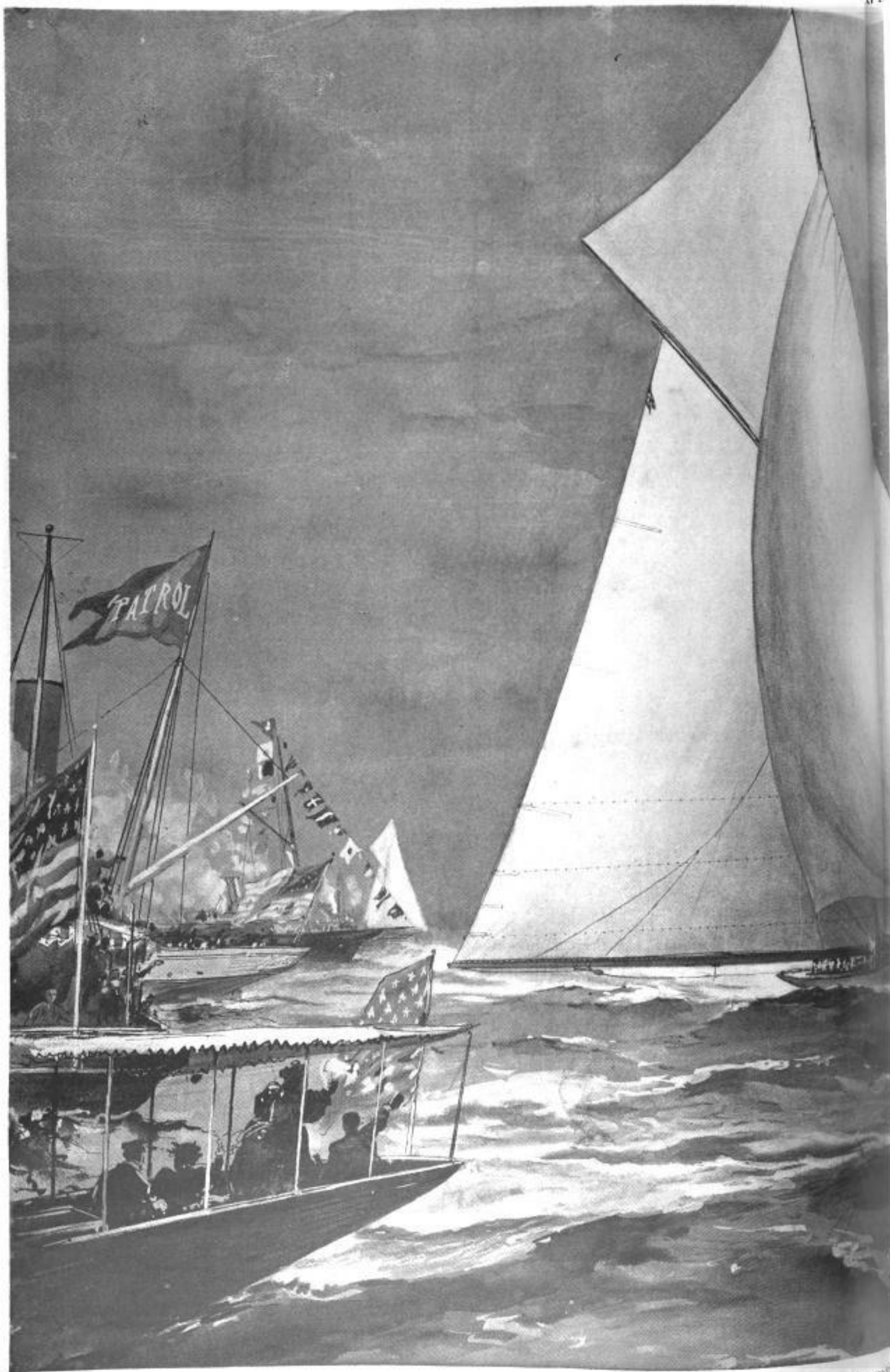
COLONEL R. P. BELLSMITH, who was elected president of the National Photographers' Association at its recent annual session held in Detroit, is not alone popular among his professional brethren, but in Cincinnati, where he has lived for ten years, he ranks as one of the active, progressive



COLONEL R. P. BELLSMITH.

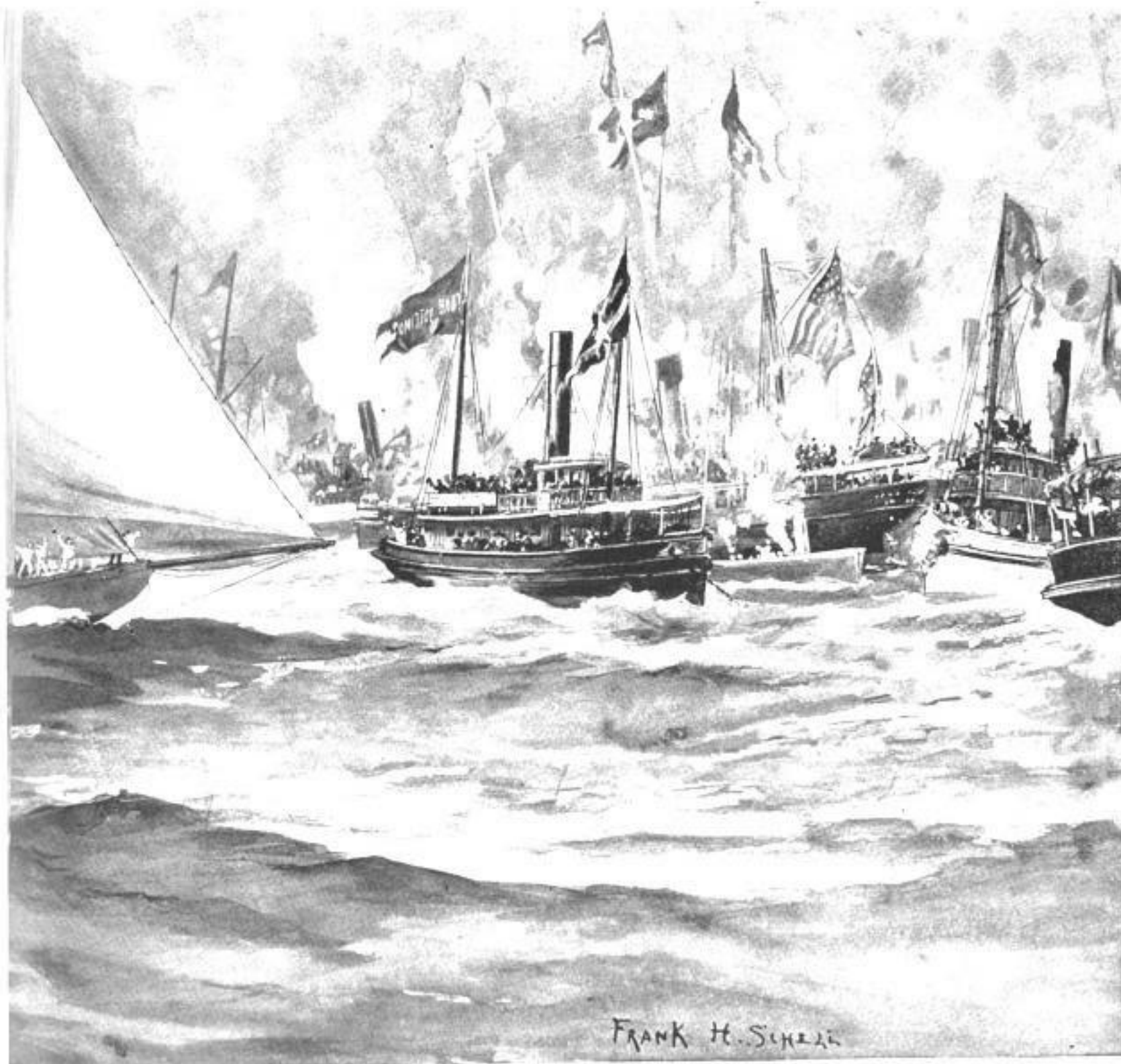
business men who have done most to promote the commercial prosperity of the Queen City. He was born in England less than forty years ago, his father being a noted portrait painter, whose work included a life-size picture of the Prince Consort and portraits of other members of the royal family.





UNPARALLELED SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM AS THE YANKEE YACHT CROSSED THE LINE AND WON THE FIRST OF THE "DEFEND"





" WINS.

SERIES OF INTERNATIONAL RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP, SEPTEMBER 7TH.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHILL.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



## The Use of Wind-power in the United States.

VISITORS at the Chicago World's Fair were much interested in the very pretty display of wind-wheels, and probably most of them had the impression that about all the wheels in the country were gathered together in that large group which they saw in motion.

Dwellers in the cities have little idea to what extent wind-power is utilized in the country, and especially in the broad valleys of the upper Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri rivers.

It has been estimated that the one hundred wind-wheel manufactories of the United States have sold considerably more than half a million wheels, and some individual firms count their present annual output by the tens of thousands. We probably manufacture more wheels in a couple of years than are at present in use in the whole of Europe.

Even with this enormous present usage, the use of the wind wheel as a motive power is still in its infancy. The reason of its long delay in being generally introduced has been the cumbersome of the great wind-wheels of Europe; but Yankee ingenuity has given us such neat, compact, and handy wheels that they are easily put up or taken down, and are most applicable for private family use. They are self-adjustable, and do not easily get out of order. There can be no doubt about the wind being the prime motive power of the future, for all kinds of stationary work in the rural districts. Such work as wood-sawing, churning, pumping water, grinding feed, etc., which need not be done at any specified hour, can be, and is, done by the wind-wheel. In the near future, when electricity becomes more widely used as a motor in individual daily life, and storage batteries are used, wind-power will be used for generating the electricity, and the force will be available at all times. It is probable that the wind-wheels will then become common in cities; the main obstacle to the urban use of the wheels being that in cities time is considered too valuable to wait for a wind to spring up.

We usually look upon the wind as a most fickle phenomenon. So it is, if we consider only short intervals of time, such as a few minutes or an hour, but when we take the total amount of wind for a week or a month it is surprisingly constant. That is, the month of March or August will have about the same amount of wind from year to year.

In the United States the wind velocities are greatest in the northern part, and decrease toward the south. They are greatest on the coasts (whether of oceans, great lakes, or Gulf of Mexico), and decrease with progress inland to a certain distance; but in the central region of the prairies and great plains they increase again; and on the latter, where the surface is almost as level and the horizon as limitless as that of the ocean, the wind velocities increase again to almost the same amount as when over the ocean.

Within narrow limits of country the wind force varies greatly, due to the environment of the localities. Thus at Sandy Hook the average wind velocity for the year is about fifteen miles per hour; on the top of the highest buildings in New York City it is about ten miles per hour, and in Central Park about five miles per hour, while perhaps fifty or one hundred miles out at sea the velocity would be nearly twenty miles per hour.

These velocities are the average for all hours of the year. During some of the hours there is a calm or too light a wind to move a wheel, and again at other times there is too much wind, and the wheels cannot take advantage of the full force without great danger of their being broken. It is probable, however, that wind is available as a direct motive power during at least one-third of the time, or for an average of eight hours a day.

The wind velocities vary considerably, not only with the season of the year, but also with the hour of the day.

There is the greatest amount of wind in March or April, and the least in August, the change from one extreme to the other being very gradual. The amount of wind in the windiest month exceeds that in the calmest month by from thirty to fifty per cent. of the average amount of wind.

The regular diurnal change in the wind is much greater than one would imagine. The usual time of least wind is at night, the lowest point being reached just before sunrise. The time of greatest wind is in the early hours of the afternoon. At a height of a few hundred feet above the ground and on the mountain tops, however, the reverse condition prevails. These diurnal changes are relatively greatest in summer, when they amount to from fifty to one hundred per cent. of the average amount of wind, and are least in winter, when they average from fifteen to forty per cent. of the average amount of wind. Wherever the daily change of the surface temperature is greatest the greatest change in the wind will be found.

There is very little change in the wind over an extensive water surface during the twenty-four hours.

The wind is stronger, more constant and more uniform at a little distance above the ground than near it, so that in mounting a wind-wheel it pays to have it on a higher tower in an open, unsheltered place. There is no reason why a wheel should not be mounted on the top of a large tree which has had the upper part removed.

FRANK WALDO, Ph.D.

## The Life Hunger of William Gulick.\*

Young Billy Gulick used to yearn  
And crossly aspire;  
To be the owner of a dog  
Was his supreme desire;  
And toward that far transcendent goal  
He kept an endless jog—  
For'd that "far-off, divine event"  
When he should own a dog.  
He passed through days of blasted hope  
And nights of bitter tears,  
And lost the sweetest wine of life  
Through all those dogless years.

But Fate, though sometimes very slow,  
Keeps up her tireless jog,  
And in the fullness of her time  
Young Billy found his dog.  
But now a grander dream had come  
To through his visions float  
And fill the youth's aspiring soul—  
A goat-cart and a goat.  
And now no dog, while this new dream  
Held him in its control,  
Could satisfy the hunger of  
Young Billy Gulick's soul.

And so the mighty universe  
From its abysses dim  
Of boundless possibilities  
Produced a goat for him.  
But soon his vision, clarified  
Of its obstructing mists,  
Beheld the poor illiveness  
And vanity of goats.  
And now another great desire  
Filled him with zeal profound—  
A pony and a pony cart.  
He had his heart-strings round.

There was no hope, no light, no joy,  
No songs of glad delight;  
The world without that pony was  
One black Cimmerian night.  
But look! A star breaks through the gloom.  
The universe at need  
From its exhaustless latencies  
Produced his pony steed.  
Then Billy Gulick felt removed  
Life's pessimistic blight.  
His bearing toward the universe  
Grew courteous and polite.

But in a very few short months,  
The unvarnished truth to tell,  
His pony team grew weary, stale,  
Flat and unprofitable.  
He dreamed of school and college halls  
And chose as his pursuit  
To climb the tree of knowledge and  
To shake down all its fruit.  
He climbed the tree and shook its trunk,  
But yet high over him  
Hung tantalizing apples still  
Upon some loftier limb.

But now he dreamed the dream of love;  
The bright star in his skies  
Was the celestial light that beams  
From out a maiden's eyes.  
"But it's no use," poor Billy sighed,  
"She is too fair and far—  
Why should a vain, presumptuous worm  
Aspire to a star?"

But some the less the worm aspired  
For that far blessedness,  
And when the worm "popped" to the star,  
The star—she answered, "Yes."

Did they live happy? "S-h-h! Don't ask;  
All gossip I detect,  
And so domestic secrets  
By me shall be expressed,  
Enough, that Billy still did yearn  
And still new goals did find,  
With H-e-n before his nose  
And L-I-D. behind.

But though he went to Congress as  
His district's special pride,  
Yet William Gulick, L.I.D.,  
Was still unsatisfied.

But now another mighty dream  
Before his vision floats;  
He yearns now to be President,  
As once for dogs and goats.  
He deems, if in the President's chair  
He once could take his seat,  
He'd rest in satisfied content;  
His life would be complete.  
But should he reach the Presidency,  
Borne by the people's vote,  
'Twould be just like his pony-cart,  
His goat-cart, and his goat.

But Billy's but a myth of mine,  
An allegoric blind;  
Thou art the man I and so am I,  
And so is all mankind.  
We all are Billy Gulicks, for  
Full wide his tribe is spread;  
You find a man who's satisfied  
You find a man who's dead.  
And if you find a live man who  
For nothing further sighs,  
Though by the pink-red bloom of health  
He's dead before he dies.

SAM WALTER FORD.

\* Respectfully dedicated to Messrs. Harrison, McKim, Reed, Morton, Allison, Cleveland, and the rest.

## Mayor Strong as Umpire.

WHATEVER may be thought of Mayor Strong in an official capacity, or as a reformer of metropolitan life, there can be no doubt that as a base-ball umpire he is a phenomenal success. In umpiring the recent base-ball game between the mayor and board of aldermen of Yonkers and the mayor and aldermen of Mount Vernon, he displayed a fertility of resources and originality of conception as to how the game ought to be played which have, perhaps, never been matched. His decisions were in every case unique if not astounding, and afforded equal amusement and amazement to the players and the spectators. If he were to compile all his rulings on this occasion into a hand-book it would be the funniest book of the century. The game was won by Yonkers, and the Mount Vernon Hospital realized some two thousand dollars from the afternoon's entertainment. As for Mayor Strong, he declared that he "hadn't had so much fun in a good many years." Most of the players and onlookers could say the same thing.

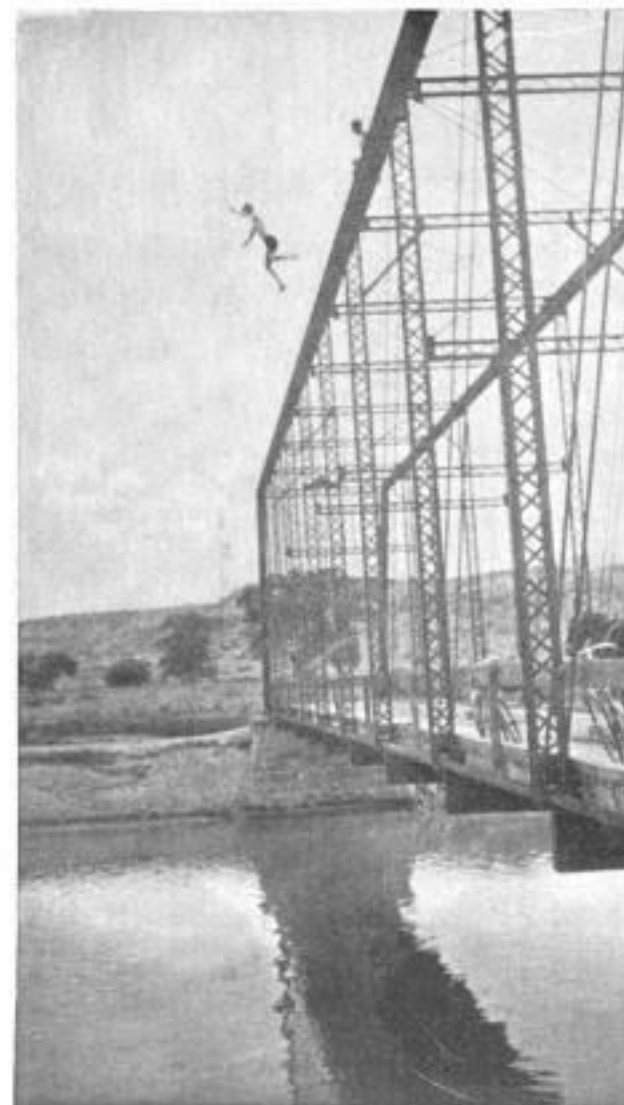


MAYOR STRONG AS BASE-BALL UMPIRE.

## A Touch of Nature.

THE man who keeps his eyes open sees a touch of nature now and then which sets his heart a-tinkling and restores his faith in humanity. Such a scene came over me the other evening at the junction of Twenty-third Street and one of the busiest avenues of the metropolis. It was a little after six o'clock, and the street was crowded with a hurrying throng. Through the midst of the crowd, along the sidewalk, transgressing undoubtedly all sorts of municipal laws, came two little lads dragging a go-cart. The cart was laden all too heavily, but the little toilers dragged it sturdily onward, cheered probably by the thought of the fire-wood they were adding to a waxy home store. Presently, in the middle of the busy avenue, right on the car-track, the crash came. The little cart tipped, rocked, and then freed itself entirely from its load. The tiny lads looked dismayed for a moment; a horse-car was coming down the track; a great beer-wagon with huge Normanly steeds, driven by an impetuously beery Teuton, was almost upon them; round and about was the hurrying crowd of pedestrians. Then came the touch of nature; the Teuton looked amiably down from his perch, and the great beer-wagon swerved harmlessly aside; the horse-car stopped and the driver jumped down to help reload the little cart; an elderly broker-looking man, unmindful of his fine gloves, carried a plank or two; a girl with a bundle lifted an outlying stick and added it to the load; and a handsome policeman, who had been posing as the corner rushed out, and with his great strong arms gathered up all that remained. The damage was all repaired and the little cortege moved homeward. Every one smiled pleasantly at every one else, and the busy crowd swept on. Pretty, was it not? Yes; better than pretty, for it showed for a moment the kindly sympathy, the sense of kinship, that is in the heart of the worst of men, and all because of two little lads and their go-cart.

FRANK CHAFFER.



A COLORADO AMUSEMENT. HOW THE MERRY DOVYLER AMUSES HIMSELF BY JUMPING FROM A HEIGHT OF SEVENTY FEET. From an instantaneous photograph by J. A. Breckons.



# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## The "Defender" vs. the "Valkyrie III."

THE first race of the 1895 series for the America's Cup was sailed September 7th, and the *Defender*, the American defending boat, won, and that handily.

All in all, the race was most uninteresting. The sea was lumpy, but of that dead sort which tires by its very monotony, and the wind—well, it never approached even a breeze, and its strength, averaged from start to finish, could not have been over seven knots.

During the entire proceedings there were two occasions only when anything approaching excitement among the thousands of onlookers may be said to have existed. The first occurred at

ly he styled the genius who judges the opportune moment to tack or to accomplish any one of the several manœuvres best calculated to fill the bill.

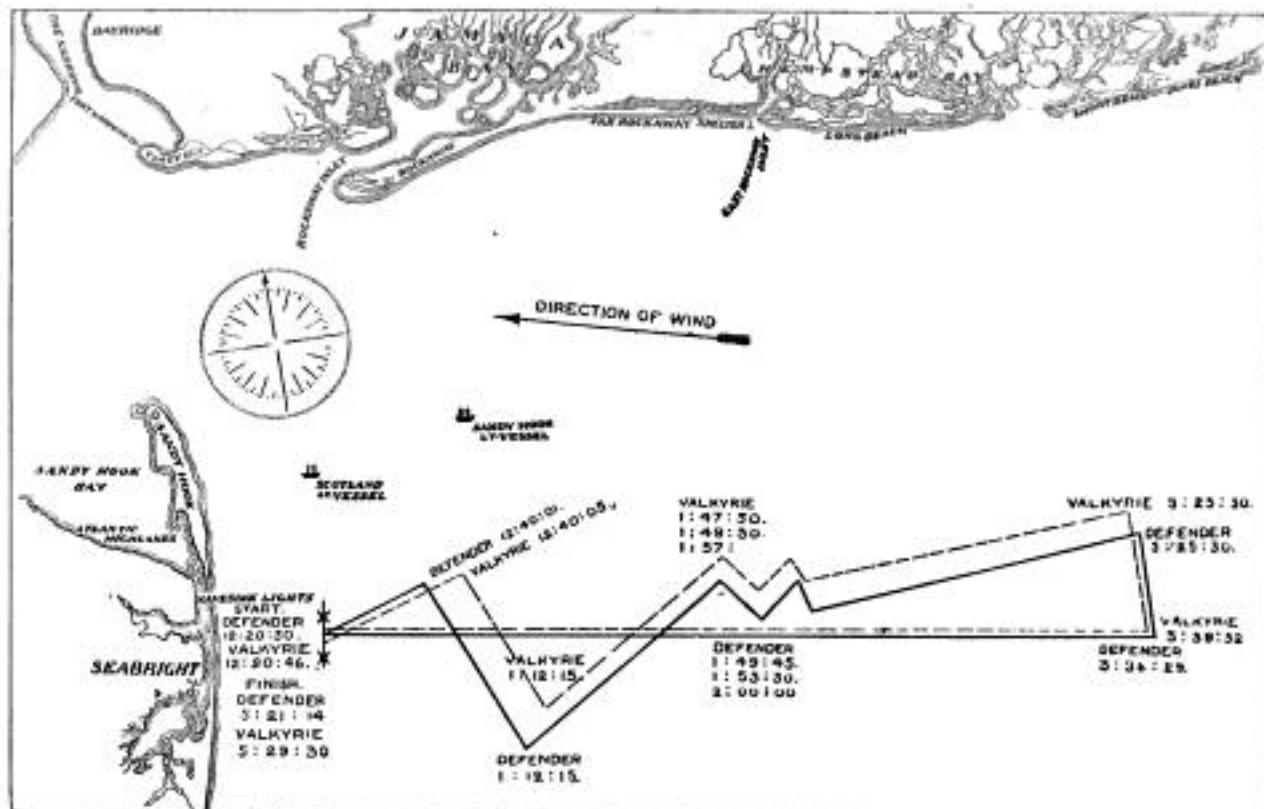
Sycamore was the sail-man on the *Valkyrie III.*, and he it was who ordered the ill-fated tack which resulted in a distinct loss to his side. Sycamore thought, of course, that he could cross the *Defender's* bow, and had Terry thought likewise the incident which followed would never have happened; for he (Terry) would have come about directly after the *Valkyrie III.* He did not, because he thought he could foot fast enough to checkmate his Eng-

as he did, this opinion could not hold water, for in the movement which preceded the crossing of the line, Haff had gained by it the berth of advantage, or the windward position for which he had played.

With the exception of the good work of the *Valkyrie* during the first hour of the race, with the wind at its highest during the heat out, when she apparently more than held her own, a comparison of the work of the two boats was all in favor of the *Defender*. The *Defender's* showing in the reach for the finish was particularly prominent, and the English sailors, as of old, showed that they had still something to learn of Americans about trimming a balloon jib-topsail.

Though the accompanying diagram does not claim to be at all accurate, it gives, perhaps, a clearer idea of the way the battle was fought from first to last than words.

The official measurement figures obtained on the day before the race, and verified by request on the Sunday following, are as follows. They afford an interesting study:



The *Defender's* course is shown by the straight line, thus ———, and the path taken by the English boat by the broken line, as ———.

COURSE FIFTEEN MILES TO WINDWARD—EAST BY SOUTH—AND RETURN, RESULTING IN A BEAT TO THE OUTER MARK AND A BROAD REACH HOME.

BEAT.	Total elapsed time.	Total corrected time.
DEFENDER	5:00:24	4:59:55
VALKYRIE III.	5:08:44	5:08:44

VALKYRIE allows DEFENDER 19s.

DEFENDER wins by 22s. 29c. actual time, and by 22s. 49c. corrected time.

WIND.	WEATHER.	Water.
7 knots	At start.....	Lumpy.
8 knots, variable	Half-way out.....	Lumpy.
8 knots, variable	At outer mark.....	Lumpy.
7 knots	Half-way home.....	Lumpy.
6 1/2 knots	At finish.....	Lumpy.
Average velocity of wind, 7 knots.		
Prevailing water condition, lumpy.		

the start: the second an hour and a half afterward, when the rivals approached each other, the purpose of the *Valkyrie* being to cross the *Defender's* bow; that of the *Defender* to prevent her so doing. She failed in this signally, and the heart of every true patriot could not help beating the faster for the display of better judgment by Captain Terry of the *Defender*.

The name of this great skipper and racing man is italicized here, and for the purpose, he is said, to emphasize a fact not generally recognized, least of all by that class of persons known as newspaper experts, which is that Terry, as the one having sole charge of the sails, practically runs the boat; and for whatever good or ill which occurs during the race he deserves the lion's share of credit or blame.

It is a popular superstition, and a pardonable one, too, to the casual observer, that the fellow at the wheel, or the tiller, as the case may be, is the one who is doing the "trick." This is not so in the first particular, the least respect, upon a boat the size of the *Defender*, when it is all one man can do to "keep her a-going." He has no time to cast eye about to watch the manœuvres of the enemy, or, in fact, do anything but get all the speed possible out of her at all times. Why, the man at the wheel cannot even see the headsails. Thus he—or, as in the case of the *Defender*, Haff—had nothing whatsoever to do with tacking, outside of rolling the wheel "down" at the command of the man in charge of the sails—that is to say, at the bid of Terry.

The man at the wheel, then, might be likened more to a piece of animated mechanism than anything else—animated because he manipulates the wheel; while the sail-man might just-

ly rival. Results proved Terry's excellent judgment, and the *Valkyrie* in consequence was forced to tack. Briefly the situation, which was a distinct feather in the cap of Terry, may be summed up in this way: At 1:12:15 the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie* took starboard tacks aboard, and for the succeeding half hour the latter—to the eye—looked to be doing the better work, and she also looked to be ahead. At 1:47:50 the *Valkyrie* came about, and Sycamore supplemented the order to tack with the remark: "Now we will give them a game." He thought he saw his way clear to cross the *Defender*, and by giving "them a game" he meant to take a chance which looked blue for the *Defender*.

The *Defender*, however, refused to follow suit. Hence the situation was: the *Valkyrie III.* standing along on a port tack and the *Defender* on a starboard tack, and both coming together rather slowly but surely. Until the very crisis came no one could predict to a certainty the result. There were more persons, however, who thought that the *Valkyrie* would cross and accomplish her purpose than not.

When finally the English boat wore around, defeated, pandemonium among the thousands reigned supreme. This was really the one inspiring incident, though the start of the race did not fail to arouse unusual interest and enthusiasm.

In the struggle for an advantage while awaiting the starting-gun, neither boat showed to decided advantage, though, contrary to a majority vote, I am inclined to the opinion that when the start was actually made the *Valkyrie III.* had the better of the argument—not the *Defender*. Had Haff not pinched the *Defender*

	VALKYRIE.	DEFENDER.
	Feet.	Feet.
Length on load water-line.....	88.85	88.45
Length from after end of main boom to forward point of measurement.....	186.02	181.79
Length from fore side of mast to forward point of measurement.....	73.94	73.55
Length of spinnaker boom.....	78.94	73.36
Length of gaff.....	59.00	64.00
Length of boom (estimated).....	105.00	106.00
Length of topmast.....	55.98-1.5-44.78	57.42-1.5-45.94
Height from upper side main boom to topmast head block.....	139.80	125.48
Square root of sail area as per rule.....	114.14	112.96
Sail area, square feet.....	13,067.98	12,602.30
Sailing length, per rule.....	101.69	100.36
Deck to hounds (estimated).....	78.00	72.00

Though the *Valkyrie* spreads but 425 square feet more canvas than the *Defender*, to the eye she looks to spread double that amount. The announcement of this small difference was therefore a surprise to all, save, perhaps, Messrs. Watson and Herreshoff.

*W.T. Bull.*

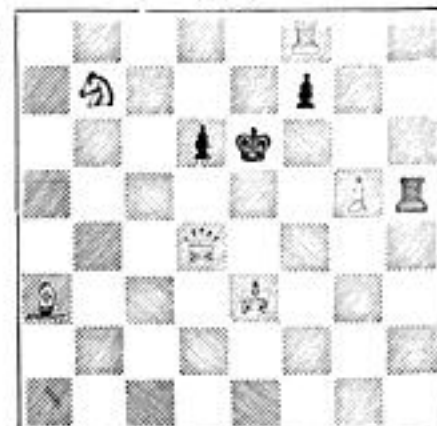
## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 30. BY S. LOYD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

THE above problem is noted for having been composed impromptu for Baron Kolisch, the best player and solver of that time, who lost a wager on agreeing to master it in an hour.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 27. BY TAVERNOR.

White. 1 Q to R5. Black. 1 Kt to Q4.  
2 R to E4 mate.

Correctly solved by E. H. Baldwin, W. L. Fogg, F. C. Nye, A. C. Cass, Dr. Baldwin, T. Stout, C. V. Smith, R. Morris, "Ivanhoe," F. H. Long, J. G. Schaefer, A. W. Hall, T. Cox, W. Spain, P. Truax, E. N. Norris, W. E. Hayward, A. Hardy, E. W. Parker, B. Matterson, T. Ellis, and H. Hirsch. All others were incorrect.

## Whist Practice.

The play can be varied in Problem No. 30, owing to the strength of A's hand, but the principle by which the five tricks are captured is pretty much the same. A leads trump king, B spade seven, C takes with ace and returns seven, D discards heart king, and B the heart four; C then throws the three heart tricks to A. Correct answers were received from Messrs. H. K. Armstrong, A. Anderson, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," Mrs. Beers, E. Cook, R. Cressy, M. Deland, H. C. Donovan, Dr. Eastman, W. Ellsworth, C. Fisher, G. E. Floyd, C. N. Gowan, M. Griswold, "H. D. L. N.," Mrs. T. Hawks, Miss E. Hamlin, M. C. Isbel, J. Joslyn, D. W. Kennedy, C. Knox, H. Lewis, Miss Loomis, C. H. Marsters, Mrs. H. T. Menner, P. F. Morris, M. G. Nefuss, W. E. Orr, "Priscilla," W. W. Phelps, C. H. Rose, R. Rogers, J. P. Stewart, F. Smith, Dr. Tyler, W. Thompson, Miss H. Vincent, W. R. White, C. Wolfe, and W. Young.

As several of our experts have discovered a solution to No. 32 which fails to utilize the "sparkling variations" referred to by the author, another form, wherein the six and

(Continued on page 191.)

## Good News for Asthmatics.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE





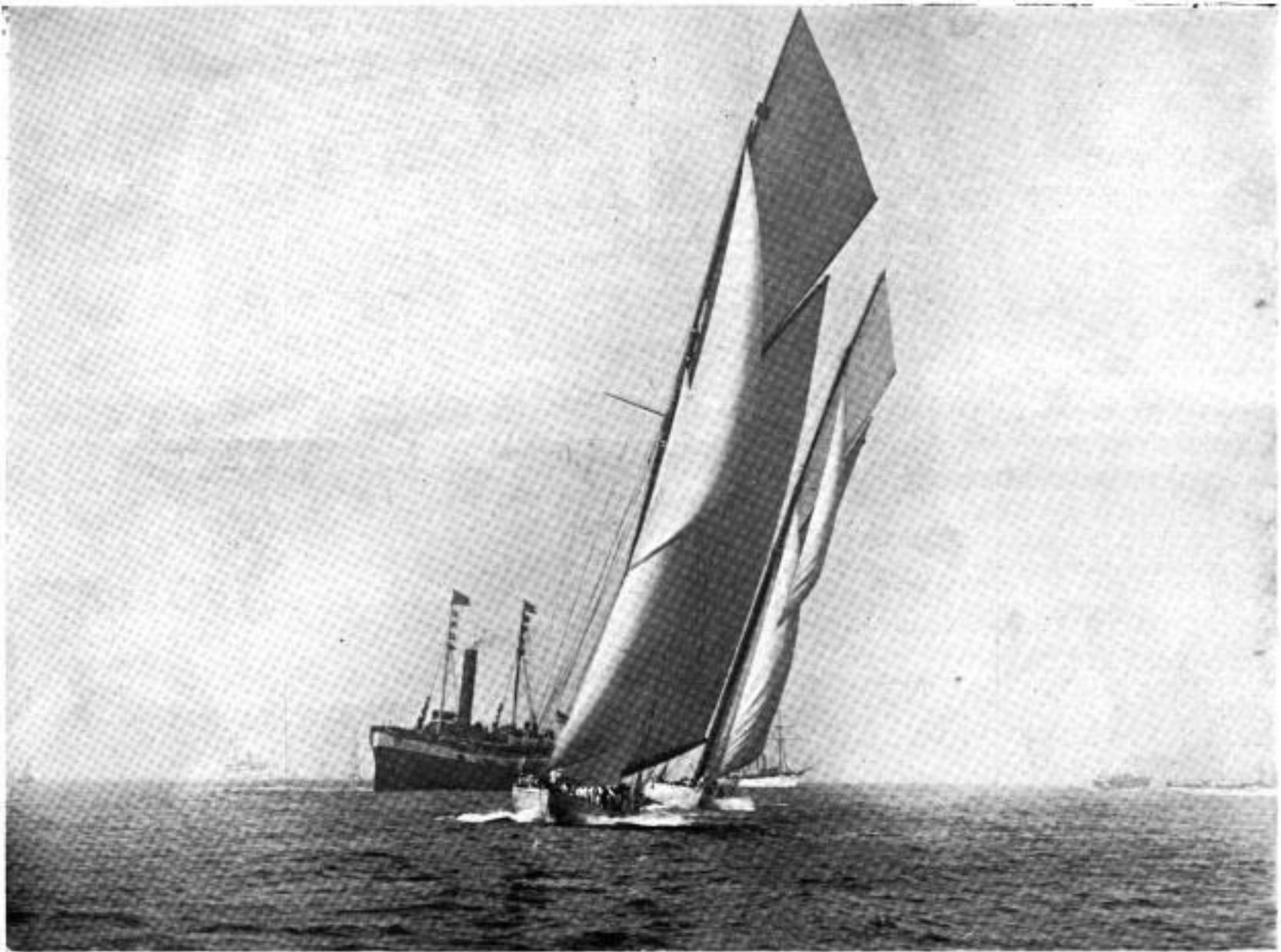
1. A TABLEAU—"ONE OF THE DEFENDERS OF THE VATERLAND." 2. A "ROCK" TO DEUTSCHLAND. 3. FLAGS OF THE VETERANS. 4. THE BOOTH OF THE KRIEGSVEREIN. 5. FIREWORKS AND ILLUMINATION. 6. TYPES. 7. A BUGLER (OF THE GERMAN MILITARY COMPANY).

THE SEDAN CELEBRATION IN CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 187-20—THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GERMAN VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH.  
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 181.]

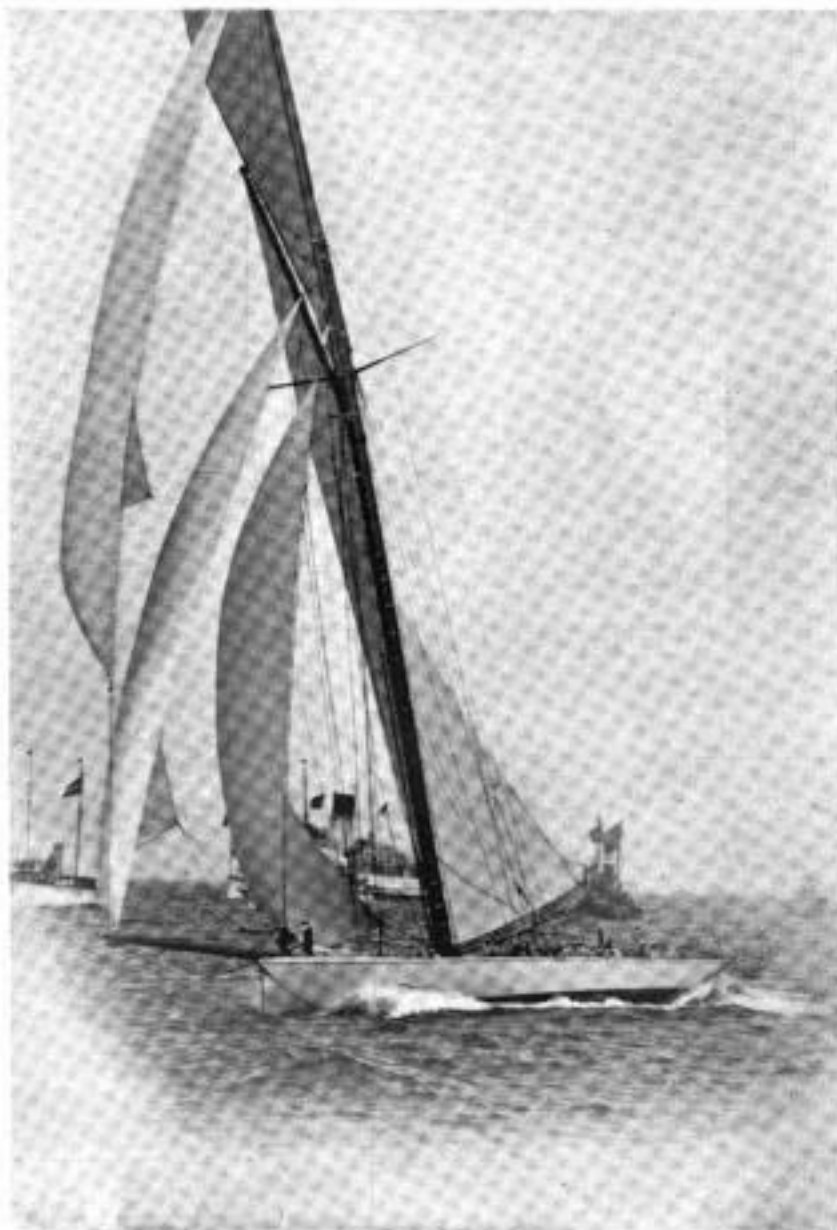


THE RECENT FLORAL FESTIVAL AT SARATOGA—SCENE AT THE GENERAL RENDEZVOUS BEFORE THE START OF THE PROCESSION.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY EPLER & ARSOLD.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

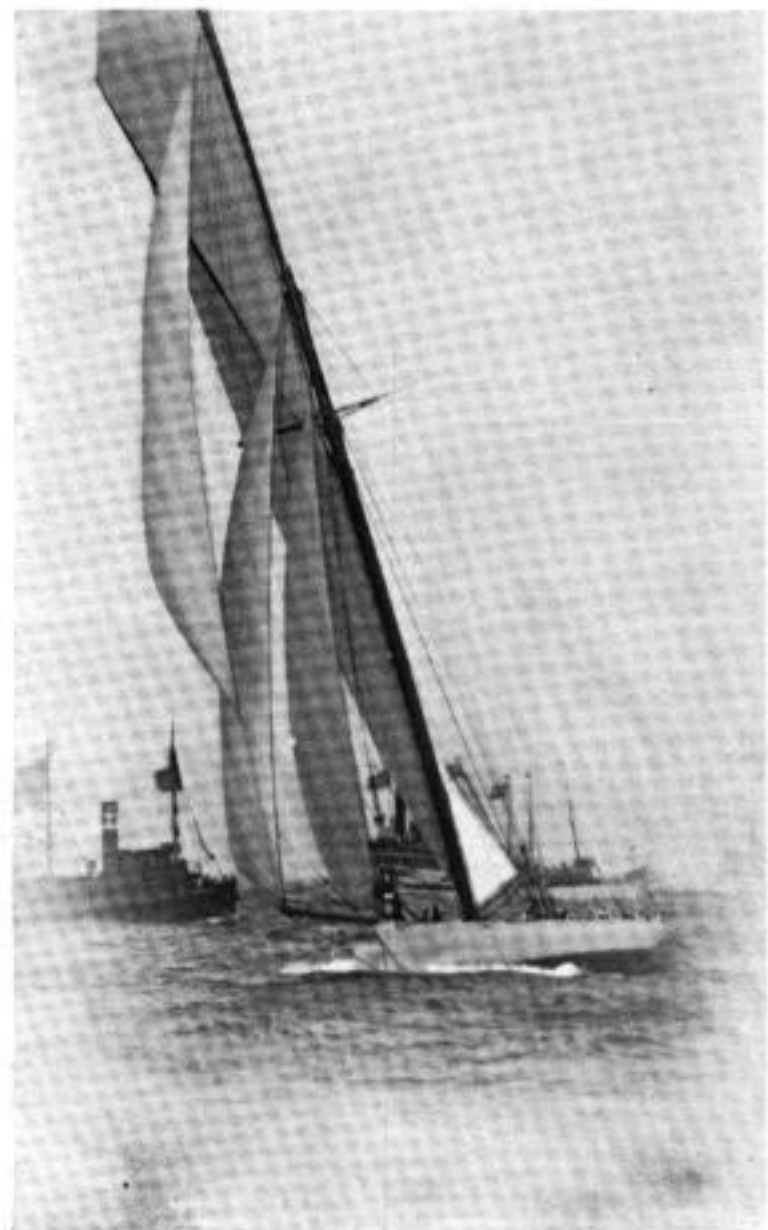




THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE THE "VALKYRIE" FOULED THE "DEFENDER."



FINISH OF THE "VALKYRIE," FORTY-SEVEN SECONDS AHEAD OF THE "DEFENDER."



FINISH OF THE "DEFENDER."

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP—THE SECOND DAY'S RACE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. L. HERBERT.







No line in the world equals the New York Central in the comfort and speed of its trains and the beauty and variety of its scenery.

In the opinion of a prominent English expert, the New York Central possesses the most perfect system of block signals in the world.

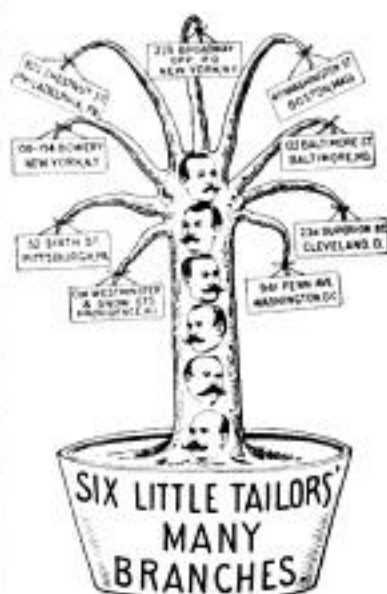
Eight and three-quarter hours, New York to Buffalo; 9 1/2 hours, New York to Niagara Falls; 24 hours, New York to Chicago; 2 1/4 hours, New York to Cincinnati; 2 1/4 hours, New York to St. Louis, via the New York Central.

The most comfortable route to St. Louis is the New York Central.

The best line to Cincinnati is the New York Central, through Buffalo and Cleveland.

The direct line to Niagara Falls is the New York Central.

Traveling by the New York Central, you start from the centre of the city of New York, and reach the centre of every important city in the country.



We are still spreading,

due to the satisfaction we give the public.

Our Wonderful Display

of fine suitings this Fall comprises neat Hair-lines, Pin-checks and Silk Mixtures to order . . . . . \$20

London Stripe Trousers to order . . . \$5

500 different designs from which to select.

Your money refunded if clothes are not satisfactory. We take all risks.

We hand every customer a United States Government copyright Guarantee for clothes to wear one year.

Samples willingly given to everybody to take home for examination before purchasing.

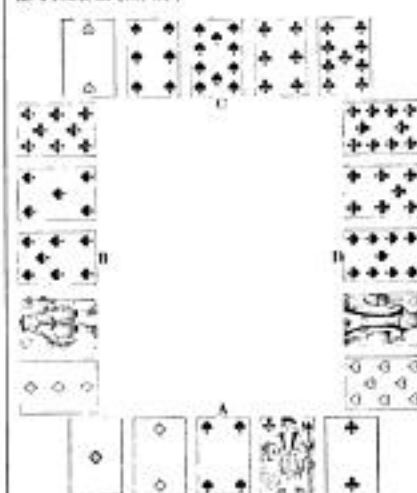
Open evenings till 9 o'clock and lighted with electricity.

**SIX LITTLE TAILORS**

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

(Continued from page 18.)

seven of clubs are transposed, is here presented as Problem No. 34:



Diamonds trumps. A load, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

FORTUNATE.

"It's a good thing you married a chemist, Nancy; you always have a retort ready."—Judge.

It is true that Mr. Cleveland declared against a second term, but we had an unusually long winter that year.—Judge.

MORRISON says he has no Presidential bee. So that's the reason Hill nominates him, is it?—Judge.

"As for me," says Roswell P. Flower, "I shall retire to private life. Pray do not grab my coat-tails."—Judge.

WHERE THEY ARE WISE.

"Robley's friends seem to avoid him. Why do they do it?"

"He's just returned from his first trip to Europe."—Judge.

COULDN'T HAVE UNDERSTOOD.

"Yes, I had a long conversation with Miss Beauchamp, of Boston, but I don't think she understood half I said."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, she didn't have her spectacles on."—Judge.

## BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Spring No. 2.—In Chronic Bright's Disease—Its Disintegrating Power in Stone of the Bladder.

Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, Professor of Pathology and Practical Medicine in the Medical Department of the University of New York:

"For the past four years I have used **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in the treatment of the kidneys occurring in Gouty and Rheumatic subjects, with marked benefit."

Four Ounces of Calculi Discharged Under the Action of This Water.

Dr. G. Haistead Boyland, of the Faculty of Paris and University of Leipzig, formerly Resident Physician at the Springs, etc.:

"The case of Mr. C., which came under my observation as Resident Physician at the Springs during the season of 1894, affords undoubted evidence that **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is a solvent for urinary deposits, commonly known as **Stones in the Bladder**. He was operated upon for Stone, the operation affording but partial and temporary relief. A year afterwards he visited the **Buffalo Lithia Springs**, at the time passing small quantities of Urinary Deposits, of the Triple Phosphate of Ammonia and Magnesia Variety, and his sufferings such as required that he should be kept constantly under the influence of opiates. In some eight weeks the solvent properties of the Water were evident in the diminished consistency of the deposit, the increased quantity discharged, and by its change from Concrete Lumps to fine Sand, which he discharged to the amount of Four Ounces. After a time, however, the quantity gradually diminished, and finally ceased, and he left the Springs with the deposit dissolved and washed out of the system, and the Urinary tract of origin unobstructed. There had been a disappearance of the attending distressing symptoms, and great improvement in his general condition."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 each, at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

## POOR MAN STOP

wasting your money on the tobacco habit. You can't afford it. It will keep you poor—poor in purse and poor in health. Stop it with the aid of NO-TO-BAC. Lay the foundation for a fortune and health.

## BURNING YOUR MONEY!

The poor men of America burned and chewed up \$800,000,000 worth of tobacco-money last year. You helped. Great tobacco trusts absorb millions at the expense of our nerve force and manhood. Does it pay? Get cured—the money saved will

## START A BANK-ACCOUNT.

NO-TO-BAC, original guaranteed tobacco habit cure, will help you. Sold by all druggists under absolute guarantee to cure. We will give you the guarantee in writing. If you haven't got the ready money, write to us and we will find a way to help you to a quick and easy cure.

## DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.

That's the title of our little booklet sent for the asking with a free sample of NO-TO-BAC and written guarantee of cure. Write a line today.

THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE *Chicago Record*, commencing on the 15th day of August, 1896, and continuing for nine days, consecutively thereafter, of the publication of the following advertisement:

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—Sherman Ave., Opening from East 21st St. to East 24th St.; East 19th St. Opening from Rider Ave. to Southern Boulevard.

ASHER P. PRICE, Comptroller, City of New York—Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, August 21st, 1896.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

The Ault & Wiborg Co., 68 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

**FINE COMPLEXION**

LAIT ANTÉPHELIQUE of Candès milk

PREPARED BY DR. CANDÈS, 16, R. ST. DENIS, PARIS

\$1000 & UPWARDS worth made with small capital by safe method of investment with Ault & Wiborg Co. in cash—Book and full particulars free. Write to: PATENT & CO., 215 Nassau St., New York, N.Y.

The only perfect Bicycle Lantern, burns kerosene ten hours; central draft flame adjustable.

R. P. SEARLE says: "I was only able to make the speed of 25 miles an hour in the dark because I used your lamp, which I consider the best in the world today."

Sold by all bicycle dealers, or delivered by mail. Price \$3. Bridgeport Brass Co., Bridgeport, Conn., or 5 Murray St., N. Y.

## HAPPINESS ASSURED.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure all kinds of Piles. It gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by drugists, sent by mail, for 50c. and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.

## Boston Trousers Stretcher & Hanger

Your Trousers!—Every pair when not in use, should in your closet hang. And if such leg, as freely pressed, you'd keep creased trousers. Although 'twas new. Then for each pair of Trousers, you should have a Pair of Stretchers too.

PRICES: BRONZE, One Pair 25c., Five Pairs \$1. NICKEL, 1 Pair 35c., 3 Pairs \$1., 5 Pairs \$1.50

Sold by Tailors, Clothiers and Haberdashers. If not found, will be mailed postage prepaid on receipt of price. Remit by stamps or P.O. Order.

ADDRESS: GEORGE FROST CO., 551 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

## Breathe Fragrance all Day Long.

What do you think of a clock with a perfuming feature that keeps your room like a flower garden? An inexpensive pleasure too. The Bouquet Perfuming Fixture and Novelty Clock.

the newest of novelties—in told about in our booklet, mailed free.

BOUQUET FIXTURE CO., - Battle Creek, Mich.

## CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

Leave Chicago via the Burlington Route (C. B. & Q. R. R.) every Wednesday at 6:25 p. m. Route via Denver, Denver & Rio Grande Ry. (the scenic line) and Salt Lake City. These excursions are accompanied by an experienced agent of the Burlington Route, thoroughly familiar with California. The latest model of Pullman tourist sleeping cars are used. They are fitted with every comfort, carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, bed linen, toilet rooms, etc. They lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullman's run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars and descriptive folders, or write to T. A. Grady, Manager Burlington Route Excursion Bureau, 211 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

## COINS

If you have any rare American or foreign coins or paper money, send them to us. We will buy them and send you a check for the amount. Write to: J. H. B. DYE, Buffalo, N. Y.

## WOMEN

Should know how child bearing can be effected without PAIN or DANGER and save their lives. Send for small booklet. J. H. B. DYE, Buffalo, N. Y.

## BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 12 to 24 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will treat you at our railroad fare and hotel bills, and exchange, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We select the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500.000 reward offered our successful guaranty. Absolute proofs sent upon application. Address: COOK MEDICAL CO., 907 Madison Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS

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IN UNCONGENIAL COMPANY.

UNCLE REUBEN (who has come from Horseheads just in time to sit down to dinner)—"Did you say bare-back clam, 'Mandy'?"  
 MRS. DEL BLAZER—"No, no, uncle; little-neck clam."  
 UNCLE REUBEN (noticing the inclination toward décolletage as displayed by the ladies)—"How handsome he must feel round here!"



One can be genteel and neat, and still indulge a love of out-door sports.

A fall with nothing worse than mud stains is not serious; Ivory Soap will remove troublesome spots and restore the original freshness to a good piece of cloth.

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**CIGARETTES**  
 OR  
**LITTLE CIGARS.**  
 ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.  
 HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
 FINEST IN QUALITY.  
 25c. a Bundle,  
 10 in Bundle.  
 Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.  
 H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
 THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

**Great Western**  
 The Finest  
**CHAMPAGNE**  
 In America.  
 Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.  
 A home product which Americans are especially proud of.  
 One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.  
 Address: Pleasant Valley Wine Company.  
 RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.  
 H. B. KIRK & Co., 69 FULTON STREET AND 1158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

Always Appetizing.  
 At times when you relish nothing, a cup of Bouillon made from  
**Armour's**  
 Extract of BEEF  
 restores the appetite, gives a feeling of comfort and drives away fatigue. Its making is the matter of a moment. Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Send for our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles."  
 Armour & Co., Chicago.

**Salva-cea**  
 (TRADE-MARK)  
 More efficacious than any liniment, embrocation, or extract.  
 Especially useful in Summer for insect bites, sunburn, and skin irritation.  
 Of marvelous potency in colds, bruises, chafings, stiff or sore muscles.  
 A positive cure for piles.  
 Heals wounds and old sores when everything else fails.  
**Hits the Mark**  
 EVERY TIME.  
 Two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. At druggists', or by mail.  
 THE BRANDRETH CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

**RAMBLER**  
 \$100  
**BICYCLES**  
 are ridden by the better class of bicyclists, people who are either well posted on wheel affairs or were prompted by the world-wide popularity of the RAMBLER, and the sterling worth of its guarantee, to pay the price . . .  
**"AND RUN NO RISK"**  
 Catalogue free at any of the 1,200 Rambler agencies, or by addressing the  
 GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.  
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There are two classes of bicycles—  
**COLUMBIAS**  
 and others  
  
 Columbias sell for \$100 to everyone alike, and are the finest bicycles the world produces. Other bicycles sell for less, but they are not Columbias.  
 POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.  
**You See Them Everywhere**

**Arnold Constable & Co.**  
**SPECIAL.**  
 Manufacturer's Sample Pieces  
 Fine Swiss, Nainsook, and Cambric  
**EMBROIDERIES,**  
 33 1/3 per cent. Under Regular Prices.  
 Broadway & 19th St.  
 NEW YORK

**Allcock's Corn Shields,**  
**Allcock's Bunion Shields,**  
 Have no equal as a relief and cure for corns and bunions.

EARL & WILSON'S,  
 MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
 "ARE THE BEST"  
 FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.  
 Advertise in  
**LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

**FIBRE CHAMOIS**  
  
**REDFERN,**  
 LADIES' TAILOR AND HAT  
 MAKER,  
 210 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK  
 American Fibre Chamoss Co.,  
 Times Building, N.Y.  
 GENTLEMEN:—We enclose a letter received a few days ago, from Miss Lillian Russell, which we think may be of service to you.  
 Yours truly,  
 (SIGNED) REDFERN.  
 What LILLIAN RUSSELL thinks of  
 Fibre Chamoss.  
 318 WEST 37th ST.,  
 New York, August 14, 1895.  
 Messrs. Redfern,  
 210 Fifth Avenue.  
 GENTLEMEN:—Kindly make up for me the gown I selected yesterday, using as you suggested the Fibre Chamoss in the waist for warmth, and in the skirt and sleeves to give them that very stylish and bouffant effect. I find that the moireen petticoat does not give half the style that the genuine Fibre Chamoss does. So naturally use nothing but the genuine goods. The imitation of this particular article I have found to be worse than useless.  
 Truly yours,  
 (SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

**BROWN'S**  
**CAMPHORATED**  
**SAPONACEOUS**  
**DENTIFRICE**  
**FOR THE**  
**TEETH**  
 The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.  
 To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,  
 Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
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 To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the Teeth,  
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 To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,  
 Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.  
 Price, 25c. a Jar. For Sale by all Druggists.

**Walter Baker & Co. Limited,**  
 The Largest Manufacturers of  
**PURE, HIGH GRADE**  
**COCOAS and CHOCOLATES**  
 On this Continent, have received  
**HIGHEST AWARDS**  
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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. LXXXI—No. 200.  
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$5.00 YEARLY.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.

Agricultural Building

Auditorium

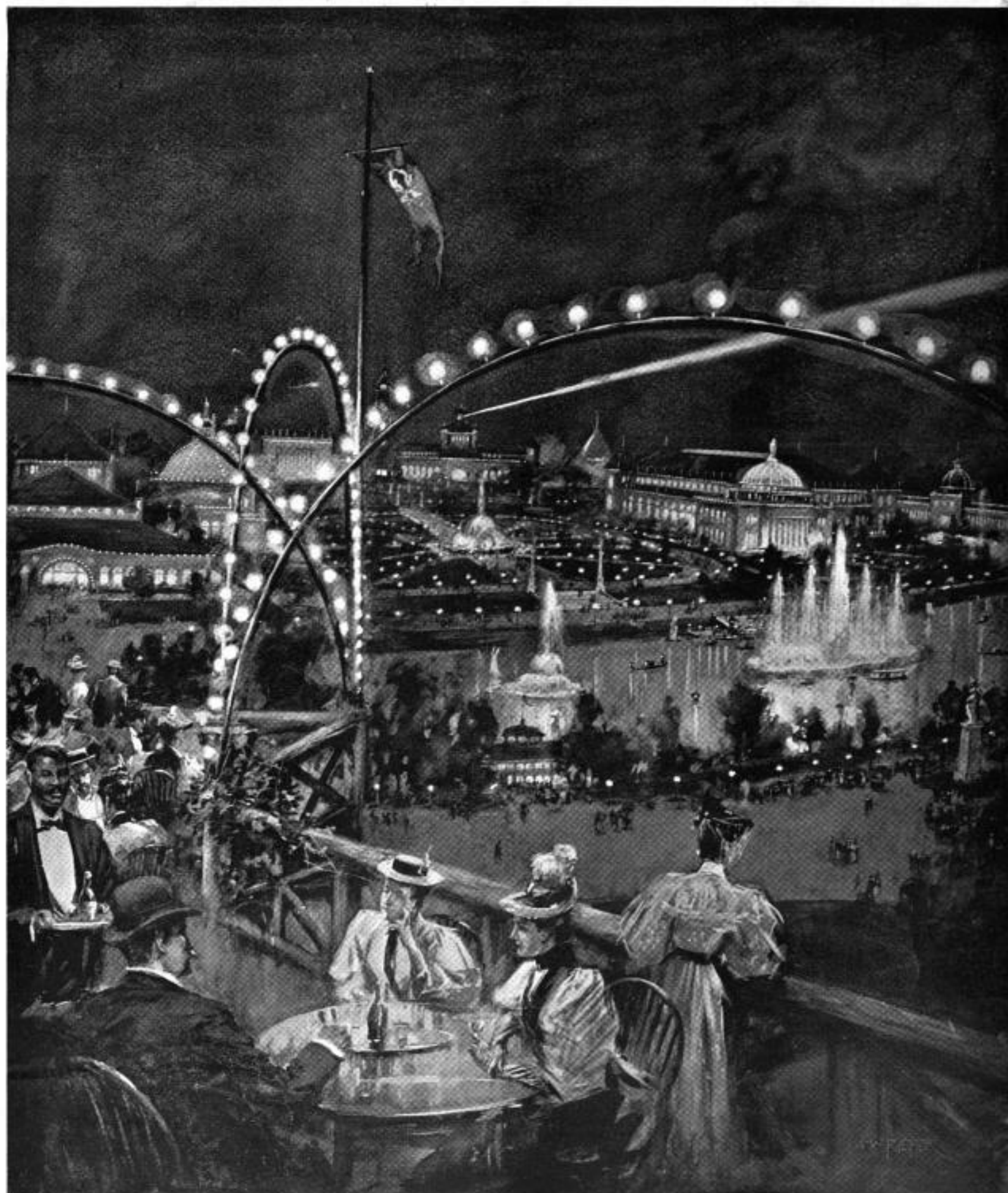
Fine Arts Building

Government Building

Plant Railroad System

Manufactures Building

Electricity Building



ATLANTA, TYPIFYING THE NEW SOUTH, INVITES THE WORLD TO HER COTTON STATES AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, OPENED SEPTEMBER 18TH.  
BRILLIANT SPECTACLE AS SEEN FROM THE ROOF-GARDEN ON THE FORESTRY BUILDING.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 150.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 307 Herald Building.  
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bramhall, H. Reuterbach.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1895.

THE widespread interest in the races for the America's Cup is well illustrated by the eagerness with which illustrations of the events have been welcomed in all parts of the country. The special yachting number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, and the issue in which we depicted the first and second races, both commanded an extraordinary sale. The *News*, of St. Joseph, Missouri, says of these numbers that they led all other publications in point of interest for Western readers, and similar commendations come from many other journals. It is the aim of this paper to portray all events of great importance—to give, in a word, from week to week, a pictorial history of the times. That it leads all its competitors in this purpose is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the foremost of them did not give a single picture of the initial race for the cup, which challenged the attention of two continents, in the number immediately following the event.

## A Good Example.

THE Ohio Republicans have opened their campaign with an enthusiasm and vigor which are prophetic of victory. The party leaders, who were expected by the Democrats to prosecute their rival ambitions at whatever risk to the party, have put aside their disappointments, subordinating their personal interests to the higher considerations of patriotic duty, and in this respect they present an example which might well be copied by the so-called leaders in this and some other States. In New York the effort seems to have been, in Legislative as in other nominations, to strengthen one or another faction, to "get even" with one or another rival, rather than to secure to the public service men of the highest equipment, and the result will be that some districts will be lost which might have been saved, while some of those who are likely to be elected to Legislative and judicial positions will be in no real sense representatives of the best character and highest intelligence of the State. There has been a good deal of talk to the effect that New York is "sure for the Republicans by a big majority," but nothing is more certain than that if such shall prove to be the case the result will be achieved in spite of the leaders, who, in playing the game of "personal politics," seem to have entirely forgotten principles and policies.

We beg to suggest that the Ohio way of conducting a campaign is wiser than that followed here. Present an unbroken front to the Democratic assault; concentrate every element of strength in support of the party cause; if heads are to be broken, let them be those of the opposition; and if there are private grievances to be adjusted, let them be settled outside of party lines. Any Republican, of whatever degree, who pursues any other course, is unworthy of the party confidence.

## Do International Yacht-Races Pay?

THE intense public interest manifested in the international yacht-races this year has been a distinct revelation of a great characteristic of the American people. They dearly love a struggle involving the question of national supremacy in any line. No series of events, with the exception of those of vital importance to the welfare of the country itself, has aroused such enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land. We have been one people in loyalty to the *Defender*. These races have been a vehicle for the display of patriotism to such an extent that we have even surprised ourselves. We have all been jingoes for the time.

It has been estimated that it has cost this country more than one million of dollars to keep the America's cup on this side of the ocean in the last forty years, and the question that arises is, Does it pay? Has there been any practical benefit? Is there any lasting good to us as a people from these struggles? Let us see.

It has been one of the fictions of ship-building that there has been no improvement in fashioning the hulls of sailing vessels, especially since the days of the wonderful Yankee clipper-ships. We could improve the speed of our steam-going vessels, but in sailing craft the good old days of the clippership must always remain supreme. True, most of those ships were built by the rule of thumb; but we have had the satisfaction of seeing, in contest after contest for the possession of this cup, a steady and constant improvement in the scientific development of sailing-craft. Science has not yet reached its limit in this respect. The study of the resistance of water to a ship has had wonderful results. Of course no one will pretend that the hull of the *Defender* would be adapted to steam propulsion, but the fact remains that, having shown such improvement in a field where it has been a belief that there could be almost no advance, we

are now ready for a steady and scientific development in the hulls of steam craft.

These achievements, moreover, have a direct bearing on our welfare as a nation. It has been noted with satisfaction that the Herreshoffs have been the lowest bidders for our three new torpedo-boats. Now, the chief requirement of a torpedo-boat is tremendous speed. Astonishing feats in that respect have been achieved in England and in France. The Herreshoffs have submitted their own designs for these new craft of our navy. The direct question for our government officials to decide is whether a firm that could make such an unexpected showing in such an unexpected field as the designing of hulls for sailing craft could not produce torpedo-boats that would also astonish the world. If the Herreshoffs should get this naval contract, and if they should produce satisfactory results, as in all good reason we might expect, shall it not be said that these yacht-races have been worth to us as a nation all that they have cost? Then, too, if we can take the lead in torpedo-boats who can predict the extent of that impulse to American shipping? All other things being equal, does it not seem worth the while that the wonderful designers of the *Defender* should have the opportunity of showing their skill in the matter of steam craft?

All patriotic citizens will undoubtedly agree, also, that these contests have been a paying investment in arousing national pride. In the last few years there has been a tremendous revival of reverence for "Old Glory." Patriotism is the foundation of a nation's security and a nation's prosperity. Every cheer that has gone up in the remotest country hamlet for the *Defender* has been worth hundreds of dollars to us as a people—if such a thing as measuring patriotism in dollars and cents is possible. Sentiment of one kind or another really rules the world. Patriotism, outside of the domain of religious life, is the greatest of all sentiments.

We may rejoice, then, over the great spectacle that these races, with all their misunderstandings and misconceptions, have afforded. We owe as a people steadfast and hearty thanks to those public-spirited men who have given their time and money to the effort to keep the America's cup in this country. *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* salutes the members of the *Defender* syndicate, and the hundreds of other patriotic citizens who would have contributed to the cause had there been occasion for it, and wishes them all long life and continued prosperity.

## Terra Australis Incognita.



THE poor, dear nose of the Arctic sphinx is out of joint. The most eminent geographers of the world, recently assembled in London, officially declared that not the northern one, but her southern sister, is the most fascinating thing on earth. They were not inconsiderate of the Arctic sphinx; they alluded with respect to her and to her woosers, Nansen and Jackson. They listened, not impatiently, to the daring Andr e's exposition of his plan for sailing in a balloon through her very boudoir—across the Pole from Spitzbergen to Siberia. They heard reverently Admiral A. H. Markham's opinion that Franz Josef Land forms the best route to the North Pole. They applauded the paper on "The Most Northern Esquimaux," read by our able, modest explorer, Mr. Henry G. Bryant. They listened with approval to the argument, in the true American spirit, delivered by General A. W. Greeley, to prove that "wooing of the sphinx has paid in cold cash. They admitted that the Arctic regions are enormously interesting. But with one voice they declared that not for a moment are they to be compared in attractiveness with the regions of the south. And so these geographers appointed a committee to lay before civilized governments the expediency of organizing a grand international Antarctic expedition.

What would such an expedition, if it should be dispatched, accomplish? From a commercial standpoint, probably very little. There are seals in the south, to be sure, and their skins, though not valuable as furs, make very good leather. Their oil, too, is worth something. But the sealing industry would not pay for working up. As for the whales, they are numerous—all except the members of the only family that is of value nowadays, the *Belonidae*, whose mouths must be pursued as long as stags are in vogue. Ross thought he saw right whales, each straining the water off from his dinner through the stiffening of ten thousand gowns. But no one since Ross has found an ounce of whalebone in the South, and experts assert that the region is not a habitat of the *Belonae*. Nor is the presence of a guano island sufficiently important to demand the attention of governments. It may be that the mineral resources of the Antarctic regions are worth working. It is perhaps a false analogy between them and those of Greenland which Mr. Benjamin Mills Pierce once urged the United States to buy, but which—except the kroyolite mines—have proved nearly valueless. But no specimen has yet come from the far south that warrants investigation of the country by a commercial nation.

The advantages of sending the expedition would be purely scientific. The task of the members would be, not to peer through the thick Antarctic fogs after whales, but to observe the fogs themselves; the temperatures, the

precipitation, the wind velocities, the ocean, its currents and its life; to make charts of the coast and ascertain its geological character; to bore through the ice-cap and observe the depth of ice and the conditions of stratification, etc., at different distances from the surface; and above all things to note phenomena of electricity and magnetism. Doubtless some of the studies of the scientific corps will not be peculiarly profitable. It is not easy to see how the knowledge that, at latitude 78° 4' S., longitude 175° E., the bottom of the ocean is not globigerina ooze, but blue mud, will help the sale of a Western farm mortgage. But, on the other hand, there is the science of meteorology that is not complete without observations in the south. Any farmer knows how beneficial unerring forecasts of the weather would be. Yet they cannot be made until complete observations shall have been taken in every quarter of the earth—as well as the upper regions of the air. As for the science of magnetism—our descendants, three generations hence, will regard us with amazement for our ignorance of the nature of the magnet upon which we live. Of the conditions in the far south we have no accurate knowledge—only theories. For one thing, we do not even know whether there is but one southern point of great magnetic intensity, or whether there are two. Progress in the science of magnetism, which concerns us so intimately, is suspended until observations shall be taken at several points within the Antarctic Circle for at least a year. This state of affairs alone is sufficient reason for bestirring ourselves to send observers to the south.

Whoever seeks the Antarctic sphinx must not look for an easy conquest. To be sure, she is not as wily as her northern rival. The Arctic sphinx lures you with plateaus of small altitude, in the midst of which you are lost and starve, and with a low-lying pack, into which you push till she chooses to crush your ship. The Antarctic sphinx, sterner and more honest, opposes you from the very first. When she wishes to check your ship she interposes a wall of ice three hundred feet high above the water and a quarter of a mile deep beneath it. "You might as well try," says Ross, "to sail through the Dover cliffs." Her coasts rise nine thousand, twelve thousand, fifteen thousand feet above the sea-level. In summer the northern one blows the snow away from her seashore and cherishes flowers and bumble-bees. In the south, summer and winter, the land is clad with snow, or bordered with ice to the water's edge. There are, to be sure, black mountains whence the snow has melted, but they are active volcanoes. In the crevices of these mountains hides the only vegetation—a few cryptogamous plants and some lichens. The north endures the presence of a few land animals—even men. In the south no probable trace has been discovered of any land creature except birds.

The observer who passes the winter in Antarctic regions will have to carry with him food and clothing, as well as heat and shelter. He cannot depend on the country for anything except, in case of severe need, the unpleasant flesh of seals and penguins. For every observation he must struggle in temperatures and winds, the direness of which can, as yet, only be inferred. To reach the magnetic pole near Ross's discoveries he must not only make a sledge journey of a hundred and sixty miles inland—a small feat for an explorer—but also climb a snow-covered range of mountains, perhaps as lofty as Mont Blanc.

## A Field for American Capital.

WHILE the Japanese are preparing actively for the possible emergency of a war with Russia, and propose to increase their navy and coast defenses practically without regard to cost, they are not by any means neglecting their industrial or commercial interests. On the contrary, they are reaching out actively for the control of the Eastern markets, and seem to be confident of their ability to compete successfully with the older nations. They are now exporting large quantities of manufactured goods to India, and every month shows an increase in the volume of trade. A line of Japanese steamers plies between Yokohama and Bombay, in addition to several lines of English, French, and German vessels that touch at Indian ports, and all are reported to carry heavy cargoes. It is a little surprising that, in view of the success of Japanese manufactures, American capital does not more largely seek investment in her domestic industries. The vice-minister of commerce, in a recent interview with the correspondent of the *Chicago Record*, expressed his amazement at this fact: "Our manufacturing industries pay better than they do in any other country. I don't understand why foreign capitalists do not bring more money here to loan. The average rate of interest on loans in England is two and one-half per cent., and in the United States four per cent., but in Japan the manufacturers and merchants will pay eight per cent. a year for all they can get and give government bonds—bonds of the city of Tokio and other good collateral as security. Why? Because they can realize from twelve to fifteen per cent. in manufacturing enterprises, and often as high as eighteen and twenty." The views here expressed are well worthy of the serious consideration of Americans of means and an enterprising spirit. The same official, when asked as to the forms of enterprise in which Americans should preferably invest, indicated "cotton, woolen, and print factories, machine-shops of all kinds, railway supplies, nails, wire, brass works, ship-building, and particularly construction iron."



## THE MYSTERY OF "KID" WADDELL'S MURDER IN PARIS.



ADAM REED WADDELL.

missed by tourists of the nude persuasion. It is a place where women with bleached hair and automatic smiles try their siren arts upon unwary travelers; a place frequented in the main by foreigners led thither by curiosity or a desire for revel. Probably more well-dressed criminals from all parts of the world may be seen in a single year at the Café Américain than in any other drinking-place on earth.



"TOM" O'BRIEN AT HIS BEST.

One night, toward the end of last March, a party of Americans was making the night pass hilariously in this strange café. Many bottles were opened, nor was there any caviling at the score. It was plain that the "gentlemen from the States" had money to spend.

In the midst of the festivities a quarrel came, no one understood how or why, but suddenly a small man, rather superior in appearance, sprang up and struck one of the party violently over the head with a wine-bottle. The man thus assailed was much larger than his adversary, and plainly possessed great physical strength; he had a bad face, too, and would have made quick work of the little fellow had he not been restrained. As altercations are of not infrequent occurrence at the Café Américain, no special heed was paid to this affair, which was only called to mind three or four days later by a tragedy at the Northern Railway station which sent a thrill of horror through all Paris.

It was about twenty minutes before noon on the morning of March 27th, and the Gare du Nord presented its usual bustling appearance, with travelers arriving and departing. A party of Americans had just entered the station. Some of them were the ones who had been at the Café Américain, among these being the small man. It is a question whether the large man came with the others or by himself; in any event, he appeared presently, and drawing a revolver from his pocket, deliberately fired six shots into the body of his enemy, who fell to the floor bleeding and unconscious. Instantly a crowd pressed about, and officious *sergents de ville* took the murderer into custody, while the wounded man was placed in a carriage and driven to the St. Louis Hospital.

Although near to death when brought to the hospital, the victim of the shooting regained consciousness sufficiently to state that his name was Adam Reed Waddell, an American citizen, and to

denounce his assassin as the notorious Thomas O'Brien, known all over the United States as the "King of Bunco Steerers," one of the most daring and successful criminals in America. Before his death Waddell summoned to his bedside a young French woman connected with a large dressmaking establishment in Paris, and it was she who soothed his last hours. Questioned about her relations with the dying man, she denied that there had been any special intimacy between them, saying that she had known Waddell during a residence in America, where he had befriended her. Waddell died without giving any clear explanation of the trouble between O'Brien and himself, nor did he indicate what disposition was to be made of a considerable sum of money, amounting to about thirty-five thousand dollars, that was found on his person and among his effects at the Hotel Scribe, where he had been living for weeks in luxurious style. An investigation made by the Paris police was not long in developing the fact that Waddell was also a well-known criminal, known to the police in all American cities as "Kid" Waddell, one of the most successful operators in the "gold-brick game" that this country has produced.

Brought to the Conciergerie prison, O'Brien was subjected to repeated examinations, in all of which he insisted that on the morning of the murder he had met Waddell accidentally at the station, where he had gone to carry an overcoat to a friend of his, one of the other Americans. He declared that there had been no premeditation in the shooting, he having acted under an uncontrollable impulse of hatred, due to the fact that Waddell had owed him a large sum of money which he had refused to pay. He said that they had had frequent quarrels in the past, not only the one at the Café Américain, but a more serious one, which had occurred in America several years before, when they had fought a duel. O'Brien affected to treat the whole affair as of small importance, and tried to make the Paris authorities understand that such quarrels, followed by the shooting of one or the other of the principals, were matters of daily occurrence in the United States.

In accordance with the French method of procedure, O'Brien was confronted with Waddell's dead body, on seeing which he remarked with the utmost indifference: "He tried to have me murdered on three or four occasions, and it became necessary for one of us to disappear."

"But," said the official, "he appears to have been an inoffensive, mild-mannered man."

"I tell you he was a traitor of the worst description," declared O'Brien.

All effort to settle the question of premeditation failed, inasmuch as the rest of the party who had witnessed the shooting had, in the confusion of the tragedy, managed to make their escape on trains leaving Paris. The French police succeeded in

following them to England, locating two of them in Liverpool, and arriving too late to overtake the third, who had sailed for New York, giving Chicago as his destination. Efforts were made to secure the testimony of the two Americans in Liverpool, but these proved unsuccessful, there being good reasons for believing that these men had criminal records themselves, being probably members of a band of daring operators who had been "working" on the continent with O'Brien and Waddell.

While the French authorities were trying to determine the degree of O'Brien's guilt a new character stepped into the drama, in the person of a large, black-eyed woman, rather dashing in dress, who arrived at the Grand Hotel, registering as "Mrs. Huntington from New York," but giving it out that she was the wife of O'Brien. On presenting herself at the prison and demanding an interview with the prisoner, her request was



"TOM" O'BRIEN AT HIS WORST.

refused on the ground that she was unable to furnish satisfactory evidence that she really was O'Brien's wife. Her pleadings, threats, and tears were alike unavailing, and she was obliged to go away.

"Furnish us with papers or proofs showing that you are his wife and we will allow you to see him," said the obdurate officials.

"But those papers are in America," remonstrated the woman.

At this the officials merely shrugged their shoulders with polite expressions of regret. The outcome of the matter was that Mrs. Huntington, who certainly showed no lack of energy, promptly left Paris for Havre, where she took the first steamer for New York, declaring her intention to return with her marriage certificate and spare no effort to save O'Brien.

The New York police having been informed of the movements of this mysterious "Mrs. Huntington," were not long in identifying her as the notorious Annie Gray,

whose establishment on Forty-sixth Street was formerly of some too savory repute. O'Brien was known to have been an intimate friend of Annie's; indeed, it was at her house that he was believed to have robbed the president of a well-known express company of a thousand dollars. Thus her relations with the murderer were explained and her desire to aid him; for nothing is more certain than that women of her class are capable of a certain strange devotion to the men they have really loved. At present the return of "Mrs. O'Brien" is looked forward to confidently by the Paris police.

When O'Brien was informed that "Mrs. Huntington" desired to see him, and of her claim to be his wife, he said, coolly:

"Ah, so Mrs. Huntington is in Paris? I want to see her before my trial. Unless you let me see her I won't say a word in my defense. I won't open my mouth."

When told that the prison rules were very strict and that only relatives of prisoners were allowed to see them, O'Brien said:

"But I tell you she is my wife. If you send her away you will never get a word out of me."

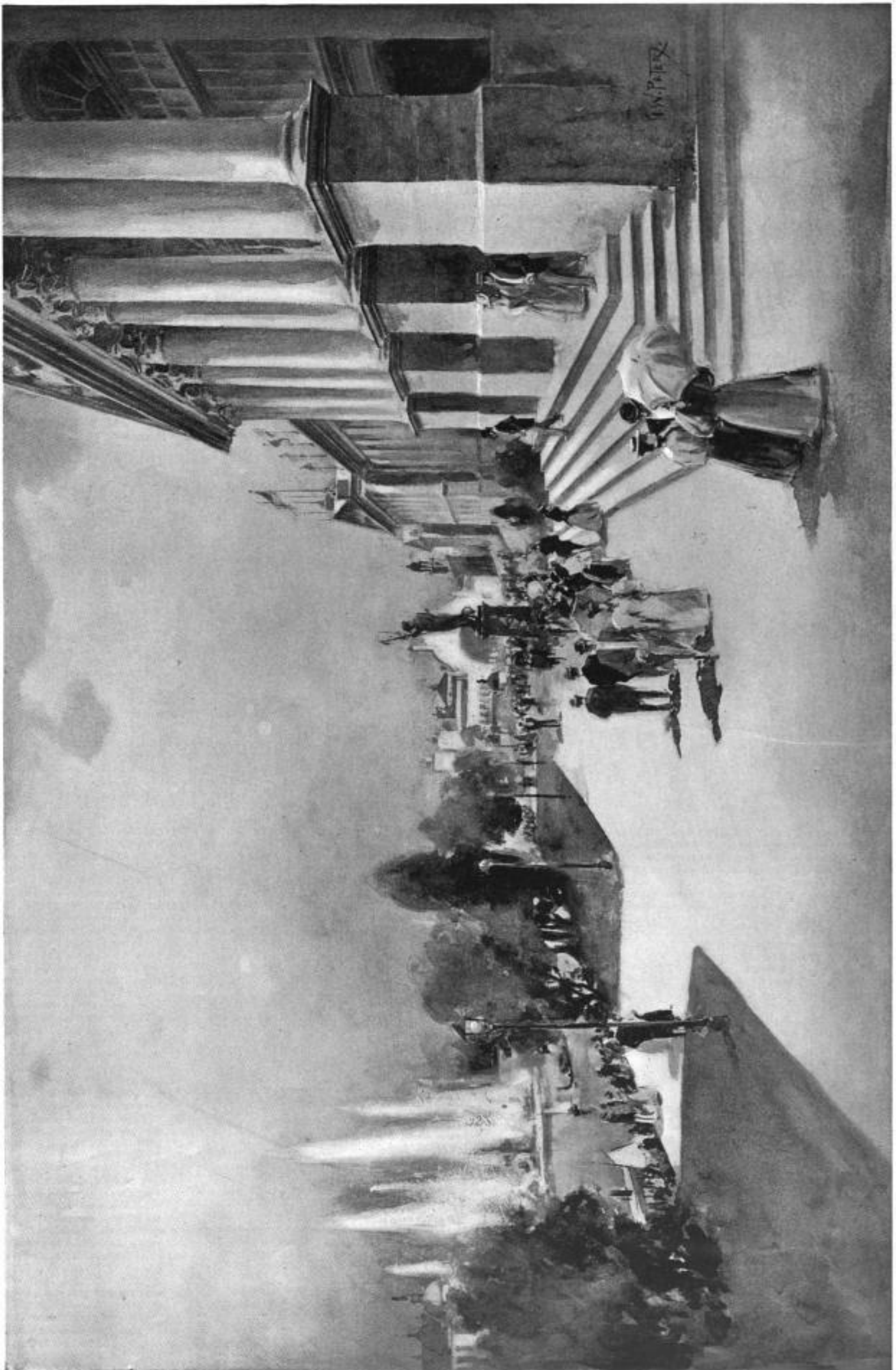
At this Maître Demange, the lawyer employed by O'Brien for his defense, asked for sufficient delay in the proceedings to allow of Mrs. Huntington's return, and also to give opportunity to bring back to Paris the three Americans who might, if



O'BRIEN BEFORE THE FRENCH INSTRUCTING MAGISTRATE.

(Continued on page 204.)





THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA, OPENED SEPTEMBER 18TH—PERSPECTIVE VIEW SHOWING MACHINERY HALL ON THE RIGHT, AND LOOKING TOWARD THE ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN. —DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS. —[SEE PAGE 190.]





"We are for France, not for the Austrian . . . On, my friends, to Paris!"

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XI.

#### ON THE TRACK OF THE GALLANT HUSSAR.



ALT!" shouted a hoarse voice as Pierre re-entered the house. He pulled down his apron and pushed the one pistol he had left into his belt.

It was unusual for Pierre to wear an apron, but, as he said, a cellarman who has to look after his wine and his guests must not be too particular; though his man, Jean, had become much more fastidious in regard to his dress and the character of his work since there had been a talk of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," a mere phrase at present, except to the more ambitious organizers of the revolution that was beginning to spread with devouring force.

The word of command which had arrested Pierre's attention was given to a company of *gendarmes à cheval* that had dashed up to the inn, the horses wet with foam, the men in

bright new uniforms, the tri-colored cockade in their three-cornered hats.

Under the command of an experienced officer they were accompanied by a commissary of police wearing his official scarf. They had tracked the count to the Lion d'Or. The crier had been given to them at the burnt gate of Montmartre. Moreover, the Deputy Grébaud had named the wayside cabaret as a landmark on route for the château, whither he knew his man would find his way sooner or later. He preferred that de Fournier should be taken by the commissary of police, who through his instrumentality had held a warrant for his arrest, hoping himself to impress Mathilde and the de Louvets with a pretense of his protection.

Grébaud was not only moved in his intrigues against de Fournier by his love for Mathilde, but by that bitter resentment of the bar sinister upon his escutcheon, which, ever since he could appreciate the difference between his position and that of the Count de Fournier and the wrong done to his mother, had in his mind been a constant impulse to some great act of revengeful compensation.

It was hard upon Mathilde that fate should have made her a factor in the cruel ambition of the Deputy Grébaud, emphasized the more by the deputy's genuine and consuming passion for her, and his desire for an honorable and legitimate alliance, as both a means of vengeance and an approach to restitution of rank. There was something incongruous in this desire on the part of a leader of a revolutionary movement for the equal rights of man and the overthrow of aristocratic privileges and distinctions; but the aspirations and conduct of the leaders on all sides were full of incongruities of sentiment and action.

"Henri Lavelle, Count de Fournier," said the captain, "has been here?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine," Pierre replied.

"It is punishable with death to give succor to traitors," said the commissary.

"He's no traitor, please your excellency," said Pierre.

"Don't address me as excellency," answered the commissary.

"Thank you, I will not, Monsieur Préfet."

"Nor préfet either, citizen."

"Monsieur le juge, perhaps?"



"Nor judge either, citizen knave," said the commissary.

"Very well, monsieur," said Pierre. "I was only going to observe that Monsieur le Comte wore the uniform of the new hussars, and was en route to join the national troops on the frontier."

"Oh, that was his allegation, eh?" said the commissary, making a memorandum in his note-book.

"Everybody hereabouts knows that, monsieur," said Pierre.

"But everybody does not know that he disgraced his uniform by a murderous resistance of the people this morning in the grounds of the Carrousel," replied the commissary. "Enough, Citizen Pierre; where is this model hussar in his new uniform?"

"May it please your excellency," said Pierre, "his uniform was not new when he came here."

"Peace, knave; where is the man, Henri Lavelle?"

"Messieurs, the traitor has fled," said Jacques, bustling out into the road, the rest of his companions sufficiently subdued to content themselves by looking on from the window.

"Fled! Whither?"

"Pierre knows," said Jacques. "Pierre protected him. Pierre threatened us with his pistols; he has them beneath his apron."

"And he'll blow your head off with them," said Pierre, turning upon the vociferating gobe-mouche, "for a liar and a coward!"

"Will he? Oh, messieurs, protect an unarmed citizen! He forced me to shout 'Vive le Roi!'"

"Then he's a fool for his pains—a bigger fool than Deputy Grébaud thinks him; there is no longer a king in France."

"Vive la nation!" shouted Pierre, backing toward the door, as the commanding officer slid from his horse and handed the reins to his orderly.

"Out of the way," he said, pushing Jacques aside. "What is this, Pierre? Explain to Monsieur le Commissaire."

"Pardon, monsieur; are you the commander of gendarmerie? Then I have a message for you from Monsieur le Député Grébaud. He halted his troop here, and has ridden on to the Château de Louvet. Monsieur le Député is well known to me, and trusts me for an honest patriot," said Pierre, with, for him, an unusual multiplication of words, intended to delay the pursuit of de Fournier as much as possible.

"Well, that is not unknown to the commissary," said the officer, "otherwise you would have been under arrest by this time."

"Indeed, Monsieur le Capitaine! and for what offense, may a humble citizen ask?"

"The offense of contumacy," said the commissary.

"Never heard of the crime before; what in particular may it be?" asked Pierre.

"Silence, knave!" said the commander, seizing Pierre by the collar. "Listen, and answer straight. You say you have a message for me; what is it?"

"It was the wish of Monsieur le Député that you should waste no time at the Lion d'Or, but proceed to the château, where he would await you."

"And this Fournier?"

"It is true he halted here, and took refreshment. I had no warrant to stay him. He is a friend of my illustrious neighbor, the Duke de Louvet."

"Patriots have no longer friends among aristocrats, and aristocrats are not illustrious," said the captain.

"But there are well-known and distinguished patriots among the guests of her graciousness the duchess."

"Her graciousness?" said the officer, with a sneer.

"I said so," observed Pierre, with well-affected simplicity.

"Citoyenne would better become the lips of a patriot than duchess or excellency or graciousness; and such change will soon be made compulsory by law."

"I thank you for the information," said Pierre, still gravely unsophisticated in his manner.

"You live very much outside the barriers," said the officer, with a superior smile.

"That is so, indeed," replied Pierre. "I seldom go to Paris; I am a home bird."

"Perhaps you don't know that the people have razed the Bastille to the earth?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, I had heard of that; also of the death of Louis the Fifteenth," said Pierre with an affected simplicity of manner that did not disguise the cynicism of his quiet launter.

"And now," said the commissary, pushing his horse forward, "what of this Count de Fournier, so-called? Where is he? Be on your guard. The law has a strong arm."

"I bow to your excellency," said Pierre.

"You will bow to the axe or the gallows, all in good time, I make no doubt," said the commissary. "In the meantime, bow to their

representative's demand—where is this aristocratic friend of yours?"

"The Count de Fournier?" said Pierre, with stolid face and manner.

"The same."

"Oh, he also went to the château."

"When?"

"Almost this instant."

"How, sir?"

"Why, on horseback."

"Who provided the horse?"

"He took one from my stables."

"Did he so?" said the commissary.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Why did you not say so before?"

"I have been trying to tell you all the time," said Pierre; "but both your excellencies have had so much to say, thanks to your great politeness."

"You're a fool," said the commander of the gendarmerie, remounting his horse.

"Then your count left as we came up?" said the commissary, reining his horse in by the side of the commander.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Your word on it, as a true citizen," said the officer.

"My solemn word," said Pierre, "truly given."

"We take your word," said the commissary, not willing that the soldier should seem too important in presence of the man of law, "and if you lie to us we'll take your life; be assured of that."

"Thank you," said Pierre. "May I have the honor to offer your excellencies a little refreshment?"

"Let us on," said the commissary to the commander of the gendarmerie.

"Attention! Right wheel! Forward!" shouted the officer, and away the company rattled along the white road, disappearing in a cloud of dust that the recent brief shower had been insufficient to lay, though it had freshened the trees and left the sky the clearer for the downfall.

The afternoon was beginning to change into evening. While the sun was declining, a faint crescent in the east gave Pierre his first glance of the new moon, whereupon he turned over a few coins he had in his pocket, and at the same time turned his pistol also. "For luck," he said to himself; "and we shall all want a lot of it to contend against those beasts!"

"Here's a devil of a go!" said Jean, the man-of-all-work at the Lion d'Or. "Master Grappin, you're wanted."

"No, Master Grappin, you are not," said the gaunt wife of his bosom, nicknamed Madame Angélique, stalking from the house with a blood-red flag in her left hand and a drawn sword in the other. "We don't want you; we are for France, not for the Austrians; we are the children of the people, not the slaves of tyrants. On, my friends, to Paris!"

She had turned from addressing Pierre to the motley company who had been spouting and drinking in the common room of the Lion d'Or—Jacques sporting a cockade of abnormal proportions, the others similarly decorated by Madame Angélique, who had, during the previous half-hour, been calmly occupying herself with preparations to leave the inn and give her rasping voice and bony arm to the service of the patriots in Paris.

"Children of France, indeed!" said Pierre. "France ought to be very proud of you, eh, Jean?"

"France has a good deal to answer for," said Jean, laughing while he stepped aside from the threatening knife of Jacques Renaud, who, having flourished his blade, thrust it into his belt and shouted "Vive Madame Grappin!" which Neroe supplemented with "Vive Madame Angélique!"

"À bas les tyrans!" said Neroe, calmly.

"Forward!" shouted Madame Angélique, flourishing her red flag and placing herself at the head of the dozen curiously-assorted toppers and travelers, the Parisian holding himself partly aloof and watching Pierre with an amused expression. "Forward! Vive le peuple!"

Pierre looked on scornfully, but not without regret; for, though he and his wife had rarely been on friendly terms, he did not forget that she was his wife, and as he looked upon her, with her flashing eyes and wrinkled cheeks, his mind recurred to the day when he walked with her to church and she was tall and willowy, with a fresh, smooth face and red, sweet lips.

"Ah, what a changing business this world is!" he remarked to Jean, as the little stream of life, with its red token tossing on the tiny waves, swept on to join other streams that were pouring into Paris to overwhelm her in a mighty flood. "I remember that woman, Jean, when she was fair to look upon."

"No!" exclaimed Jean.

"And sang in the convent of St. Ursula."

"You don't say so, Monsieur Grappin?"

"And had long, fair hair," went on Pierre, his eyes following the line of the road where she and her companions were raising the dust.

"Eyes that were soft and manners that were even gentler, my friend."

"You don't say so, Monsieur Pierre?"

"Yes, I do say so; and, by all the saints! I was proud of her. Why, when I courted her I was the favorite of twenty swains, and by Saint Ursula, I swear to you, Jean, I would have eaten every son of them if they had chosen to fight for her!"

"They'd been a tough mouthful," said Jean.

"She's been a tougher of late years, Jean."

"And none knows that better than I do, Master Pierre," Jean replied. "And on the contrary, such is fate, I had the best woman that ever lived for a wife and she be dead, and your'n lives to shame you."

"That's so, Jean, that's so; and yet I can't help thinking of mine when she was young and handsome, and sung in the convent of St. Ursula."

"Keep to that thought, Master Grappin, and forget the rest."

"And now," said Pierre, thrusting his hands into his pockets and not heeding the sympathetic and wise advice of Jean, "she is going to sing in a choir of devils."

"They are singing now, the lot of 'em," said Jean. "It's the Carmagnole."

As Madame and her comrades turned the bend of the road and disappeared, harsh vocal strains, the song of the Revolution, floated lazily on the calm air.

"Ah, well," said Pierre, turning away, but still apostrophizing his gasconading partner, "you were never a wife to me—always a wrangling ternaunt, though so promising of happy days when I courted you, and so disappointing after the feast was over. Only a discontented, ill-tempered scold; that's all you ever was or will be, from the time I brought you home and gave you my keys. And so, farewell, and the devil take your damnable escort!"

## XII.

### MORE ARRIVALS AT THE LION D'OR.

"By all means," said a new-comer, who had arrived on the scene unobserved by either Pierre or his man Jean, so intent had they been on the army of Angélique; "they are assuredly a scurvy lot."

"Ah, Monsieur Bertin," said Pierre, "welcome a thousand times. Where is your horse, monsieur?"

"Gaston was to meet me here with Monsieur de la Gallette and Delaunay's two sons. We and a few others are en route for St. Germain. I have walked across the fields from the Château de Louvet; called there to pay my respects and apologize for my absence from the ceremonial. Something wrong there, Pierre; had no time to make inquiries; bound by my rendezvous here. Our business at St. Germain is what may be called a state affair."

"Jean," said Pierre, "go and clear the tables of the empty glasses and open the windows wide to get the horrid flavor of Jacques Renaud out of the house."

Jean had shown too keen an interest in Monsieur Bertin's conversation, and Pierre had begun to come under the influence that later on filled the prisons with suspects and fed the guillotine with innocent blood.

"You have had a rough company here," said Monsieur Bertin.

"My wife has joined them, and they have just started for Paris," Pierre replied.

"Was that indeed your wife? I caught sight of a woman as I skirted the back of the house. And was that Madame Grappin?"

"It was, indeed!" said Pierre.

"I sympathize with you," Monsieur Bertin replied. "Who would have thought the wife of honest Pierre Grappin would have come to that? Why, Pierre, my friend, I remember when you were married."

"Yes; I was only just now thinking of that very day myself," said Pierre.

"We have fallen on evil times, Pierre."

"The world's upside down," said Pierre.

"And which side are you on?" asked Monsieur Bertin.

"My wife is singing the Carmagnole and landing with ruffians. I had an idea I was on their side."

"Well, it looks as if they were going to be uppermost—for a time at least."

"I thought we'd had enough of kings and taxes and dear bread and no trade," said Pierre, "and I belong to the people."

"So do I, Pierre; so do I," said Monsieur Bertin; "not to be butchered, however, because I don't wear sabots and pick my teeth with my knife, Pierre."

"Patriotism is exacting, I allow, Monsieur Bertin, and I'm for moderation; my voice goes for what it is worth with the Girondists. But I don't want to murder my friend because he is not of my opinion; and the dear old Father Laugendre advised me that gratitude is a virtue that counts scores of good marks in the books of St. Peter."

"And he was right, Pierre; which brings us

to the de Louvets. I know that on both sides of Virtue's ledger you have an account, debtor and creditor."

"I would lay my life down for any one of them," said Pierre, with an enthusiasm that heightened his already glowing face.

"And I know that the duke would make a sacrifice for you, Pierre. He is a punctilious gentleman, proud of his order, but he has a big heart, Pierre, and is a true Frenchman."

"None better, Monsieur Bertin; none better," said Pierre.

"Very well, then, what is the matter at the Château de Louvet?"

"Everything is the matter," said Pierre.

"You confirm my fears."

"It is possible that the saints have brought you here at this time. How many friends are with you?"

"There will be eight of us, Pierre."

"And I and Jean will make ten," said Pierre.

"I was going to remark that it might be that the good Lord had sent you to the aid of our noble count and the dear good people at the château."

At this moment there rode up to the inn the other friends of Monsieur Bertin.

"And Gaston will make eleven," said Pierre to himself.

They were all well mounted. Gaston was leading his master's horse. M. de la Gallette and two others were in military uniforms. They all wore swords. Several of them carried pistols. Having regard to the possibility of their mission to St. Germain being not altogether free from danger, they were indeed well armed, a fact which Pierre noticed with much satisfaction.

"No, Pierre," said Monsieur Bertin, "we will not dismount."

"Jean," called out Pierre, "wine for Monsieur Bertin and his honored friends."

Jean bustled into the house, and presently came forth with bottles and glasses.

"Just a stirrup-cup, gentlemen," said Monsieur Bertin; "we have no time for more."

"But I fear it is a terrible business at the château," said Pierre. "And you have not heard of the awful disasters in Paris?"

They had heard sad and strange rumors, but nothing in the way of detail.

"The Tuileries taken by the mob; the king a prisoner, the queen and the dauphin, too; Monsieur le Comte de Fournier wounded and a fugitive—battered, messieurs, at this moment; perhaps arrested, even at the espousal of the Duke de Louvet's daughter," said Pierre, rattling on at a great rate, while the horsemen drew closer together to listen.

"Go on, Pierre; go on," said Monsieur de la Gallette.

"The Deputy Grébaud aspired to the hand of Mademoiselle Mathilde; he has ridden on to the château with a captain of the National Guard, and if Monsieur le Comte has not taken refuge en route he is at the château. A company of gendarmerie and a commissary of police have come forward to arrest him, and—who knows?—to take the entire family, perhaps. And—"

"How many of the gendarmerie?" asked the fiery young son of Monsieur de launay.

"Some dozen," said Pierre.

Before the young fellow could give utterance to the impulsive words that were on his lips three Swiss soldiers started to the road from a dip by the way that had hitherto hidden them. Seeing the horsemen at the Lion d'Or, they paused with looks of fear and surprise, but the next moment made a dash for the wood on the other side of the road.

"Arrêtez, messieurs!" shouted Pierre. "We are friends. Vive les Suisses!"

Only one of the men understood French. He stopped, while his companions rushed into the road.

"Vive les Suisses!" again shouted Pierre, running toward the one who had halted. "Call your comrades back; we are for the king."

The soldier shouted to his friends, who presently reappeared, and the three approached Monsieur Bertin and his friends.

"Where are you going?" asked Monsieur Bertin.

"If possible to Courbevoie," said the spokesman of the three.

"And why in four?—and blessing, too, I see?"

"Has not monsieur heard? Paris is in flames. It is a massacre."

"Nay; not so, is it? Only the Tuileries?" said Monsieur de la Gallette.

"His Majesty withdrew from us. To lay down our arms, they said. It was to give us up to death. We know not why. Oh, messieurs, our comrades are cut to pieces, their bodies are given over to mutilation and insult, and to—"

Noticing that the man was faint and weak, Monsieur Bertin said:

"Well, my man, anyhow you are safe, Pierre, my good fellow, take them in, and let them wash and eat and rest."



"Jean, see to our guests, the brave Swiss," said Pierre, and Jean led the way, the soldiers pathetically smiling their thanks, even the spokesman being too much overcome to express his gratitude.

"Gentlemen," said Pierre, addressing Monsieur Bertin and the rest, but more particularly keeping his eye upon the younger son of Monsieur Delaunay, "surely it is well you rest here a while."

"Yes, I think so," said the young fellow.

"There is a moon; it is very young, but the night is clear. It is not so dark that you will need torches, and you will desire to learn from these Swiss soldiers what has really been going on in Paris."

"We know enough, Pierre, and we have business which is made the more pressing by what has transpired there."

"Moreover, messieurs," said Pierre, looking first at young Delaunay and then at Monsieur de la Galetierre, "it may be the duty of the royalist friends of France to lend a hand to the brave and unfortunate Count de Fournier."

"That's true," said young Delaunay.

"These are wicked times; who knows how soon yourselves, messieurs, may want a friend?"

"Well said, honest friend," answered Monsieur de la Galetierre.

"Pierre has a diplomatic and a persuasive tongue," remarked Monsieur Bertin.

"But it seems to me he is right," said young Delaunay. "If the noblesse do not stand together, what is going to become of them?"

"Our father's last words when we left Dijon," said the other Delaunay.

"Can you send a messenger to St. Germain?" asked Monsieur Bertin, "to explain the delay in our possible arrival there?"

"I will ride ahead, if it please you," said Gaston, the faithful retainer of the Bertin family.

"Very well," said Monsieur Bertin, "if it is your wish, gentlemen, that we rest here a while, Gaston shall go before us to St. Germain."

"We are of one mind," said the elder Delaunay. "What say you, gentlemen?"

"Yes, yes," was the general answer.

"Then let us put up our horses; and, Pierre, you shall make us acquainted with the Lion d'Or's best vintage."

"With pleasure, Monsieur Bertin," said Pierre, a daring scheme of intervention between a certain company of gendarmes and a probable prisoner developing in his ingenious mind.

Each gentleman, as he dismounted, led his horse to the stables, Jean assisting; but it was deemed advisable that one of the company should stand sentinel in the yard. The duty was intrusted to young Delaunay, who volunteered at once. He paced the yard in front of the stable door with a soldierly air, rattling his spurs and clanking his sword, the sous-lieutenant of a regiment of dragoons newly recruited.

"It's one thing to arrest a man, another thing to land him," said Pierre, as he filled a basket of his best red wine. "And there's a deal of valor in good wine, when it is backed by true friendship; and not a brave heart of them that does not love the open-handed young Henri, Count de Fournier."

(To be continued.)

## The Atlanta Exposition.

WHAT do you think of the Cotton States and International Exposition up to date? "I was asked a level-headed professor of national renown as he stood in the door of the Government building, looking out on the landscape.

"Think of it!" he answered. "Why, really, I've so many vivid impressions concerning it that I scarcely know how to get at them. The first thing I think of is that I have never seen at any of the other expositions of this country just the same manifestation of personal interest and enthusiasm as I find here. In Chicago, for instance, the people were insolent to you; I tell you it's a contrast to the South in that way. Then, in New Orleans they were good-natured enough, but nobody seemed to manifest a spirit of pride in the occasion. Here the very air is filled with enthusiasm and good will. Every Atlanta man seems to feel that the exposition is his very own—a sort of personal property that he is letting out to visitors to have a good time with."

The official went on to speak of the buildings, and said that, although they were smaller and less beautiful in appearance than those in Chicago, they were on a far more practical basis—were better lighted, better ventilated, and better suited to their various purposes. "As for the Government building itself," he said, "it will contain the finest and most complete exhibit ever sent from Washington."

This is just the impression of an individual, but all visitors say the same thing. The best vantage ground for a view of the buildings in the day-time is from the portico of the Piedmont Club, near the north gate. There one has a clear vision of the plaza view, the lakes and fountains, and the gray-green buildings forming

about them jade-colored lines. To the left, upon the hill and on a level with the club, stands the New York building, a substantial brown-stone structure resembling a private residence; the Art Gallery, white and stately in its Grecian beauty; and the Government building, a dignified example of Romanesque architecture. In front of the club, in a pretty grove, is the Pennsylvania building, beneath whose broad veranda, under a canopy of stars and stripes, and guarded by a military escort, rests Liberty Bell, most revered emblem of American freedom. Just beyond is the Georgia State building, and next to this the large auditorium. Continuing southward, the Agricultural building, of rather massive design, presents itself to the view.

In many respects the Southern feeling is better brought out in the Mining and Forestry building than any other. This is separated from the Agricultural Hall by an inlet of the pretty little lake. A cluster of small foreign structures fills in the space between the Forestry building and Machinery Hall, wherein the main exhibits are of machinery especially adapted to Southern use.

An odd pyramid, gleaming white in the Southern sun, catches the eye as one looks again toward the Government building. This is Florida's exhibit of her phosphate wealth, and near it stands Longfellow's home, the Massachusetts building. The Yankee has brought to the South all his idealism in thus representing his sweetest singer, while the son of the poetical tropics confronts us with his commercial side. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the Electricity and Transportation buildings skirt the grounds on the northeastern side. Beyond these are the Japanese village, and, completing the chain, the Negro building, which is one of its most important links, for here is presented the practical evidence of the progress made in the thirty years since the shackles fell from the arms of the slave.

Right down in the centre of the grounds stands the Woman's building, a serene and gracious presence, shining forth amid its surroundings like a pearl set in jade.

A few finishing touches have yet to be given the grounds. A Venus and a Liberty or so are still lying on the hillside in imminent danger of sliding down head foremost. Nobody heeds their helpless condition, however. The crowds are bent on sight-seeing and having all the fun that exposition flesh is heir to.

You will find them everywhere in the day-time, but in the evening the prosperous pleasure-seeking folks gather chiefly on the roof-garden of the Forestry and Mining building. From there a brilliant view is to be obtained of the grounds and the Government building, from whose summit the great white search-light is thrown. Leaning over the balcony of the garden, one catches cool glimpses of rippling water and of the lace-like, opaline brilliancy of the electric fountain. The roof-garden population is of itself well worth studying. The strangers from afar off have not come in yet, so it is peopled chiefly by little clusters of Southern folks.

The search-light seeks out the just and the unjust with benign impartiality. It falls upon the statuesque Woman's building, which stands in the gay plaza, like Trilby in the Quartier Latin, and then it finds its way into the wicked Chinese village, where all the sorts of sins abode; again it crosses the grounds to seek out the sombre, mysterious eyes of an Arab watching the Japanese junk-boats drifting on Clara More, a pretty lake which is the centre about which the topographic picture has been built. The Japanese village fronts upon it. If you want to get the local life of the entire place, leave the roof-garden and come right down here and stand among the people. Hear the discordant strains from the Chinese theatre and the twing-twang-tang-tang-tang-a-tang of that everlasting *dance du ventre* tune. Through it all a nearer melody arises in a jig-like measure from the lips of a negro laborer. This is the song he sings:

"My sweetheart, she got a big mouf,  
A corner in de east an' a corner in de souf;  
Hit open so wide an' hit stretch so far,  
Run all around in a railroad kyar."

Refrain.

"Oh, dey's no use er talking 'bout de nigga won't  
Where de cornstalk blossom an' de sugar-cane grow;  
Come along juba, dance polka juba,  
Way down souf where de cotton grow."

An educated, well-dressed, beaver-hatted negro man pauses in his promenade to frown disapprovingly on this musical expression of real African sentiments, and a Turk lifts his head and smiles at the stars as though they were all silver dollars.

There is a low, vibrant tune springing from the Japanese village, like a wind-stirred flower from a bamboo jar. Come right with me and see the reason of it. Follow the high wall of plank and reeds until you reach the gate-way. Isn't it pretty in there? And how sweet and

clean it smells—the fragrance of sandal-wood and incense. The ghishia girls are dancing on the stage to the left, and the little tea-house has a cluster of pretty creatures gayly decked, as non-human looking as a bevy of alabaster dolls. But they have graceful movements, these little dolls, and such dear hands and small svelte bodies. The country cracker and his tired wife, who have wandered in there with their two babies and their little yellow dog, look utterly lost. The father is rather pleased; the mother looks down at her own poor garments and begins to think the place is wicked. She knows the girls are at least; but the children and the little yellow dog are charmed.

The grown folks, however, will see all sorts of interesting things at the Government building in the morning—real object-lessons to their ignorant eyes, if they can only find them; for in this building are shown by actual illustration all the diseases that fruits, vegetables, animals, and domestic fowls are heir to, and by each illustration is a printed slip telling of the remedy for such evils. What a great education this will be to the farmers cannot be calculated.

The people who come here from other sections to find the old South of song and fiction may be disappointed. There are Southern types, and the negro, of course, is here, but the old South of romance and inertia is dead, and in its place there has sprung a condition far different. The people are reaching out to obtain every advantage in science, art, literature, and agriculture that this country can afford them. This is the truth about the big fair. Many writers might entertain the Northern public by putting in a lot of false stuff about ungrammatical Georgia colonels, and silly, shabby Southern people, the remnants of a once prosperous and aristocratic class, but it would not be the truth. The Southern people will always be distinctive, but their present distinctiveness is not the same as in the olden time. The conditions are so very different.

The Southerner of to-day is a full-fledged American. The exposition is a great thing for the South and for Atlanta. It is a monument to the city's energy and generosity. It is a private enterprise. The money in it is home money, and the splendid home management insures a profitable outcome. Its projectors and the Southern people they represent stand before the world honest, broad-minded, ambitious, and original. They want the friendship and interest and understanding of all other sections, and with all their present advantages and future possibilities, their country is fated in the near future to a wealth and independence which will far exceed all the vaunted glory of olden days.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

## Romantic Bits in Western Massachusetts.

LITTLE Massachusetts has many treasures, historic, intellectual, social, and religious, of which she is pardonably proud. She has furnished men for the Ship of State; men who have honored the poet's corner and the painter's brush; men of towering intellect and facile pen, and women to match them—as all the world knows.

But the small yet mighty State has much to say for the handiwork of nature in her hills and valleys—much that has never been said since Hawthorne's day, and is almost new to the world that now lives to travel and gladden its eyes with the beauties of mountain and valley, lake and ocean.

Eastern Massachusetts rises gently from the sea and rolls inland by slow undulations, only to break forth with gladness and triumph, near the State's western border, in a revel of picturesque heights, broad valleys, and richly wooded glees. Scattering fragments of the long Green Mountain chain, we call these heights, yet the western Massachusetts mountains appear to possess characteristics of their own, and suggest that the Green Mountain chain is but the outcome of their incipient boldness, and they the parent stock rather than the offspring.

Of the Berkshires all the world knows—at least all the fashionable world; but in that narrow strip of land lying just to the eastward of Berkshire County, and divided, like old Palestine, into three sections, we have a chaos of picturesque mountain scenery, diversified with rivers and valleys, rocks and springs, which heartily delight all who love Nature well enough to seek and study her handiwork. The three counties, Franklin to the north, with Hampshire and Hampden just south, form a perfect paradise for the lover of carriage drives.

A large proportion of the mountain-peaks and hill-tops beyond the Berkshires have never been named by the white man, and many whose height entitles them to be called mountains modestly veil their homes under the unambitious name of hills—as, for example, "Put's Hill" in Franklin, which is one thousand six hundred and fifty feet in height. Tom

and Holyoke, in Hampshire, twin peaks, eloquently guard the Connecticut, and each bears a pleasant summer hotel on its summit, as does "Sugarloaf," not far away to the north. Tom is ascended by a winding, precipitous carriage-drive, from the foot of the mountain; while at Holyoke, leaving the mountain wagon at the Half-way House, one is conveyed by a steam cable-car up an inclined plane so steep and suggestive that the ascent of Mount Washington is tame by comparison. However, no accident has ever occurred on this road, and this assurance upholds the failing courage of many an upward traveler; while from the summit of either Tom or Holyoke a marvelous vision of rural beauty outspread at one's feet is a sufficient reward for a far more hazardous journey. Here the "winding, willow-fringed Connecticut" of which Holland sang, and on whose border nearly all of his life was passed, is seen to turn its picturesque course to form an "ox-bow," and appears to take poetic delight in wandering here and there among the meadows of Northampton, which lie like mosaics, their verdant surface outlined by dark boundary lines.

The great river of Western Massachusetts is the Connecticut; but scores of lesser streams bring to it their burden of pure spring waters gathered from the mountain sides. The Deerfield River, which gives name to that noble, historic old town beloved of artists, has a reputation of its own, and more rocks and pebbles on its bosom than would suffice to pave the streets of a great city. And here it may be said that this section numbers geology among the sciences to which it furnishes object-lessons, and can show you miles of ancient stones on which prehistoric animals and ancient water-courses have left their traces.

The Deerfield invites one up country to a beautiful ride by its banks, past the Falls of Shelburne, accounted by Hawthorne far more beautiful than the Falls of the Rhine; on through East Charlemont and Charlemont village, up the steep sides of Florida Mountain, whose depths have been tunneled within the memory of this generation, to gratify the westward-seeking, commercial, railroad spirit. In the immediate vicinity of the Hoosac Tunnel, nature has displayed a bold hand and tossed youthful mountain peaks up into the air, hewed out romantic gorges, and sent hundreds of pleasant springs gushing from the wealth of rock which forms the generous backbone of these grand ridges. The railroad winds in and out, banked by generous masses of forest foliage, ever keeping close to mountain and river, as in excellent company, and hastening past many a tiny network of houses, where a church-spire and plain school-house and a store indicate human living; through richly wooded gaps where no trace of life is seen, or by the busy towns with thrifty manufactories drawing their energy from the rushing river.

Of the hundreds of winding, stony brooks, beloved of trout and fish of less noble reputation, it is difficult to write without extravagance. So many and so merry are they; so riotous and so busy; so full of little cataracts, with here and there a deep pool; and so given up to stones of every possible shape, color and size. As the wanderer follows some tiny river to its source he comes upon many a romantic glen where huge, reckless rocks and overarching greenery form a perfect picture for the artist.

And as for trees, the lover of these may choose for his worship the rich sugar maples, which in this section attain an unusual height and uncommon rotundity and depth of foliage, and which furnish abundant supplies of fragrant maple sap for the sugar-house; or, he may select stately elms of no one knows how many years' growth; spreading, happy-go-lucky apple-trees, or the general good fellowship of wayside and forest greenery, which would furnish the botanist problems for a lifetime.

A drive of five miles on almost any country road that one might select in the three counties is a study in stone. The bed of the little brook is so lined with them that no earthy bottom is seen, and the waters are crystal clear. Your steed finds plenty under his feet, and huge banks of rocks, tilted and weather-beaten, and numerous pot-holes away up on the hill-sides, prove that the geologic story of a great body of water which once flowed over this region is not a fiction.

Towns and villages hereabouts are, almost, of necessity, found in picturesque locations. The early fathers builded with one eye on the red brother, and favored lofty outlooks. The pleasant homes of intelligent farmers who read the daily papers and keep up with the world, are scattered among the outposts of these smiling villages, and discover, to the passer-by, the most comfortable evidences of home pleasures and healthy independence; while grouped around the regnant humanity one finds a little community of horses and cows, sheep and poultry, dogs and cats, whose lives pass serenely in the favored environment.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.





CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.



ADELE RITCHIE.



ISABEL IRVING.



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MRS. JAMES BROWN-POTTER.  
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MARIE SURCOUFF.



JESSIE GOLDTHWAITE.  
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JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

Twinkle, great and little stars—  
Venus without a Mars!  
Such a galaxy together  
Shines but in propitious weather.

SHOWING THE BRIGHTER STARS TO WHOM THEATRICAL AMERICA WILL  
FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. J. FALK AND

A GALAXY OF THEATRIC





DELLA FOX.



MAUD D. WHITWELL.  
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KATHRYN KIDDER.



SYLVIA GERRISH.



VIRGINIA HARNED—Copyright, 1890, by B. J. Falk, New York.



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New York.



GEORGIA CAYVAN.



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MARIE WAINWRIGHT.



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MAUD HARRISON.



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EDNA WALLACE HOFFER.



LIZZIE MAUNICHOL.

# THE FAVORITES.

WE DEVOTE THEIR OBSERVATIONS DURING THE PRESENT SEASON,  
AND HARMONY.—[SEE PAGE 202.]

Stars of tragedy and mirth,  
Song and satire—here's no dearth.  
If you're up to this prospectus,  
May the sober Fates protect us!



# THE MYSTERY OF "KID" WADDELL'S MURDER IN PARIS.



THE MYSTERIOUS "MRS. HUNTINGTON."

(Continued from page 195.)

they would, testify in O'Brien's favor. This delay was granted, and there the matter stands for the present, the trial being fixed for some time in October. In Paris the general opinion is that O'Brien will be found guilty of murder without extenuating circumstances, and in that case the famous "King of Bunco Steerers" has an excellent chance of ending his days before the new year, under the bright blade of the Paris guillotine. Should such be the outcome of the trial, O'Brien will be the first American, so far as is known, who has come to his death by the French method of execution; certainly the first who has gone to the guillotine as the chief actor in any *cause célèbre*.

As to the real cause of the quarrel between O'Brien and Waddell, while the Paris police are wasting their time in vague theorizing, the detectives of the New York Police Department have much clearer ideas on the subject. To understand these it is necessary to consider the relations of O'Brien and Waddell and look back rapidly over O'Brien's life, which has been crowded with deeds of daring lawlessness and astounding adventures, such as would rarely be found in the annals of crime. According to Detective-Sergeant Thomas Adams, keeper of the New York Police Department records, Thomas O'Brien was born about forty-two years ago, in Cambridge, Washington County, New York. Almost all his life has been devoted to criminal enterprises, in which he has been wonderfully successful, having operated continually all over America and Europe, and yet in the main having escaped punishment. For many years he has been known, dreaded, and admired as the "bunco king," the great cross-roads worker, the "farmer's friend," probably the most ingenious operator in confidence games, the most plausible appealer to human gullibility, ever known in this or any other country. A quarter of a million of dollars is a low estimate of the amount of his winnings from these swindles in the last ten years. Waddell was a frequent confederate of O'Brien's and a sharer of the spoils.

One of O'Brien's favorite tricks was to locate some farmer known to have a comfortable sum of money laid away in the bank and then approach him with plausible manner as a stranger desiring to purchase stock. He would conclude a transaction amounting to a few hundred dollars, making payment on the spot, but leaving the stock with the farmer for a few days until it was convenient for him to take it away. Meantime his associate would come along and, pretending to discover various fine points in the cattle or horses that had been sold, would offer for them a much larger price than O'Brien had paid. The farmer's covetous spirit being aroused in this way, he would ask the second stranger to return at a specified time, and proceed to buy the animals back from O'Brien at an advance of several hundred dollars. Then, of course, having pocketed the difference, the two confederates would promptly disappear in search of another farmer. On each operation of this sort the profits might be four or five hundred dollars, and by repeating the stroke often enough very large sums were realized, with practically no chance of detection.

Another scheme that made powerful appeal to the cupidity of the rural mind was the gold-brick game, which was either invented by "Kid" Waddell, O'Brien's associate, or practiced chiefly by him. This method of swindling, only possible among men like farmers, whose lives are passed away from the great news centres, consisted, first, in gaining the

confidence of a wealthy countryman, and then proposing to him a plan which seemed to offer immense gain; this being to purchase, for half their value, bricks of solid gold which could be easily disposed of at the ruling price at the treasury or elsewhere. There was always a good and sufficient reason given why the actual holders of these gold bricks were unable thus to dispose of their treasure in person and so retain all the profit. Naturally, the farmer chosen to be victimized would insist upon seeing the gold brick he was to purchase, and upon having it assayed by an expert. This necessity was provided for by the swindlers in an ingenious way. The brick, which was made of bronze or some cheap alloy gilded over on the surface, was always made with ten or a dozen holes bored into it to various depths, and these were

actually filled with pure gold. It was easy for clever manipulators as they were to manage it so that the unsuspecting farmer in cutting from the brick the sample to be submitted to the expert should all unwittingly choose one or the other of these holes, the consequence being that the metal dug out by him was really gold of the finest quality, and would be so pronounced by any mineralogist. The concluding stroke in the transaction was to sell the brick for two or three thousand dollars cash to the farmer, who, by simple calculation of weight, saw himself sure to realize a profit of as much more on selling the entire amount of gold. And so he would have been had his supposition been correct that the brick was composed entirely of such metal as the specimens he had had assayed. The police museums of most American cities have in their cases one or



"DOC" MINCHON, O'BRIEN'S PAL IN MANY "JOBS."

more of these bricks, dulled and tarnished with the lapse of time, and showing the empty holes for whose gaudy contents some poor innocent had given O'Brien and Waddell his hard-earned thousands.

O'Brien first came to grief in October, 1891, when he was arrested at Albany for swindling a wealthy farmer, Rufus W. Peck, of ten thousand dollars obtained from him in his fake lottery scheme. Having gained Peck's confidence under pretext of purchasing some real estate, he finally brought him to an office hired for the occasion, where a confederate named "Doc" Minchon pretended to be running a Western mortgage association. Peck, seeing himself in a fair way to make an advantageous deal in land, was in high good humor and nothing loath to trying his luck, in an interval of some formality, at a lottery game that the mortgage-agent had there. The game consisted of drawing cards from a box, each card being numbered to correspond with prizes to be paid, some of these amounting to large sums. In a short time Peck had won ten thousand dollars at the lottery, and then the mortgage man pretended to get very angry at his bad luck and declared that the play had not been fair, since if Peck had lost he would have been unable to pay an equal sum of money. Peck, quite carried away by the prospect of this unexpected winning, insisted that he would have been able to pay, and

when challenged to prove his words, went to the bank and drew out ten thousand dollars in cash, the mortgage man having promised in that event to pay over ten thousand dollars, which he also showed. As may be supposed, when Peck returned to the office with his money he was seized by the two men, who now threw off all disguise and obliged him by force to surrender the ten thousand dollars. With this in their possession O'Brien and his confederate made good their escape, as they had done many times before.

But their safety was not for long, O'Brien being arrested and brought back to Albany, where he was released on bail pending his trial. It was never a matter of certainty whether his bondsman on this occasion was only a man of straw or whether he acted in good faith. At any rate O'Brien promptly forfeited his bail and fled to Liverpool, where he was again arrested and, after tedious extradition proceedings, sent back to America. His trial came in April, 1892, when he was sentenced to ten years in the Clinton or Dannemora prison.

But the "bunco king" did not despair yet, and through friends outside, among others a notorious Utica politician named David A. Dishler, organized a plan for regaining his liberty that proved successful. Having been brought to Utica on a writ of habeas corpus, he managed to escape from Baggs' Hotel, where Keeper Buck brought him to pass the night. In spite of hot pursuit, O'Brien succeeded in boarding a sailing-vessel which brought him to France and to a temporary safety. A little later, however, he was arrested in Havre, but by some adroit means, or perhaps by the use of money, he managed to get out of the clutches of the French officers and took ship again to the Argentine Republic, where he disappeared from view for many months. Rumor had it that he made his way to Hayti, where his cleverness secured him the commission of officer in the army. Later he returned to Paris, giving it out that he was a book-maker and showing an abundance of money. He also made frequent business trips between Paris and Brussels. It was at this time that O'Brien renewed his relations with Waddell, who had also, for good and sufficient reasons, gone to Paris with fifty thousand dollars in his possession. Perhaps it was the Moses Welden affair that drove Waddell abroad, for the White Plains victim of his gold-brick scheme was still grumbling in spite of the four thousand-dollar compromise. A more likely reason for the "Kid's" desire to be abroad was his generally conceded connection with O'Brien's escape at Utica, it being believed that Waddell furnished fifteen thousand dollars to facilitate his comrade's escape. It is certain that Keeper Buck was charged with complicity in the affair and discharged from his post.

This assumption makes it easy to understand one of the reasons which may have led O'Brien and Waddell into a money quarrel. O'Brien having been for months a fugitive from justice and unable to make any bold stroke, must have run short of money and been obliged to draw heavily on his friend, who, finding that there was small chance of his being repaid, and growing weary of O'Brien's continued demands, at last, no doubt, decided to refuse further loans. This would have led inevitably to fierce reproaches on O'Brien's part, for the bunco king was always a man of violent temper and imperious disposition. It is altogether probable that Waddell's refusal to assist him further, and his demands for the return of money already advanced, brought the down-fallen king to such a state of rage that, either with deliberation or acting under an ungovernable impulse, he drew his revolver that morning in the Northern station and shot to his death the man who had befriended him.

Of course it is possible, as the French police are inclined to believe, that the quarrel arose over the division of profits in some recent stroke executed in Paris or on the continent by O'Brien, Waddell, and the three missing members of the band. According to this theory O'Brien's grievance would have lain in the fact that Waddell cheated him out of his proper share of the spoils. The Paris detectives have gathered evidence showing that of recent months O'Brien and Waddell had departed somewhat from their usual methods by adopting the line of card-sharper, plundering travelers on the steamers by the familiar methods of these deft-fingered gentlemen, or plying their trade of card-manipulation in various places on the continent where travelers indulge in games of chance. Some color to this theory is given by O'Brien's statement to one of the magistrates who examined him.

"What is your trade?" asked the magistrate. "I am a book-maker," said O'Brien. Then, confronted with the fact that no record could be found of his having acted as a book-maker on the Paris race-courses, nor any trace that he had accepted bets from the public, O'Brien changed his plea and declared that he was a gambler.

"But," persisted the magistrate, "gamblers do not always win."

O'Brien is said to have smiled at this in a superior way, and replied: "When I gamble I always win."

Within the past few weeks O'Brien has been transferred from the Conciergerie to Mazas prison, where he is now languishing; waiting, doubtless, for the return of "Mrs. Huntington," in whom his hopes may centre. It will be remembered that at the time of his escape from



DAVID A. DISHLER, THE UTICA POLITICIAN WHO HELPED O'BRIEN ESCAPE.

Utica, Governor Flower offered a reward of two thousand five hundred dollars for his capture, but that was contingent upon his delivery alive to the authorities of New York State. It is altogether probable that no one will ever receive this reward, for when Thomas O'Brien, once daring criminal and king of bunco steerers, makes his next appearance in New York it is likely to be in two sections, his head in one box and his body in the other, as the smoothly-working guillotine of Paris will leave them.

CLEVELAND MOPPETT.

## FOUR PLAYERS

### Theatrical Forecast.

[See portraits of prospective stars of the season, on pages 200-201.]

THE brilliant constellation of feminine beauty visible on our double opening page means that the metropolitan theatres are open again, and that the dramatic season is propitiously under way. Of course the group of portraits given here includes only a small proportion of the talent and loveliness upon which fortunate New-Yorkers will be privileged to gaze, between now and next May. It is conceivable, also, that there may be a few disappointments, as upon a benefit programme. Still, our gallery is a thoroughly representative one; and, what is especially noteworthy, it is overwhelmingly American. In the list of nearly forty actresses there are only three who may be called foreign, in the sense of coming lately from abroad; these three are Ellen Terry, Sylvia Gorris, and Cowy Fitzgerald. Here we may remark that Henry Irving's company, visiting us for a tour this season, includes Julia Arthur, a young American actress who has distinguished herself in London, and understudied some of Miss Terry's principal rôles. Among the "stars" fixed or rising, are Rose Coghlan, Kathryn Kidder, Julia Mariowe, Sadie Martinot, Mrs. Potter, Marie Wainwright, Marie Burroughs, Maud Harrison, Georgia Cayvan, and Blanche Walsh; and in comic opera, Lillian Russell, Camille D'Arville, Della Fox, Fanny Rice, Marie Jansen, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Dorothy Morton, Helen Bertram, Lulu Glaser, Adele Ritchie, and Lizzie MacNichol. In the category of stock leading ladies and sub-stars we have Virginia Harned, the favorite *Trilby*; Viola Allen and Effie Shannon, of the Empire; Caroline Miskol, of Hoyt's; Maxine Elliott, of Daly's; Maud Adams, of John Drew's company; Annie O'Neill, of William Crane's; Marie Shotwell and Bessie Tyree, of the Lyceum.

Within a fortnight nearly all the great metropolitan theatres have opened their doors, either for the regular or for a "preliminary" season; and the majority of them offer fresh material. Thus, in the one week of September 1st to 7th, no less than nine plays, all new to New York, and most of them hitherto untried anywhere, were presented here, as follows: "The City of Pleasure," at the Empire; "Le Collier de la Reine," at Daly's; "The Great Diamond Robbery," at the American; "The



Prisoner of Zenda," at the Lyceum; "The Princess Bonnie," at the Broadway; "Fleur-de-Lis" at Palmer's; "A Man with a Past," at the Garrick; "Last—Twenty-four Hours" and "The Littlest Girl," at Hoyt's; "The Bathing Girl," at the Fifth Avenue. "The Sporting Duchess" was already under way at the Academy of Music; and Proctor's new Pleasure Palace, with a continuous vaudeville performance, opened auspiciously. The other theatres revive last season's favorites, such as "In Old Kentucky," at the Fourteenth Street; "The Merry World," at the Casino; "Thrillby," at the Harlem; "Rob Roy," at the Herald Square and "Charlie's Aunt" at the Standard. The original "Thrillby" continues its unbroken run at the Garden.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The America's Cup Successfully Defended.

THIS year's series of races for the America's Cup came to a close on September 12th, and the result may be briefly and justly characterized as a miserable fiasco. Summed up succinctly by a contemporary, "The British cutter, the *Valkyrie III*, that came to this country as a challenger for the America's Cup, and the Yankee sloop, the *Defender*, chosen by the America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club to defend the cup, have now met three times, and we have had as a result a *finish*, a *foul*, and a *fiasco*."

The finish race has already been told of in these columns. Concerning the second race, which was awarded to the *Defender* because of a foul committed by the *Valkyrie* on crossing the starting-line, this much may be said: the *Valkyrie* from the start battled with a cripple, and consequently won. The winning margin (forty-seven seconds), however, was so small that victory was more nominal than real.

If ever boat demonstrated her superiority that boat was the *Defender* in this race. On account of her accident—the carrying away of her starboard topmast shroud—she could not carry near the amount of sail her rival did during twenty miles, or two-thirds of the race, yet she actually sailed seventeen seconds faster than the *Valkyrie* on the second leg, and one minute, seventeen seconds faster on the reach home.

Had the *Valkyrie* been the equal of the *Defender* she could not have failed to win by a margin expressed in several minutes. Had the *Valkyrie* been the crippled one the *Defender* would have won, in the opinion of experts, by not less than ten minutes actual time, and probably more.

The fiasco race of September 12th will not soon be forgotten, particularly by the ten thousand odd enthusiasts who were present. The *Defender* crossed the starting-line first, and, with all sail set, started like a greyhound on the run of fifteen miles to the leeward or outer mark. The *Valkyrie* followed shortly afterward, but immediately came about and made for her anchorage off Bay Ridge.

To say that every one was disgusted at this action of Lord Dunraven would be expressing it mildly indeed. Yet the patriotism of the crowds could not be altogether dampened, and the *Defender* in consequence was followed in her lonely trip over the course and given a right royal reception at the finish.

And now that all is over, what remains to be said of the fiasco? In a word, the consensus of opinion places Dunraven in the most unenviable berth of unportsmanlike action. He had come here under an agreement to sail the best three of five races for the cup. He had been here in 1893, and knew, consequently, all the conditions likely to be in evidence on racing days off Sandy Hook. He knew, therefore, that steamboats and tugs and other craft would be there in profusion—he must have known that, try as the cup committee might, there would be cases (few or many) of crowding and bothering the racing boats.

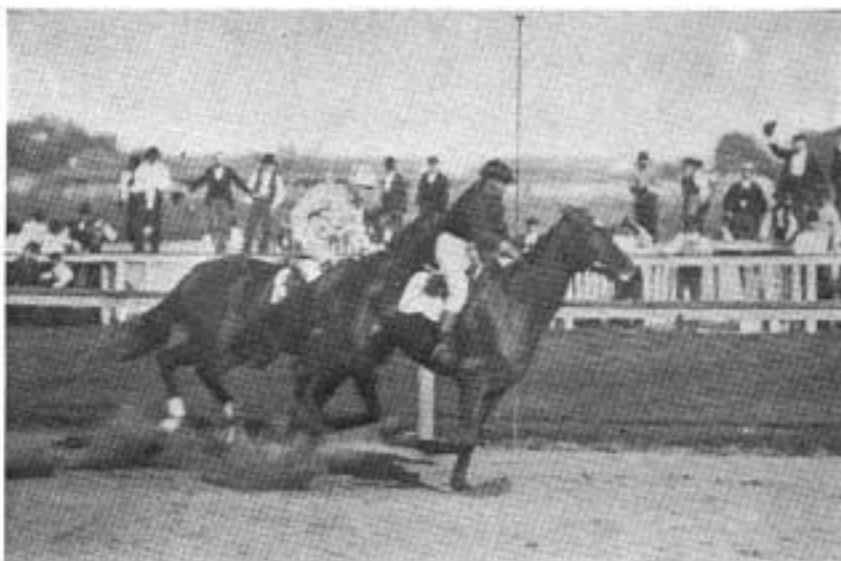
He knew all this, I repeat, yet agreed to sail. But why? Simply because he knew the crowding would be as fair for one as the other, and he further felt certain that he could win. But how different the state of his lordship's mind after the first and second races, when the *Defender's* superiority was so prominent that even the *Valkyrie* backers could not help admitting the corn! He felt certain that he could not win then, and that fact must have influenced his subsequent action or inaction to Americans and the American standard of sport and fair play.

On Tuesday evening, after the second race, Dunraven addressed two communications to the cup committee, protesting against the interference of the excursion fleet. In substance he declared in both letters that he would not

sail another race under the conditions which prevailed in the first two races. Though the cup committee assured him by word of mouth that they would not start the race until a half-mile of sea-room was granted the boats where-in to jockey for the start, Dunraven wanted the

the filling to the full of his cup of self-satisfaction, and the final proof of his superiority over the first English designer, George Watson, he who created the *Valkyrie III*.

Fate, however, willed it otherwise, and what the future has in store for Mr. Herreshoff in



THE RACE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS—HENRY OF NAVARRE WINS BY HALF A LENGTH, DOMINO SECOND.—Photograph by HENRIER.

further assurance that following boats should keep miles from the course during the race, and if they did not, to call the race off for that day. This the committee could not grant.

Ex-Commodore James D. Smith, chairman of the America's Cup Committee, speaking on this latter point, after characterizing Dunraven's demands, by the way, as absurd, unbusinesslike, and utterly impossible to comply with, said: "Now, supposing the *Valkyrie* had been a mile and a half ahead and we declared the race off because some boat interfered with the *Defender*; what would people say? Why, the country would be too hot to hold us."

Lord Dunraven made a point of it that the committee did not answer his letter. How could they? They did not receive it until eight o'clock Thursday morning.

No one knew where to find Lord Dunraven. On Wednesday afternoon the cup committee held a special meeting to act on his request about keeping the course clear, and a sub-committee of two started out to find him. They first tried the Horshoes, then the *City of Bridgeport*, Bay Ridge, Mr. Kersey's office, Mr. Kersey's apartments on Fifth Avenue, and then the Waldorf. When the committee finally found Lord Dunraven they explained to him verbally that they would do their best to have a clear course, but that they could not postpone the race at such short notice.

They also agreed not to start the boats until they had a clear field to manoeuvre in, which was all they could do under the circumstances. When they left him Wednesday night he said that he would start the *Valkyrie*. In his second letter, which was received on the morning of the race, he left it in doubt whether he would cover the course or not. It was then too late for the committee to do anything.

In New York Bay, where laws govern the movements of craft, this might have been done. On the high seas—impossible. Yet they assured Dunraven that all possible care and trouble would be taken to keep the excursion fleet in hand.

Had the cup committee consulted the wishes and whims of the Irish earl alone—or, in plain terms, told the American public to go to the devil—they would have called a postponement of the race, then arranged to have a meeting of the two in other waters at a time secret to all save the contestants. But the cup committee did not see their way clearly to thus ride ruthlessly over the feelings of thousands of sport-loving Americans who had paid their money and made arrangements at personal sacrifice to see the race as scheduled. The assurance, then, for which Dunraven called never came, and he, in consequence, refused to sail.

#### REGRET FOR HERRESHOFF.

We must all feel deep regret at this miserable ending of a series of contests for a trophy about which has clustered so much of honor, good sport, and friendly rivalry in the past; but no regret is so keen to many of us as that the *Defender*, the greatest, the fleetest, and best racing yacht ever built, should not have had the chance to show conclusively just what she could do.

The work of the world's greatest genius in yacht architecture, Nathaniel Herreshoff, seems to be thrown away. The *Defender* was his greatest achievement, and in her evolution he had spent the labor of a life-time. This year, of all others, he had felt that to win he must put his best foot forward. He did, and he anticipated

the way of figuring in international contests no mortal can foretell.

There may never be another race for the America's Cup, and the way may not be clear for years for an American boat to go abroad and try conclusions in English waters.

All in all, it seems a pity—a "crying shame," as some one has aptly put it; and to Dunraven we owe all.

Dunraven deserves the popular verdict of disapproval and condemnation. He has forfeited all rights to ever again challenge for the cup. Yet it does not seem fitting that we should call names. Concerning such an action as his, the least said is the soonest forgotten. Historians who shall later treat of the affair will doubtless accord him his just deserts.

So, leaving Dunraven a prey to his own conscience, we gladly turn to salute the *Defender*, the genius who designed her, and the able men who ran and sailed her. Not only do all Americans grant her the palm of superiority, but Mr. Glennie, the friend and adviser of Dunraven, who sailed on the *Valkyrie*, publicly expressed an opinion to this effect: "We might have won at least one race," said this good-natured Englishman, sadly, "had conditions over which no one had control been different."

From beginning to end the cup committee of the New York Yacht Club having charge of the conduct of the races acted wisely and in a spirit of fairness. At all times, even during the negotiations leading up to the agreement with Dunraven to contest for the cup this year, they showed a willingness to go more than half way in the matter of concessions; and in settling the protest entered by Mr. Iselin on account of the *Valkyrie's* foul in the second race they showed Dunraven every consideration.

After the fiasco of Thursday a number of offers were made to Dunraven and Mr. Iselin of money prizes and cups, to be sailed for at any time and place they might choose to select. These offers were politely declined by the latter and ignored by Dunraven.

#### INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

"There's lots to come out yet concerning these international races," said a well-known yachtsman to a party of intimates who sat discussing Dunraven's action. "And when this happens there will be fun a plenty. I refer in particular to the results which attended the re-measurement of the *Defender* and the *Valkyrie* after their first race, September 7th." Something was wrong there; but just wait and watch!

A railroad man of affairs in New York had this story to relate concerning the cost of the *Defender*, and the man should be a proof of the correctness of his observations: "The *Defender* cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which Mr. Vanderbilt contributed one hundred and forty thousand dollars, Mr. Iselin five thousand dollars, and Mr. Morgan five thousand

dollars. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, was not out of pocket—in fact, quite the reverse, for he speculated in railroad stocks, cleared the one hundred and forty thousand dollars, and then bet that amount in England that the *Defender* would win the cup.

*W. T. Bull.*

### A Notable Turf Event.

No recent event on the American turf has attracted wider attention among sportsmen than the race at Sheephead, between August Belmont's Henry of Navarre, James R. and Foxhall Keno's Domino, and E. J. Baldwin's Rey el Santa Anita. The race was a mile and a furlong, and it was from start to finish a magnificent struggle. At first Domino had the best of it, and his victory seemed almost assured. But in the home stretch he failed to hold his own, and Henry of Navarre, gradually creeping up, won by nearly a half-length, with Rey el Santa Anita four lengths away.

Our picture shows the actual appearance of the horses at the finish, as presented by photography.

### International Mr. Ritz.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, August 30th, 1895.

"HALLO! you here, too?" exclaimed Dr. Depew, as we met on the lift in the elegant Savoy Hotel a few days ago. Dr. Depew had just finished a Lucullan repast, and in festive evening dress gallantly carried the wraps (all that was visible to the naked eye) of a beautiful lady—in fact, two of them—on their way to the mysterious upper flights. As he turned the corner I heard a Benedict exclaim: "What a stunner is Chauncey! He literally walks away with England's cream."

In another minute I sat opposite Europe's foremost hotelier, diplomat, and financier, Mr. Ritz. "Dr. Depew is one of our best customers; so are the Vanderbilts, Astors, Goulds, Rockefellers, and, in fact, every American of note drifts through this house, or our



C. RITZ.

Grand Hotel in Rome. The reason of our phenomenal success is simply that we anticipate the customer's most secret hobby, and make him feel at home, unhindered by foreign notions. Most of our personnel is Swiss, which may explain why we have more of your élite than our competitors combined."

Mr. Ritz is a natural diplomat, of handsome presence, with keen, penetrating eyes. He represents in all respects the polished courier. For the past twenty years he has managed the leading hotels of Europe, and he was the first to touch the élite of Mayfair and the West End here to dine. An evening at the Savoy restaurant actually beats any reception at Buckingham Palace. Under the influence of Mr. Ritz's exotic plants—which arrive daily fresh from the Savoy gardens in the south of France—and soft, mellow lights, beautiful ladies give animation to the scene and, with their ponderous escorts, keep up an intermittent chatter, and between every exclamation manage to put away a lot of Escott's wonderful creations.

By the way, the latter has a history. Like most Frenchmen, Monsieur Escott is a sticky little man, with an intelligent head and fine manners, but very quiet and studious. Napoleon was compelled to go to Wilhelmshafen, but Escott chose to accompany him. He was the intimate of the imperial couple. His master mind made the menu for the aristocracy of St. Germain and Versailles, and he remained true to the Emperor until the latter's death. Monsieur Escott now guides the destinies of the culinary department at the Savoy, and it is the pudding he proof of its quality it is attested by the fact that the best folks from all over Europe and America come here to dine. Of the Grand Hotel in Rome I shall speak in another chapter.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

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CHINESE TROOPS SPEEDING A STRANGER FROM THEIR CAMP AT THE CLOSE OF THE RECENT WAR.—*London Graphic.*



THE WHEEL IN ENGLAND—LORD SPENCER AS A CYCLIST.  
*Black and White.*



OPEN-AIR MUSIC IN LONDON—LISTENING TO THE MILITARY BAND IN HYDE PARK.  
*London Graphic.*



INCIDENT ON AN EAST INDIAN RAILWAY—TIGERS ON THE TRACK.—*London Graphic.*



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—*London Graphic.*



A 'BUS ON A MAIN LONDON THOROUGHFARE.—*London Graphic.*

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A FIFTH AVENUE BUS-CHARACTERISTIC SCENE ON NEW YORK'S FAMOUS THORNTON PARK.—FROM PHOTO-DRAWING EXPRESSLY MADE FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."



## Pillsbury and the Hastings Chess Congress.

I WAS NOT surprised at the result of the Hastings International Chess Congress. I had looked Pillsbury as a world-beater after witnessing his phenomenal blindfold performances and Morphy-like genius for recalling games and complicated positions. Question him at any time about some line of play which might have resulted from a certain combination, and you will be astonished at the depth and correctness of his analysis, given at once, without the aid of a chess-board.

Pillsbury's victory resembles, and in some respects even surpasses, Morphy's advent of forty years ago. The royal game has advanced dur-



HARRY N. PILLSBURY.

ing the last decade, and the modern player has a fund of literature and analysis to draw upon which practically obliterates Proctor's "faint line of demarcation which separates chess from the exact sciences." Morphy never had an opportunity to face such a galaxy of giants. He was a chivalrous knight-errant, roaming the world in search of foemen worthy of his steel. The Hastings chess congress was a gathering of national representatives, all of whom had battled for the world's championship or were known to have aspirations in that direction. It is safe to say that with the exception of "young Pillsbury from Brooklyn," every one of the twenty-two competitors was rated as a probable winner. To the chess world at large, however, the grand event was the bringing together of Lasker, Tarrash, Steinitz, and Tschigolow, whose relative powers had only been measured by the unsatisfactory test of cross-play. It was looked upon as a battle royal to the death between rival schools and theories as advocated at the great chess centres by pupils and followers of former masters, which combined with other circumstances to make "The Battle of Hastings" the most important contest in the annals of the royal game. Pillsbury's victory was so popular on account of his brilliant and original play that the only regret seemed to be that he won by the close margin of half a game, whereas he really should have made a better score.

Julius Caesar could not have dictated a more laconic dispatch than the characteristically modest cablegram which announced "First prize for America, the Brooklyn Chess Club, and myself.—Pillsbury." It heralded a national triumph beyond that of a contest between rival boat-builders, for American genius once more had won the laurels in an intellectual contest of the nations of the world, which practically had involved the training and preparation of a century.

Harry N. Pillsbury, of Brooklyn, who won the first prize in the recent international chess congress at Hastings, England, in a field of twenty-two representative champions, is in his twenty-third year. His chess career commenced three years ago, when he defeated Steinitz, who attempted to give him the odds of pawn and more. Since that time he has been successful in many tournaments and matches.

SAM LOYD.

## People Talked About.

—ELEVEN years ago George Newnes was a young brass-finisher in a factory at Manchester, England. He possessed some literary ability and remarkable business tact. He conceived the idea of a small penny paper for the masses, to be called *Tid Bits*. He borrowed a hundred pounds from a friend and issued the first number of *Tid Bits*, a weekly paper. Its success in Manchester was so apparent from the first that Newnes removed to London. There *Tid Bits* became popular and prosperous in a few months. From a poor brass-finisher Newnes soon became the proprietor of an immense publishing-house. Two years ago he started the

*Strand Magazine*, which, like *Tid Bits*, was an instantaneous success. In eleven years George Newnes has made a remarkable record. To-day he is a millionaire and a member of Parliament.

—The success of C. T. Dancy as a playwright is evidenced by the fact that six companies are producing his plays and pouring money into his pockets this season. One of the secrets of his success is his industry. His "War of Wealth" was re-written fully twenty times before he considered it in the right shape for presentation, and his other plays are the result of infinite painstaking. He finds his wife an invaluable, if a remorseless, critic, and every scene is read and re-read to her for her judgment. Mr. Dancy is about thirty-five years old, and the son of a farmer in Lima, Illinois. He is a Harvard graduate, and was his class poet.

—An American lady traveling in Holland writes that Melchers, the Detroit artist who won the Paris Exposition prize in 1889 and has since enjoyed extraordinary vogue on the continent, is quite unspoiled by the honors heaped upon him. Though he has dined with the German Emperor, he still wears a peasant blouse and wooden shoes, on the plea that he is too poor for anything better. When he went to dine with the wife of the burgomaster of a Holland town he appeared in this costume, and soaked to the skin by a hard rain. He apologized, not for the clothes, but for the fact that they were wet, and maintained that it was the only suit he had. His hostess thereupon provided him with a dry suit of her husband's.

—"The Khan" is the signature appended by an erratic Canadian journalist to poems and sketches that have given him a wide reputation throughout the Dominion. He is a poet of the people as distinguished from the poets of the magazines, and before taking to journalism he was for many years engaged in farming. Many of his verses have the directness and simplicity that characterize the work of Riley, and at his best "The Khan" writes true poetry. Like every poet engaged in journalistic work, however, he writes too much, and the badness of his worst productions is something lamentable; but at his best he has a command of humor, pathos, and homely sentiment that entitles him to the high esteem in which his work is held by many.

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THE B. & O. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Louisville and return at all ticket stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, at rate of one cent per mile each way for the round trip, for all trains September 10th to 15th, inclusive, valid for return journey until October 6th, inclusive. Tickets will also be placed on sale via B. & O. at offices of all connecting lines. Stop overs will be allowed on the return trip. Veterans will bear in mind that all B. & O. trains run via Washington and Harper's Ferry.

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Two early autumn tours, September 24th and October 8th, under the Personally-conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Georgetown, Baltimore, Blue Mountain, Lanes, Caves, Blue City, the National Bridge of Virginia, Groves of the Shenandoah, Richmond, Washington, and Mt. Vernon visited during the tour. Parlor car and hotel accommodations, guides, carriages, and all necessary expenses covered by the rate. A tourist agent, chaperone, and baggage master will accompany party. For detailed itinerary address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 1190 Broadway, New York.

### KEEPS MEN POOR.

The clock might be "bowed" if he had the head for it. The brain is there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble usually begins in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else. Hippo Tablets insure sound digestion and a clear head. They regulate the entire system. Ask the druggist for a box.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

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A healing and beautifying skin soap which is equally useful for the Toilet, Bath and Nursery.

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not be misled by the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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## TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headaches arising from them.

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Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE CAUSE OF IT.  
MISS TOWNSEND—"Do you find much difficulty in keeping help here?"  
Mrs. Suburb—"Indeed, yes. It is next to impossible to keep a girl more than a week."  
Miss Townsend—"Why is that—too far from the city?"  
Mrs. Suburb—"Oh, no, I think not; but you see we have only one policeman in the town, and he's married."—Judge.

AN OCCASIONAL NECESSITY.  
MRS. OLDFATHER—"Why do they put yachts in a dry-dock, Josiah?"  
Mr. Oldfather—"To sober 'em up, Mirandy. That's the only time they ain't full of liquor."—Judge.

MR. WHITNEY will not let that nomination hit him in the eye if he can catch it before it gets there.—Judge.

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\$5.00

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CORPUS LEAN  
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 5c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. J. E. March Co. 2215 Madison St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Simply stopping the fat producing efforts of food. The highly refined, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.

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# LEGAL NOTICES.

## PROPOSALS FOR \$3,345,580.70 BONDS AND STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD.

EXEMPT FROM TAXATION INTEREST AT THREE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Executors, Administrators, Guardians, and others holding trust funds are authorized by law to invest in said bonds and stock.

Said proposals will be received by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 20 Broadway, in the City of New York, until Tuesday, the 24th day of September, 1920, at two o'clock p.m., for the whole or a part of the following described coupon or registered bonds or stock of the City of New York, to wit:

- \$500,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Repaving Streets and Avenues, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 250,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Construction of West Wing of the American Museum of Natural History, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 301,181.32 Consolidated Stock for the Jerome Avenue approach to the Bridge over the Harlem River at 152nd Street, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 100,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Repaving Avenue "A," payable November 1st, 1920.
- 640,000.00 Consolidated Stock for the Washington Bridge Park, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 85,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Repaving Roads and Avenues in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards of the City of New York, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 100,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Construction of Mulberry Bend Park, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 65,700.00 Consolidated Stock for Construction and Improvement of Parkways, payable November 1st, 1924.
- 190,000.00 Consolidated Stock for the Improvement of Riverside Park, for grading, drainage, and walks, payable November 1st, 1924.
- 106,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Improvement and Completion of Cathedral Parkway, payable November 1st, 1924.
- 182,126.42 Consolidated Stock, School House Bonds, payable November 1st, 1914.
- 81,509.84 Consolidated Stock, Sanitary Improvement School House Bonds, payable November 1st, 1914.
- 549.52 Consolidated Stock, Police Department Bonds, payable November 1st, 1925.
- 500,000.00 Consolidated Stock, Dock Bonds, payable November 1st, 1925.
- 250,000.00 Consolidated Stock, Water Main Stock, payable November 1st, 1924.

The proposals should be enclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and each proposal should also be enclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York, Assistant, P. Street, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, September 15th, 1920.

## HOW TO MAKE



Many women with fair faces are defined in beauty owing to the use of Adipo-Malene. It is the most perfect skin treatment known. It gives a soft, delicate, and healthy complexion. It removes all blemishes, freckles, and wrinkles. It is the only skin treatment that can be used by the use of the Adipo-Malene.

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## A TOBACCO HEART.

Does he chew or smoke? If so, it is only a question of time when bright eyes grow dim, manly steps lose firmness, and the vigor and vitality so enjoyable now will be gone forever. Millions of men are making tobacco hearts. Are you one?

Call a halt. A box or two of No-To-Bac will regulate tobacco using, make you strong and vigorous in more ways than one. Three boxes any druggist will guarantee to cure. Written guarantee. Book entitled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away" and free sample of No-To-Bac mailed for the asking. Address

**THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,**  
Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

## IN WAYBACK DISTRICT.

"How's politics down here?"  
"They're hot and they're gittin' hotter, and they're goin' to be bidin'!"  
"It's all on account of the money power, I suppose."  
"Yes, sirc; and we ain't goin' to stand no foolishness no longer."  
"You're going to make the money-men come down?"  
"We're goin' to do what?"  
"Make them come down."  
"Not by a jugfull. They've got to go up. No two-dollar limit carries this deestrick this year."—Judge.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"SAY, pop, what does the letters D. C. mean, dat dey always puts after Washington?"  
"Dey means daddly of his country, yo' fool chile, yo'. Why doan' yo' read yo' hist'ry?"—Judge.

OH!

IRATE PA—"Did you tell that young man of yours that I'm going to have the gas turned off at ten?"  
TRIE—"Yes."  
IRATE PA—"Well?"  
TRIE—"He's coming at a quarter past in future."—Judge.

MAJOR HANDY tells of a man to whom, apprehensive of a request for a loan, he pleaded poverty, and the man drew out a wad of money and offered to loan him a hundred dollars. This is a credulous world, but Major Handy foolishly goes too far.—Judge.

A JUDGE of Little Rock, Arkansas, says a woman has a constitutional and God-given right to wear bloomers. There is nothing in the constitution or the Scriptures to prove this, and in fact in the beginning she had the privilege of wearing nothing at all; but it is a common-sense view, and as soon as the woman has the ballot-box she will wear what she pleases as long as she can get somebody else to pay for it.—Judge.

No line in the world equals the New York Central in the comfort and speed of its trains and the beauty and variety of its scenery.

In the opinion of a prominent English expert, the New York Central possesses the most perfect system of block signals in the world.

Eight and three-quarter hours, New York to Buffalo; 9½ hours, New York to Niagara Falls; 24 hours, New York to Chicago; 21½ hours, New York to Cincinnati; 29½ hours, New York to St. Louis, via the New York Central.

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For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.



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THE HISTORY OF BREWING WITH EGYPT

SUPREME AWARD WORLD'S FAIR

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS, PABST HAS MADE IT SO

I recently gave your malt extract to ...  
**A Child . . . . .**

on which I had tried almost everything without any benefit. The child was very anæmic, and was

**Run Down**

to almost a skeleton, but after taking

**..Pabst.....**

**Malt Extract**

The "Best" Tonic

for a week it began to improve rapidly, and is today as round and plump as any child can be. I then tried it on

**A Lady . . . . .**

who had had typhoid fever, and whose

**Convalescence**

was very slow. She could gain no

**Strength**

until she took The "Best" Tonic, when the result was

**Really Marvelous**

DR. P. O. WARNER,  
Sand Beach, Mich.

## HE KNEW HIM.

"CHARLIE is a very foolish fellow; he's all ways borrowing trouble."  
"Yes, and I'll bet he never pays it back. That's just like Charlie."—Judge.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

"SAY, old man, what makes you pick up pins every time you see them in the street? Are you superstitious?"  
"Not at all. When I was a boy I worked in a bowling-alley."—Judge.

## NOT EXAGGERATED.

CUSTOMER (after walking back along the track for twenty minutes):—"How did you have the conscience to tell me that the place was only three minutes from the station?"  
Real-estate Dealer—"Some trains go over the distance in less than two."—Judge.

MR. CLEVELAND is right in the declaration that marriage is a grand, sweet song; but with three babies in the house there are some remarkable variations.—Judge.







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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

## ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1895.

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 307 Herald Building.  
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bramhall, H. Reuterbach.

OCTOBER 3, 1895.

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## An Outspoken Deliverance.



HE coward among the Republican leaders who sought to prevent any expression by the New York Republican State Convention in reference to the Sunday liquor question received a rebuke which was at once decisive and deserved. The platform as constructed under their manipulation contained no reference whatever to this question. There were words in plenty concerning every other conceivable subject, but as to this one conspicuous issue not a syllable was breathed. The obvious design was to dodge it entirely, and to conduct the coming campaign in contemptuous disregard of the real party feeling. The convention, however, was in no mood for silence. It refused to be gagged. Under the lead of Mr. Warner Miller, who in a brief speech set forth clearly and strongly the duty of meeting this issue as the party has met other issues, squarely and fearlessly, the convention adopted by an overwhelming vote an additional resolution, declaring in favor "of the maintenance of the Sunday laws in the interest of labor and morality."

It is a striking evidence of the decadence of the moral standards in party leadership that any intelligent or reputable Republican should have advised a policy of silence on a question of this character. If the Republican party stands for anything at all it stands for law and order. All its great and historic achievements have been identified with the maintenance of law and constituted authority. It has never won a triumph worth the having on any other line than this. The proposition to commit it to a negative course in this Empire State was in flat contravention of its historic policy. Its adoption would have resulted inevitably in defeat. Victory goes with courageous assertion of principle and a manful defense of sound policy—not with paltering, shuffling pusillanimity. It will come to the Republicans of New York in the campaign now entered upon because they dared, in spite of unwise counselors, to declare themselves positively and definitely on an issue which goes to the very core of orderly government. And the party will be the stronger in all future contests involving moral principle because in this crisis it was wise and brave enough to declare its honest convictions and affirm its fidelity to law and the interests of social order.

## "Tommyrotics."



It was in one of those rare moments of inspiration which at long intervals relieve English periodical literature that a recent critic classified modern fiction as "the erotic, the neurotic, and the tommyrotic." What the writers of "tommyrot" may think of this beautifully direct description is none of our affair. The author of the phrase has done the world a service which is not lessened by subsequent attempts on the part of his commentators to shift the onus of "tommyrot" to the French decadents, and the "advanced" fiction of Germany, Belgium, and the north, with the usual solemn apostrophizing of Ibsen as a most conspicuous and convenient scapegoat. The English fiction of the last few years furnishes abundant justification for the phrase. "Decadentism is an exotic growth, unsuited to British soil," says a recent English writer with an air of thinking God that the British are not as other men, but as he continues we find an acknowledgment that "The predilection for the foul and repulsive, the pulling emotionalism and the sickly sensuousness of the French decadents, are also the leading characteristics of the nascent English schools." And to this we could add that, since these "schools" lack the lightness of touch and *finesse* of their French forbears, nascent might as well be spelled simply nasty.

It is England that has furnished us with the mad procession of psychopathic heroines who have driven American readers to take refuge in the pages of Norlau. From England we have had the woman who yearned for one self-surrender for love's sake before wedding disease for the sake of self and rank; the woman who repudiated love but wished to marry for the sake of children; the woman who repudiated marriage and preferred a "voluntary union";

and a vociferous group who have joined in denouncing the physical sequences of wedlock. It is England which has given us, in the guise of fiction, studies of odious disease, of accouchements, the climaxes of liaisons, and the most startling exploitations of free-love, which in their frankness are unexcelled by medical literature or the much-heralded French realists or decadents. Men of standing in other branches of literature, like Mr. Grant Allen, who is old enough to know better, and poetasters like Mr. Le Gallienne, full of the zeal of the "literary log-roller," flock to the standard which seems to have been first raised by the unlamented Oscar Wilde, and lift the *cor tommyrotic* in behalf of free-love, or join George Egerton's neurotic women in striving to "compass the whole physiological gamut of their being"—whatever that may mean. The Phryne of the music-halls is held up as an object of æsthetic adoration; the "husband-fiend" is pilloried in novel after novel, and there is a bitter cry of revolt against "the unwelcome child." These are characteristics of a large proportion of the English fiction which has been most in evidence for the last two or three years.

It is obvious that the majority of the writers of the "physiologico-pernographic" school, as it has been termed, are neuropaths, but they are not all examples of erotomania. There is a foundation for a revolt against the element of brutishness and lack of consideration for woman which seem to be inherent, frequently, in the character of the English male. Much of the clamor in this fiction is based upon an injustice quite apparent to one who has noted the usual English attitude toward women. Unfortunately the justice or injustice of the initial cause has been obscured by the outpourings of novelists, some of whom are simply erotic, and others nastily realistic in the name of art, while others still have given expression to the vibration of their disordered nerves in maudlin outpourings upon "the natural workings of sex," and other phases of the tiresome "problem," which form the perfect flower of "tommyrotics."

Over against the morbid and abnormal in the English fiction of the day we may set the wholesomeness and sincerity of men like Kipling, Doyle, and Hall Caine. The American preference is for their work, and for the adventure stories of Weyman and Hope, and the Scotch idylls of Barrie, Crockett, and MacLaren. American provincialism is dismissed with a contemptuous smile by London apostles of new-woman and music-hall literature, but unless all the standards of the past are to be obliterated, the insularity of the music-hall is more Bostonian than the provincialism of the continent, and the day of the erotic, the neurotic, and the tommyrotic will pass with the "sere and yellow book."

## Chicago Drainage Canal and Lake Navigation.



HE report of the board of army engineers, consisting of Colonel Poe and Majors Ruffner and Marshall, appointed by the Secretary of War to examine and report upon the probable effect of the Chicago drainage canal upon lake and harbor levels, although not accompanied by any definite conclusions, which were in the nature of the case impossible, hints very strongly at a possible lowering of the lake levels from three to seven inches.

The abstraction of ten thousand cubic feet of water a second will lower the levels of all the lakes of the system," says the report, "except Lake Superior, and reduce the navigable capacity of all harbors and shallows throughout the system to an extent that may be determined, if at all, by actual measurements only." The effects of such lowering of levels will, of course, be felt in every harbor and channel between Chicago and Buffalo, and in all that portion of the Erie Canal which depends for its water upon Lake Erie. It is already proposed by the State of New York to deepen the channel of the Erie Canal to nine feet, at an expense of several millions of dollars, but if the pumping of three hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of water per minute out of Lake Michigan—more than is supplied by the Chicago River—will tend, as suggested, to lower the lake levels half a foot, then a large part of the labors of New York State on the canal which gives the only outlet from the lakes to an American seaport will be thrown away, and eight and a half feet of water is all that can be obtained for the Buffalo grain and lumber fleets. At fifty cents a ton it is figured by Secretary Kepp, of the Lake Carriers' Association, that the earnings of the lake carrying fleet would be reduced \$1,142,000 in a single season by such a reduction of lake levels, and the losses to canal carriers would be in proportion.

And perhaps nowhere will the effect of a lowering of the lake level be more severely felt than at Chicago itself. Chicago at present has no real deep-water harbor. Her river is limited by her tunnels and bridges to vessels drawing sixteen feet. Not only would the level be reduced, but the rapid current caused by the much larger stream of the canal would make navigation in the already crowded thoroughfare much more difficult than at present, and tend to still further divert commerce toward South Chicago. It is well, therefore, that the government has announced its intention of exercising control of the

canal the moment it shall appear to affect the lake levels—for so we understand the report—and to see to it that those levels are not reduced.

## Practical Methods of Reform.



HERE is probably no woman in this metropolis who is accomplishing larger results along moral lines, in the direction of the reclamation of the tempted and wayward of her own sex, than Mrs. Ballington Booth. Cultivated and brilliant, with exceptional charms of person and manner—a woman who would grace the most polished and exalted circles—she has devoted herself, in a spirit of absolute self-surrender, to the work of rescuing and restoring to usefulness the fallen outcasts from whom society turns with aversion and abhorrence, and it is not too much to say that her influence and example are doing more to indicate the true and wise method of dealing with and solving a most difficult problem than all other influences combined.

Her theory is a very simple one, and may be summed up in a sentence: The wayward and the sinning must be dealt with individually and not in the mass. "Some people think"—we quote her own words—"that they can reach the desired result through the masses. They think that by shutting up the evil resorts they will crush out the evil itself with one fell swoop. We think differently. It is through the individual alone that we hope to accomplish anything." Mrs. Booth believes, too, that there is no medicine so helpful and curative as work. It is her aim, therefore, to give the objects of her solicitude something to do—not merely to interest them by one form and another of amusement and recreation. "These women have led unthinking lives. We think it best for them to be quiet and to work; to be made purposeful, earnest women, and to put frivolity aside." They are taught cooking, laundrying, sewing, and housework. Some of the most successful workers in the slums are women who have, under these methods, been reclaimed from the very lowest depths of wretchedness and vice. How true it is that there is more potency in the touch of a kindly, helping hand, in an exhibition of practical sympathy, than in all the preachments of moralists who are Pharisees at heart.

An interesting fact stated by Mrs. Booth is that a genuine sympathy with the army rescue-work is often manifested in most unexpected quarters. "Even coarse, rough men are kind to our army girls when they venture into bar-rooms and low resorts," and saloon-keepers not infrequently give practical assistance in pointing out persons worthy of their attention and help. There is in this fact another proof that sincere, genuine character and unselfish philanthropy and consistency of Christian living impress even the grossest and most callous natures.

## The Problem of Pauperism.



OME suggestive facts and figures relating to pauperism in the United States have lately been given to the press by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, formerly a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities, and a noted specialist in sociological study and investigation. Mr. Sanborn complains, and very justly as it appears, that the statistics on pauperism gathered by the Federal Census Bureau are very inaccurate, incomplete, and misleading. This arises partly from the fact that the laws of each of the forty-four States make different distinctions as to who are paupers and who are not, thus making it almost impossible for the Federal enumerators to arrive at anything like exactness in their statistics. It is shown, for example, that in 1891 the census bulletins gave the whole number of the poor in the almshouses of the United States as 73,045. This is shown to be too small by comparison with the unquestioned numbers in States which kept exact accounts; probably the true number was 85,500. But in 1894, in the "Compendium of the Eleventh Census," the figures were corrected the wrong way; the total stands now at 32,304. Mr. Sanborn has compared the figures in this table by States with the official returns of Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania for the same year, 1890, with the result that, whereas the census number is 17,000, the true number is 32,000. The Federal statistics do not include those persons receiving "out-door relief," which Mr. Sanborn estimates at 250,000 in the United States, on whom were expended last year about sixteen millions of dollars. Adding to this the twenty-five million dollars paid for the support of paupers in asylums and other charitable institutions, we have a total of about forty million dollars as the sum expended by the people of this country every year for the support of paupers of all kinds.

As to the average cost of maintenance, it appears from Mr. Sanborn's figures that the Eastern States expend considerably more per capita on their paupers than other sections of the Union. Thus in Massachusetts the per-capita expense is nearly ninety cents for each member of the population; in Wisconsin it falls as low as forty cents; while the average yearly cost per capita for the population



of the whole country is about fifty cents. The proportionate number of paupers in the older States of the Union is much greater also than in the more recently settled regions. Thus Massachusetts has about one pauper to every eighty-six of its inhabitants, while Minnesota has about one pauper to every one hundred and fifty-eight of the population. In the whole country the ratio is about one to one hundred and forty.

As one outcome of his investigations Mr. Sanborn makes the interesting statement that pauperism is not increasing in the United States. This is contrary to a general impression founded mainly on the depreciated character of immigration in recent years. There has been an increase of pauperism in the South since emancipation, but not enough, in Mr. Sanborn's opinion, to overbalance the comparative decline in the North and West since 1870.

But whether increasing or not, the facts and figures given by Mr. Sanborn show what a tremendous problem the people of this country have before them in the treatment of pauperism. An expenditure of forty million dollars, at the lowest estimate, is not a small sum to pay for one item of charity. The most serious question in the whole matter is how large a part of this forty millions of dollars goes to the relief of the worthy poor, and how much to the support of lazy and vicious tramps and professional beggars. The charity organization societies existing in nearly all our large cities have undoubtedly done much toward abating the evils of indiscriminate charity, but there is still enough of this form of charity to make the country at large a profitable field for the operation of professional mendicants. This class of people—those who deliberately set out to live without work—ought to be regarded everywhere as criminals, and to be severely dealt with as such. And those who, through mistaken sentiment or sheer indifference, make it possible for armies of vicious and dangerous vagrants to exist, ought to be made to understand that in so doing they are inflicting a two-fold injury upon the community—encouraging some to a life of deliberate idleness and imposing a heavy burden upon the industrious and the provident for the support of self-made criminals and paupers.



THAT WAS a fine display of the true American spirit which was made the other day by a score or so of school-boys in Brooklyn. Two Chinese lads had been boycotted and mobbed by their fellow-pupils at one of the public schools in that city. They fled in terror to their homes, and had abandoned all hope of making another venture, when, on the next day, twenty lads who had witnessed the outrage upon them, visited their home and, offering them protection, escorted them to the school, carrying themselves so bravely that a gang of hoodlums who meditated another assault thought it wise to refrain. There are a good many adult Americans, narrow-minded and intolerant, who may study with profit this manly act of the young Brooklynites.

IF in this country the abuse of the liberty of the press is looked upon with undue toleration, it is dealt with in Germany with a severity which seems incapable of justification. A Berlin editor who criticised the recent Sedan fêtes has been arrested by personal order of the Emperor, and is to be prosecuted for high treason, and the probability is that under imperial pressure a speedy conviction will be had, and the offender sent to prison for a term of years. It may be doubted whether the propaganda of the socialists and the existing discontent throughout the empire will be really allayed by these severely restrictive measures, which make candid criticism impossible and reveal an absolutistic tendency in the government which is wholly incompatible with the German love of freedom.

IT is not only in the matter of excise violation that the courts are exhibiting a commendable regard for the enforcement of law. The saloon-keepers who are being fined and imprisoned for Sunday selling are no more astonished, perhaps, than the dealers in adulterated milk, who carried on their nefarious trade practically without molestation under the Tammany régime, but who are now being brought up with a round turn and compelled to meet the full penalties of the law. It was shown in the cases of some of these offenders that the milk sold by them to the poor contained nine per cent. of water and four per cent. skim. The punishment of one hundred dollars fine and ten days' imprisonment was certainly, in these cases, none too severe. The decision of the more reputable wholesale dealers to co-operate with the authorities in punishing adulterations is a marked tribute to the potency of law when honestly asserted.

WE get an idea of the activity of the American inventive faculty from the official statement that during the last fiscal year 30,745 patents were issued by the United States Patent Office; while the total number of applications received was 36,972. Of course many of the applications made from time to time are of no practical value, but the

number granted shows that American inventors are in the main practical in their designs and ideas, and that the results of their studies and investigations enure actually to the popular advantage. The Patent Office under its present administration appears to be one of the most admirably conducted branches of the government. The commissioner states that on the last week in June all but one out of the thirty-four divisions of the office had all its work done up to within one month of date, while the remaining division was only two months in arrears. We fancy there are few departments which keep their work so well in hand as this one.

THIS newspaper has uniformly pleaded for the elevation of the character of our representation in the State Legislature. It has insisted that none but the best men in point of personal character and equipment should be sent to Albany to legislate for the people, and that so long as an opposite policy was pursued there could be no possible protection against jobbery and all the evils which follow upon the rule of self-seeking incompetency. Why should not men of the stamp of Mr. Depew on the one side and Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham on the other be called upon to serve the people in the Legislative capacity? Who doesn't know that the men who co-operated with the Committee of Seventy would render more efficient and valuable service than the favorites of the slums? We are glad to see that the New York *World* is urging the selection of persons of this class. In a recent issue it said:

"In the old days New York City was represented in the Legislature by her highest instead of her medium or lowest class. Unless republican government is to be measurably a failure, and unless patriotism has become one of the lost virtues, this must again be the rule. Which party will start the renaissance of popular government by the fit test?"

IF the Cuban insurrection should hold out until the meeting of Congress an effort will no doubt be made to secure the recognition by that body of the belligerency of the insurgents. Petitions are already in circulation calling for such action, and these will no doubt be signed in such numbers as to compel attention. What ought Congress to do in the premises? Obviously it ought not to recognize the insurgents as belligerents for mere sentimental reasons. No matter how acutely we may sympathize with them, we must be governed by considerations of fact. Certainly we cannot commit ourselves to a policy which would make us their practical allies, so long as their revolt is a mere insurrection, without coherency of character, with no attributes of nationality—a simple guerrilla assault upon the constituted authority. But if the insurgents continue to maintain themselves, and after reasonable time it becomes apparent that Spain cannot subdue them—that, in other words, there is in Cuba a state of war—then we may properly recognize them as belligerents. Present indications favor the belief that the insurrection cannot be suppressed with the means which have so far been invoked to that end, and it is doubtful whether, with the largely increased re-enforcements which have been ordered to the field, the Spanish authority can be perfectly restored. If this should be the outcome, Congress could hardly refuse to act on the subject, in the near future, in harmony with the desires of the great majority of our people.



TO the ordinary, unprofessional person who chanced to attend any of the meetings of the recent Medico-Legal Congress held in New York, many astonishing and even disquieting things were said, none more so than the following, however, by Mr. Albert Bach, vice-president of the New York Medico-Legal Society: "In my opinion," he said, "a physician has the moral right to end human or brute suffering by administering drugs . . . and I know that physicians do so end life. I consider a physician only humane who relieves one of a positively ascertained fatal and torturing physical malady or condition by administering drugs that will end life painlessly." I think every humanitarian will agree as to a doctor's moral right to end a patient's hopeless suffering—that is, with the consent of the patient—and the humanity of it can be questioned by no one; but it would be an impossibility to frame a law governing it that would not turn loose to prey upon society a great body of unprincipled medical practitioners whose watch-words would be "morality and humanity," and whose object would be murder for personal gain. I fear that the small, suffering minority will have to bear their ills for the sake of the safety of the healthy majority, and reputable doctors will have to restrain their sympathies, even though their patients are undergoing hopeless and useless suffering.

A reader of "Men and Things," who signs himself L. P. Ross, of Rochester, New York, writes to me from the Hotel de Flandres, Bruxelles, as follows: "Dear Sir:—I have just seen your very just criticism of Theodore Roosevelt's article on Kild's 'Social Evolution,' and it so exactly expresses my thoughts when I read Roosevelt's article that I wish to thank you for putting in print so correct a

statement and a so-much-needed criticism of the article." My correspondent goes on: "But how about Mark Twain's ridiculous criticism of Fenimore Cooper, which appeared also in the *North American*? Why don't you hit him as he deserves, and over his shoulders the editor, for publishing such a silly, untruthful and altogether foolish article?" I don't "hit him as he deserves" for two reasons: The "silly, untruthful, and altogether foolish (though I must confess delightfully Twainish) article" deserved no comment, as it was written from a palpably wrong point of view, and besides, Mark Twain at present has so many troubles of his own that it wouldn't have been fair. As for the editor—well, all editors are such hopelessly abandoned creatures that there is no use trying to touch them either by ridicule or invective.

Professor Cesar Lombroso, the very learned Italian authority on criminal anthropology, opens up a very wide field for speculation by the following extract taken from a recent article of his in the *Forum*: "A study of eight hundred free men showed that there may be often found among them the characteristics of degenerate physiognomy . . . and frequently justified by latent criminality. It often happens that greater shrewdness, wealth, or political influence avert the action of the law and hide the criminal in men of great power; for example, in New York the leaders of the Tammany ring." The leaders of the Tammany ring are very good cases in point, but I wonder if Professor Lombroso knows that he would not have fallen short of the mark, or weakened his argument any, if he had instanced members of State Legislatures and both houses of Congress, Governors of States, and holders of office in every branch of our State and government service.

The glamour cast over official position often shuts out from our view the charlatan and even worse. If science can help in any way to clarify our mental vision let us eagerly seek its help, and apply its resources to the selection of our political leaders. LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD, whom the Paris anarchists are making such efforts to destroy, possesses many of the simple traits and abstemious ways of the founders of the great banking dynasty. He reaches his office almost as early as his under-clerks, cares little for dress, and walks usually in preference to riding. His chief point of personal self-indulgence is smoking, and he is rarely seen without a cigar in his mouth. In his home, however, he is a princely entertainer, and nearly every royal personage in Europe has at some time accepted his hospitality. There are at present eleven Barons de Rothschild, of whom three live in London, five in Paris, one in Vienna, and one in Frankfurt. How great their combined capital is, it is impossible to say; it has been estimated at a billion dollars.

—General Lord Wolseley, the new commander-in-chief of the British army, gained a medal for bravery on the battle-field in the first year of his service as a soldier, nearly forty-five years ago, and he has been conspicuous as a fighter ever since. He is said to have aimed to live up to the maxim for ambitious young officers, "If you want to get on you must try to get shot," and he has received many wounds, the worst being the loss of an eye in the Crimea. His record is one of continuously brilliant service, and he has earned every step of his advancement from lieutenant to lord by hard fighting. At sixty-three he is one of the most alert and vigorous men in the army.

—Mr. Howells will be interested to hear the remark Sara Orne Jewett made to an interviewer, to the effect that the busier she gets the more time she finds to read the Waverley Novels. Miss Jewett lives in the roomy, old-fashioned house of her grandfather in South Berwick, Maine, with a profusion of mahogany and antique bric-a-brac about her, such as would make a collector envious. She has been writing since she was a girl of fourteen, and at twenty the *Atlantic* opened its columns to her, while now she is the leading personage of her town, everybody for miles around being concerned with her fame.

—Of all the statesmen who "went into the woods" this summer in search of fishing or shooting, Senator Frye seems to have had the finest camp. It was a five-room log cottage, built midway between two of the Rangeley Lakes, with a hospitable, big fire-place as its chief interior ornament. There, with fishing in the morning, entertaining in the afternoon, and whist in the evening, he found life wholly enjoyable. As an evidence of the Senator's hospitality it was no unusual sight to see twenty visitors' canoes moored at the landing near the camp.

—Cardinal Gibbons has given a graphic description of the Pope, who now, in his eighty-sixth year, is pale and emaciated, "with a pallor almost of death upon him." This pallor is intensified by the white ecclesiastical garments he habitually wears. His body is considerably bent with age, but his eye is bright, his mind clear and luminous, and his power of physical endurance astonishing.





THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES—CROSSING A PONTON BRIDGE.  
*London Graphic.*



REGATTA ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.—*L'Illustrazione Italiana.*



CELEBRATION OF THE REBUILDING OF THE MONASTERY AT SOLIGNY, FRANCE, BY THE GRAND  
TRAPPE—A CORNER OF THE CHORUS DURING THE GRAND MASS.—*L'Illustration.*



Mrs. Gladstone. Rev. Stephen Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone.  
A WEEK-DAY EVENING SERVICE AT HAWARDEN CHURCH.  
*London Graphic.*



IN descending the Dent du Géant, Roy, who had unravelled himself, missed his footing, and falling upon a glacier below, was killed. The body was recovered on the following day, and carried down the mountain by a party of guides.

AN ALPINE ACCIDENT—EMIL MEY, THE FAMOUS GUIDE, LOST HIS LIFE ON THE DENT DU GEANT.—*Illustrated London News.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.





"My dear Henri," said the duke, "you are wounded."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XII. AT THE CHÂTEAU DE LOUVET.



MORE than once the Duchess de Louvet had drawn to her receptions advanced members of the National Assembly. General Lafayette had been one of her constant friends. The duke had even tolerated the American hero, who still retained a friendly intercourse with the Count de Fournier, although they had long ceased to be in political sympathy with each other.

The duke generally found business or pleasure elsewhere when the duchess crowded her country house with summer guests or her town quarters with Parisian society. She had not been born in the purple, as the duke had. Her origin had linked the bourgeois of trade with the cordon blue. She had been a beauty in her time, and married the duke for wealth and station, he taking her in a freak of passion which soon came to an end. They tolerated each

other—loved each other, the duke called it—for a month or two, and then both discovered separate individual amusements and occupations; but they were united in a sincere devotion to their only child, Mathilde.

It was more for the sake of Mathilde than to satisfy her own inclinations that the duchess had cultivated certain prominent leaders of the democracy of Paris, though she was more at home with members of the National Assembly and their wives than ever she had been with the high noblesse.

Mathilde was a true descendant of the de Louvet family, her pride somewhat tempered by the democratic influences of the times. She was not what the vulgar world calls beautiful, a model for a painter—neither a Venus nor a Galatea; but she was a sweet, womanly creature—tall, graceful, with an intellectual face, fine eyes, a gracious carriage, and an amiable disposition. The expression of her face was not always alike; there was nothing monotonous in it.

Mathilde de Louvet was unaffected, sincere, and French in all those little unnamable charms that have given lessons to all nationalities. Her complexion was unusually fair and rosy for a Frenchwoman; otherwise she possessed the de Louvet

characteristics—the oval face, short upper lip, delicately-rounded chin, well-formed mouth, and a dignified repose of manner.

She loved the young Count de Fournier, but had a keen sense of the duty she owed to her parents; and it is quite possible that had they been united in pressing upon her the suit of the Deputy Grébauval she might have sacrificed her feelings and inclination upon the altar of obedience; nor would this have been an unusual thing in France, where to this day parents consider they have the right to select husbands for their daughters. But Mathilde was encouraged in her refusal of Grébauval by her father's objection to such a match, and also by a sentiment of family pride.

For the hour together Mathilde, on this fatal August day, had sat looking out from her window over the broad country stretching away to the Seine, and the woods and meadows of Courbevoie beyond, with its uncrested fields of yellow corn, its brown-ing forest trees, and its bright blue sky.

Up to the very morning which was to usher in the sweet hour of her betrothal to the man she loved, her mother had urged postponement, predicting some terrible dénouement of the ceremonial. The duchess had not dared to be frank with her



daughter or the duke touching the more than vague warnings of Grébaudal, St. Just, and other wire-pullers of the Assembly.

She had intrigued with both parties, king's men and people's men, and at one time had nearly succeeded in negotiating a league for the king with more than one democratic leader. But nothing she could say or do would touch Grébaudal; what held she had upon him was through her daughter, and this only went to the extent of procuring privileges for the family and encouragement in the acceptance of the duchess's social invitations among certain of the notable revolutionary leaders of the time.

The duchess might have done much if she had been as clever as she was ingenious. For a time she succeeded in bringing together many of the more moderate men of both parties, with their ladies, each willing to make concessions; but the duke insisted upon his own rights and the wish of Mathilde to confirm the betrothal of their daughter, and to make the occasion memorable and worthy of the two houses of de Louvet and de Fournier. Madame la Duchesse had been compelled to accept the situation. The invitations had been issued before the insurrectionary movement might be said to have actively broken out in Paris; otherwise it is probable that even the duke himself might have admitted that the time for the betrothal, or at least the very public manner of it, was ill-chosen.

Many of his friends had been faithful to their promises to be present, and the duchess had been allowed a certain margin of license in regard to her own politically mixed circle. It was significant of the rapid march of events, however, that while several of the duke's nearest neighbors had emigrated since the notification of the reception at the Château de Louvet had been issued, only two or three of the persons who had been hopeful to see some accommodation between the king and his opponents had driven into the court-yard of the château at the invited hour. These were not of first-class importance, and were half suspected by the duchess to be spies rather than friendly guests.

While the de Louvets were receiving their guests the king and queen, accompanied by the dauphin, had left the palace to seek protection with the National Assembly. Poor, brave queen!—linked with a king who found within him no impulse to respond to her heroic spirit, but only the resignation of the martyr.

"I would rather be mailed to the walls of the palace than leave it!" she had said, but nothing would move the king.

"Are you prepared, madame," said Roderer, "to take upon yourself the responsibility of the death of the king, of yourself, of your children, and of all who are identified with you?"

No one replied. If the queen's voice had been raised in response it would have been "Death rather than retreat," but she was silent; her courage was one thing, her devotion and duty to the king another.

"Let us go!" said Monsieur Montjoye. "Honor commands it; the safety of the state requires it. Let us go forthwith."

The mob robbed the queen of her purse on the way; and from first to last the entire story of the downfall of the throne is sullied, not alone by the cruel tragedy of it, but with every thing that is sordid and mean.

This was no time for Assembly men, for Jacobins or Girondists, to be visitors outside the barriers of Paris. Grébaudal, much as he was personally exercised in connection with the affair at the Château de Louvet, did not venture forth until after the deputation from the new municipality had appeared at the bar, demanding that their powers should be confirmed, the king dethroned, and a national convention convoked; and it was not without difficulty that he and his military escort had made their way through the Champs Elysées, where the massacre of the flying Swiss was active, and ghoul of both sexes were already maltreating and plundering the bodies of the dead.

It is hard to conceive that within a mile or two of these scenes of riot and slaughter there should be a sweet and quiet country, a calmly-flowing river, pleasant gardens, and homesteads in the midst of growing crops.

Both the duke and the duchess took occasion, now and then, to leave the arriving company, hoping to console Mathilde for the absence of de Fournier, which began to be alarming; the more so that several guests brought disquieting reports of new and grave troubles in Paris, stern messengers of the truth of which were already mounting for Neuilly and the well-known château that made the view from a bend of road beyond the Lion d'Or impressive with ancient towers and fine old timber.

"He is detained on some business of the king," said the duke, kissing Mathilde ceremoniously, as was his wont. "They say his Majesty has at last asserted his royal authority."

"But where is his messenger?"

"Did you expect a messenger, my love?"

"Surely," said the girl, looking up pitifully into the steadfast eyes of her father, who

took out his snuff-box and walked to the end of the room and back again to the window where Mathilde was standing.

"It may have been a sudden service," he remarked, as much to himself as to Mathilde. "It is possible the king has taken possession of the Assembly and placed the president under arrest—so it is whispered."

"There was the young man Ellicott; he should have come by his own impulse of devotion," she answered, all the natural bloom gone out of her cheeks, and her voice trembling with emotion.

"He may be here any moment," said the duke, brushing the snuff from his embroidered vest.

"If the king is in danger, or if he is in triumph," she said, "Henri is in peril, and Ellicott too, his dangerous service discovered by the agents of Grébaudal. I am overwhelmed with apprehension."

"Be comforted," was all the duke could say in reply; "be comforted. I will send your mother to you."

"My mother has no comforting words for me," the girl wearily replied.

"She loves you, Mathilde. Would that her heart beat as truly in other ways. Au revoir."

The duke, in his velvet breeches and silk stockings and his powdered wig (despite the scarcity of flour and the famine price of corn, tapped his snuff-box thoughtfully and sighed as he returned to the terrace of the principal salon of the château, where a gayly-dressed company was eating bonbons, sipping syrups, and bandying about the latest scraps of news, the duchess in their midst, apparently the merriest of them all, almost youthfully alert in her movements despite her stiff corset and high-heeled shoes.

"Go to Mathilde," said the duke in a whisper, as he passed to welcome an old friend who had driven over in state from St. Germain.

"Oh, my dear!" said the duchess, flinging herself into a chair, "I am well-nigh driven mad."

"What tidings have you received, then?" asked Mathilde.

"Everything—nothing; the air is full of rumors. None of my friends are here to deny or confirm them."

"And Henri?"

"Not a word about him from any one."

"And the girl, Bruyset?"

"Should have been here this morning," said the duchess; "no tidings of her, by word or writing. My dear, we are lost."

She rocked herself to and fro in her chair and wiped her eyes, not, however, in her mental distraction forgetting to do so with due regard to her facial make-up—slight as it is only fair to say, it was—that gave brilliancy to an otherwise dull complexion.

As her mother gave way to her feelings Mathilde repressed her own.

"Let us bear our misfortunes, whatever they may be, with patience, trusting in God," said Mathilde.

"Oh, if you had only been advised by me!" said the duchess. "Even now it is not too late."

"Too late for what?" asked the girl, rising to her feet. She knew too well what her mother was about to say.

"To take the hand of Monsieur Grébaudal. He loves you better than over a legitimate de Fournier knows how to love."

"Mother!" exclaimed Mathilde.

"Marry Grébaudal and you confer a favor; marry de Fournier and he honors you; marry Grébaudal and you win his eternal gratitude; no de Fournier was ever true to his wife."

"Mother!" said Mathilde, her long, white hands covering her ears.

"To Grébaudal it would be a love-match, I'll swear it; he is as fine a figure as the other, his estate is not impoverished, he is rich in specie, too—may, I will speak, if it is for the last time—rich and powerful, can protect you, can save us all from misery—great God! perhaps from the scaffold!—who knows? Think of it. Only think of it!"

"Mother, you wrong yourself and me; you wrong my father, and you wrong Henri. Dear mother, don't break my heart."

"Your heart!" said the duchess, rising from the chair in which she had been rocking herself backward and forward to the disarrangement of her toilette. "You talk like some bourgeois shop-girl who prefers François, the hair-dresser, to Jacques, the baker. Your heart, indeed! In your station marriage is a matter of state, of family, of business—to use the most practical phrase; it is a contract between two parties who bring value on each side. Grébaudal brings money, power, the good name of a statesman, the prospective authority of a ruler—who knows?"

"Mother, forgive me; I cannot listen to you."

"Cannot listen to me!" said the duchess, shaking out her fan and posing in an attitude of defiance which became her well—for she was

a fine woman, with a well-poised head, a figure straight as a Diana, and mobile features that responded to every emotion. "You cannot listen to me!"

"I said cannot, mother," replied Mathilde, the color coming suddenly back into her fair face. "I will not!"

"Very well, mademoiselle," said the duchess. "Then go your own way to perdition!"

But she had no sooner uttered the unmotherly malediction than she burst into tears and flung herself into her daughter's arms, exclaiming between her sobs: "My dear, I didn't mean what I said! But, oh, my poor child, we are surely lost! What will become of us?"

A hurried knock at the door brought back the duchess's self-possession.

She withdrew from her daughter's arms, wiped her eyes, disappeared behind the screen of Mathilde's boudoir for a moment, and returned ready to meet the gaze of her waiting-woman, who brought a message from the duke.

"Will Madame la Duchesse be pleased to return to the salon? It is Monsieur le Député Grébaudal who has arrived, with Captain Marcy, of the National Guard."

"I will attend the duke immediately," said the duchess, with an assumed air of perfect self-possession.

"Merri, madame; I shall say so," replied the woman, retiring, but not without a curious glance at Mathilde.

"Courage, my child!" said the duchess. "Courage!" kissing her on both cheeks, and taking a last survey of herself before she left the room.

### XIII.

#### A TRICOLOR SASH IN FINE COMPANY.

"THE Deputy Grébaudal and Captain Marcy of the National Guard!" said Mathilde. "Captain Marcy is a new acquaintance of my mother's, I suppose. There is something she is hiding from us; she knows some dreadful news, I'm sure of it. Sweet Mother of God, protect us!"

Her eyes wandered, as she uttered this brief supplication, to a picture of Mary hung between two squarely-built windows that opened upon a balcony overlooking the grounds of the park and commanding a long line of country.

From the picture her eyes rested once more upon the quiet pastoral scene with its first faint suggestions of autumn.

Presently she pushed one of the windows wide open and, shading her dark eyes with her hand, gazed intently into the distance. Then, stepping out upon the balcony, she uttered a short, happy cry, followed by an exclamation of alarm.

"Yes, it is Henri! I'm sure it is; but why from that quarter? Surely he is pursued!"

She strained her eyes right and left, but no other horseman was in sight.

As he drew nearer she noted the rider's hussar uniform. The dying rays of the afternoon sun sparkled once and again on the scabbard of his sword. The crimson of his vest and the red stripes in his shako told out against the green of the landscape. Arrived at the sunk fence of the park, he slid from his saddle, and, leading his horse into the cutting, tethered it there and climbed the sunk wall to the lawn and ornamented gardens, with their shady shrubs, trimmed yews, and tall box hedges.

Mathilde almost held her breath as she watched him.

He took advantage of every bit of cover to conceal his approach; and she could see that his uniform was ragged, the gold and beaded trappings of it torn and hanging in patches. Yes, he was pursued. His life had been in danger. There was blood upon his face. Mathilde felt all her strength suddenly departing from her. Her first impulse was to call out to him; her next was an impulse over which she had no control; she fell over the window-seat, and only came back to sensibility some half an hour later, when the duke came for her.

Meanwhile the guests had begun to find it difficult to maintain a becoming composure in face of the extraordinary delay of the function at which they had been summoned to assist.

The notary and his officials, with the marriage contract ready for signature, had been regaled with some of the château's best wine; but pleasures overdone are apt to pall. The notary's chief clerk had fallen asleep over his cups. The ante-room in which they were installed was in a dark wing of the château. Already the servants had lighted the candles, and the chief notary had confided to his grace's valet that he feared Count de Fournier had been detained by something more than military or official duties.

Similar doubts agitated the guests, who had begun to wander aimlessly about the grand salon. Some of them had found seats under the palms beneath the veranda; others might be seen talking in groups upon the terrace.

The scene was pretty enough, and might have struck a stranger as indicative of the general peace and happiness of the times.

It was a gayly-dressed company; the gentlemen in silks and velvets, rich cravats with lace ends, frilled cuffs, silver-buckled shoes, broad-edged coats, embroidered vests, and swords with jeweled hilts; the ladies in shot silks, high-heeled shoes and dainty petticoats, many of them carrying gold-headed canes as well as exquisitely-painted fans; for the elaborate fashions of Louis XV. had been adopted by the no less extravagant court of his unfortunate successor.

Here and there might have been observed the more subdued dressing adopted by the National Assembly; for there were present a few active sympathizers with the democratic aspirations of the Progressive party, which at the outset of the Revolution believed it possible "to construct a constitutional monarchy out of a corrupted noblesse, an irreligious middle class, and an ignorant people." They were not opposed to the royal authority, but desired to deprive the throne and its ministers of their despotic character, giving to France, in fact, a constitution similar to that of England.

Although, as we have said, there were a few notables present who showed sympathy with the aspirations of the friends of the people in the sobriety of their clothing, the arrival of Grébaudal in his tricolor sash, and his friend, Captain Marcy, in his uniform of the National Guard, stood out in striking contrast to the rest of the company.

"I have not the honor of Captain Marcy's acquaintance," said the duchess, "but any friend of our very good friend, Monsieur Grébaudal, is welcome to the Château de Louvet." And she thereupon presented Captain Marcy to several of the most aristocratic persons who surrounded her; and, although the duke bowed with great formality to both Grébaudal and Marcy, he was much more gracious than the duchess had expected him to be, for which she was only grateful.

"You did not tell me that you had invited Monsieur Grébaudal," said the duke aside to his wife.

"Nor had I," she answered, with a frankness that was unusual with her whenever Grébaudal was in question.

"And his friend?"

"He is a stranger to me."

"What, then, may be the meaning of their presence?"

"I cannot tell."

"The count has not arrived, I fear!" said Grébaudal to the duchess, as the duke passed on.

"No," she said, with an inquiring expression of countenance. "What is the news from Paris?"

"For your royalist friends, bad," said Grébaudal, lowering his voice as he led her aside; "for the people, good."

"Yes!" said the duchess, repressing her anxiety.

"The victory has been dearly bought, madame; but it is a great victory for the people."

"What is good for the people, dear Monsieur Grébaudal, is good for France; what is good for France is good for all."

"I hope so," said Grébaudal. "But you would be wise if you dismissed your guests and postponed a ceremony which is inopportune, and, indeed, can hardly take place with one of the contracting parties absent."

"My dear monsieur, you know that were I mistress here the chief contracting party has just arrived."

"You honor me," said Grébaudal, "and I am not ungrateful."

They little thought that at this moment the Count de Fournier, unpursued except by a trustworthy servant, had crept into the house.

"Take me to the duke's private chamber, Joseph," said de Fournier to the duke's sturdy retainer. "I must wash, and find some fresh apparel."

"This way, count," said Joseph, leading him by a back stair to a quiet chamber and dressing-room.

"Find an opportunity as quickly as you can to inform the duke that I am here."

"Yes, monsieur. Thank God, you have come!"

"I am pursued," said de Fournier. "Let no one but the duke know I am in the house."

"Trust me, Monsieur le Comte," said the servant.

"I do, old friend," said de Fournier, who at once began to take off his jacket with a view to a rapid toilet. It was a painful business to remove his upper garments. His left arm had bled considerably and his linen adhered to the wound. His hair was clotted with the blood of a shrewd blow that had been aimed with murderous intent, resulting, however, in nothing more than a somewhat severe abrasion of the scalp. His limbs were stiff. His sword-arm ached as if it were bruised. But his muscles were as hard as iron. He was bathing his face when the duke entered the room.

"Excuse me, dear friend," said de Fournier. "I am making myself at home."

"My dear Henri," replied the duke, "you are wounded."



"A little," said the count, beginning to sponge his head.

"Let me call my man," said the duke.

"No, thank you; every man is his own valet de chambre in the order of the day," said the count. "If you can find a little sticking-plaster and some clean linen I shall soon be ready to make my appearance."

"Upon my soul," said the duke, "you set me a difficult task. I am useless here without my man. But here is Joseph; he is in your secret; he will help us."

"I thought I might be of service," said Joseph, who had entered on tiptoe and fastened the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

## Niagara and Electrical Development.

POSSIBLE RESULTS OF THE UTILIZATION OF THE GREAT WATER-POWER.

ON the 28th of August the Pittsburgh Reduction Company commenced the manufacture of aluminum by means of electric energy generated by the Niagara Falls Power Company. This event marked the culmination and success of the greatest water-power development ever undertaken by man, and at the same time placed at the disposal of mankind the force of the greatest power source in the world. It denoted that the Niagara River has been harnessed, and that its mammoth reservoir, the great chain of lakes, will ever more continue to pour out its surplus water for man's benefit.

The Niagara Falls Power Company are owners of the big tunnel at Niagara Falls, and it is this tunnel, built two hundred feet below the streets of the city, which makes possible the development which, since its commencement, October 4th, 1900, has attracted the attention of the engineering world. In size the tunnel is twenty-one feet high, eighteen feet, ten inches wide at its widest part, and fourteen feet wide at the bottom. In shape it resembles a horse-shoe. It is about seven thousand feet long, and in connection with a surface canal and a wheel-pit, the latter two hundred feet deep, twenty-one feet wide, and one hundred and forty feet long, it connects the upper river with the lower river as it flows through the gorge. When running at its full capacity the tunnel, acting as a big tail-race, is expected to allow of the development of one hundred thousand horse-power. The method of developing power at Niagara is that the water is conducted from the upper Niagara at a point about a mile and a half above the falls, by means of an inlet canal, to huge penstocks erected in the wheel-pit under the main power-house, and these penstocks carry the water down on to the five thousand horse-power bronze turbines under a head of one hundred and thirty-six feet. These turbines are the largest ever built, and while making two hundred and fifty revolutions a minute, and at seventy-five per cent efficiency, will give five thousand horse-power. Connected to the turbines by hollow steel shafts one hundred and forty feet long are the five thousand horse-power generators, or dynamos, located in the power-house over the wheel-pit, and it is from these generators, the largest of their kind ever made, that the electricity which is destined to revolutionize so many branches of industry, is to come.

The progress made in the science of electricity within recent years is sufficient guarantee that more wonderful discoveries are yet to be made. The application of the force to be developed at Niagara Falls to the various purposes for which it will be used will awaken genuine astonishment among the people of this progressive century. To-day it is admitted that electricity is the king of powers, and its domain world-wide. To limit the field of the application of Niagara power within a narrow circle will be impossible, for the possibilities of transmission of power electrically are beyond comprehension. To argue otherwise is to admit that the ingenuity and invention of man have reached their end, which would be, indeed, a fatal confession. Some things hoped for may not as yet be fairly among the certainties, but scientists are in the paths destined to carry them to success.

On the south, Buffalo is very anxious to have Niagara power laid down at her doors for use in her factories, homes, and business places, as well as to operate her trolley lines and electric-light plants. The trolley lines at the falls will undoubtedly be among the first users of tunnel power, while the availability of the power has acted as the stimulus which has led to the construction of a trolley line from Buffalo to the falls, through the Tonawandas, a distance of twenty-two miles, and another one to Lewiston, through the Niagara gorge, all to be operated by Niagara power. In Oregon some success has been met with in making steel with electricity, and as soon as the process is assured great steel-making plants will spring up at Niagara, the supply of electricity being so vast and so cheap that few, if any, mills will be able to compete

with them. The initial steps have already been taken to operate the boats on the Erie Canal with electric power from Niagara, and a company has been granted the right to do so by the State of New York. The great New York Central, it has been intimated, will apply Niagara's electricity to her operation of its Buffalo-Falls branch, and success there will mean its extension to other divisions. In California a company is now preparing to irrigate an eight-mile circuit by electricity, aided by stationary pumps and movable motors. With the current from the Niagara generators sent through the Empire State, a like opportunity of irrigation opens out to all farmers when and where necessary, and thus the power development at the falls may do wonders in making New York farms the most beautiful and valuable in the whole United States.

It is known that Nikola Tesla has stated to Francis Lynde Stetson, first vice-president of the Cataract Construction Company, that if he would place a current of one hundred thousand horse-power on a wire at Niagara Falls, he (Tesla) would deliver it in New York at a commercial profit. If Tesla can carry such a current from the western to the eastern boundary of the State, he can carry it for some distance in other directions from Niagara, and thus the force of the falls would be made to contribute to the growth and prosperity of a very extended circle. This possibility is really dazzling. Among the known methods of transmission there is the cable, the rope drive, by belts and by steam, and it is hard to comprehend such a powerful force as one hundred thousand horse-power passing along a wire strung in the air on poles in plain sight, and yet with nothing to announce its passage.

It is a most significant fact that the power development at Niagara Falls has been completed at a time when the electrical science is attracting so much attention. By the combined skill of electrical, hydraulic, mechanical, and civil engineers, aided by unlimited and enterprising capital, the greatest power source in the world has been tapped, and its energy will fly like lightning through city and country to revolutionize the present methods employed in many fields of labor and science. Light, heat, and power will be obtained from it. Water supplies will be purified and sewage will be treated by it electrically. The unsightly, health-and-beauty destroying clouds of black smoke that pour from thousands of factory chimneys will be dissipated forever by the current that will silently steal in over a slender wire to motors that will operate the machinery. It requires but a slight stretch of imagination to conceive the cables bearing Niagara's power running in all directions from the source of supply, and the perfection of the storage-battery to that point where it will have place on every vehicle—cars, carriages, wagons, and bicycles—and then we shall see their owners tagging these abdos and recharging their batteries at stated points as they travel on business or pleasure from place to place. Then the horse will be seen as little in the streets of America as he is in some places in the Orient, and wheelmen will ride bicycles of a pattern having many more conveniences than those of to-day, and which, instead of being recognized as bicycles, will be luxurious carriages. For all the bicycle craze is very extended, there seems great probability that electricity and its application is destined to change the trend of thought, construction, and use as no other agent could. This stage of development will do more for road improvement than all else combined. People who cannot afford to have their homes fitted with a full electrical equipment will have small storage batteries, which they will send to stations to be recharged, as they now do their oil-lamps to the stores to be refilled. When not in use for lighting, these same batteries will be available for sewing-machines and other service where a small amount of power is desired.

ORRIN L. DUNLAP.

## A California Summer Fish.

To catch a jew-fish, or the black sea-bass, as my friend preferred to call it, was the object of my trip to Santa Catalina, southern California. We took the steamer from San Pedro and steamed over the twenty miles or so of blue water to the mountain island that Cabrillo discovered about three hundred years ago. Santa Catalina appears like a spur of the Sierra Madres, that has drifted off shore—all mountains, with high cliffs, deep canyons wooded to the water's edge, crescent-shaped beaches here and there, intensely white, lapped by water of deepest blue.

Into one of these harbors, between two rocky sentinels, we sailed, where we found a little hamlet, a nest of summer cottages, and a perfect climate. At the hotel we discovered Mexican Joe, the posterial genius of Avalon, who on the morning following our arrival pulled us out to the fishing-grounds. When my friend, the judge, told our oarsman, in a sympathetic

way, that I had never caught a jew-fish, he looked at me as though wondering where I could have spent my life, and I thought he smiled.

We first fished for bait, and having caught a fish resembling a weak-fish, about fifteen inches in length, it was hooked alive on what in the East would be called a halibut line. This was handed to me with instructions to lower the bait to within two feet of the bottom, and to look out for myself.

The place of our anchorage was off a little beach, where the pebbles ground each other the day long. Reaching away from it was a cañon with abrupt, precipitous sides, filled with verdure, which could be traced, a winding river of green, high up among the mountains. The song of birds reached us, and an odor of sweet herbs and flowers filled the air. The strong, dark, Indian face of Mexican Joe brought to mind the day when Cabrillo's ship sailed into the bay and interchanged civilities with the natives that thronged the cañons. Visions of the old race, their temples and villages, passed before the mental vision, and I was wondering how the Indians could have been so quickly exterminated, when a peculiar tug came like an electric shock up the line. It was quickly followed by a succession of slight jerks, then the line began to move off with a steady strain. "Give him about six feet," said Joe, in a low voice, his black eyes gleaming with excitement and anticipation. I obeyed instructions perfectly, paying out the line for six feet, then as it came taut jerked the hook into the fish. There was a single second that might have been astonishment on the part of the fish, and then the line was jerked from my hands as easily as though I had not held it. For several moments it was not merely a question of taking the fish, but of being caught on the flying line, whose coils, like a living thing, leaped into the air and hissed over the gunwale in an ominous way. Full-

on after fathom went over before it could be grasped, and then when it was stopped the boat whirled about, and the anchor having been lifted, surged away up the beach, lunging heavily and dangerously at every plunge of the gummy fish. The strain was terrific, and after stopping the line for a moment, I lost it again in a rush that was irresistible. Seizing the back slack I again stopped it, and bracing back for a few moments gained a few feet; then the bass would rush up, turn quickly before the slack could be taken in and dive directly down, or round—a procedure which was simply beyond control, the line smoking and hissing at the strain. This was repeated almost indefinitely. Sometimes a gain of ten feet would be made, and then the fish would by main strength pull until, elbow-deep in the water, I was forced to give way.

All this time Mexican Joe sat with a smile, awaiting my ultimate confusion and watching with grim satisfaction the accumulation of Californian experience. Finally the tactics of the fish changed. After a remarkable rush it turned and came in so rapidly that with the greatest difficulty I took in the slack, and then as I met it there came a score of blows in quick succession that had an unpleasant effect, as though the arm was being wrenched from the socket. These, as I afterward learned, were given by a quick side motion of the head, and were called "hammering," and if the line had fouled, or been fast, one such tap would have broken it. There is a limit to even the strength of a jew-fish, and by taking the line rapidly in, and holding against the terrific runs, I finally, when completely exhausted myself, brought the fish near the surface. As it rolled up and exposed its huge, chestnut-hued back, one was well repaid; but the moment it sighted us it gave as near a bass leap as a three-hundred-pound giant could, and nearly filled the boat, using its huge tail as a sweep, then trying to rush to the bottom. But the end had come. I had caught my jew-fish; time, about one

hour. It must be confessed that if the fish had held out ten minutes more I should have had to resort to undue methods to conquer. Once alongside, the gummy creature was subdued with an axe at the hands of Mexican Joe. It could not have been landed without a resort to this possibly unsportsmanlike method. Too large to take aboard, it was made fast and slowly and laboriously towed in shore, where we were greeted with the same enthusiasm by the townsfolk that falls to the share of the successful muskallonge fisherman on the St. Lawrence.

Then came the weighing and stringing-up. My catch was a foot longer than myself, and weighed nearly three hundred and fifty pounds. There was nothing gross about the fish. One would not include it in the same category with big cod-fish or halibut, that are simply hard pullers, as it was a noble fighter, rich in tricks, and thoroughly gummy until the very last. In appearance it was a giant, with eyes as large as those of an ox, but so shapely I can compare it to nothing but a gigantic small-mouthed black bass, six feet long, and weighing three hundred pounds. Just as such a black bass



A CATALINA JEW FISH, OR BLACK SEA-BASS.

would look, the black sea-bass does appear. As the fish rolled and plunged alongside, its richly-colored back glistening in the sun, its big eyes blue and staring, I felt that I had acquired new and desirable experience, and freely confessed it to my companions. And it was worth all the effort it cost. I have since tested conclusions with several black sea-bass, one weighing 347½ pounds and requiring four or five fishermen before it was fully caught, and I have heard of reliable captures that weighed between seven hundred and eight hundred pounds.

The fish is usually caught at Catalina in July and August, and is not too common, from four to twenty being brought into Avalon every season. In former years they were deemed desirable in the fishing trade, and found a market under the pseudonym of boneless cod. When properly cooked they are an addition to the larder.

The black sea-bass is the *Stereolepis guspi* of science, and is a bass, a gigantic ally of the gummy fish that affords so much sport to fresh-water wickers of the rod.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

## On Wings.

A LOVER'S love is like a butterfly;

A limous, an indolent thing  
That flutters through formless seas of air  
On fragile sails of golden dusted wing!

A LOVER'S love is like a butterfly;

Too loosely held, it flutters in air!  
But if a finger press too heavily  
It letht bestrides, a thing no longer fair!

A LOVER'S love is like a butterfly;

A fairy skiff that touches port a day,  
And then, with sails of gossamer full set,  
Into the sunset vanishes away!

A LOVER'S love is like a butterfly;

And we, the little children of the world,  
Weep if we hold it fast and watch it die,  
Or see it soar with wings of gossamer unfurled!

FLORIANE MAY AUST.





STEPHEN CHASE, WINNER IN THE 120-YARDS HURDLE RACE, AND WORLD'S CHAMPION.



MIKE MURPHY, TRAINER OF THE NEW YORK TEAM.



GILBERT JORDAN OF THE LONDON TEAM, IN THE 440-YARDS RUN.



CAPTAIN GODFREY SHAW OF THE LONDON TEAM, IN THE 120-YARDS HURDLE RACE.



BERNARD J. WEBERS, WINNER OF THE 100-YARDS RACE.



C. A. BRADLEY OF THE LONDON TEAM, SECOND IN THE 100-YARDS RACE.



JOHN V. CRUM, SECOND IN THE 220-YARDS RUN.



M. F. SWEENEY CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER OF THE WORLD.



J. P. CONNEFF'S LAST LAP IN THE ONE-MILE RUN.

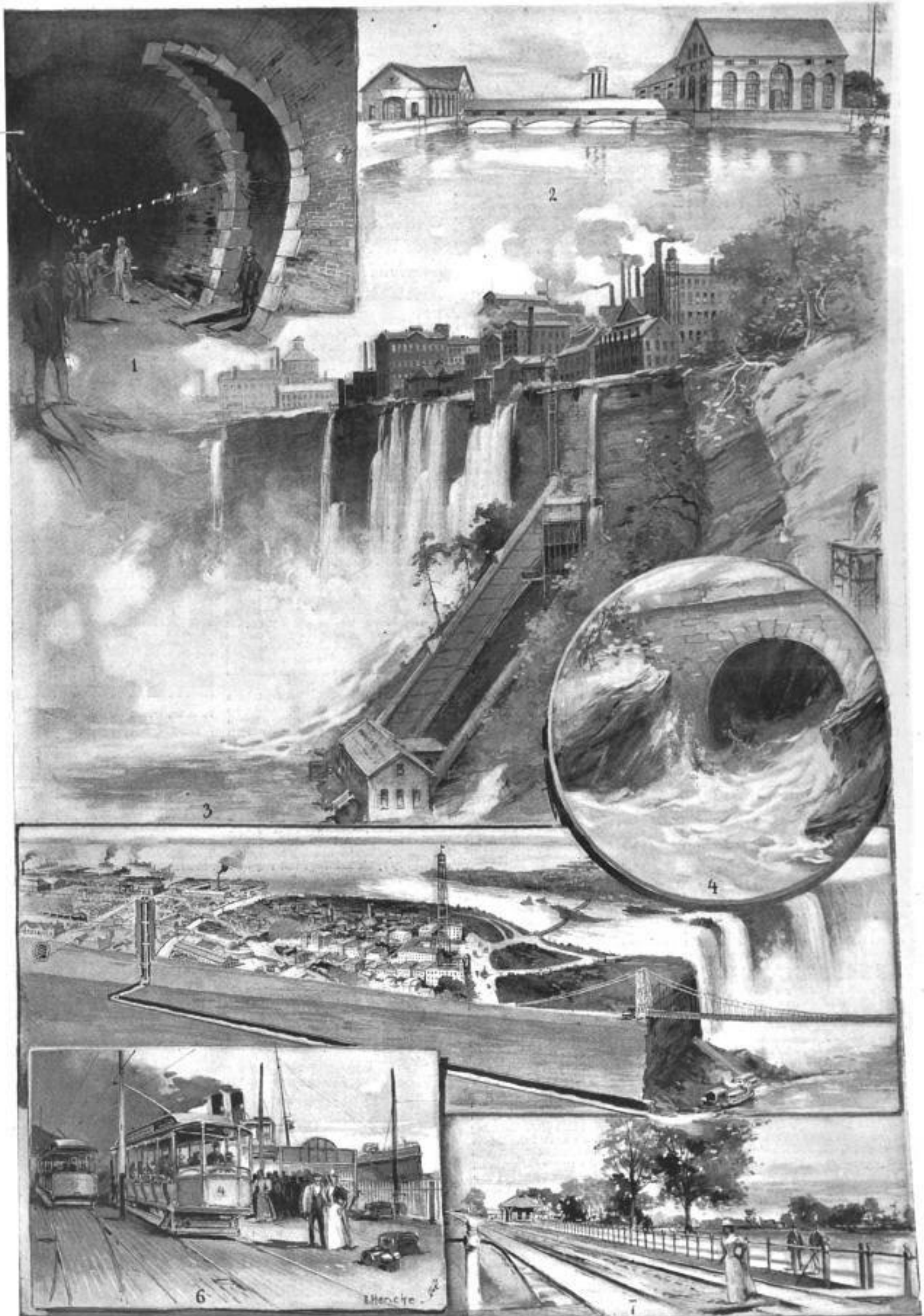


550-YARDS RACE—CHARLES J. KILPATRICK WINNING.

### ENGLAND'S ATHLETIC PRESTIGE ECLIPSED.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB WIN EVERY POINT IN THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST WITH THE LONDON ATHLETIC TEAM AT MANHATTAN FIELD.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEDDENT.—[SEE PAGE 231.]





1. JUNCTION POINT OF THE TWO HORSESHOE TUNNELS. 2. INLET CANAL AND POWER-HOUSE. 3. MANUFACTURING—VIEW FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE. 4. TUNNEL OUTLET. 5. SECTION VIEW OF TUNNEL. 6. NIAGARA FALLS AND CHIPPEWA TROLLEY—QUEENSTOWN YARD. 7. ECTOLA.

THE DEVELOPMENT AND UTILIZATION OF THE WATER-POWER OF NIAGARA FALLS.—DRAWN BY A. HENCKE.—[SEE PAGE 217.]



# THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LEADS THE WORLD.

ITS RECORD IN LONG-DISTANCE RAILWAY SPEED.

Our English cousins are amusing folk, for their complacency survives all circumstances, and they congratulate themselves that they are as they are, even in the moment of defeat. And when they have any little victory they crow so lustily that the uninformed are deceived into the belief that their native barn-yard fowl has fought his way to glory through pits gory with blood. If a general with a fully-equipped army but whip a small band of unbreeched savages, lo! another Wellington has been born to shed undying lustre on English arms. In sport they will win by unfair means and scoff

thirty tons, exclusive of the locomotive, from New York to East Buffalo, 430 miles, in 425 minutes, and including five stops, in 430 minutes. This is interesting, but it amounts to nothing, the English said, as it is only a single run. In less than six weeks the New York Central had established a train called the Empire State Express, which runs daily from New York to Buffalo and the contrary way, a distance of 440 miles, including four stops and twenty-eight "slow-downs," in 530 minutes—an average rate of 51 miles an hour. This train has a capacity of 215 passengers, and is a great commercial success, as it

pays more handsomely than any other single train on this great railroad. And what is more, the passengers who go on this train are not made conscious of the great rate of speed by any lurchings of the train. They sit and read books or newspapers as on any other train, or dose the time away, secure and in complete comfort. This is the fastest long-distance train in the world, and it has been maintained for four years, always growing in popularity, always maintaining its wonderful punctuality. As to punctuality the record shows that the train has repeatedly reached its destination to the second on thirty consecutive days, and during one period for ninety-two days. The practical railroad men in England have known about this train, and it has long been their envy; though publicly they still talked of our insecure road-beds and of our very light cars.



WILLIAM BUCHANAN, SUPERINTENDENT OF MOTIVE POWER.

at the victims of jockeying tactics; if themselves defeated they sneer at the lack of fairness of their adversaries, while congratulating themselves that English sportsmen are incapable of the least particle of trickery. And so in business enterprises they brag and they bluster so loudly that they entirely persuade themselves of their own supremacy in every field of endeavor. But they rarely, if ever, meet the ingenious, the practical, the resourceful Yankee in any fair field in which there is no favor, that they do not come out second in the contest; even then they persuade themselves that they really were the winners.

In regard to American railways, in the shares of which so many English pounds sterling have been invested, the attitude of our transatlantic cousins is more than ordinarily amusing. They grant that we have a great railway mileage, but they pretend to think that our roads and their equipment amount to nothing in comparison with what they are pleased to call their own more solid constructions. You can go great distances, they say, but you go slowly and dangerously—a traveler never being sure when he is to arrive at his destination, and very uncertain whether he will arrive at all or not. As a matter of fact, we can not only go farther in this country, but we can and do go faster and more safely than in any country in the world. In other words, a traveler over the best railroads in this country can go a greater number of miles in a fewer number of hours than on the best railways in Great Britain, and in accomplishing this, as a comparison of the statistics of casualties shows, with less danger to life. So really it is time for the English to change their attitude and the tune of their song. But they won't do it! If they are buggo, however, there is no reason why we should repeat.

Seven years ago the railways running from London north into Scotland had a series of races, and the distance between London and Edinburgh, four hundred miles, was covered in 483 minutes, being an average of 50.4 miles an hour. This was with a racing train weighing only ninety tons. Such a train could not be made to pay, so the schedule for commercial trains was fixed at 510 minutes, or 8½ hours. This the English, with their usual complacency thought was beating the world finally and forever. In 1891, however, the New York Central Railway ran a train weighing one hundred and

Last August the London and Northwestern Railroad (West Coast) and the Great Northern Railway (East Coast) had some speed contests, the result of which gave great satisfaction to the English press and people. One of these papers said: "Whatever may be the fate of the *Valkyrie*, the championship of the world on land now rests with this country." To this the *London Times* added: "To-day the championship has been so peremptorily reclaimed for England that our American cousins are hardly likely to try conclusions with us for some time to come." And it must be said that both of these roads sent trains over long distances at a tremendous rate of speed. Here is the record made: On the East Coast line, from King's Cross to Aberdeen, a train weighing 201 tons did the distance of 525 miles in 530 minutes, or at the rate of 60.3 miles per hour. Excluding the stops, the distance was covered at the rate of 61.7 miles per hour. The West Coast record was faster with a lighter train. The train weighed sixty-eight tons, and did 540 miles from Euston to Aberdeen in 512 minutes, or at the rate of 63.28 miles per hour. Excluding stops, the distance was covered in 507½ minutes, or at the rate of 65.84 miles per hour. These were the records which were to baffle the Americans and make them afraid even to try conclusions.

Just as the *Valkyrie* was being beaten at sea by the *Yankee* the officials of the New York Central road were quietly preparing to try conclusions in a way that the English little expected. Vice-President Webb, who gave directions for the running of a special train between New York and Buffalo at very high speed, did not see that any practical object would be gained in merely running a light train made up for racing purposes, so he ordered that the special should be a duplicate of the Empire State Express train, which, as before explained, has a capacity for 215 passengers. If he could dispatch such a train smoothly and safely over the road between New York and East Buffalo, a distance of 430 miles, at a greater rate of speed than the English roads had accomplished, then the championship, really never lost so far as practical work was concerned, would be recovered in a conclusive way, and the test as to speed over long distances would have some value and also give evidence as to the strength of road-beds,

capacity of locomotives, and stability of the rolling stock generally.

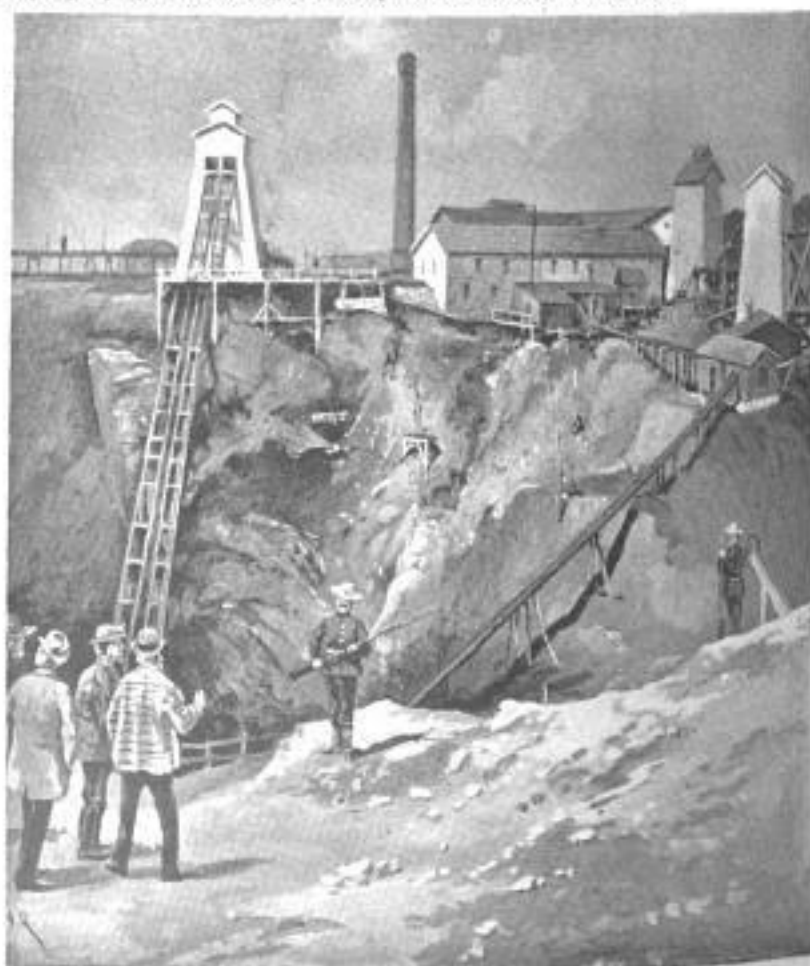
So on the 11th of September such a train, consisting of three coaches and a private car, was dispatched at daylight from the Grand Central Station in New York on the long run for Buffalo. This train, drawn by engine No. 990—about the type of which something will directly be said—weighed 232½ tons, more than twice as much as the East Coast train, and more than three times as much as the West Coast train. And yet no one who really knew the character of the road-bed of the New York Central and the capacity of the locomotives felt at all anxious as to the result of the trial. There had been no advertisement of the run, and therefore there was no one at the station to see this train start out, and few save those invited to go on the run knew the object of the special or its destination. Three timers—Mr. Angus Sinclair, editor of *Locomotive Engineering*, Professor P. H. Dudley, mechanical engineer, and Mr. A. G. Leonard, private secretary to Vice-President H. Walter Webb—all specially selected because of experience, were aboard, and they noted that the train started at 5:40:30 A.M. Between New York and Albany there was fog and dampness, and the conditions were not admirable for good running; besides this the road runs through many towns and cities, and several sharp curves and heavy grades have to be negotiated. But it was only 7:54:55 A.M. when the train had reached Albany, 143 miles on the journey. This was at the rate of 63.85 miles per hour. Here the famous engine, No. 990, was attached, the delay being one minute and thirty-five seconds, and the special was off again toward its next point of stopping, Syracuse, 138 miles farther on the route. The tracks of the road run several miles through the streets of this great inland city, and of course the train had to slow up a trifle. But the stopping-place was reached at 10:17:10 A.M., the run having been made at the rate of 63.23 miles per hour. Two minutes and twenty-five seconds were lost in releasing No. 990 and attaching locomotive No. 903. Then, without abatement of speed even when the train went through Rochester, it was hurried along to East Buffalo, a distance of 157½ miles, where the watches of the timers showed that it was 12:52:20 P.M., this last stretch having been covered at the rate of 65.51 miles per hour, while the whole distance of 430½ miles was run in 407½ minutes, or at the rate of 63.61 miles per hour; excluding the four minutes for stops, the rate was 64.36 miles per hour.

And so before the English had had time to learn of the disastrous fate of the *Valkyrie* their much vaunted though meaningless railway laurels were snatched from them. Considering that this train was accomplishing great things, the trip was singularly devoid of incident. Beyond the fact that the streets of the towns and cities through which the road passes were crowded with people to look out for the record-breaker, there was little that made the run different from an ordinary run on that extraordinary though now usual train, the Empire State Express. Those riding in the train were subjected to no inconvenience whatever, and their interest was only kept up by the knowledge that they were

passing through space for a long distance at a greater rate of speed than men were ever accustomed to. It has often been noticed that drivers working in the nearby fields pretty nearly always turn as a passenger train thunders by, and, striking picturesque attitudes, gaze at the engine and cars as they race by. Such persons on this day not only stopped and gazed, but they waved their hats in salute, for they could not fail to recognize that most extraordinary speed was being accomplished. They were elated alone by what the sporting men call a knowledge of pace. In the cities and towns, however, the people had been apprised by telegraph that a train was coming along like mad, and they were out to see. But they saw precious little, as the train passed so quickly that it seemed but a blurred thing—a gray streak that made a noise and raised a dust and was gone. Those on the train noted the difference of the effect of the quick train on those near the track from that of an ordinary train. Whenever a train passes men and women the disturbance of the atmosphere affects their clothing just as the train is passing. In this instance this effect was particularly noticed after the train had gone by; it was then that hats were clutched and skirts and petticoats were wrapped around the legs of the women who had come out to see.

The locomotives used on this run are of the type known as No. 990, and are such as are used daily on the Empire State Express train. What will interest the British and continental railway officials particularly is that these locomotives are not asked to do merely about three thousand miles per month, as on European roads, but to do nine thousand miles per month; this rate the locomotives of the Empire State Express have maintained for sixteen months past. These engines were designed by Mr. William Buchanan, the New York Central superintendent of motive power, and were built at the company's shops at West Albany. No. 990 took the prize, a gold medal, at the Chicago World's Fair, and also holds the world's record of a mile in 32 seconds, or a rate of 115½ miles an hour, made in May, 1893. It will be interesting to glance at the following dimensions of this marvelous triumph of locomotive design and building:

Cylinders,	70 in. x 30 in.
Diameter of driving wheels outside of tires,	84 in.
Diameter of engine truck wheels,	40 in.
Springs, length of driver, centre to centre of hangers,	44 in.
Total length of boiler,	85 ft. 4 in.
Diameter of first ring outside,	56 in.
Size of fire-box,	38½ in. x 47½ in.
Tubes, 208,	2 in. dia. 11 ft. long
Heating surface in tubes,	1,007 sq. ft.
Heating surface at fire-box,	322 sq. ft.
Total heating surface,	1,329 sq. ft.
Gross surface,	3,074 sq. ft.
Stack, inside diameter,	12½ in.
Weight in working order,	118,000 lbs.
Weight on drivers,	84,000 lbs.
Driving wheel base,	8 ft. 6 in.
Weight of tender loaded,	80,000 lbs.
Total weight of engine and tender,	198,000 lbs.
Extreme length of engine,	39 ft. 9½ in.
Extreme height from top of rails to top of stack,	40 ft. 10 in.
Fuel used, bituminous coal,	



MELTIA GUARDING THE MINES AT ISHERWING—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



So great a performance as this could not have been accomplished safely unless the road-bed had been in most excellent condition. For this the general road-master, Mr. W. D. Otis, is responsible. He did not, however, make any special preparations for this run, the road-bed being merely in its normal condition so as to make the daily running of the Empire State Express and the other fast and heavy trains entirely safe. Probably if those who, in England and other parts of the world, speak disparagingly of American railway road-beds, could see the road for whose bed Mr. Otis is responsible, they would thereafter, speak or at least think differently.

The private car attached to the special train which made this run was put at the end of the Empire State Express and returned to New York, reaching its destination at 10:39 P.M. Then Mr. Daniels, general passenger agent, and others of the party, went to the theatre, so that they could say that they had ridden in one day from New York to Buffalo and back and had then attended a play. If the rate of speed of the special from New York to Buffalo had been maintained to Chicago, that city would have been reached in 15½ hours out from New York.

What practical result this trial will have on the schedules of the New York Central fast trains has not been announced, but at present the officials are moderately content in holding all the records in sight and in having beaten, without any great effort, the boastful English out of sight.

## The Michigan Mining Strike.

THE recent miners' strike in the Ishpeming iron mines was a most disastrous one both to employers and employees. Iron and steel have advanced, and are likely to advance still further; railroad business is improving, and manufacturing is going ahead all over the country. Scarcely an iron furnace in the land is out of blast, and the Illinois Steel Company, which uses a large part of the product of the Michigan mines, is leasing outside furnaces and engaging grain vessels in addition to its own fleet to carry its output. A strike at such a time was certainly most unfortunate, and it would seem that the mine owners should have come to a satisfactory arrangement with the men, who certainly have been paid low enough wages, besides being taxed out of their small pitance for medical services, which ought to be furnished by the company free. The spectacle of mines under guard of the State militia is not a pleasant one in these piping times of peace and prosperity. But the strike ended, as all strikes do, without any substantial concessions on the part of the owners. The necessities of the men compelled them to capitulate, and the mines have resumed operations, but with a diminished force. There is no doubt that public sympathy in the West has been with the operatives.

J. T. R.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### A Waterloo for the English Track-and-Field Team.

No set of athletic games recorded in the history of amateur sport ever equalled in brilliancy of performance and perfection of arrangements those contested at Manhattan Field, Saturday, September 21st, between the New York Athletic Club team on the one hand and the star performers of the London Athletic Club on the other.

Many of the ten thousand odd persons who watched the different events with breathless interest from start to close had never before seen such track-and-field competitions, and in consequence were for the once impressed. They will undoubtedly join the ranks of the enthusiasts, which should result in a boom capable of

imparting a more healthy growth to such sports.

Although the American team scored victories in all of the eleven events, thus administering a Waterloo to their English cousins, the affair generally speaking was not so one-sided as would appear. In the words of Frederick Horan, captain of the Cambridge University Athletic Association, and a competitor in the half and three-mile runs, "I do not think our men were in bad form to-day. I never did better in my life than I did in the



THE "ETHELWYNN."

half-mile. My time in England was only 1:56, and I beat that to-day. And Jordan was at his best to-day, too. I think our defeat was entirely due to the exceptionally good form which your men showed. The way the records went down shows that. Of course the heat hurt us a good deal, but I don't think it had as much to do with it as the remarkably good form of your men."

The first event on the card was the half-mile run, and Charles Kilpatrick, wearing the mercury-foot, established a world's record for the distance, viz., 1 minute, 53 2-5 seconds. Not only the world's professional record of 1 minute, 53 1-2 seconds, made by F. Hewitt of New Zealand, went by the board, but also the English flyer, Cross's record by a full second. Is it



J. ARTHUR BROWN.

any wonder, then, that Horan was left by the wayside?

The one-hundred-yards dash which followed showed most conclusively that there were men in the English team able to make their rivals break records to win. Bradley, the prominent English contestant, always a good ten-second man, took the mark in fine shape, and as finely did the distance according to the expectations of his friends, and by so doing forced Bernard J. Wefers, a New England lad, to equal the world's record of 9 4-5 seconds. Bradley undoubtedly ran within even time, finishing less than four feet away and beating out Crum, the American intercollegiate champion by a yard and a half at the least.

The third event on the programme was the high jump. M. F. Sweeney was the bright particular star of the occasion. His performance was nothing short of wonderful, and needed seeing absolutely in order to inspire belief. Over six feet he threw his body, apparently with consummate ease, while his English rivals tried in vain to negotiate that height. When, however, the bar was placed at 6 feet 5 1/2 inches a really dramatic scene followed.

With the coolness of an iceberg Sweeney

went about his preparations, and all became hushed as he crouched for the first try. It failed because the great athlete's shoulder touched the bar, thus dislodging it from the pins. Again he tried, all the while as cool as the proverbial cucumber, but the shoulder persisted in striking the bar. At this stage one was reminded of the tricks of actor athletes who fail twice on purpose to catch greater applause when they succeed on the last try.

Cooler than ever, Sweeney readjusted the handkerchief upon the bar. Then he fixed his shoe; nonchalantly he examined the take-off, then paced backward. He found that the paper card which he had placed upon the grass the usual distance away needed to go out another half yard. As he moved it he remarked coolly: "That half-yard will do it sure." Then he started on his panther-like way—for it must be understood that Sweeney does not run as other jumpers do, but rather creeps, cat-like, until the take-off is all but reached when he takes some three quick, crouching steps. In a moment, almost, the event was over, and those who watched the body of Sweeney closely saw that it cleared the bar with a goodly amount of daylight intervening. The crowds looking on simply went wild, while the more staid officials of the games lost, for once, their staidness, and wrung the hand of the wonder of the age. Until Sweeney shall have gone higher still—say 6 feet 6 inches—it is safe to say that the record of 6 feet 5 1/2 inches will stand for a long while to come.



THE "SPRUCE IV."

When the one-mile event was called for settlement the knowing ones looked for another world's record from Tommy Connell, but the best this truly inspiring little Irishman did was 4 minutes 18 1-5 seconds—a great performance indeed, but disappointing, because at least 4:16 might have been reached.

Orton, the other New York man, set out to make the pace for his club-mate, but he did not make it fast enough, which tells the whole story. The manner in which Connell sprinted the last quarter showed of what he was capable, and it is a pity in consequence that he was not made to go the first half at a 2:30 clip.

In justice to Lutyens, the English contestant, it should be said that he was in no condition to stand the killing pace set by Connell during the second half-mile. He never could have beaten Connell, in any event, but Orton, yes.

The 220-yard run which followed was marked first by the breakdown of Downer, who, with Jordan, represented the London team; and subsequently by the establishment of another world's record by Wefers, who went the distance in 21 4-5 seconds. The effort made by Jordan in this race was the undoubted cause of the Englishmen's Waterloo, for in the quarter-mile run, which followed the hammer and shot events, Jordan was beaten less than a foot by Burke. Burke ran in 49 seconds flat, or a half-second slower than the world's record, held by Tindall, an Englishman, and a quarter-second slower than the American record of Len Myers.

The 120-yard dash hurdle went to the American champion, Chase, who beat out the English champion, Shaw, a scant two feet. To accomplish this, Chase had to clip 1-5 of a second off the world's record of 15 4-5 seconds, held by himself.

Shaw's time was, of course, within 15 3-5 seconds, which fact serves to show the greatness of his performance.

Because Chase knocked over the first hurdle, the time he made will not stand as a world's record.

Shaw negotiated all of his in faultless style, and his defeat entitles him to as much credit, almost, as a win.

The hammer and shot contests, like the high jump, were foregone conclusions. Mitchell won the former and Gray the latter.

The meeting came to a close with the running of three miles, in which Connell and Kilpatrick started for the New Yorks, and Wilkins and Horan for the Londoners. Connell won hands down, and when he finished in 15 minutes 36 1-5 seconds, Wilkins, the only other one then in the race was a hundred yards from the tape.

The English team to a man took its defeat with good grace and made no excuses, though it was evident that, so far as condition went, their rivals under the master hand of Mike Murphy were in the better shape. In fact, the New-Yorkers were one and all in such superb condition, and evidently tuned up to the very hour, that too many words of praise cannot be showered upon the head of their trainer.

He stands to day without an equal as a handler of men in athletic contests of any description whatsoever, and the credit of the American clean sweep should rest quite as much with him, if not more, than with the actual winners themselves.

Fitzherbert, of whom so much was expected in the quarter, finished a poor third, and it was frankly admitted by his fellows that he never trained an hour for the contest. In fact, he never would train—and the like might be said about other

members of the English team, save, possibly, Bradley and Shaw.

The result of the meeting demonstrated conclusively that a purely American team could have won a majority of the eleven events. Kilpatrick could have secured the mile run, and Cross the hammer-throwing, and Hickok the shot-putting contest. This is, indeed, interesting, and does not leave anything to be said on the score of being beaten by Brits.

### ONE HALF RATER'S CONTEST FOR INTERNATIONAL HONORS.

It is to be hoped—fervently—that the Spruce IV—*Phaethon* international races for the New-Yorker Corinthian Challenge Cup will result in contests fairly sailed and agreeable to those concerned in them, without the war and tangle of words now in evidence over the Valkyrie III—*Isfener* episode, aptly described as a finish, a foul, and a flake. The popularity of

(Continued on page 22)

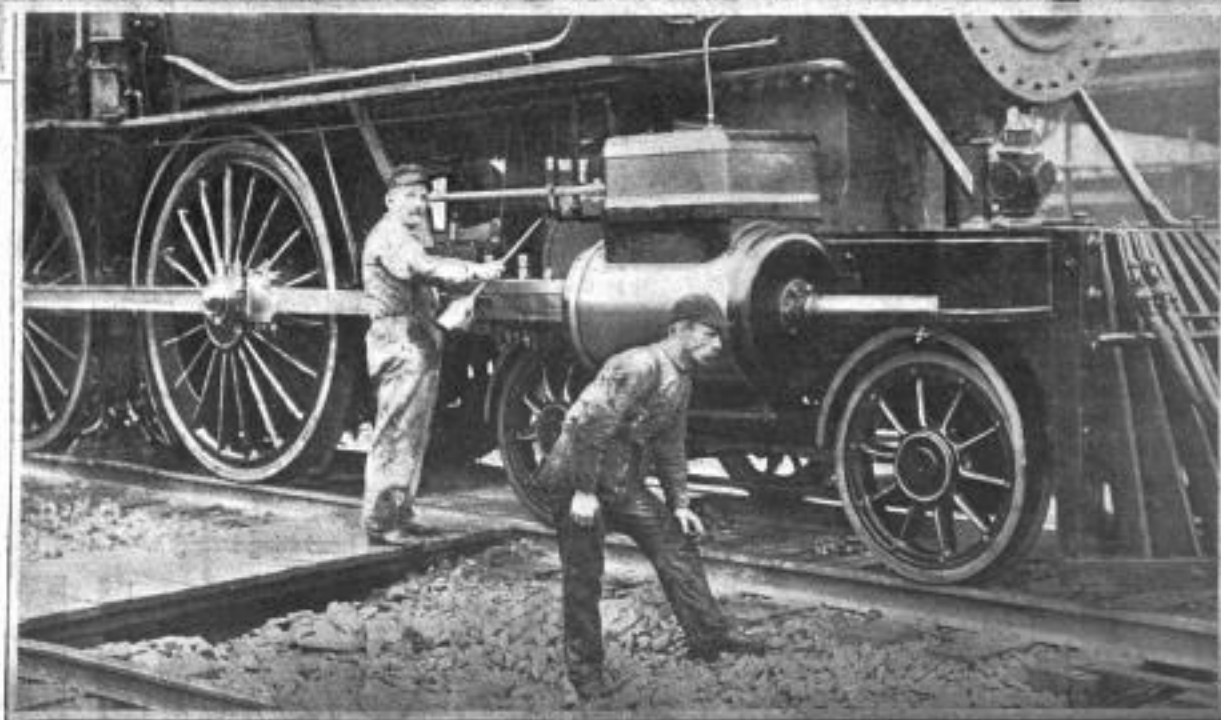
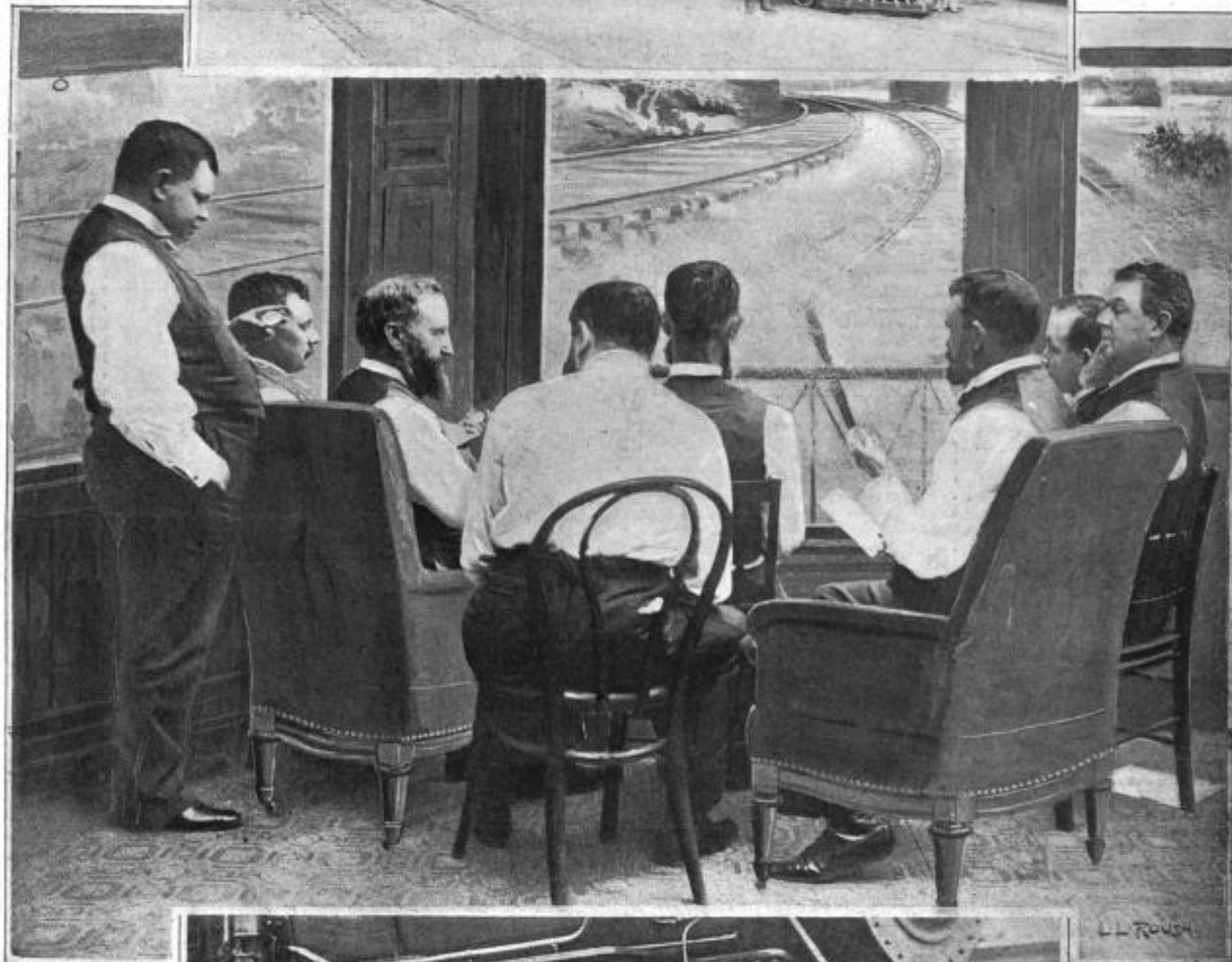
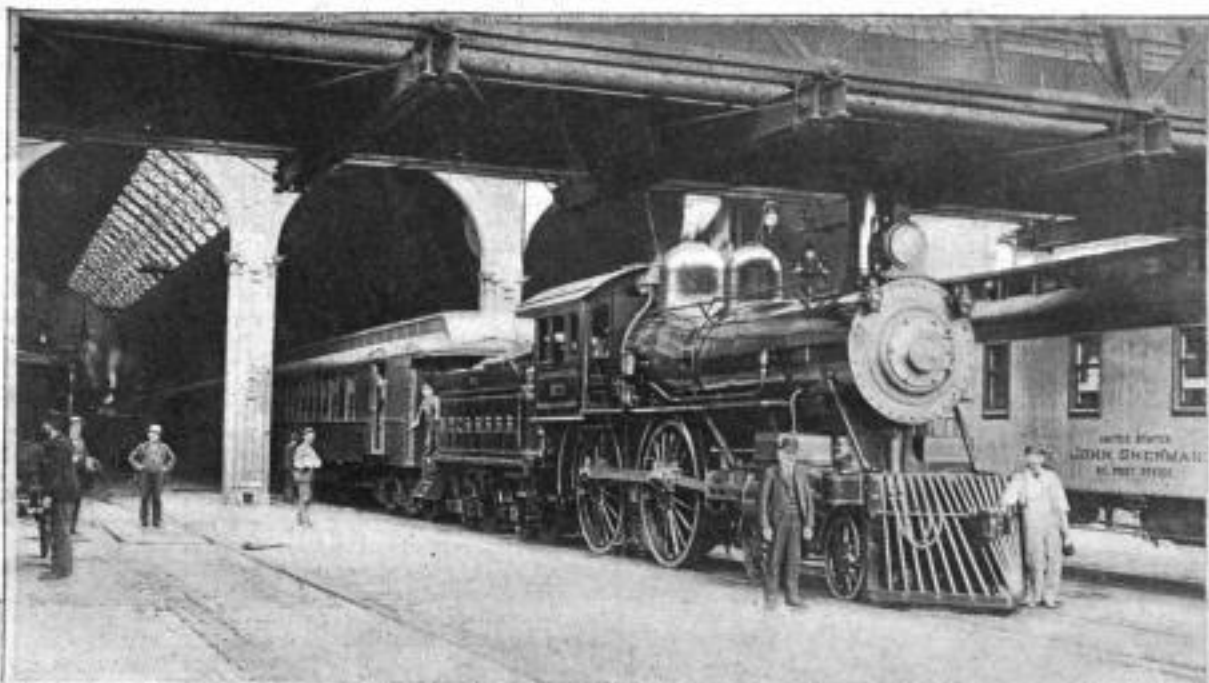
### An Asthma Cure at Last.

ENGLISH physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1104 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial ones of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

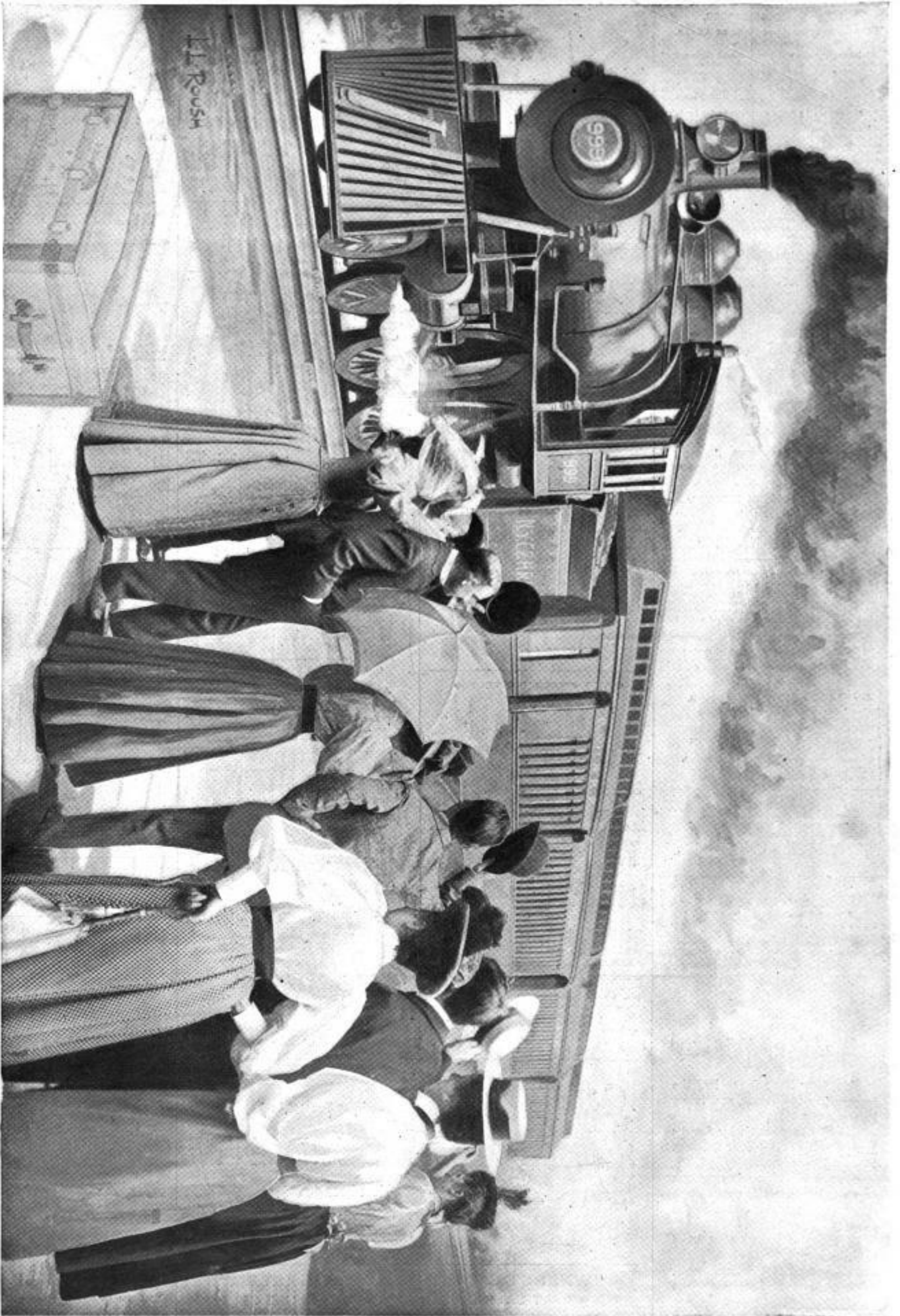




1. THE START FROM THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, AT 5H. 40M. 30S. A.M. 2. TAKING THE OFFICIAL TIME FROM THE OBSERVATION-CAR. 3. THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN OF THE SPECIAL TRAIN.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LEADS THE WORLD IN LONG-DISTANCE RAILWAY SPEED—THE RECENT RUN FROM NEW YORK TO EAST BUFFALO, A DISTANCE OF 436½ MILES, MADE IN 407½ MINUTES.—FROM A PHOTO-DRAWING EXPRESSLY MADE FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 220.]





THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LEADS THE WORLD IN LONG-DISTANCE RAILWAY SPEED—THE SPECIAL TRAIN, IN THE RUN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BUFFALO, PASSING A WAYSIDE STATION AT THE RATE OF SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR.—FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY A. P. YATES, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.—(SEE PAGE 220.)



We look upon the Wayne County man who stabbed himself with a fork as far worse than he who cuts pie with a knife. There are persons who can never learn.—Judge.

#### SEASONABLE IMPORTS.

FINE DISPLAY OF DRESS GOODS BY ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

The important question just now with thousands of women, what sort of material to select for their fall and winter dresses, can be answered most satisfactorily by paying a visit to the well-known store of Arnold, Constable & Co., at Broadway and Nineteenth Street, where the regular fall importations are now displayed.

The shelves rival a florist's window in the bewildering variety of the color combinations. In setting the present styles, the manufacturers have gone back to the ante-bellum days, and even to the earlier times of powder and patches, for their patterns and color schemes. Throughout it all there is a tendency to run the changes on Parisian effects in design and color, and the gorgeousness of the taffetas and brocades, satins, velvets, and silks that result must be seen to be appreciated. Neutral tints and the die-away colors of recent years are things of the past with a vengeance.

Street costumes, too, will take on an added richness of color this season, and the prevailing stuffs for their making promise to be French borders, plaids, and novelties, and all conceivable shades and colors. Wool mobairs, in tan tones, and crepe hennies in brown and black, blue and black, scarlet and black, etc., also promise to be great favorites for street wear.

The Cotton States and International Exposition is open and in full blast. The Southern Railway "Piedmont Air Line" filed the city on opening day. Never in the history of the world has an exposition opened under more favorable auspices than the Cotton States Exposition, which will last for three months. To accommodate the heavy travel for the last ten days the Southern Railway, naturally the only line between New York and Atlanta, has been running its limited trains in three and four sections loaded with exhibitors and visitors to the Gate City. The service of the Southern could not be better. The trains are run on schedule time, and its equipment is most excellent in every respect. The dining-car service deserves special mention. Commencing October 6th, in addition to the two limited trains now running, a third limited train, known as the Exposition Flyer, will be put on, leaving New York at 10 a. m., and reaching Atlanta the following morning for breakfast.

Ladies never have any dyspepsia after a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters.

#### CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 24, North River, foot of Murray Street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

#### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Sohmer Pianos are recommended to the public for their power, purity, richness and quality of tone, and are considered the most durable and reliable pianos ever made.

#### EVOLUTION OF RAILROADING.

It leads the world of travel in all things—In comfort, safety, luxury, and speed; It introduced block signals, and all else tending to give, with safety, quickest time; The vestibule, electric lighting, baths, Ladies' salons, barbers, stock reports, buffets, Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited." It gives to all desiring pleasure, Comfortable cars equipped for excellence. It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines From North and East to South and West. Hours from New York to Chicago, 31; Cincinnati, 31; St. Louis, 32. Others may emulate, but equal none. THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

Natural domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

#### Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from excess or excesses, will brook stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I will free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARKES, lock-box 620, Marshall, Michigan.

## Why Not

make the baby fat? For the thin baby is delicate, and is not half so cunning.

Give the thin baby Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

Scott's Emulsion is as easy a food as milk. It is much more effective in making thin babies fat, and they like it.

If all the babies that have been made fat and chubby and well by Scott's Emulsion could only tell their story to the mothers of other sickly babies!

There wouldn't be enough to go round.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Boring, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c and \$1.

**THE PRIZE BABY OF KANSAS CITY MO.**



Cured of Disfiguring ECZEMA By the CUTICURA REMEDIES

Our baby was badly afflicted with Eczema. Her head, arms, neck, and limbs were raw and bleeding when we concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. We began with CUTICURA (ointment) and CUTICURA SOAP, and after the first application we could see a change. After we had used them one week some of the sores had healed entirely, and ceased to spread. In less than a month, she was free from scales and lumps, and to-day has as lovely skin as any child. She was shown at the Grange Fair, and took a premium as the prettiest baby. Mr. & Mrs. PARK, 1609 Bellevue Ave., Kan. City. Sold everywhere. For Sale Here and Everywhere. Cures, Eczema.

"The a b c of it."

Always Buy **CONSTANTINE'S** Pine Tar Soap.

Persian Healing.

**CONSTANTINE'S** was the first pine tar soap on the market. It will be the last. People want it and they buy it for the Toilet, Bath and Nursery. —DRUGGISTS.—

Echo— Always Buy Constantine's.

**THE CELEBRATED SOHMER**

Pianos are the Best.

Warehouses: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name speaks for itself.

**S O H M E R.**

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**

A laxative, refreshing fruit beverage, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headaches arising from them.

**E. GRILLON**, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**LONDON (ENGLAND).** THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

The Praises of **SOZODONT**

Have Been Sung for Over Half a Century



"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES." GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

# SAPOLIO

#### THE OBLIGING WITNESS.

"Mr. Jones, you are still a witness. I may want to question you farther," said the attorney-at-law during the trial of a case in court.

"My father's dead," replied Witness Jones, "and he can't be questioned. But to oblige you I'll answer for me father."—Judge.

#### CORRECT.

"There's a ham sandwich," said Mr. Smarty as a colored dude strolled down the street with a girl hanging on each arm.—Judge.

#### A HOME THRUST.

CHILD—"Mamma, what is a common person?"

Mother—"Why, child, a common person is, well, it's a person that we do not associate with. Why do you ask?"

Child—"Cause Mrs. Nextdoor said you was a common person."—Judge.

**Pocket ... Kodak**

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INTEREST AT THREE PERCENT PER ANNUM. Executors, Administrators, Guardians, and others holding these bonds are authorized by law to invest in said bonds and stock.

Bonds and proposals will be received by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 90 Broadway, 3rd fl., in the City of New York, until Tuesday, the 24th day of September, 1906, at two o'clock, P. M., for the whole or a part of the following described coupon or registered bonds or stock of the City of New York, to wit:

- \$540,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Repaving Streets and Avenues, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 250,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Construction of West Wing of the American Museum of Natural History, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 201,180.32 Consolidated Stock for the Jerome Avenue approach to the Bridge over the Harlem River at 155th Street, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 100,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Repaving Avenue "A," payable November 1st, 1921.
- 540,000.00 Consolidated Stock for the Washington Bridge Park, payable November 1st, 1920.
- 85,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Repaving Roads and Avenues in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards of the City of New York, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 100,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Construction of Mulberry Head Park, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 60,200.00 Consolidated Stock for Construction and Improvement of Parkways, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 100,000.00 Consolidated Stock for the Improvement of Riverside Park, for grading, drainage, and walks, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 100,000.00 Consolidated Stock for Improvement and completion of Cathedral Parkway, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 181,198.89 Consolidated Stock, School House Bonds, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 85,000.00 Consolidated Stock, Sanitary Improvement School House Bonds, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 540,000.00 Consolidated Stock, Police Department Bonds, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 500,000.00 Consolidated Stock, Dock Bonds, payable November 1st, 1921.
- 250,000.00 Consolidated Stock, Water Main Stock, payable November 1st, 1921.

The proposals should be enclosed in a sealed envelope, addressed to the City of New York, and each proposal should also be enclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

Assured, P. F. Fitch, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, September 14th, 1906.

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### CASCARETS

sandy carbonate cure constipation. On p 106

# Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 221.)

International cup contests may survive the one, but hardly a double-header.

After having viewed the American Cup contestants, it seems almost ludicrous to look upon these diminutive craft, or half-raters, battling for international honors. Instead of the eighty-eight feet plus water line we have fifteen feet, and in place of the twelve thousand five hundred odd square feet of canvas we find some four hundred square feet.

The following comparative figures give some idea of what the half-rater really is:

ENTIRENESS (Continued)	Service IV (Continued)
15 feet.....Waterline.....15 feet, 8 inches	
3 feet, 9 inches.....Fore overhang.....3 feet, 1 inch	
4 feet, 6 inches.....After overhang.....4 feet, 5 inches	
23 feet, 4 inches.....Over all.....23 feet, 3 inches	
6 feet.....Extreme beam.....5 feet, 9 inches	
6 inches plus.....Draft of hull.....9 inches	

Mr. J. Arthur Brand, owner of the *Spruce IV*, is a graduate of Oxford, and by profession an architect. For the past ten years he has been prominent in the ranks of those amateur skippers whose hobbies have been the racing of small craft. He is a member of the Minima Yacht Club, and as such represents that club in the races.

While Mr. Brand has in consequence had much experience in this class of boat, Mr. C. J. Field, owner of the *Edenburgh*, and R. C. Ball, assistant, have had little. Furthermore, Mr. Brand's assistant is one Thomas Wade, of Wivenhoe, a professional hand at the game. Thus we see a distinct advantage on the English side.

The American boat was designed by W. P. Stephens, the *Spruce IV*, by H. C. Smith, of Oxford.

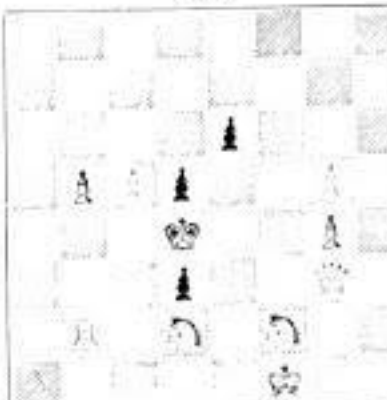
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## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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PROBLEM No. 31. BY H. E. DEWEY. Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 28. BY CONAN. White. 1 Q to Kt. Black. 1 Kt takes Q. 2 Kt to B 4 mate. (Just for spite.)

Many solvers slipped up on this clever problem, by giving Q to B 2, overlooking the defense of B to R 8, while others gave Q takes Kt, which is answered by B takes Kt, which would be met in the author's solution by P to Q 4 mate. Correct solutions were received from Messrs. Porter Stafford, Dr. Baldwin, F. C. Nye, W. L. Fogg, B. Whitmore, L. Townsend, E. Cook, C. V. Smith, E. D. Brown, T. Cox, G. Morehead, H. Thomas.

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- GRANT ALLEN. "Evolution in Early Italian Art"—No. VI.
- MRS. PARR. "The Follies of Fashion"—No. VI.—Marguerite.
- ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN. "The Friends of Robert Lums, Viscount Strathmore."
- SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN. "His Honour and a Lady"—Chapters V. to VIII.

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 CLARENCE—"Caw'n't, dear boy. He's me tailor, and I have to let him do those little things if he don't dun me."



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101 West 27th St.,  
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 Truly yours,  
 (SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1895.

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Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt,

FIANCÉE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.  
No. 110 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

Chicago Office, 367 Herald Building.  
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Brushnell, H. Rensdahl.

OCTOBER 10, 1895.

## The Issue Joined.

THE declaration of the New York Democratic Convention in reference to the excise or Sunday question, stripped of all the ambiguities which characterize it, commits the party to an effort to secure the legalization of the sale of liquor on the first day of the week, under the pretense of protecting the "personal liberty" of the citizen. This action, of course, was not unexpected; it was the logical and necessary outcome of a natural party sympathy with the vicious and demoralizing forces which constitute the most serious menace of the public order.

It is well, now that the lines of battle have been set as to this question, that the precise issue should be stated and understood. The laws of the State prohibit the sale of liquor on Sunday. In this city the police department is charged with the enforcement of that law. For years its enforcement, under Tammany rule, was conditioned upon the ability and willingness of its violators to purchase immunity by contributions to the party treasury. It was used, in other words, for purposes of blackmail. Against those who refused to pay toll to Tammany it was enforced with pitiless severity; but as against every man with a "pull" it was harmless and inoperative. In November last the people elected by an overwhelming vote an administration pledged to the reform of Tammany methods and the restoration of upright and cleanly government in the metropolis. The police commissioners, obedient to their obligations and in fulfillment of the pledges made to the people, addressed themselves promptly and efficiently to the enforcement of the laws which had been violated with impunity except as they had been employed as an instrument of oppression. They closed the saloons on Sunday. They re-established the authority of law by bringing to punishment the liquor-sellers who sought to evade it. No man was disturbed in his rights. There was no partiality or discrimination as between offenders. All alike, rich or poor, men with a "pull" and men without it, were compelled to obey the law or to suffer the penalty of its infraction. The authority of the State and the people was vindicated—that and nothing more.

It is this straightforward and conscientious performance of a public duty which has aroused the hostility of the Democratic party, and is now assailed by it as a "harsh, arbitrary, and unintelligent enforcement" of an "obsolete law," as an attempt to "uphold a grinding tyranny," as an interference with "personal freedom," and an invasion of the sanctity of the fireside. The people of this Empire State are asked to declare by their votes that they are opposed to the enforcement of a law enacted by them for the purpose of suppressing Sunday desecration, and to elect a Legislature favorable to the bestowal upon liquor-sellers of privileges and immunities not enjoyed by any other class. And until this result is achieved it is insisted by the party orators and organs that this particular class shall have full liberty to violate the law—that the statute against the open Sunday saloon shall be suspended, and its constituency shall be unrestrained in their invasion of the rights of law-abiding citizens.

This is the issue presented, under the flimsy disguise of a solicitude for home rule, to the electorate of New York. The Democratic party proposes a policy which, carried to its logical conclusion, means anarchy and the destruction of every monument of the public safety. The Republican party answers that infamous proposition by the declaration that the authority of law must be upheld, and specifically that the so-called Sunday laws must be maintained in the interests of labor and morality. There cannot, as we believe, be any doubt as to the outcome of a struggle fought on these lines. The slums may respond to the bugle-call of Senator Hill and his followers, but the conscience of the State will assert itself with a forceful emphasis which will at once overwhelm the partisan conspirators and determine conclusively the fidelity of our people to the principles of good government.

## A British Third-term Advocate.

THE London *Spectator* is inclined to ridicule the American aversion to the idea of a third-term President. It pronounces it a political superstition, which is incapable of justification on the basis of common sense. As to the contention that there is danger that an executive whose term of office is prolonged will grow autocratic and come to regard himself as supreme, the *Spectator* argues that "there are very few great men who grow more audacious and revolutionary as they grow older," and it is unable to see why there should be applied to the executive office a principle which is never enforced as to representatives in legislative bodies. In England, it says, "constituencies are not

afraid of giving their members third or fourth or fifth terms, nor are parties afraid of seeing the same leaders in office year after year and Parliament after Parliament." It then adds: "If it is different in the United States, it is not so much because the people desire change as because they cling with a sort of superstitious tenacity to George Washington's authority on a question of this sort. If he had said just the contrary—that a good servant, when thoroughly proved, should be preferred to any servant who had not been proved—his authority would have had more weight for that conclusion than for the other. It is the conservatism of the people of the United States, not their love of change, which enshrines General Washington's probably rather hasty counsel in the unwritten law of the United States." The advocates of Mr. Cleveland's nomination for a third term could not have a better campaign document than this article of the *Spectator*, from which we quote these suggestive sentences.

## A Striking Contrast.



WO Southern States are just now attracting an exceptional degree of public attention. One challenges commendation by its liberal and broad-gauged enterprise, its cultivation of a national spirit, and its acceptance, more or less hearty, of the conditions growing out of the Civil War; the other provokes indignation and contempt by its persistence in old and pernicious heresies, its refusal to utilize its industrial and business opportunities, and its malignant hostility to every principle of liberty and equality, and every idea of social and political progress. Georgia and South Carolina represent, in a peculiar sense, the antipodal forces which are struggling to-day for the mastery in Southern life.

The Cotton States and International Exposition, which is now attracting visitors to Atlanta, is essentially the outcome of Georgia enterprise. It represents, indeed, the progress and development of all the Southern States, but it had its initiative with, and its success is largely due to, the energy, enthusiasm, and broad-minded conceptions of representative citizens of that State. For twenty-five years Atlanta has been the conspicuously progressive city of the South. Smitten and devastated as few other cities were by the storms of war, it lifted itself proudly, with the return of peace, from its ashes, and set about the work of rehabilitation with resolute purpose and a determination to adjust itself honestly to the logic of events. It did not forget the sacrifices it had made in a lost cause; it did not apologize for its part in the war against the Union. But it accepted the issue of the struggle as final and determinative, and set its face loyally to the future. The State, of which it is the metropolis, felt the influence of its example, and while the process of eliminating old prejudices and overcoming old antagonisms was slow in the commonwealth at large, there was from the first real and substantial progress, and to-day Georgia stands confessedly foremost among Southern States in all the elements of material strength and prosperity, no less than in her potency as a conservative force as to all the political questions of the hour.

South Carolina, on the other hand, occupies to-day substantially the attitude, concerning the questions of the national sovereignty and State and individual rights, which she occupied when Sumter was fired upon. She has never accepted in good faith, and does not now accept, the results of the war she provoked. Her influence has been reactionary, if not revolutionary, all through the period of reconstruction and rehabilitation. She defies Federal law, puts contempt upon Federal courts, scoffs at the rights of American citizenship, and puts loyalty and obedience to law under ban, socially and politically. Undoubtedly there are South Carolinians who lament these perverse tendencies, and who would rejoice to see the State delivered from the clutch of the political desperadoes who hold it in leash. But these are only as straws floating on a mad and turbulent torrent. The State, as such, is pervaded through and through with the spirit of revolt against the spirit of the age. Consider the spectacle it is to-day presenting in its Constitutional Convention. Here is a body, charged by the general electorate with the responsible duty of reconstructing the fundamental law, which is bending all its energies to the one purpose of defeating the provisions of the national Constitution in reference to the suffrage and perpetuating a government by a minority. According to the last census the voting population of South Carolina was one hundred and two thousand whites and one hundred and thirty-two thousand negroes. Under the Federal Constitution the right of the latter to the elective franchise is as perfect and absolute as that of the whites. The ruling dynasty proposes to deprive them of this right, or to impose such restrictions upon its exercise as to make its enjoyment practically impossible. There is no pretense at all that such a result can be achieved by any straightforward process. It must be done by indirection and artifice. This is in itself a confession of the injustice and iniquity of the proceeding, but this consideration, of course, does not operate as a deterrent. For weeks and months these South

Carolina statesmen have been scheming, planning, and intriguing how their infamous purpose could be best accomplished, and now that they have agreed upon a method, the whole Tillmanite constituency is in an ecstasy of delight. While Georgia and other Southern States are astir with healthful activities and competing loyally for the prizes of wholesome progress; while a spirit of tolerance and real sympathy with the principles of republican government are manifesting themselves more and more aggressively in their civic life, South Carolina, the mother of secession, still sullen and malignant, plots and conspires against the sovereignty of the people, and seeks to anchor in her constitution a limitation of personal rights which the cruelest of Old-World despotisms are beginning to acknowledge and respect.

There can be no question as to which of these two States, so radically different in their tendencies and dominating spirit, will exert the larger influence upon the national future and acquire the larger measure of material prosperity and greatness. Georgia, representing the New South, will become more and more the inspiration and the guide of all right-thinking Southern men, while South Carolina, clinging to old prejudices, and striving to restore the old South, with all it stood for in our civilization, must inevitably decline in influence and become more and more an object of derision and contempt. The world does not move backward but forward, and that will be infallibly the masterful community or State which keeps most nearly abreast of the broadening ideas of the time, and reflects most truly the highest and best impulses of an ascending humanity.

## College Life of To-day.



THE opening of our colleges for a new year of study brings to mind the changes that have crept into college life in the last score of years. One of the characteristics which is now apparent is the increasing independence of the college student. He has ceased to be a boy; he has become a man. He now has the freedom of choosing his studies to a large degree, and is not obliged to follow a system

prescribed for him. He shows his manhood and his manliness in the absence of tricks and the spirit of trickiness. It is no longer a mark of the ablest man to steal the tongue of the college bell, or to get a cow into chapel ready for morning prayers, or to bedaub the walls of the recitation-halls with outlandish pictures. The college man has become independent, and has also become, usually, a gentleman.

The introduction of athletics as a system is a second change in the order of college life. For more than a generation foot-ball has been played in the American college, and also for more than a generation gymnastic work has been done; but it was not until within a few years that athletics have held the large and strong place they now hold. In the opinion of some this place is too large and too strong, and probably in some institutions they do occupy too large a place in the lives of the students. But on the whole it must be acknowledged that athletics have done more good than harm. Emerson used to say that light is the best policeman. The college officer may also say that athletics are the best moral force of the college. It may also be said that athletics represent a great intellectual condition in the college. For foot-ball and base-ball are games of brains quite as much as of muscles, and many a man has done more vigorous work in the recitation-room because he has had his brain aroused on the athletic field. It is to be added, further, that in the fierce competitions of American life a strong body plays an important part. Although the body can be called by no means intellectual, it is yet a tool and a condition for the use of the best intellectual forces. No man, however able in brain, can do the work which he ought to do hampered by physical weakness. Athletics, therefore, in tending to strengthen the body, do represent a most important movement in American college life. Yet it is ever to be observed that athletics are not an end in themselves. The harmful relations which they occupy in certain colleges have arisen from making them an end in themselves. They are ever to be kept separate from the great end of college life. They are ever to be regarded as means.

A third characteristic of the American college life of to-day is its increasing luxuriousness. It is a well-known and sad fact that the cost of getting a college education is now far larger than it used to be. It has increased two or three-fold. This increase is simply a part of the increased cost of American living. It costs a family in New York twice as much to live now as it did before the war. But it is always to be said that college life should not become luxurious. The cost of college education should be kept as low as possible. The scale of expenditure among the students should also be narrowed. There should be at least one place where men should be measured, not by their wealth, nor by the luxuriousness of their apartments, nor by the elegance of their garments, but by their sheer and simple manhood. The American college could hardly do a better thing for American life than by in every way seeking to illustrate the truth that the great virtues, the cardinal virtues, are the supreme things in life.



## THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE PROBLEM BEFORE HIM.



THE ROOSEVELT SMILE.

What strikes one first in calling upon this man of the hour is that he is not at all the person one was prepared to meet; he does not look like the published pictures of him, and, although he does smile in rather an odd way and show a fine set of teeth, the effect is quite different from what had been expected. In appearance Mr. Roosevelt is a pronounced blonde, florid in face, with close-cut, yellowish hair. It is plain that the chief commissioner has had trouble with his eyes, for as he speaks he shuts them frequently, almost to a squint, pausing now and then to rub his glasses as if for clearer vision.

I had fancied that Theodore Roosevelt, being a man of wealth and a great swell, was rather dapper in dress and inclined to follow with scrupulous attention the prevailing modes. Not at all: when I saw him the other day he was dressed no more carefully than the average man one meets on Broadway, and his square, solid figure stood out as if in sturdy defiance of all nonsense connected with accurately-creased trousers, just as his mind rebels against other kinds of nonsense. He is a man of unusual physical strength, as is shown by the large neck and fullness of chest, as well as by the quick, energetic movements of hands and body, which tell of unlimited vitality.

Regarding the Roosevelt smile, it is certainly peculiar, containing an elusive something that keeps the visitor wondering whether there is not just a bit of mockery in it, or some overstraining toward good fellowship in its seeming cordiality. Certain it is that Mr. Roosevelt greets all who come to see him with a freshness and buoyancy of manner rarely met with in municipal departments, with their dead-level atmosphere of solemn monotony. One feels that here is a man at whose approach all the cobwebs of routine and red tape must be brushed away; a man who will tolerate no shilly-shallying or effort to begot the main issue or prevent his mind from grasping quickly the essential facts under consideration. Any one can see that he is a fighter who rather enjoys fighting for its own sake, as a chess-player enjoys working out some new combination. It is easy to imagine him on his Western ranch, practicing with supreme satisfaction the trick of mastering a restive bronco and throwing him to the ground by a quick catching of the fore-leg.

But all this has nothing to do with the problem facing Mr. Roosevelt except in so far as it prepares one to find him tackling it with new and vigorous methods. Mr. Roosevelt rejoices that his active connection with New York's police department has resulted in drawing the public attention—that is, the attention of intelligent citizens—to the drinking evil in our midst, which, after all, is only one phase of the broader problem, the present condition of our poor. What American cities are suffering from, as he believes, more than anything else, is a fatal apathy on the part of the well-to-do classes; an unwillingness to bestir themselves either to remedy existing evils or by patient investigation—which always means taking trouble—to find out the real nature of these evils and something of their causes.

It is chiefly through the active, the aggressive interest of better-class Americans that any permanent change must be wrought, any lasting good accomplished. Therefore Mr. Roosevelt regards the present energy displayed by citizens organized in one form or another for the public good as a splendid sign, and perhaps one of the most hopeful results of his administration; but to be effective he thinks that the movement must be along really American lines: there must be no class feeling, no condescension on one side or sulky self-assertion on the other; all must work shoulder to shoulder together.

He deplores, however, a tendency, which has shown itself both in the press and in individual utterances, toward an expression of hastily-conceived and ill-considered judgments regarding the condition of the poor, their pleasures and vices. Nor will he allow himself to be drawn into "snap" utterances on these perplexing problems, or give answer off-hand to questions which are vastly easier to formulate than to resolve. His mental attitude at present is distinctly: "I don't know very much about all this, but I propose to find something out." Already he has found out many things, and is finding out more every day.

Recognizing as he does the great danger the would-be reformer runs of being led into error, Mr. Roosevelt will not trust absolutely the opinion of any one, but, as far as possible, gets his facts for himself at first hand. That motive has led him into making constant tours of investigation, not only along the beats of policemen, to see that all are doing their duty, but, as has not been noted by the newspapers, through the whole swarming region where the poor live, through the tenement-house districts, where he has been making constant visits in a simple, unprejudiced way, seeking information honestly and the data on which to base opin-

ions. In many of these visits among the poor Mr. Roosevelt has been accompanied by Mr. Jacob Riis, the author of "How the Other Half Lives," a man whom the commissioner regards as perhaps better able than any one else to aid him in the formation of just views.

"Mr. Riis is free from that diseased philanthropy which characterizes the Tolstoi class of mind," said Mr. Roosevelt; "he is capable of seeing things as they are without mawkish sentimentality, and yet with the most sincere desire for the betterment of the poor. I would there were more like him."

Diseased philanthropy! How much truth there is in those energetic words. It is that

Roosevelt was playing the part of *Uncle of Manhattan*; who then changed their tone and tried to belittle his efforts, saying that he had failed signally in his campaign; who next began crying out lustily that he was neglecting other forms of crime through his absurd efforts in this one direction; and who wound up finally, in some instances at least, with a flow of simple abuse and invective.

"What do I think of them?" said Mr. Roosevelt. "Why, not much; they told lies, that was all—a pack of lies. But who cares! As to the language in which they couch their denunciation, I would characterize it"—here he paused, smiling, to weigh his words—"as a case



"WHEN ASKED TO POSE, HE PUT ON HIS STRAW HAT, AND REMARKED WITH A SMILE, 'QUITE A DISREPUTABLE HAT, YOU SEE.'"

quality one admires in Mr. Roosevelt—his terse, forceful turns of expression, his ability to put meat into his sentences, to say something in a few words, and also his serene indifference to the spites or enmities of those upon whose horns he may be treading. For instance, I ventured a question about the rampant attitude that has been assumed toward him by many New York newspapers who first declared that it was an outrage to enforce the excise law, that Mr.

of innate vulgarity complicated by original sin."

Coming to the excise question in our cities, it was difficult to induce Mr. Roosevelt to speak otherwise than on very broad lines. He will not be quoted now as expressing views which a further knowledge of the subject may lead him either to retract or modify. He believes in a Sunday of rest and innocent enjoyment; neither one of bleak austerity, nor one of the looseness of so many European countries. What he is sure he believes in, and that with all his heart, is any effort which will tend to bring into this country such moderation in drinking as exists to-day in some of the countries of Europe. He favors, for instance, any measures by which our poisonous whisky may be supplanted by wholesome beer or light wines. A dozen years ago he introduced in the New York Legislature a bill for issuing differential licenses—requiring a saloon-keeper, for instance, to pay five hundred dollars for the privilege of selling whisky, and only one hundred dollars for that of selling beer without whisky.

Mr. Roosevelt believes in fighting the drinking evil by giving the people who lead hard lives an abundance of other pleasures of a simple and innocent nature which will attract them from the harmful atmosphere of the saloons. He would, for instance, see such laws passed as would provide for the poor in all our large cities many parks, playgrounds, and open squares, where hands should play frequently—every night of the week, perhaps, and Sundays, too; large squares, around which coffee-houses or beer-gardens would be established, with chairs and little tables in the open air, so that the tired workmen with their wives and children could enjoy good music while drinking their lager or coffee.

Mr. Roosevelt counts much upon the benefit to be derived by introducing the continental custom of having people drink sitting instead of standing, taking their time at clean little tables instead of gulping down what they have ordered at bars. It is only the greed of a selfish race of saloon-keepers which prevents such an improved condition in our cities, and a few establishments run on those lines with a view of creating a taste and strong demand among the people for this pleasant and more sensible way of drinking.

Another thing Mr. Roosevelt would see introduced in our popular drinking-places is

(Continued on page 232.)



"MOST OF THE TIME HE SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE TABLE."





SEE "THE PROFILE OF AN ACTRESS" (MRS. CORA URQUHART POTTER) ON PAGE 231.





"And I myself to accompany him," said Mathilde."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XIV.

#### "IN THE NAME OF THE LAW."

THE arrival of the Deputy Gr-bauval instead of the Count de Fournier, the evident anxiety of the duchess, a hurried message which presently took the duke away, sudden rumors that a troop of the National Guard was stationed within the gates of the château gardens, and a remark made by Captain Marcy to a well-known trimmer that the king was a prisoner and the Tuilleries in the hands of the people, created considerable uneasiness among the guests bidden to the wedding of Mathilde de Louvet with Henri Lavelle, Count de Fournier.

A few men, more timid than the rest, had ordered their horses. Others, recognizing the possibility of trouble, had sought advice in as secret a way as possible from leaders and friends of the party or order to which they belonged.

A group of well-known royalists had been interrupted in council by Gr-bauval and Marcy while chatting together upon the terrace, and several ladies had been warned by their less venturesome lords to make ready for their departure.

In the midst of the general uneasiness the duke entered the chief salon, leading in his daughter, with the count by her side, no longer in his uniform, but dressed in the style of the court of Louis XV., a costume which the duke had worn at the coronation of his unfortunate successor.

A general murmur of surprise and satisfaction greeted them. The duchess, at the moment, was speaking with the Deputy Gr-bauval. They both turned to see the guests gathering round the lovers and the duke; while at the same moment the notary and his clerks were making their formal entry, the master of the ceremonies craving room for Monsieur the Notary.

An alcove in the salon, hitherto concealed by a portière, was uncovered, showing a table and writing materials, at which the notary and his officials took their seats.

"I present to you, my dear friends and neighbors," said the duke, "my daughter, Mathilde Henriette Hortense de Louvet, the contract of whose espousal with Henri Lavelle, Count de Fournier, you honor us by being present to witness."

Vivats and shouts of "Long life and happiness" greeted this announcement.

"There has been an unfortunate delay in our proceedings," continued the duke, "but the duchess and I both heartily invite you to assist us in condoning this breach of punctuality at supper; and permit me further to remark that those of our honored guests who do not accept our poor hospitality for the night will find sufficient escort with flambeaux provided by our master of the horse."

The duke had once upon a time rejoiced in a magnificent establishment, which had been administered in a right royal fashion; but on this occasion it was a trifle grandiloquent and misleading to talk of the master of the horse, who was no more than his chief stableman, his horses consisting of fewer than



half a dozen; but such arrangements as he had been able to make for attendance upon those who might require torch-bearers or guides were on a fairly liberal scale. The ceremony of betrothal should have taken place before sunset, though it was expected that some of the guests would remain over their wine until late. Many were staying in the house; others had come long distances; a few from residences in the suburbs of Paris, which were in those days practically in the country, cut off to a great extent from the immediate news of the capital.

Hardly had the duke finished speaking and the cheers of his guests subsided when voices in altercation were heard at the entrance to the salon; and before his grace could turn to inquire the cause of it, the commissary of police, in his scarf, attended by his company of gendarmes under the command of the officer who had interrogated Pierre Grappin, forced their way into the room, the commissary uttering his shibboleth, "In the name of the law!"

Almost at the same moment the ladies were put aside, and the gentlemen, with few exceptions, drew their rapiers. Grébaud and his friend, Captain Marcy, remained apparently unmoved.

"Henri Lavelle, otherwise Count de Fournier, I arrest you, by order—"

The rest of the commissary's words were inaudible, a group of young bloods surrounding the count with shouts of protest and resistance.

The duchess and most of the other ladies retired to the other end of the room, attended by several unarmed guests.

"Gentlemen," said the duke, with Mathilde on his arm, a pale but firm and dignified spectatrix of the scene, "I crave your pardon. Monsieur le Commissaire, this lady is about to sign a marriage contract with the gentleman you claim the right to arrest. Pray let the ceremony proceed, and then we will discuss your uninvited presence at the Château de Louvet."

The commissary glanced at Grébaud, who turned away.

"Monsieur le député is surely not concerned in this?" said the duke, who had noticed the glance of inquiry which Grébaud had avoided.

"Except to regret it," said Grébaud, promptly. "But the law is the law."

"And persecution is persecution," said the duke.

"It shall be so," exclaimed the Vicomte Languedoc, stepping forward. "Let the ceremony proceed, Monsieur le Duc."

"Yes, yes!" shouted twenty voices, as twenty swords were raised aloft and twenty men ranged themselves in front of the duke and his daughter; all the time Count de Fournier standing calmly by, but wary and watchful.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the commissary, turning to the commander of the gendarmes, "do your duty!"

"Fix bayonets!" said the captain, and the ring of the grounded arms rung along the marble floor.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the Deputy Grébaud, "let me be mediator between you. If it be possible, out of respect to the occasion, Monsieur le Commissaire, let the citizen duke have his way. The ceremony first, the arrest afterward."

"The ceremony!" shouted the duke's partisans, "and no arrest!"

"Forward!" commanded the captain of the gendarmes; and thereupon Captain Marcy drew his sword.

"For God's sake!" shouted Grébaud, flinging himself between the soldiers and the excited royalists, "let it be as the master of the house wishes."

"Nay, it shall be so!" said the Vicomte Languedoc. "Gentlemen!—on guard!"

"Let me beseech you!" said Mathilde, releasing herself from her father's arms and placing herself in front of the vicomte. "This is a peaceful house, loyal to the nation. Do not you, Monsieur le Vicomte, defy the law. And you, Monsieur Grébaud, you have the power to order the withdrawal of these gentlemen who have outraged the peace of a private house."

"Let me join my prayer to that," said the duchess, coming forward.

"Pardon me," said the count, speaking for the first time, "I will accept no favor at the hands of Monsieur Grébaud. My dear, permit me," he concluded, turning to Mathilde; and taking her hand, he led her to her mother, and the group of royalists now stood together, a body of gallant fellows ready for battle.

"Nay, then, gentlemen," said Grébaud, now assuming the full authority he had possessed from the first, "we will have consideration for mademoiselle and the ladies. Gallantry is as compatible with liberty as with tyranny. With your permission, Monsieur le Commissaire, the law this time shall not deign to use its strength, but will bide its time. You will set an example of forbearance, gentlemen," he went on, addressing the commissary and his officers, "that shall be an example of society

and mercy to these rash gentlemen of the noblesse. Messieurs and mesdames, let the ceremony proceed. Monsieur le Capitaine, you will have the grace to retire; our good friend, the commissary, desires it."

Both were creatures of Grébaud, and they retired accordingly; and the duke's friends making an archway of steel for the count and Mathilde to pass under, they advanced to the table of the notary and signed the marriage contract.

"An espousal is not a marriage," said Grébaud to himself, "and even if it were, the bridegroom shall sleep at the Conciergerie."

"And now, gentlemen," said the commissary, who had remained a silent witness of the reading of the contract and the signing and sealing thereof, "I claim the peaceful surrender of Henri Lavelle, otherwise the Count de Fournier."

"Otherwise be—!" said the Vicomte Languedoc. "A rescue, gentlemen; a rescue!"

"I will have no blood shed in this house on my account," exclaimed de Fournier. "I and Monsieur the Deputy Grébaud have met in this place once before. His was the victory then. His must be the victory now. There will be a third time when fate may be just," said de Fournier.

A shout of protest greeted the count's decision; but Mathilde, in a soft voice, said: "Henri, my love, you are right. Much misery must come of a contest here, and the deaths of many friends; but let me go with you."

"I surrender my sword," said the count.

"And I myself to accompany him," said Mathilde.

"That may not be," replied the commissary. "You shall not part us," cried Mathilde, clinging to the count.

The company stood by in doubt and sorrow, some having sheathed their swords, others still clutching their weapons threateningly.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen, until a fairer opportunity offers for their use."

"Let me see the commissary's authority for your arrest," demanded the vicomte.

The commissary presented it. The vicomte handed it to the count.

"It is in order," said the count. "Gentlemen, it is well that we obey the law."

At a later period the count and his friends would have been more chary. Within four-and-twenty hours such an arrest would have meant death. But as yet the guillotine had not begun to devour the best and the bravest sons of France.

"Why is the house shadowed by a troop of the National Guard?" asked the vicomte.

"It is an honorable escort of the Deputy Grébaud," Captain Marcy replied, "and was deemed necessary also for the citizen's safety on a day when the mercenaries of Louis have fired upon the people; but it is not concerned with the duty of monsieur the commissary."

"Let the escort be withdrawn," said Grébaud.

"When this assembly, which has threatened the majesty of the law, withdraw to their homes," said Captain Marcy.

"Gentlemen," said the duke, "it were well we submit, and lay our complaint before the Assembly."

"Be sure the government will do you justice, Monsieur le Duc," said Grébaud, who from the first had feared the result of an encounter between his small force and the duke's company; "and I will second your appeal with all my heart."

"Enough," said the duke. "But I pray you escort me to the same lodging with my friend. I am equally criminal in being a king's man and wishing well to France. Moreover, with the consent of my friend, Henri, I would have fought you to the death ere he should have surrendered."

"It may not be," said the commissary. "You will no doubt be accommodated, all in good time."

The surrender of the count and the willingness of the duke to accompany him had completed the depression of the belligerent guests.

"At the same time, Monsieur le Commissaire," said Grébaud, "we may not prevent the citizen duke and his daughter from going to Paris, if it is their will," inspired by a wicked thought of making Mathilde prisoner also, and at La Force, not at the Conciergerie with de Fournier.

"Citizen duke!" repeated Vicomte Languedoc, with a sneer, though Grébaud thought the combined title a clever concession to both sides.

"We will go to Paris," said the duke.

"I do not desire it," said the count. "It would be poor courtesy to leave your friends."

"If it is the duke's pleasure he and his daughter shall journey to Paris under the separate escort of Captain Marcy; and I will make it my duty to give you such a written passport as may render their movements convenient."

"Is Paris so overcome that passports are necessary to honest travelers and men who have

served the State in the Senate and the field?" said the duke.

"There is much commotion in Paris," said Grébaud, "but it has only honor and respect for the house of de Louvet."

"Joseph," said the duke, addressing his valet, who had been a careful observer of the scene, "order our coach. We go to Paris to-night; you will accompany us."

Joseph left the room, but returned almost immediately.

"Nay, dear," said Mathilde to the count, "do not deny me."

"Why will you go?"

"That at least I may know where you are," she said, her lips trembling with emotion.

"We only change the château for our hotel in Paris," said the duke, "and our word may be useful to you. The president of the Assembly knows how much I have done for France."

"Alas, he knows what I, too, have done for her this day!" said the count.

"Let it be as my father wishes," whispered Mathilde.

"As you will," replied the count. "At least we shall be near the king and queen when they need us."

The duchess had several times spoken aside to Grébaud, and had evidently been reassured by his replies to her questions.

"It shall then devolve upon me to complete the sadly-interrupted duties we owe to our friends who have honored our hospitable intentions," she said.

"You will not need the escort of Captain Marcy," said the count to the duke.

"Assuredly not; we will travel in your company—by your leave, Monsieur le Commissaire."

"But you shall have my passport, in case of need," said Grébaud, going to the notary's table and writing a few lines which he handed to the duke; and almost at the same moment he slipped into the commissary's hand a still briefer note, the three words of which the suspicious and wily Joseph deciphered as the deputy powdered it with the other. "Detain them, nevertheless," was the traitorous message, or surely Joseph was dreaming.

Half an hour later the guests, some of them supperless, others fortified by copious draughts of wine, began to disperse, and the commissary of police and his guard were on their way to Paris with their prisoner. De Fournier rode one of the duke's horses, between two mounted gendarmes. Three of the company were an advance guard, carrying flambeaux, for the night had come down with a darkness that was but little redeemed by the new moon. A cumbersome family carriage, containing the duke and Mathilde, brought up the rear.

But Joseph had disappeared.

"He will have the honor to await Monsieur le Duc at the Lion d'Or," said the postilion, as he mounted for the journey.

"The varlet!" said the duke.

"That was the message he bid me deliver, with his profound respect," said the postilion.

## XV.

### "A RESCUE, GENTLEMEN!"

MONSIEUR BERTIN and his friends had not recovered from their amazement and alarm at the revelations of the Swiss soldier who could speak French, when Pierre was mysteriously called from the room by Jean. It was to receive Joseph, the duke's valet.

"You see, Master Pierre," he said, "I dressed the count, and while he made his toilet he told me what had been done in Paris. Monsieur Grébaud I have known since I was a lad. He hates the count. The duke hates Monsieur Grébaud. Mademoiselle is of the same opinion. Madame le Duchesse fears him. A sergeant of the National Guard posted at the gates of the château was at the same school with me. He said nearly every nobleman with the king had been betrayed and killed. I never doubted that our dear count was wrong not to let Monsieur le Vicomte Languedoc and his illustrious company fight for his liberty and the honor of the name. It was mademoiselle who influenced him. But he is going to his death, depend upon it. The sergeant as good as said so. 'Detain them, nevertheless,' was written on the paper Grébaud gave to the commissary. I am ahead of them. Rodolphe and Léon, the postillions, will throw the horses down, so that mademoiselle and the duke may be compelled to remain at the Lion d'Or, if you agree. I have run on for your advice."

"Joseph, you confirm all my fears," said Pierre. "Come into the house. A brave company of the count's friends and the duke's are within."

Taking Joseph by the arm, he hurried him into the house.

"Messieurs," he said, "this is Monsieur le Duc's confidential servant. The count is on the road, a prisoner. Following him are the duke and mademoiselle. They are betrayed."

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The Deputy Grébaud gives them a false passport. The commissary is his creature. He has his secret orders to detain them on their arrival in Paris. The count's friends, with the Vicomte Languedoc, would have resisted the arrest, but were over-persuaded by mademoiselle and the duke, who relies upon the justice of the government and the protection of the king. His Majesty, as monsieur the Swiss guard tells us, retreated to the Hotel de Ville. If the king is a prisoner, will they spare the duke? If it was a crime to defend the king, for which his Majesty's troops and his Majesty's personal friends have been sacrificed, what is monsieur the count to expect?"

"Death!" said Monsieur Galletier. "Gentlemen, our mission to St. Germain is too late. Our place is either in Paris or on the frontier."

"We must keep our rendezvous at St. Germain. Our friends will await us there; we must not disappoint them. If we could take the duke and the count with us they would strengthen our council."

"A rescue, gentlemen!" exclaimed the elder Delaunay, "a rescue!" at which those who had not already risen to their feet got up with a clatter of swords and spurs.

"What becomes of the noblesse if they do not stand by their order? Is what Monsieur le Vicomte said, 's'il vous plaît, messieurs,' remarked Joseph.

"Again my father's last words," said the younger Delaunay. "A rescue, gentlemen!"

All eyes turned to Monsieur Bertin.

"It is a serious step," he said.

"Far more serious if we allow the martyrdom of this unhappy day to be swollen with blood we need; far more serious to fling that sweet creature, the betrothed of our friend Henri, into the brutal arms of the treacherous Grébaud," said Galletier.

"Yes, yes," shouted every voice save that of Monsieur Bertin.

"A rescue!" shouted Delaunay, and "Vive le Roi!" Galletier and the Swiss soldier, the latter burning with a desire to avenge his massacred countrymen or die in the attempt.

"Then be it so, gentlemen," said Monsieur Bertin. "To horse!"

(To be continued.)

## Theodore Roosevelt and the Problem before Him.

(Continued from page 229.)

the custom of men bringing with them their wives and children, as at the German clubs in New York, Milwaukee, and Chicago. A man does not get drunk in the company of his sweetheart, his wife, or his children, and any pleasure he has he should share with them.

Like all men of sense Mr. Roosevelt dislikes the treating habit common in America, which he regards as unquintessentially noxious. Why should a man insist on another man's drinking either whisky or anything else merely because he desires such a drink? He would not think of insisting upon his neighbor's eating a meal or taking a bath merely because he himself happened to need one. And furthermore, the American system of treating is calculated to cheapen friendship by putting it upon a strictly business basis, it being practically understood that each man who joins a party of drinkers shall, under pain of being thought a mean fellow, pay for exactly as many rounds as each of his friends. This results in making each one of the party drink more than he desires, stay away from home later than he intended, and in many instances spend more money than he can afford. In Europe the treating habit is unknown, it being a matter of common occurrence for one man to invite a friend to drink without the friend feeling it incumbent upon him to respond, at least on that particular occasion.

I could not but be impressed with Mr. Roosevelt's free and easy, almost boyish, manner. Although at the head of New York's police department, and unquestionably one with such prominence and power as comes to few men, there was absolutely no posing in his way of speaking, no effort to make an impression, nor any straining toward dignity. He cared not at all how he appeared; indeed, most of the time he sat on the edge of the table, swinging one leg over the side and fussing with papers lying about him or slapping his hands with delightful informality. Compared with him, the door-keeper in the next room, with his frown and brass buttons, presented a much more orthodox picture of official dignity. While the photographs that accompany this article were being taken, Mr. Roosevelt did nothing at all in the way of getting ready, and when the artist asked for one pose with the head covered Mr. Roosevelt picked up his straw hat, and putting it on, remarked with that same puzzling smile: "Here it is; quite a disreputable hat, you see."

Then said the artist, with tact and truthfulness: "We are interested in the man under the hat."

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



## TEA WITH DU MAURIER IN THE TEMPLE.



GEORGE DU MAURIER.

THE imaginative traveler is ever on the lookout for things typical, for the unaccustomed sights and sounds which are the key-notes of an alien life. From London he returns with deeply-ingrained memories of the pavements, as smooth as a ball-room floor; the rubber-tired hansoms, where one can luxuriate for two miles for a shilling; and the polite, black-gloved and helmeted "lokkos," whose amiable manner, soft-voiced responses, and sedate protection are ever at the disposal of the public; the fogs, if it is the season for them; the palaces, with their motionless sentries and mounted guards—and the Temple, the abode of lawyers only, over which so many romances in books and out have thrown their glamour.

Simply to have in prospect a lounging half-hour around the Temple courts would have been treat enough, but to have been bidden to tea in a barrister's chambers, and at that tea to have been promised a hand-clasp from Du Maurier, was surely an embarrassment of happy anticipations for one afternoon!

The hansom curved tortuously between the encroaching roof-crowded houses and great drays—as only a London hansom can—and passed under one of the gray, shadowy arches leading to the inner courts. Here, in a jutting corner window with tiny panes, the legal atmosphere was suggested by a display of judicial wigs, from the great, curled ones the judges wear to small periwigs, tied with black ribbon, fit to crown the smooth face of a young and enthusiastic pleader; and a few steps farther on, a barrister with foot perched on a stone ledge made hurried corrections in pencil on a brief outspread on his knee. We passed Fountain Court, where the drip of water and the shrill call of sparrows made infinitesimal and tinkling echoes in the stony square, the hansom, like a great black beetle, passing quiet figures seated on benches under the trees—for the calm and isolation of Fountain Court make it a haven of refuge to the old who dream with ebbs resting on their canes, to the unsuccessful, and the unfortunate.

All the three- or four-story buildings which form the dwelling-places of the legal sprigs, rising lights, and veterans who have long since foregone the wig and gown, are very old houses, reeking with memories, and guileless of a single modern improvement. In one of these, on the top floor where a tea-party was in progress, I met Du Maurier, but not on entering, nor for fifteen minutes afterward. The little tea-party was in his honor, yet every other guest was more enthusiastically present than the author of "Trilby."

When I first saw him he was sitting on a low stool, listening to the chatter of a pretty Englishwoman at his side. His daughter, the most beautiful girl I saw in England, and his model for years, was pouring tea near him.

And this was the man who had created "les trois Angliches," the human spider, Svengali, the duchess-like grisette whose lovely feet had walked through the mire while her heart was as a rose—the man whose phrases lingered with the charm of a twilight melody in the mind—the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome—of whom America was talking, and waiting to welcome, if he would but go to her.

He is of middle height, and slender. In a carefree glance he seemed about forty-five, but looking at you with his dim eyes, a smile tinged with melancholy crossing his face, he seemed pathetically old. The thought came irresistibly—"If only this added fame had come to him twenty-five years ago!"

Beside one of the windows commanding a view of the many-bridged Thames I had a chance of speaking to him. He was invitingly approachable; no trace of positivism from success in his bearing, no affectation, and the eccentricity which abortive genius adopts with a slouched hat has never touched hands with him. His is a gentle face, almost wistfully attentive,

his voice one that goes to the heart and warms it; there is a restful humor in what he says, humor even in the partially blind eyes.

"The very children know your name now in America, Mr. Du Maurier."

"So I have heard. So I judged from the letters I received from your great country," he said in a thoughtful, semi-wondering tone.

"Did you have any premonition that 'Trilby' would awaken and thrill us so?"

"I had not, indeed," he said emphatically and confidentially. "There isn't a creature living more surprised than I am. It is a 'boom,' a most unexpected one—I can't help thinking a most undeserved one in many respects. Can you tell me," he asked, as ingeniously as a child, "what quality in the book has made it so successful—for upon my word I don't know."

"Isn't it the coziness of its style—the way you take your readers into your confidence, seeming to unmask to them not only the hearts of your characters, but your own?"

"Well, there may be something in that," he said. "Perhaps my instinctive style is a happy one, though amateur. I have not served the usual apprenticeship at writing, and have no masters—just write as I feel. You know I commenced late in life, when my sight began to fail and I foresaw that soon I must renounce the making of sketches."

"Tell me if Trilby ever lived, or even a shadow of her."

"Not even a shadow," he said with a smile and nod. "Neither as a grisette nor as a singer

face. I was walking on Hampstead Heath one day with Henry James, and we were talking of books and plots. Suddenly I suggested his writing a story on hypnosis, where a woman would be made to sing, simply through the commanding will of another. 'Write it yourself, Du Maurier,' said he. 'It's good. Write it yourself.' The idea haunted me. Gradually I built the framework of the story around it, and naturally my inclination sent my memory reveling in my own student days in the Paris that, alas, is no more—the Paris where Bohemianism meant light-heartedness, and art was a living, gasping hope. I wrote the story in six weeks. A curious thrill in his voice which bespoke the artist was in the next words: 'It took me two years to illustrate it.'"

"You will, of course, illustrate the book you are writing now?"

"No. My days with the pen I fear are almost over. You see my sight is going fast. A story can be dictated, but good eyes are needed to make a drawing."

"Will you come to America?"

He looked wistful and shrugged his shoulders.

"I wish I could. How gladly I'd go if I had health. But as I am, I fear the strain would be too much. My heart goes out to the multitudes who have written to me from across the sea, but I fear I shall not see them there."

No one could have heard Du Maurier speak these words in his gentle voice without a futile, passionate longing to give him youth, and bring keen vision to his benign and clouded eyes.

The author of "Trilby" leaves this impression—a man missing keenly the priceless possession of good health, but owning a sweet philosophy to temper all his misfortunes—simple, kindly, gentle as a woman, not reveling in the thought that a great continent rings with his name—rather wondering at it.

In the beginning of the long, cool twilight we said good-bye to him and walked slowly around the Temple courts, past Middle Temple Hall, where Shakespeare read "Midsummer Night's Dream" to Queen Elizabeth, and found ourselves at last beside a low, gray tombstone. What a burial place! Not a hundred yards away lay the London streets, but by some mysterious construction of the sheltering walls no faintest echo of its thunder-beat stole into this quiet corner where thousands pass daily; the bell in the steeple of the little church where the lawyers are supposed to worship was pealing softly as we lingered by the stone, with its simple declaration: "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

This moment in the twilight, by the grave of one who wrote unforgettable lines, was a fitting close to the half-pensive pleasure of the afternoon.

KATE JORDAN.



FOUNTAIN COURT.

of evanescent fame did Trilby live. Some of the other characters are re-clothed memories, but not Trilby."

"The pictures suggest Ellen Terry."

"Yes. I was thinking of her, as she looked when a girl."

"You lived in the midst of just such scenes as you described?"

The light of reminiscence flashed over his face, and looking beyond the drifting Thames, one knew he was seeing in his mind's eye some straggling, Gallic-scented street of old Paris.

"Yes; and what years and years ago! I went over the ground very recently. It is all changed now—or almost all, for Notre Dame still stands as gray and older."

"Peter Rabbit" was your first excursion into novel-making."

"The very first. I enjoyed writing the story very much. You have read it. You see how tall I make Peter and the Duchess of Towers? Trilby is also aggressively tall for a woman. I have always adored people of Homeric proportions," and as he spoke his gaze lingered on a charming American who stood almost five feet ten in her pretty silk hose. "If she were on the stage," he said, ruminatively, "she would look the part of Trilby finely." Then he added, emphatically: "Why, if I could make a world there wouldn't be a man in it under six feet seven, nor a woman less than six feet. Of course Nature's perversity made her turn out as I am, with not an inch to spare."

"Do you remember how the inspiration to write 'Trilby' came to you?"

"Perfectly," he said, a smile flitting over his

## FOUR PLAYERS.

## Profile of an Actress.

(CHLOE URQUHART POTTER.)

"BEAUTY like hers is genius," one poet has well said; for, in truth, beauty is the feminine of genius.

This gift, however, and in the case of an actress particularly, is only a starting-point, a condition upon which she may set out upon the career of artist. In art, as in life, *noblesse oblige*. In vain the gift, unless she who possesses it possess also the conviction and the courage to express it fully; for where much is given, much more is required. Sooner or later she must pay the penalty, whether of success or failure; and, really, it is her manner and spirit of taking the punishment of adversity that finally determines her right to a permanent high place in the ranks of her calling. It was Mrs. Potter's fortune to encounter this struggle for artistic existence at an early period of her professional career. As this began eight years ago, it is only fair to say now that she has come through the trial in splendid form.

Mrs. Potter, by temperament, aspiration, and study, was essentially an actress, whom circumstances had placed temporarily in the *side* of a

society idler; but everybody thought—and some people have not got rid of the notion yet—that she was merely a society woman stage-struck. Her very beauty prejudiced her cause, since those who witnessed her debut as *Clotilde* took it for granted that she could not know how to read Shakespeare's verse, and unjustly summed up all her merits as a *survive de belle femme*. It does not appear that she has ever indulged in feuds with her critics. Indeed, I fancy she is inclined to set rather too much store by what they say about her. At all events, she was in no danger of being spoiled by over-praise at the outset. Presently she found that, owing to the publicity which circumstances had given to purely personal facts of her life, audiences and critics alike were unable to dissociate the actress from the woman. Inevitably, perhaps, they confused judgment of the one with futile gossip about the other. Mrs. Potter then proceeded quietly to demonstrate the earnestness of her convictions by making a professional tour of the world, playing an extensive repertoire that ranged from Shakespearian tragedy to the intense modernity of "Francillon" and "Thérèse Raquin," and seeking the impartial verdict of English audiences in India, Australia, China, Japan, and the Cape Colony. The verdict was rendered in no uncertain tones. It was, Success! Mrs. Potter gained broad artistic experience, won cordial friends, and incidentally made money. Returning then to America, enthusiastic and confident, she made a circuit of the States, and finally, last season, again threw down the gauntlet in New York City. The play was "Charlotte Corday," and it was presented at a Harlem theatre. The sombre drama afforded its heroine one or two real opportunities, and these Mrs. Potter was able to develop with fine and sure effect. She gave the metropolitan public a thrill of surprise, and the critics gracefully acknowledged that a new actress had come to town. This was her *open sesame* to the Broadway theatres, and prepared the way for the present grand production of "Le Collier de la Reine," in which Mrs. Potter "doubles" the roles of the Queen Marie Antoinette and the adventurous *Three Leguons*.

I asked Mrs. Potter a leading question in regard to her conception of this part of Marie Antoinette, and her general idea of acting, and she replied:

"Why, I cannot pretend to act a part unless I do it spontaneously. What I mean is, that after finding out all I can by study about the character to be represented—Marie Antoinette, for instance—I try to feel that character by identifying my own personality with it. Then the thing to do is to impress this assumed character upon my audience, through the best means of expression I can command. This expression must necessarily have some of my own individuality in it. From what other source could natural impulse come? Isn't all art the expression of individual temperament? The rules apply only to the mechanical structure of the work; of course one has to study them, too. But some one whose conception of Marie Antoinette differs from mine, or who may have no real conception of her at all, but only a conventional idea, may tell me I ought to play the part thus and so. Even if willing, though, I couldn't change to his ideal. And if I did change, would I convince others? Probably not, since I did not convince myself."

I tried to get her to assent to my proposition that in "Le Collier de la Reine" she was handicapped by the language put into her mouth, which might be tolerable English, but certainly was not good dramatic lines. She would not admit anything of the kind, though she expressed her strong predilection for blank verse, and was sure that some of her best moments had been in the Shakespearian tragedies.

"Well, you seem to have a clear conscience, artistically speaking."

"Ah, yes! I am happy and hopeful, which I know I couldn't be if I were really in the wrong course. There is nothing like self-confidence and conviction. I have a great comfort from these lines of an old English poet:

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,  
And if men scorn thee take no heed;  
And if men hate thee take no heed,  
But sing thy song, and do thy deed,  
And hope thy hope, and pray thy prayer,  
And crave no praise they will not give,  
Not bays they give thee for thy laud."

I wanted to tell Mrs. Potter that I thought her hair very well without bays. It is browned—of the deep warm tinge of a sea flower, or oak-leaves in a glint of autumn sunshine.

HENRY TYRRELL.

## Nested Silence.

My kind of song is silent, love!  
When you are far away  
The night-time of your absence rids  
His luteful day.

He lies in nested quiet, love!  
In summer twilight can break,  
Until the light of your return  
Rids him awake. WM. H. BAYNE.





CHICAGO IN RUINS, OCTOBER 30TH, 1871.



AN OVERBURDENED RIVER—NEW LEVEE-BRIDGE AT SOUTH HALSTEAD STREET.



RECREATION ON THE SHERIDAN ROAD—CHICAGO'S MAGNIFICENT LAKESHORE.

VIEW FROM WARDENETTE BUILDING, CHICAGO.  
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THE CHICAGO TRUST.

CHICAGO, THE WESTERN METRO

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR "LIESLY'S WEEKLY" BY HENRY D. CLEVELAND

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DWELLING OF M. D. OGDEN, SURROUNDED BY TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED ACRES OF RUIN.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE TIMES-HERALD BUILDING, FROM THE CITY HALL.



THE RUSH OF BUSINESS, CORNER RANDOLPH AND LA SALLE STREETS, 7 A. M.



# METROPOLIS, 1871-1895.

BY D. CLEVELAND, AND DRAWINGS BY H. REUTERDAHL. —[SEE PAGE 286.]



## THE CHICAGO OF TO-DAY.

SCARCELY a quarter of a century has passed over Chicago since the city was visited by the greatest calamity of modern times, and one hundred thousand persons saw their homes and business-houses laid in ashes. Yet not one city, but two, have been built upon the ruins of the old wooden Chicago of 1871.

The Chicago of to-day is a proud and powerful metropolis; a city of boundless wealth and some claims to beauty; no longer provincial or sectional, but metropolitan and national; dominating by its vigorous and nervous energy the whole continent except that narrow but still important strip between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic. It is the centre of the continent's railway and inland navigation system; the produce supplying, manufacturing, and jobbing centre of the western hemisphere, and developing a commerce which calls to mind the boast of the old burghers of Nuremberg, that "—their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime."

True it is, and no idle boast, that the trade of this pushing, hustling inland city crosses every sea and penetrates every land.

What are the conditions that have made Chicago what she is, and which give an assuring promise of an even more glorious future? What is that which will strike the eye of the practical observer as the one distinguishing feature of Chicago as a metropolitan city?

Such an observer will note first, Chicago's singular position almost at the centre of population of the North American continent, at the head of a vast system of inland seas and river over two thousand miles in extent, and he will not fail to see the great ship-canal which is being cut through the glacial drift to unite the waters of the lakes with the headwaters of the Mississippi. He will see on every side the evidences of a wonderful natural wealth; vast prairies of the most fertile soil, extensive forests of pine and hard wood, and inexhaustible deposits of building stone, coal, iron, copper, salt, and petroleum. Looking more closely he will then observe the score and a half of railroads entering the city from every point of the compass, and encircling it in concentric rings of steel—a great geometrical spider's web of railway track.

## THE NAVAL OF THE CONTINENT.

Ten great systems of railways pour into Chicago the golden produce of the West and Northwest, while five from the South and Southwest bring myriads of live stock to the great abattoirs, and a steady stream of energy in continuous trains of coal. Millions of feet of lumber and thousands of tons of ore are floated down from Lake Superior on vessels a hundred times as big as the ship that bore Columbus across the sea from Spain. Out of Chicago eastward run ten great trunk railways, carrying annually four and a half to five million tons of freight to the seaboard, while her lake commerce is already greater in tonnage than that of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco all together. (Report of board of trade.) The rail lines and the lake route counterbalance each other, so as to fasten the great lakes port on the southern end of Lake Michigan, and to keep the rates of transportation constantly at the lowest point. These then are, in brief, the conditions which tend to make Chicago the great metropolis of America.

## AN AMAZING WORK-SHOP.

As a manufacturing city Chicago leads every other city except New York, according to the census of 1890, in the value of output, and exceeds New York in the value of the materials used; the census figures of the four leading cities being as follows:

	Cost of Capital.	Value of Materials.	Value of Output.
New York...	\$435,118,000	\$305,322,000	\$777,223,000
Chicago.....	329,732,000	469,168,000	664,568,000
Philadelphia..	375,250,000	311,696,000	527,354,000
Boston.....	174,000,000	105,530,000	211,000,000

But this was five years ago. Manufacturers have not been slow to realize that the centre of distribution is the proper centre of production. Cheap raw materials, cheap power, and convenient transportation attract manufacturers to Chicago in increasing numbers and magnitude of plant. Already Chicago has become the principal manufacturing centre of railway-cars and railway supplies, of furniture, of musical instruments, of bicycles, of farm implements, of mining and ore-extracting machinery, of architectural steel-work, etc.

As a jobbing centre Chicago has no equal. Every large manufacturing or importing house on either coast has its agency in Chicago, and not seldom does the agency do more business than the parent house. Chicago drummers are seen in Manitoba and Quebec; they are welcomed in the South and are not too bashful to appear in the East; they are found on the Gulf

and on the "slope"; in Mexico, Central and South America, disputing territory with the English and the Germans; and elbowing all the world in Australia, Hawaii, and Japan. There is, at the same time, more than one large house in Chicago that does a heavy mail-order business without employing drummers at all; one of these, founded in 1872 as a grange-supply house, and dealing with country customers alone, reports its sales last year at five million dollars, and this year largely on the increase!

The mining companies, the coal, iron, oil, and lumber companies, the land, irrigation, and improvement companies, foreign manufacturing concerns and financial houses of every kind, not only throughout the West but in the East, require offices in Chicago, so that there has grown up a wonderful office population, filling a hundred or more great buildings—to say nothing of the lesser ones.

## TOWERS OF STEEL.

I have said that not one, but two Chicagos have been built since the great fire which swept away two thousand acres of buildings, valued, with their contents, at two hundred million dollars. The reconstructed city was by no means "fire proof." The ordinary business building was four or five stories, of stone or iron front, and wooden floors. The need of more office room in the centre of the city created a demand for tall buildings, and the yielding character of the subsoil brought about the iron and concrete foundation upon which the new "Chicago construction," the tower of steel and terra cotta, was reared. In the down-town districts no less than ten million dollars' worth of "old" buildings have been torn down to make room for these structures, which an able architectural critic of New York has described as approaching perfection in symmetry and design.

The years after the great fair—itsself the most stupendous building enterprise of the century, were confessedly years of dullness and depression. Yet in 1883 there were erected 40.6 miles frontage of new buildings, at a cost of \$28,218,000; and in 1894 there were built 41.8 miles, costing \$33,905,000. The new buildings for the first six months of 1895 cost \$19,000,000. These figures of cost, says the *Economist*, should be increased by twenty-five per cent. This would indicate building operations this year of upward of \$47,000,000.

## MEASUREMENTS BY MILLIONS.

The commerce of Chicago has made gigantic strides since 1870, and one peculiar feature of her progress is that the great fire of October, 1870, seemed to produce no pause in the steady advancement of her business. In 1870, 73,000,000 bushels of grain and flour were shipped from Chicago; in 1871, 85,000,000 bushels; in 1872, 91,000,000, and in 1892, "the year of plenty," 210,000,000 bushels. In 1870, 523,000 cattle and 1,700,000 hogs were received. In the following year the number rose to 684,000 and 2,380,000 respectively. And so on. The fire seemed only to stimulate business, not to impede it. And in reply to the suggestions that have been made from time to time, that the grain business must eventually go to the head of Lake Superior, the packing business to some point further west, etc., we have only to compare some figures of 1870 and 1895. The capacity of Chicago's elevators in 1870 was 11,580,000 bushels, and in October, 1871, it was less than a million. In 1895 it was 46,500,000 bushels, or nearly twice that of Duluth, and nearly 3,000,000 bushels more than the capacity of all the elevators of the four principal Atlantic ports combined. Here are some other comparisons.

	Cattle received.	Sheep received.	Hogs received.
1870.....	523,000	1,700,000	1,700,000
1894.....	3,000,000	3,000,000	7,500,000
	Coal received.	Iron ore received.	Lumber received.
1870.....	867,000	73,300	1,315,000
1894.....	3,000,000	860,000	1,562,000

It is the latter set of figures that shows Chicago's wonderful progress as a manufacturing centre. Over five times as much power, eleven times as much iron and steel, and four hundred and fifty million feet more of lumber! These are the real figures of Chicago's advancement: By the census of 1870, thirty-one thousand persons were reported engaged in manufactures; in 1890 the census gives the number at one hundred and sixty-six thousand, or five and a third times as many! Over ten thousand persons were employed in transportation.

And no less on sea than on land is Chicago great. Over a third of all the domestic tonnage of the country belongs to the great lakes, and the steel vessels now built at the Chicago shipyards are the heaviest that float upon fresh water. At the port of Chicago in 1894 the

entrances and clearances, 10,708, were more than those of any other port in the country, and more than half the number of Baltimore, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and San Francisco combined. The tonnage of 1894, 10,392,000, was heavier than that of Marseilles or Antwerp or Liverpool, and to this is to be added the heaviest rail tonnage of any city in the world. The above figures, it should be noticed, are those of the custom-house, whose impartial rules are the same for every port in the land.

In 1870 Chicago built fifteen wooden vessels, of an aggregate of 1,676 tons. In the first eight months of 1895 there have been built in her ship-yards four wooden vessels (three of them yachts), of ninety-five tons, and four steel ships of eleven thousand tons.

Financially, Chicago is a city of exceptional strength. It is the clearing-house for the whole West and Southwest. Comparing 1871 with 1895, her banks show as follows:

	No. of Banks.	Deposits.	Clearings.
1871.....	18	\$ 17,000,000	\$ 87,000,000
1895....	45	200,000,000	4,815,000,000

The increase of bank clearances in the twenty-four years in Chicago has been five hundred and forty per cent. Her system of banking is founded upon prudence and integrity, and in the past twenty-five years the failures have been few and unimportant, comparing most favorably with other financial centres.

The collections of customs at Chicago in 1870-1 were but a trifling amount; in 1890-4 they had risen to very near six millions. A comparison of Chicago's importing business for the past five years with the three leading Atlantic ports, as shown by collections, will prove mighty interesting reading. The figures are in round million dollars:

	1880-90.	1890-4.	Increase or dec. p. c.
New York....	\$153,000,000	\$88,000,000	-43
Philadelphia..	24,000,000	8,000,000	-68
Boston.....	19,000,000	9,000,000	-57
Chicago.....	5,000,000	5,900,000	+18

In other words, while the three big Eastern seaports have lost an average of fifty-six per cent. upon their customs collections of five years ago, Chicago has gained eighteen per cent.

The business of the street railways shows the wonderfully busy character of the people. Everybody seems on the move. The stocks of the street-railway companies in 1870 amounted to about \$1,000,000, and the earnings were insignificant. In 1894 they reached the enormous sum of \$73,000,000, with a bonded indebtedness of a still larger sum. The electric lines by the close of the present year will have over four hundred miles of track, besides some eighty miles of cable road and thirty-five miles of elevated.

There is scarcely any better commercial indicator, however, than the postal business of a great city. The receipts of the post-office are made up of the postage on letters, newspapers, and parcels, and the money-orders indicate the amount of business transacted by merchants through the mails, or sent home by prosperous workmen. The gross receipts of the Chicago post-office for 1885 and 1894 (earlier figures being unobtainable), as compared with three great Eastern cities, were, in round numbers, as follows:

	1885.	1894.	Increase per cent.
Chicago.....	1,891,000	4,450,000	235
New York.....	4,344,000	6,941,000	60
Boston.....	1,471,000	2,475,000	68
Philadelphia..	1,542,000	2,627,000	61

The domestic money-order business of the four big cities for the fiscal year 1895 is as follows:

	Issued.	Paid.	Total.
Chicago.....	\$1,944,000	\$11,552,000	\$13,496,000
New York.....	1,018,000	6,366,000	10,384,000
Boston.....	1,441,000	3,924,000	5,365,000
Philadelphia..	658,000	3,425,000	4,083,000

The total money-order business of Chicago, domestic and international, for 1895, exceeded that of New York by \$2,378,000, and on the new series (planned) beginning July 1st, 1894, to September 18th, 1895, New York had issued 108,000 money-orders, and Chicago had issued 111,000.

## PROGRESS NATURAL AND PERMANENT.

I have been at pains to give the above statistics, to show from official sources some of the particulars in which the "boasting" of Chicago is not in vain. And especially as to population. Chicago has passed the period of her sapling growth, and is as sturdy and sound a tree as stands in the American forest; a very *sequoia gigantea* of trees. Its decadal rings are marked with the following figures:

	1840.....	1850.....	1860.....	1870.....	1880.....	1890.....
	4,851	29,763	112,172	298,977	503,185	1,238,929
	1890... 1,700,000 (estimated).					

The remarkable salubrity of Chicago's atmosphere and conditions of life is perhaps not the most unimportant reason of her rapid growth. Instead of being, as might be supposed from her situation, the most unhealthy of cities, Chicago shows the lowest death-rate of all large cities of

the world, the list standing as follows: Chicago, 15.34 per 1,000; Philadelphia, 18.28; Brooklyn, 20.14; New York, 21.03; Boston, 22.99; London, 27.4; Paris, 20.2; Berlin, 19.3.

## THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AND THE CHURCH.

In its educational institutions the city shows itself really great. Chicago has two hundred and eighty-one fine school buildings, besides two hundred and seventy rented rooms, and has eighteen buildings and additions under construction. In enrollment (212,000) the city already nearly equals New York, and in average daily attendance exceeds the older city by ten thousand. Her art institute, Armour Institute, and other art and technical schools are crowded; her public library (soon to occupy one of the finest library buildings in the country), with its 200,000 volumes collected in the brief period since the great fire, boasts a larger circulation than any other in the world, and is justly proud of its first medal at the last Paris exposition. The attendance at its Art Institute and Columbian Museum compares favorably with that at South Kensington and the Metropolitan Museum, and the attendance of school pupils is noticeably large. Her Newberry and Clearer libraries, Armour Institute and mission, Chicago University and Yerkes Observatory, Field Columbian Museum, and Matthew Laffin Memorial (Academy of Sciences), the Lewis Institute and others, testify to the princely munificence of her citizens, who vie with Mæcenæ of Rome and the Medici of Florence in their generous support of arts and letters. The newspapers of Chicago are published in a dozen tongues and the leading journals rank in circulation, enterprise, and ability among the first in the land. And the churches! They are numerous, indeed, but not the most elegant and costly. To their credit be it said, they are not exclusive, and are most liberal and practical in their work among the people; while such movements as the Hull House, the University Settlement, the People's Institute, the People's Church, and the Woman's Club are doing a grand work in uplifting and enlightening the poor and the unfortunate, saving the young and innocent and Americanizing the ignorant foreign classes. Of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Woman's Christian Association it may be said briefly that they have the finest buildings and the strongest membership in the United States. The splendid temple of the Women's Christian Temperance Union speaks for the temperance work in the great city, where upward of ten square miles of populous territory are and have been strictly prohibition.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## Sail-maker Ratsey on Sails and Sailing.

THOMAS W. RATSEY, of Cowes, England, is, perhaps, head as well as shoulders above any other sail-maker in the world. His art is not an acquired one either, but rather one inherited from generations of Ratseys, all of whom made the making of sails their chief livelihood.

Just before sailing for home on the *Majestic*, Wednesday, September 18th, Mr. Ratsey conversed with me at length, and while he refrained naturally from expressing any opinion other than complimentary of Lord Dunsraven's action, he spoke his mind on other matters far more agreeable and interesting.

First, the great English sail-maker acknowledged the *Defender's* superiority, and in the event of her sailing in English waters next year, opined that a new boat would have to be built in order to keep the *Defender* from quite filling her lockers to the full with the Brinton's Reef Cup, which the *Nereid* failed to win, and countless other valuable trophies which are open for competition to all representatives of recognized yacht clubs the world over.

While Mr. Herreshoff had gone ahead, according to Mr. Ratsey, this year—that is, had shown an advancement in the science of yacht architecture, the designer of the *Valkyrie III*. (Mr. Ratsey noticeably did not specify Mr. Watson) had shown a retrograde movement, to wit, in the extreme beam which was a marked characteristic of the *Valkyrie III*.

This, indeed, was an admission from an Englishman, and showed that Mr. Ratsey, outside of his ability as a sail-maker, possessed the qualities of fair-mindedness and freedom from prejudice—quite a refreshing trait in these days of controversy, when, for instance, a man like Crandfield, of the *Valkyrie*, can see nothing fair nor square in anything American.

The genius of Nat. Herreshoff was thus duly extolled, though Mr. Ratsey frankly condemned the sails which the Bristol firm had turned out. "It is just as though I had turned my hand to designing a cup-challenger," said he. "Why,



mainmast set horribly, and the headsails worse. "But the *Defender's* club-top sail cloth set fairly well," I ventured to remark. "Yes, that's so; but Herreshoff did make that."

Mr. Ratsey then went on to point out from a

ure of the *Defender* certain defects in her

insail. Taking a piece of paper with a

right edge, he connected the end of the gaff

h the end of the main boom. "Now," said

to custom—that is, perpendicular to the leech—

he had dug up an idea which was found worth-

less years ago. In conclusion Mr. Ratsey ex-

pressed the opinion that American sail-makers

were little better now than they were a dozen

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THE OUTLOOK IS NOT A BRIGHT ONE.

It cannot be said at this writing that the foot-

ball season of 1895, which is now upon us in

earnest, promises great things in the way of

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solely to the split in the college world, as a re-

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ed the playing code of last year in certain re-

spects, and Harvard, Cornell, and the Univer-

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such an extent that the rival factions will play,

in many ways, a different game.

Of course should Harvard and Yale agree

shortly to play a match—in other words, agree

to patch up a truce in their present strained re-

lations—the chances are strongly in favor of a

conference, whose duty shall be the adoption of

rules alike for all. But until a game or no

game is definitely settled upon it seems un-

necessary to enter a discussion of the different

amendments in more than a general way.

While Yale and Princeton have attacked the

rules governing momentum plays, Harvard and

her children have left them severely alone.

Thus the former allows only one player to start

and only three to group behind the line before

the ball is put in play. That is to say, the cen-

tre guards and tackles must retain their posi-

tions in the line, while the ends can only drop

back a trifle, though not allowed inside the

tackle positions. This change makes the game

in a measure what it used to be in former years.

The fair-catch rule, however, has been at-

tacked by both sides and in a different way.

For instance, the Yale and Princeton rules do

not require that the man intending to make the

fair catch shall hold up his hand. He is re-

quired, however, to make a mark with his heel

and must not advance beyond that mark. Har-

vard & Co., on the other hand, permit the

catcher to pass the ball to one of his own side,

who can run with it or kick it. Otherwise the

ball must be put in play at the spot where the

catch was made.

Other changes are these:

Rule twenty-five, as amended by Harvard,

University of Pennsylvania, and Cornell, reads:

"No player shall lay his hands upon, or by the

use of his hands or arms interfere with, an op-

ponent before the ball is put in play. After the

ball is put in play the players of the side that

has possession of the ball can obstruct the

opponents with the body only, except the

player who runs with the ball. But the players

of the side which has not the ball can use hands

and arms to push the opponents out of the way

in breaking through."

As amended by Yale and Princeton this rule

reads: "A player is put off side if, during a

scrimmage he gets in front of the ball, or if the

ball has been last touched by one of his own

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called off side in his own goal. No player when

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Respecting the officials of the game—while

the one, or the Yale party, will be governed by

one umpire, a referee, a linesman, and an assist-

ant linesman, the other will have two umpires,

a referee, and a linesman, all of whom "shall be

nominated by the captains and confirmed by the

faculty." The duties of this latter body com-

prise the giving of testimony by the referee to either

of the umpires of all cases of fouls as seen by

him, and the umpires are in duty bound to ac-

cept such testimony as conclusive, and forth-

with impose the proper penalty.

The Yale officials one and all are empowered

to disqualify a player, though a decision of this

nature must be approved by the umpire.

AN AMERICAN CUP RACE IN 1896.

The American Cup challenge of Young Rose,

the English yachtsman, coming as it did right

upon the heels of the Danraven fiasco, must be

considered in the light alone of a direct slap at

the Irish earl, and condemnation of his un-

sportsmanlike action in withdrawing the *Vol-*

*kyrie III*.

According to officials of the New York Yacht

Club the challenge of Mr. Rose—which, by the

way, asks for no conditions whatsoever—will be

duly accepted, and a race in consequence next

year is assured.

The *Volkyrie III* has been laid up in New

York for the winter, but to most minds it is a

question if Danraven contemplates racing her

in these waters next year. Knowing the *Vol-*

*kyrie* to be a slower boat than the *Defender* he

will hardly court certain defeat.

Mr. F. Bull

Returning to a discussion of the mainsail of

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MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL ON THE BIKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES NOTTMAN.



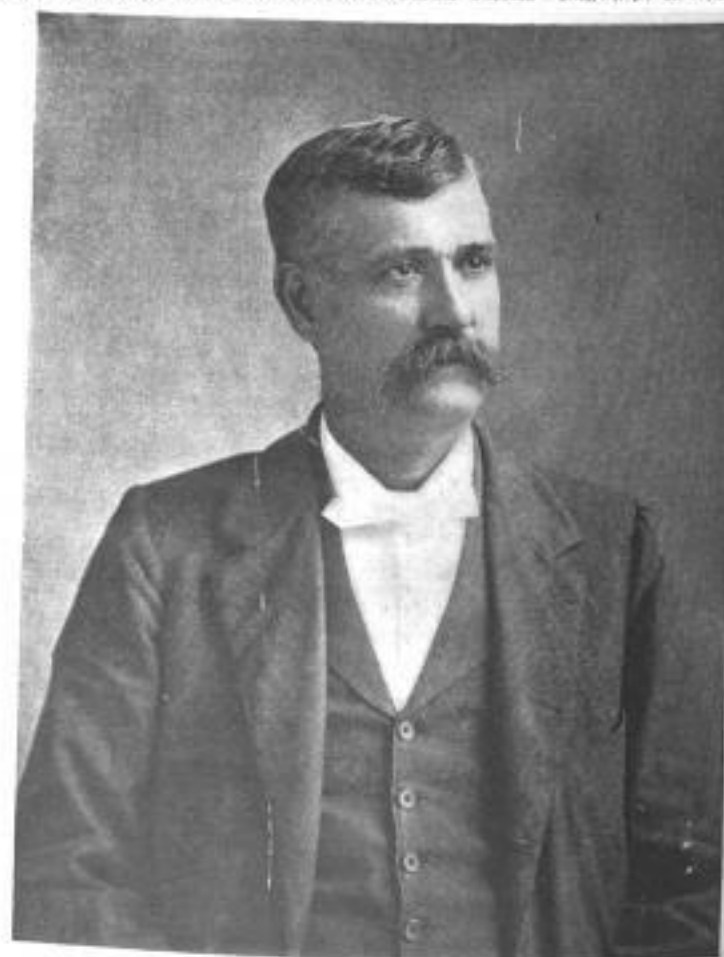
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THE SEDAN CELEBRATION IN BERLIN—RECEPTION OF THE GERMAN VETERANS FROM THE UNITED STATES.—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*



INTERNATIONAL BASE-BALL AT WEMBLEY PARK, LONDON, BETWEEN A BOSTON AMATEUR CLUB AND AN ENGLISH TEAM.—*London Black and White.*



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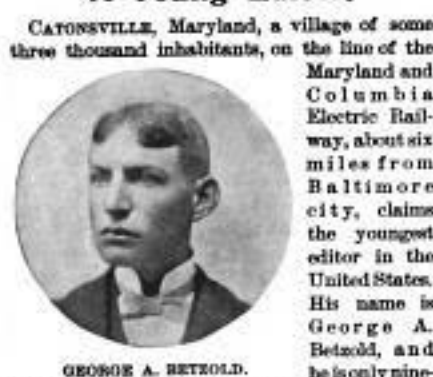
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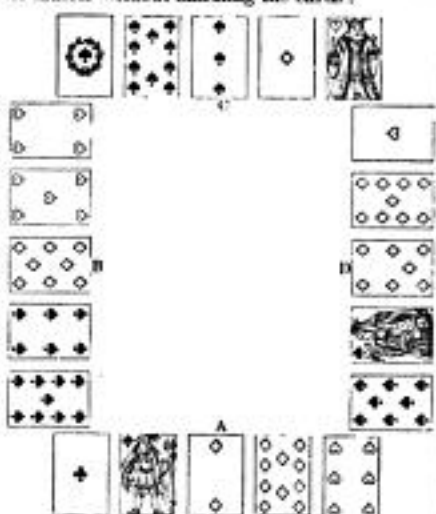
## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 31 was pronounced a gem by such as mastered it thoroughly, whereas many who gave incorrect solutions thought it very simple. A leads off with the eight of diamonds, B the ace, and C discards the seven. B leads with heart three, C the four, and A takes with the five, wins the next trick in diamonds and throws clubs to his partner. On the first round, if B play diamond nine, C discards the queen so as to let A take two tricks in clubs, and force B to weaken in hearts or diamonds. Correct solutions were received from Mrs. E. T. Allen, Amyranth Club, "P. H. B.," C. F. Barry, Dr. Cole, W. V. Charles, C. F. Doran, Dr. Ellsworth, W. S. Edwards, C. H. Flemming, C. N. Gowan, Garfield Club, "H. L. D. H.," G. Hazard, Howard Club, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," "Inoclast," D. W. Kennedy, H. Long, C. H. Martens, Mrs. H. T. Menner, G. Mosher, E. Nugent, E. Orr, A. L. Porter, G. Peterson, R. Rogers, J. F. Stewart, Dr. Tyler, Mrs. M. E. Tabor, E. L. Thompson, and W. Young. All others, which includes many of our best solvers, were incorrect.

Here is a pretty bit of whist play, given as Problem No. 32, which will tax one's ingenuity to master without handling the cards:



Clubs trumps. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 32. BY A. J. CONAN. Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 29. BY MAXIMO.

White. 1 Q to K 2. Black. 1 K dis. Ch. 2 B to Q 4 mate.

This beautiful, although not really very difficult, problem was greatly admired by our corps of solvers, who were struck by the originality as well as skillful handling of the theme. It was correctly mastered by Messrs. E. Giroux, B. Whitmore, Jr., W. L. Fogg, J. Winslow, J. B. Miller, Dr. Baldwin, J. Hannan, P. Stafford, F. C. Nye, A. C. Cass, A. Hardy, E. H. Baldwin, W. E. Hayward, "Ivanhoe," F. H. Dominick, W. Stubbs, P. Truax, R. Rogers, and C. V. Smith. All others gave Q takes P for the key, which can be defeated by the somewhat hidden reply of Q to R 2. The only weakness to this problem is what has been termed "paucity of attack." There are too few lines of attack which give any promise of success, and the defenses are too apparent.

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Leave Chicago via the Burlington Route (C. R. & Q. R. R.) every Wednesday at 6:35 p. m. Route via Denver, Denver & Rio Grande Ry. (the scenic line) and Salt Lake City. These excursions are accompanied by an experienced agent of the Burlington Route, thoroughly familiar with California. The latest model of Pullman tourist sleeping cars are used. They are fitted with every comfort; carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, bed linen, toilet rooms, etc. They lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullman's run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars and descriptive folders, or write to T. A. Grady, Manager Burlington Route Excursion Bureau, 221 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Malt Extract  
The "Best" Tonic

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

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DOROTHY, aged five, looked with awe and pity at the long, needle-pointed shoes of a young-lady visitor, and then asked of her compassionately: "Miss Ethel, ain't you got only one toe?"—Judge.

THE law-breaker is a great believer in Hill. "Here, you!" he says fiercely to the man who arrests him; "you jest let my personal liberty alone."—Judge.

### EXPERIENCED.

MRS. JACKSON PARK (at a Chicago wedding):—"The bride has been married before, hasn't she?"

Mrs. Gunnison Dearborn—"Oh, yes. This is her fifth inning."—Judge.

THE field of Waterloo is covered with crimson poppies every year. What a blooming lot of opium-eaters there must have been in the French and English armies!—Judge.





AN ANSWER FULL OF BITTER MEANING.

MR. NEVENS (at half-past eleven, p.m.)—"Have you ever heard that beautiful ballad, 'I must away'?"  
MISS GAPELEY—"Not recently."

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1895.

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## THE BICYCLE AT NEWPORT.

A MORNING SPIN OF LADIES OF THE "FOUR HUNDRED" ON BELLEVUE AVENUE.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

AMER. WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 307 Herald Building.  
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Brant, H. B. Rensdahl.

OCTOBER 17, 1895.

## Vigorous vs. Impotent Diplomacy.



WHILE the foreign policy of Great Britain is often arrogant and contemptuous of considerations of justice and fair play, there is one particular in which it is uniformly commendable, and that is in its courageous assertion and defense, under all circumstances, of the rights of British citizenship. No matter in what

far corner of the world an Englishman may be outraged in person or property, the arm of British power will reach the wrong-doer and the evil he has done will be avenged.

The latest illustration of this resolute and decisive temper in dealing with foreign aggressors is furnished by the action of the government in the matter of the Chinese missionary massacre. When called upon to bring the perpetrators of these murders to justice, China as usual made all sorts of promises, but took no action at all against the instigators and principals in the crime. Satisfied that the responsibility for the riots and massacres rested with the officials of Soochow province, the British government, tiring of prevarications and delays, finally notified China that she must within fourteen days degrade the viceroy of the province, who was conspicuous for his hostility to the missionaries, or take the consequences, adding that in case of refusal the British admiral, with a fleet of fourteen warships, would proceed instantly to hostile measures. Of course the response to this direct and unqualified demand was immediate; the viceroy was degraded and will never be permitted to again take office. The deposed official is said to be enormously rich, and considered himself securely entrenched alike against imperial scrutiny and foreign interference. His hatred of foreigners is represented to have been deep-rooted and bitter, and there is no doubt at all that previous outrages in his province, for some of which he has had to pay indemnity from his private purse, were inspired by him. The fact that the Chinese government has shown itself able to reach and punish him shows the fallacy of the excuse often set up by it that it is not strong enough to deal effectually with this or that recalcitrant official, and is only second in importance to the other fact that the exhibition of a willingness on the part of that government to actively proceed against offenders must have an eminently wholesome influence upon the entire official class.

One thought naturally occurs to every American in contemplating this action of Great Britain. Why did not the United States, which was equally concerned, take the lead in defending the interests of civilization against the barbarities of a pagan Power? Is there no potency in the American name that we should play second fiddle to any other nation in a matter of humanity and the security of our own citizens? Is the American flag a mere bit of bunting, standing for nothing among the nations of the earth? Must we forever rely upon some other flag for protection on foreign soil? The *New York World* says truly that the story of our inactivity in this Chinese business is a most humiliating bit of history. Who is to blame for the delay and pusillanimity which have brought disgrace upon our diplomacy and begotten in every true American a sense of shame and humiliation?

## In the House of His Friends.

THE *New York Democratic* platform is profuse in everything but its commendation of President Cleveland. While it devotes a whole section to the subject of beer, it has but a single line for the executive of the party's choice, and that is almost Arctic in its frigidity. "We endorse the administration of President Cleveland"—that and nothing more. That even this endorsement was mere hypocritical pretense is shown by the fact that the convention, from first to last, put every possible affront upon the recognized representatives and special friends of the President. Thus ex-Postmaster-General Bissell, who as a delegate from Erie County was entitled to recognition in the selection of the three State committee-men from that county, was altogether ignored, and blue-eyed "Billy" Sheehan, a resident of this metropolis, was permitted to put upon the committee henchmen of his own, who represent distinctively the anti-Cleveland faction of the county. The humiliation of the State Democracy delegates, who had been beguiled into the convention by promises of fair treatment, affords another proof of the same fact. The simple fact is that the Democratic party in New York, as run by Messrs. Hill, Murphy, Croker, and Sheehan, has "no use" for Mr. Cleveland, and no sympathy with anything that he stands for. These party masters dislike the man personally; they

resent his refusal to use his office for the furtherance of Tammany designs and purposes, and they mean to humiliate him in any and every way possible. Those of his admirers, if there are such, who imagine that the *New York Democracy* can be counted upon to support the third-term idea would do well to consider seriously and soberly the logic of the situation in the light of the proceedings at the Syracuse convention.

## The Subject of Vivisection.

ONE of the topics discussed at the recent annual meeting of the American Humane Association, held in the city of Minneapolis, was that of vivisection. For months the medical committee of the national organization had been collecting information and opinion from the country at large, and on this information and opinion based its report.

It is interesting to note that out of two thousand and more expressions of opinion from physicians, medical professors, college presidents and teachers, only about one-eighth were in favor of unrestricted vivisection—that is, of allowing a scientific expert or a medical student, or any investigator, the privilege of experimenting upon live animals without legal restriction as to method of procedure.

In the light of the often reiterated statement by medical men that vivisection is absolutely essential to the advancement of medical science, and that there can be no further progress in the saving of human life if vivisection is inhibited, the declaration of quite a large number of the medical men who were interviewed by the committee, that vivisection should be absolutely prohibited, is of peculiar significance, whatever one may hold as to the act of vivisection itself.

A British physician now in this country, Dr. Forbes Winslow, put the matter in a nutshell—at least from the standpoint of the ultra anti-vivisectionists—when he said that in his opinion vivisection had opened up no new views for the treatment and cure of disease. "It is most unjustifiable and cruel," he maintained, "and in no way advances medical science." Sir Edwin Arnold, in his word to the committee, took a somewhat poetical view of the case, and quite naturally, when he said that he would hardly allow even an angel to vivisect without anesthetics. One of the medical professors of Philadelphia, Dr. Garretson, was "without words to express his horror of vivisection," and many others expressed themselves with similar force. About five hundred of the persons who communicated with the committee were in favor of the total prohibition of vivisection, while a large majority of the persons interviewed condemned as cruel and wrong the infliction of torment upon living animals simply to illustrate well-known physiological facts, without relation to the cure or prevention of disease.

While no doubt a large and distinguished array of scientific and medical men, and perhaps college presidents, might be set in line as an offset to the two thousand of the American Humane Association, and be found as warmly in favor of vivisection as the two thousand were opposed to it, yet such an expression of opinion as that which this society has collated must have a decided influence in determining legislative and administrative action as to this interesting subject.

## The Era of Young Men.

It looks very much as if the question, What shall we do with our young men? is being merged into the more serious problem of what is to become of the old men. This is so thoroughly a young man's age, and the tendency is so strong in his favor, that all the energies of the world seem to be searching for youth. A recent personal experience will illustrate the practical bearing of this matter. A gentleman who had passed his fifty-eighth year was in search of employment. He was a man of undoubted ability, of clean record, of high sense of honor, and of proven capacity in business management. His case was placed before the representative of one of the largest railroads of the country by a friend who had large influence with its high officials. The reply was: "I would do almost anything in the world for you, but this is absolutely out of the question. I know of his work, but his age stands in the way. We want men under thirty if we can get them, and at any rate under forty. Over fifty is entirely too old for us." This in varied form was the experience with all the other applications. Not even friendship and influence could get over the handicap of age. Of course there are many instances in which men at that time of life, and even much later, obtain responsible places, but they only help to establish the rule that the chances of the old men are fewer than those of the young men, and are becoming fewer with every passing year. The man who passes his fiftieth year without having accumulated money or having established a business in whose profits he shares, has a very poor outlook indeed, if his livelihood depends upon his own exertions.

When we look abroad we find that the motive forces in politics, trade, and industry are youthful ardor and capacity. If the young men of the nation were to stop work for only a day, their abstention would paralyze the government, tie up the railroads, anchor commerce, suspend the newspapers, and bring the country to a practical standstill. A very interesting illustration of how young men have worked miracles in a few years is found in the development of electricity in the United States. With few

exceptions those who have done it all are young men. The greatest and most magnificent schemes of electricity have been suggested, begun, financed, and consummated by them. Within a fraction of a century they have achieved almost a complete revolution of the motive power of the world. Many of them have become rich men under forty years of age, and many more of them are accumulating wealth with wonderful rapidity, while by their discoveries and enterprise they have made immense contributions to the wealth of the country.

And what is true of this department of industry is true, though not possibly to the same extent, of others; wherever there is important work to do or large results to be achieved, these young men will be found busily engaged and reaping the rewards. The reason that we have heard so much about the New South is largely because of what the young men have done to give it a new growth and a new impulse. Nor is this all. The opportunities broaden as the labors go on. The men who have succeeded see in the events and needs of the day larger chances of fame and fortune than were ever known in the world's history. They have utilized these opportunities, and in using and developing their capacities intelligently and wisely, looking upon the world as the great school in which something new was to be learned every day, they have grown in sturdiness of personality; with success have come better habits, higher ideas of morality, and all the things that make and strengthen character and furnish equipment for life's highest and widest duties.

## The Aesthetic Magazine.



NE of the most notable and demonstrable of the end-of-the-century 'isms is the now familiar bijou magazine, which sprang into notice about three years ago. It is usually either a fortnightly or a monthly, and is distinguished mainly by its final daintiness of contents, its homoeopathic size, and its loyal adhesion to purely literary traditions and decadent and non-perspective art.

The first attempt at this style of periodical, if we are not at fault—and by far the most successful—was the current *Chap-Book*. It was a pretty little conceit, attracting attention everywhere by the novelty of its size and contents, and by its emphasis on a good, and at the same time unique, typography. After the pace and fashion were set, other diminutive periodicals followed, such as *Cups*, *The Philistine* (which seems to be a paradoxical title), *The Dreamer*, *The Lark*, and how many others we have no statistics to determine.

The last-named, which issues from San Francisco, was started merely as a grotesque parody on the idea itself, and it was not intended to be permanent. The editors were to go off "on a lark" literary, just once, and then subside into silence and Nirvana. But the public caught up the thing and gave it such a welcome that it is still flying, having undergone various transformations in detail that show aptitude for improvement and a keen sense of the genius of its position.

All these periodicals are interesting in a way; and one is tempted, when other magazines are so voluminous and voluminous, to pick up with some curiosity the piquant bits of prose and droplets of verse that the bijou periodical offers you, as if they were really as compact and precious as pearls. They at least lead you a step away from the burdening concerns of the present hour; for the task of the every-day world is not in them.

It is said that when the *Chap-Book's* first issue was in contemplation, just four hundred copies of it were printed. Now there are more than three times four thousand to an edition; so that, some time ago, persons who wished to complete their first volume of it soon found that this thing could not be done. The last quotable price of a first number, which originally cost—as the numbers do now—only five cents, was seven dollars and a half. The only way to get one now is to pay enough to fracture somebody's set.

There is a small magazine of this class, in respect to size and price, published in Portland, Maine, and called the *Biblet*. But its scheme of contents is of a different order. It is not a purveyor of original contributions but selects its matter from the aesthetic wealth of the past and from little-known or not easily procurable sources. It has no propaganda of art to set forth, and merely dishes up savory literary morsels that are out of ordinary reach, and which will warrant repetition in a dainty form.

It is no more easy to predict whether this periodical fashion will grow and become enduring than it is to tell what is the secret philosophy of its existence. The average critic would say, and the average magazine-editor thinks he knows, that never before did the magazines of the standard sort give so much for the money as they do now. But they may have left some elements out of their request. Perhaps these smaller aspirants are a rebuke to the current magazine's adhesion to newspaper topics and mere timeliness. It may be that there is a large audience of readers who are sick of the superfluity of pictures—wary of accounts of daily concerns and of globe-trotting, mixed with forensic matter, and who would like some nook wherein to retire, where only literature itself has the floor. In the small, comical magazine the reader gets at least this coveted relief.



## THE MENDICANT MUSICIANS OF NEW YORK.



MUSIC AND THE PALSY.

PAGES have been written on the vandalism of the New World that makes sacrifice to its great god Utility of all landmarks of the past. Nothing is left standing to mark the progress of history. Even the graves of those who have shaped our country's destiny, if they stop the march of progress, must be emptied to make way for monster buildings adequate to the business enterprises of the moment. But we yet have some landmarks of the past that only time can destroy. Year after year we see them growing grayer, dustier, and more infirm as season succeeds season; and we do not see them in what was once the outskirts of the town, nor in that portion of the city where one would look for the last remnant of ancient New York. These debris are of the human variety and are best found on the fashionable avenue, the business thoroughfare, the shopping district. We see them with the eye of pity, sometimes; but more often their discords provoke dislike.

A "queer lot," indeed, are these living landmarks. Age

has been sacrificed to his master's degradation, and who "sits like Patience on a monument," holding in his mouth a basket for pennies; whose tail never wags, and who evinces none of the curiosity that marks happy doghood.

It must not be supposed, however, that the spectre of starvation is a necessary accompaniment of the feeble form of the street musician, for though the majority are more or less tattered and torn and the picture of misery, a certain number can boast of the possession of a goodlier proportion of this world's wealth than many of their own patrons. I first realized this fact one afternoon, not long ago, while watching the aged and long-haired mendicant who conveys his organ around town on a rickety baby-carriage, and whose counterfeit accompanies this article. This veteran performer collected no less than sixty-five cents from the female shoppers around Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, in the course of an hour and a quarter, and then, when



THE POLYLOTT WARDLER OF FOURTEENTH STREET.

The man with the little black dog, whom I have endeavored to portray in pen and ink, is another familiar figure to New York street-goers. He haunts the shopping districts on Sixth Avenue in the day-time, extracting hideous discords from an ancient accordion, while his evenings are passed on the gentle slopes of the Hudson, near Hoboken, where, I am told on good authority, he owns a row of frame houses that bring in a handsome yearly rental. The dog usually hangs on its master's shoulder and looks bored, as it is even denied the distraction of holding a tin can in its mouth and helping to conduct business, as other well-regulated dogs of blind men do. He evidently feels that he is distinctly "not in it."

A few paces beyond sits an antiquated type of womanhood, probably the most pathetic of all the side-walk musicians of the great metropolis. She slowly turns the handle of a small hand-organ and gazes blankly into space, hardly acknowledging with so much as a nod the alms that occasionally drop into her basket. Her career of musical mendicancy, it seems, commenced before the Civil War, and it bade fair at one time to attain the same degree of success as Mr. Müller's, for instance, when a long-lost son appeared upon the scene and remained just long enough to swallow up all her savings, after which he disappeared again for ever. She has been battling earnestly to retrieve



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

ordered on by the policeman on duty, betook himself to the north side of the street to almost repeat the record. Most of the offerings were silver or nickel coins, and the afternoon's harvest must have netted the old fellow fully four dollars.

"That's old Franz Müller," said a bystander, who had noted my interest in the organ-grinder. "He came here from San Francisco after passing through the Franco-Prussian war. He looks like a pauper, but owns tenement-houses on the East Side, the accumulation of twenty years' playing on the sympathies of New York street-goers."

Further inquiries, especially among the patrolmen of the neighborhood, satisfied me that the stranger had told the truth. Mr. Müller set himself to shaking vigorously, as if with the palsy, when I questioned him personally, and in woe-begone accents, broken by an imperfection of speech (caused by a bullet wound, he said), assured me that it was as much as he could do to keep body and soul together these hard times. He grew indignant when questioned about his tenements, and presently moved off, accompanied by his "shakes."

I met him in a side street on his way home, two hours later, and was surprised to note the change in his demeanor. The palsy had disappeared entirely and the bent form had grown erect and jaunty. He was jingling the coin in his trousers' pockets with one hand and humming a tune of the fatherland. He had relinquished the rôle of beggar, for the nonce, for the more congenial one of a bloated tenement-house owner.



THE MAN WITH THE ACCORDION AND DOG.

is usually their principal stock in trade. With this is coupled palsy or paralysis, blindness or lack of legs; and a third addition is a wheezy organ, whose faint notes can scarcely be distinguished from the roar of traffic; a self-made piano, a consumptive accordion, or a querulous violin, and, last but not least, a voice that has known better days; or a patient, long-suffering dog, whose canine nature



FIVE MINUTES' REST BETWEEN ACTS.

her fortune ever since, but the tenement-house or the row of buildings is still a good way off in the future, and she, poor thing, is very old. All of which proves, I suppose, that the goddess of Fortune is just as fickle on Sixth Avenue as she is on Wall Street.

Let us turn from this sombre picture to contemplate the genial countenances of our two Italian friends, "Santa Claus Jo," as the boys on Fourteenth Street call him, and Antonio Bove. The former would be invaluable to a painter of Italian scenes, especially such as deal with the

(Continued on page 251.)





FRANCIS WILSON AS "THE CHIEFTAIN."



FRANCIS WILSON AS "PETER OREGON" IN "THE CHIEFTAIN"—SECOND ACT.



MISS ADA LEWIS IN "THE WIDOW JONES."



MISS CLARA WIELAND, CHANTEUSE



MISS MAY IRWIN AS "THE WIDOW JONES."



WALKER WHITESIDE AS "HAMLET."

UP-TO-DATE ATTRACTIONS AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.—[SEE PAGE 254.]





"Mademoiselle will convey no letter from the prison," said the jailer, as he closed the door.

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XV.—(Continued.)



said the Swiss soldier, giving instructions to his comrades in their native language.

They had barely halted in the shadow of the wood when the lights of the flambeaux of the gendarmerie came in sight.

"The count, disarmed, is between two soldiers," said Joseph,

who had run by the side of the elder Delaunay, whose brother, the sous-lieutenant, whispered, "Thanks, messieurs, for your torches; we shall see your villainous faces the better."

"But them stand, Delaunay; and demand their prisoners. If they deliver them, well; if not, we must take them."

"Right," said Delaunay. "And you, Joseph, look to your master, and tell the postilion to drive like mad for the bridge, and thence to St. Germain."

By this time the gendarmes and their prisoner had entered the bend of the road, where the rescuing party was posted.

"Monsieur Bertin, my brother, and you, Monsieur Gabetierre, will advance with me; the rest await the word of command. It will be, 'A rescue!'"

On came the troop of gendarmes, and forward went the four royalists.

"Stand, messieurs!" said the elder Delaunay, reining up his horse against the flambeaux, which suddenly seemed to dance.

"We demand the release of your prisoner."

"Who are you?" shouted the captain of the guard, riding up,

"Loyal gentlemen of France," said Delaunay.

"Then respect the law," said the commissary, pulling up his steel by the side of the officer.

"When you set us the example," replied Delaunay.

"We are its officers," said the captain.

"And we its defenders. Release monsieur the Count de Fournier."

"Comrades," said the captain, drawing his sword, "prepare for action!"

There was a sudden clatter of accoutrements.

"Gentlemen," shouted de Fournier, "stay your hands."

"De Fournier, you are betrayed," replied Delaunay; "you are going to your death. The commissary has Grébaud's orders to imprison the duke and mademoiselle."

"It is a lie," said the commissary.

"It is the truth, dear Monsieur le Comte," said the voice of Joseph, as if from the earth. "It is written; the commissary has the paper."

"We waste time," said Delaunay.



"We do," said the captain, who had brought his company into line. "Present! Fire!"

The order was sudden, but the volley was not delivered before "A rescue!" brought the reserve on the scene pell-mell; and the intentionally murderous volley—clumsily fired, the "Ready!" not being given—missed its aim, with the exception of tearing a cap here and there and slightly wounding Delaunay, which only gave an added fury to his onslaught.

In a moment Bertin and Galetierre were in the thick of the fighting, and the Swiss, with a wild cry, rushed upon the enemy, dragging the captain from his horse and butchering him as he fell. Delaunay, with a shout of "Vive le Roi!" went full tilt upon the commissary and unhorsed him with a blow that cut him down through the shoulder. One of the gendarmes guarding de Fournier fired his pistols at the prisoner, who was down with the shock before the fight may be said to have fairly begun; but only one charge had struck him, the bullet hitting him obliquely and wounding itself upon his hat—a marvelous escape, which argued favorably for the activity of his guardian angel.

He was no sooner down than Pierre picked him up.

"No, not hurt," he said, "only stunned; give me your arm."

"And here's the beggar's sword," said Pierre, helping the count to remount, and dragging forth the sword of the gendarme, whom he had felled with the butt end of his pistol.

"Back to the château!" screamed the sergeant of the gendarmes, galloping from the field. "Help from the National Guard!" and away went the unhorsed half of the defeated troop.

"The duke and Mathilde!" said de Fournier. "Here, Monsieur le Comte," said Joseph.

They were both in the road, the maid remaining huddled up in a corner of the carriage, her head hidden among the cushions.

"Henri!" exclaimed Mathilde.

The count leaped from his saddle.

"My dearest, back into your carriage."

"And back to the château," said the duke.

"Oh, no, monsieur," said Joseph. "You are ordered to La Force, or the Abbaye, or the Conciergerie, God knows!"

"Monsieur le Duc's carriage forward for the rendezvous. Joseph knows the way. Postilions, a pocketful of crowns for your best speed."

The words acted like magic. The duke was hustled into the carriage, and Mathilde by his side.

"Away for St. Germain," whispered Joseph to the postilions, who, putting spurs into their horses, quickly had the family chariot fairly leaping on its way, and went pell-mell along the high road, speedily passing the Lion d'Or. Joseph in the boot, de Fournier and Monsieur Bertin galloping, one as advance and the other as rear guard.

"Now, gentlemen," said Delaunay, "are we all on muster? All mounted?"

"Only short of the dead Swiss."

"Place him before one of his comrades; we will give him honorable burial."

Jean, who had proved his loyalty and his valor to the satisfaction of his master, assisted Pierre to lift the dead body in front of the Swiss who rode the captain's horse.

"Ready, gentlemen!"

"Ready all!" shouted his brother.

"Forward, then, for the rendezvous; and ride your very best!"

## XVI.

### IN A DUNGEON OF THE CONCIERGERIE.

It is hard to say where man or woman might be safest in those early days of the August sacrifices to the new-born liberty of the people. For the moment Jaffray Elliott was probably better off in a dungeon of the Conciergerie than on the road to Neuilly. Marie Bruyset was at least unmolested in her garret; while there were women among the corpses of the Paris streets.

A startling feature of the Revolution was the rapidity with which one burial incident succeeded another. It was only on the tenth of this first month of the autumn of 1792 that the Count de Fournier, in his brand-new uniform of the reorganized battalion of hussars, stood by the side of his king, confident in the royal power. Only an hour or two later he fought shoulder to shoulder in a foreboding hope of defeat with a remnant of the Swiss Guard. Not long after the clocks had striven to make the hour of noon heard amidst the universal din, he was one of the few royalist noblemen, who had drawn their swords for the king and queen, left alive to seek shelter where charity might befriend misfortune. Before the night was over, as we have seen, he had entered a world of fresh adventures, to be eventually rescued in a hand-to-hand combat of gallant friends who had scathed him from the clutches of his bitterest foe.

During that same eventful day Jaffray Elliott had passed through the blood and fire of the Tuileries, the new song of the uprisen people, "Aux armes! Marchons!" in his ears, the dead

and dying in his path, to exchange a refuge, that was paradise, for a dungeon that might have been an ante-room to the pit of Tophet, so beset was it with gloom of the present and gruesome memories of the past.

For the moment the prison of the Conciergerie was not overcrowded, but it had made a beginning at the outset of the Revolution that was worthy of its previous history.

In this narrative of the lives and deaths of the men and women whom we select episodically for illustration from this phantasmagoria of heroism and devilry, we are as yet only in the second day of our history. Long before the dawn the blazing timbers of the Lion d'Or testified to the vengeance which Captain Marcy, with the approval of the Deputy Gréhaud, had taken upon Pierre Grappin, whose association with the rescue of the Count de Fournier was easily established. The dead and dying had been removed, the bodies of the commissary of police and his colleagues of the gendarmerie being paraded through the torch-lit streets of Paris with an aggravating solemnity, the reputed victims of an aristocratic conspiracy.

Before the ghasts had done turning over the butchered Swiss and their comrades in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, where some of the last of them had been intercepted in their flight, all the persons connected with the rescue of the Count de Fournier were proclaimed outlaws and assassins.

One of the first duties of the Assembly on the overthrow of the king was to provide for the legal administration of affairs. As if in competition with the over-mastering authority of the municipality, they actually, among other appointments, made Danton Minister of Public Justice. He and Robespierre soon became the mouth-pieces of the municipality, which overruled the Assembly with its sanguinary demands; and the Deputy Gréhaud was not only appointed a judge, but, as the powers of Robespierre, Danton, and St. Just increased, so likewise did he become an individual influence, the weightier in this narrative because of the greater secrecy of his action.

For the convenient exercise of his functions, Gréhaud took up his abode in an old hotel in a back street behind the Palais de Justice. It was an historic house, had formerly been a monastery, and it was hemmed in by a number of comparatively poor streets, most of them long since swept away, hardly anything remaining in our time to do more than vaguely identify the locality.

From the moment that Jaffray Elliott found himself within four cold, narrow walls of the Conciergerie, he had demanded to be taken to the Deputy Gréhaud. He was not altogether ill-supplied with comforts, considering his position. He had a bed of straw and a rug, besides a chair and table, these latter luxuries being added by the jailer, who was not yet quite hardened in his office. Moreover, Jaffray looked so young, and spoke with an air of such fascinating frankness. "I am no royalist," he repeated, as if he were still talking to Marie Bruyset; "I am the protégé of monsieur the Deputy Gréhaud—his secretary. I was with General Lafayette in America, and I am a child of the great revolution against the King of England, the subject of a free people. Take me to monsieur the deputy, and he will confirm my declaration."

"So you say," remarked Laroché, who was seated on the wooden chair, while Jaffray reclined upon his bed; for it was early morning, and Laroché had just left the private bureau of Gréhaud, who had given him charge of the operations against de Fournier and his friends.

"It is true, and you know it."

"How do I know it?"

"You have seen me with him."

"I have seen many persons in his office."

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Laroché, you have not. Monsieur le Député is mostly alone when he speaks with such as you."

"Such as I?" said Laroché.

"Such as you," said Jaffray. "You are a detective, a secret agent of Monsieur Robespierre. I know your service well enough."

"You were in the Tuileries gardens yesterday?"

"I was."

"You followed the fortunes of one man in the fighting?"

"You mean that I took an interest in the Count de Fournier. It is true."

"Why in the citizen Fournier more than in any other person?"

"That I will explain to the Deputy Gréhaud."

"You took no part in the patriotic defense of liberty yesterday?"

"I tried to defend my own liberty; but not very successfully, or I should not be here."

"If you are with the people, and true to the service of Monsieur Gréhaud, why did you fly before a band of patriots?"

"Because the fools mistook me for a royalist."

"You aided in the escape of a Swiss guard,

who found refuge in a street behind the church of St. Roch?"

"It is false," said Jaffray. "Take me to Monsieur Gréhaud; I will answer him. I have no business with you. Moreover, it makes my heart ache to think that so sweet and beautiful a girl as Marie Bruyset can have so hard and cruel a father."

"It will not serve you to take advantage of your short acquaintance with Marie Bruyset," said Laroché, the faintest flush of color relieving the customary pallor of his hard face, which at moments was, however, redeemed by a certain reflective, almost pathetic, expression in his dark, deep-set eyes.

"Oh, yes, it will, Monsieur Laroché; it will serve me as a dear memory all my days. It would even rob the scaffold of its terrors."

Jaffray arose, as he said this, and paced his narrow cell; and Laroché turned to observe him watchfully, not in fear of a second assault, but with a roused curiosity.

"I am only a young fellow, Citizen Laroché. I have seen so much of bloodshed, witnessed from childhood so much that is terrible, that I don't think I fear to die, or care very much to live. If I care more to live to-day than I did yesterday, it is because I have seen and conversed with your daughter. You smile; you think that will make me an easier instrument in your hands, or a more necessary victim. No, it won't; you can't rob me of my independence, any more than you can imprison or destroy my immortal soul."

"Oh, you are a religious fanatic, eh?" said Laroché.

"No; but I believe in a hereafter. You don't, of course. The murderous ruffians who massacre the defenseless, the aged, and the young, and curse God, they have no souls to be saved; but they have souls to be damned, as they will find, and many of them before long."

"What became of your friend, the *cô-détenu* count?"

"I don't know. It will surprise me to hear that he is alive."

"He gave you a message to the Château Levet?"

"It is false," said Jaffray, shielding his conscience by a mental reservation. "His message was to Mademoiselle Mathilde."

"You have been in his service some time?"

"I have never been in his service," said Jaffray; nor had he, except in a friendly way and out of gratitude.

"You are lying to me," said Laroché.

"If you would give me leave to reply to that aspersions as a free man I would knock you down, Monsieur Laroché."

"You are reckless, monsieur," said Laroché, striking his stick upon the pavement as a signal to the jailer; "but every man is free to talk himself to the gallows if he chooses."

"That is so," said Jaffray, as the bolts were drawn and the jailer entered.

"Meet, monsieur," said Laroché to the official. "The prisoner may have pen and ink and paper, if he so desire; but when he needs a messenger I will be at his service. Permit him no other."

The next moment Jaffray was once more alone with his thoughts, and they were chiefly in Marie Bruyset's garret in the Rue Barnabé. The fate of the Count de Fournier cast a shadow upon the sunshine of his meeting with Marie; but he was young, and love is selfish and all-absorbing. It was love at first sight with Jaffray, and he had stirred Marie's unpledged heart with strange and unusual sensations.

## XVII.

### "LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS."

It was like so many months that Jaffray ate his heart out in the dungeon of the Conciergerie, instead of a matter of days. They gave him pens and ink, but he wrote no letters. Laroché came no more. The jailer rarely spoke to him. Old in experience, the prisoner was still too young to live upon reflections. He had no patience for meditation. More than once he had thought of falling upon his jailer and making a dash for freedom. Then he remembered that the officer had been kind to him. On several occasions he had brought him extra rations, once or twice luxuries—"gifts," he had remarked—and that was all. Who could have taken the trouble to send him gifts? Was it possible that Marie Bruyset had discovered his enforced retreat? It would be possible, no doubt, for her to exercise a certain influence in his favor. Laroché loved the girl, in his queer way. Jaffray had discovered that much in the detective's favor.

One day the jailer bade him prepare for a visitor.

"Make your toilet, monsieur," he said; "it is a lady who has permission to have audience with you."

"A lady?" said Jaffray.

"Young, and not ill-looking," said the jailer, straightening the rug on Jaffray's bed and brushing away the crumbs that strewed his table.

Jaffray buttoned his long drab coat and readjusted his neckerchief. His heart beat furiously. There could be no other lady in the world who would be likely to visit him except her whose image was continually in his mind.

"Mademoiselle will convey no letter from the prison," said the jailer, as he closed the door upon Jaffray and his visitor. "I trust the citoyenne and Monsieur l'Anglais."

"My God, it is you!" exclaimed Jaffray, almost bursting into tears as she allowed him to fold her in his arms.

There was eloquence in the silence that followed. Neither of the two young people spoke for several minutes. Then Jaffray released his preserver of the tenth of August, and put her from him at arm's length.

"Let me look at you," he said, "my angel, my good fairy, my love!"

Marie was deeply agitated. She had not counted upon so ardent a reception, but her heart responded to it. She had thought of Jaffray every moment since they parted; thought of him, intrigued for him, and confessed to herself, and on her knees before the Virgin, that she loved him; that her life only needed the gift of his love in return to make it complete, to compensate her for whatever ill she had endured, for whatever ills might come.

"Oh, my friend!" was all she could say, blushing as he gazed upon her.

"And oh, my love!" said Jaffray. "Has God been so good that He brought me here to so quickly establish our love? A rescue, and I might never have seen you again; or, if I had, your own heart might not have been touched to sympathy and pity."

"I loved you from the first touch of your hand," she said.

"Roughly laid upon your mouth—and thus I kiss the affront away," he said.

It must be admitted that Jaffray was a bold wooer. When she loves in action, a woman is pleased with this kind of amatory. Marie Bruyset had learned to love Jaffray in his absence; had dwelt upon every word that was a confession of his interest in her; had treasured every incident of their romantic meeting; had made a miniature of him from memory, which she hung about her neck night and day; and with her alternate appeals and threats, her pining and the opposite, she had succeeded not only in obtaining an interview with the prisoner, but had drawn from Laroché a piece of information which would make her visit especially welcome to Jaffray, even if he had thought no more of her, if he had no real love for her in his heart.

To love is to doubt and fear; and Marie entered the shadow of the Conciergerie oppressed with womanly trepidation, and yet elated with joy at the prospect of meeting the fugitive again.

"My father gave me a permit to see you," said Marie after a time.

"God bless him!" said Jaffray.

"He has left Paris this morning on a journey."

"May he have safe conduct and a happy return," said Jaffray, who gave no thought to what he was saying, for Marie's hand lay in his and his arm was round her waist.

"If his journey bodes no harm to our dear friends beyond Neuilly," she said, lowering her voice.

"Have you news of the count?" Jaffray asked.

"He lives!"

"Yes, but is proscribed; broke his arrest. He and others attacked the commissary of police and a commander of gendarmes."

"No! Is that so? Well done, my brave count!"

"I fear it is not well done; but we will talk of you and your prospects. I may only stay a few minutes longer; I promised the warden to be ready when he signaled me."

"My darling!" said Jaffray, pressing her hand to his lips.

"You are to be sent for by Monsieur le Juge Gréhaud."

"Judge?" said Jaffray.

"Yes," said Marie, "and much besides. They say he is the son of Robespierre—you know that he is his great friend—and Robespierre and Danton are masters of Paris. The king and queen are prisoners. The enemy has crossed the frontier. Any day the Austrians may march upon us and cut all our throats, if there are any left among us to cut!—my father's words to me, but he exaggerates, so should. The bloodshed has been awful in Paris, but at present the clock of Monsieur Gréhaud is able enough to protect his friends, and his arm long enough to strike his enemies; so be wary, Jaffray. I do not say this altogether of myself; but my father loves me and I have been his suppliant for days; and this morning we parted—it might be for weeks, he said, and he might not live through the business that took him away. So he was almost gentle with his unhappy daughter; and what he said to me was, so far as he knows it, the truth. You will be questioned by Gréhaud. If you can satisfy



him you will be reinstated. Yesterday he received some important English dispatches; they need translating, and he has had good examples of your work in that way, and is still inclined to believe in your good faith and honesty. "Tell him," said my father, "to take warning by what has happened; he need not tell the citizen deputy all the truth—the citizen deputy only knows half of it. Let Monsieur l'Anglais be wary, and if he penses he may confess to having only seen the citizen Fourrier yesterday—Monsieur l'Anglais told me how he saw him for the first time since he was in America on the day the Bastille fell. That I have not divulged, nor need he. I am willing to see him back again in the citizen deputy's bureau; let him be diplomatic and he will get there."

Within an hour Jaffray was conducted from his cell through devious ways, across the general court-yard, past the Holy Chapel, through the hall that had already come to be known by the name of the Girondists, up a flight of stairs and along other passages, dimly lighted, and across an inclosed short bridge into the house of the deputy and judge, Citizen Grébaud. This communication with the Palais de Justice and the Conciergerie had been only recently constructed. Jaffray knew the anteroom of the bureau well enough, and the smaller apartment beyond, where he had been previously engaged in a secretarial capacity, the prestige and confidence of the man who was now to probe his sincerity.

With the warnings of Laroché in his mind, emphasized by Marie, Jaffray strung his faculties up to the liveliest tension. At a moment when prevarication might aid him as much as truth, where a well-directed lie might save him in a court which only valued truth so long as it served the purpose of rebellion and persecution, Jaffray resolved, if possible, to be equal to either fortune, and to answer awkward questions with mental reservations that might confuse judicious lying.

He was ushered into Grébaud's private room. He knew it well, with its two paneled doors that opened with secret springs, and when closed left no trace of hinge or opening, of lock or key; a wide, large, paneled room, with an uncarpeted floor that had once been highly polished, but was now dim and scratched with foot-marks. It contained only a few articles of furniture: a cabinet, a couch, a map of France, and a table with a raised desk in the centre, covered with papers.

"It is not clever to get behind the bolts of the Conciergerie," said Grébaud, looking up from his desk and taking in his prisoner at a glance.

"No, monsieur; it is stupid," said Jaffray.

Grébaud finished a letter he was writing, and then looked up again.

"What is your explanation?"

"A mistake of an over-excited populace."

"You are in sympathy with the royalist faction?" said Grébaud, folding his letter and turning from his desk to open a panel of the wainscot, through which he passed it with some instructions.

"With one of them, personally; not with his opinions, Monsieur le Deputy."

"It is the same," said Grébaud, leaning

back in his chair and confronting Jaffray with his penetrating eyes; and Jaffray observed how much paler and thinner the clean-cut face was than heretofore, though it was only some ten days since they had parted—the day before the insurrection of the tenth.

"I think not, with due submission," said Jaffray, inspired at the moment with an idea that might work for good or ill. "It was on the tenth; for a moment I thought you were on horseback and in the uniform of the new hussars."

"Have a care," said Grébaud.

"It is not the first time I have thought you might have been the gallant officer who saved my life; and until that day I had not seen him since. It was he who snatched me from death in the Cherry Valley massacre; you know of it, monsieur. Can you blame me that he interested me? You might hardly blame me if, for a moment thinking he was you, I should follow him with solicitude. When I learned it was the officer who was with General Lafayette in America, then I knew my deliverer; and it is not in human nature for me to be ungrateful to him."

Grébaud watched the young fellow closely, and Jaffray played his part to perfection.

"You aided the escape of a Swiss guard?"

"No, monsieur, I did not. I was in the press, and for a moment it seemed as if the crowd mistook me. My coat was torn, as you see; my vest is red, the cockles maddened them, and they set upon me."

"You were going to Neuilly, eh?"

"To Neuilly, monsieur," said Jaffray. "What should I do at Neuilly? I was coming here."

"Indeed?"

"I had been absent since the morning."

"Not the only day upon which you had been absent?"

"Only by your leave, monsieur, and when you, too, were absent."

"You have an apologist in the Citizen Laroché. He is above suspicion and above reproach, the

soul of fidelity, and is good enough to say you have only been indiscreet. I am willing to take that view; I take you back to my confidence."

"Oh, thank you, Monsieur le Deputy," said Jaffray, advancing as if he would kiss the newly-appointed judge's hand, but with no such intention. "I hope to be worthy of your kindness."

"Not my kindness, my confidence," said Grébaud. "And now a word of warning. Never forget that your fidelity has been in doubt."

"But ——" said Jaffray.

"That your fidelity to the Revolution has been suspected," the deputy continued, not heeding the interruption, "and that another hope from — let us call it by the mildest word — indiscretion, and your life is forfeit. In the dungeons of the Conciergerie, they tell me, there are even worse punishments than death."

A hard, cold expression came into Grébaud's eyes, his lips were compressed, and his broad strong chin seemed to gather a malignant wrinkle beneath his mouth, as he rose to his feet. Jaffray shuddered.

"I shall remember," said the young fellow, with a smothered sigh.

"Here are some dispatches from England," said Grébaud. "You will find your desk unoccupied in the next room; let me have the translations at once. In future you will be lodged here; the citizen concierge will show you the room appointed for you. When you go abroad on your own affairs you will write upon the tablets by your door where you are to be found."

"Oui, monsieur; merci, monsieur."

"You will be true to your service?"

"I will, monsieur."

"And to the present rulers of France?"

"I will, monsieur."

"On your oath as a gentleman."

"I thank you for that word, monsieur. On my oath."

"I wipe out yesterday," said Grébaud. "Every man is master of his own future."

With that he touched the panel spring of the door that led into the next room and Jaffray went to his desk.

(To be continued.)

## The Mendicant Musicians of New York.

(Continued from page 247.)

exciting episodes of Sicilian bores life. He looks as if he might have stepped out of a picture representing the plundering of the diligence or the murder of the captive tourists. His real name is Giuseppe, and he hails from Calabria. A silver coin will open the flood-gates of his eloquence, but there is little reliance to be placed on what he says, since he told me almost in the same breath that he had participated in the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala and in the first battle of Bull Run, events that occurred about the same time four thousand miles apart.

Here, with his face of an old French curé, is a more sympathetic figure, and thanks to this he has been able to amass considerable wealth. He is known as the patriarch of the New York organ-grinding fraternity, having no less than seven children, nine grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren numbered among the inhabitants of the United States. One of his sons is the Italian interpreter of one of the New York police courts, and two grandsons are typewriters on an English paper. Nevertheless, the old man, despite his twenty-five years' stay in this country, barely speaks a dozen words of English.

Here is another interesting character—the little spectacled, hump-backed, German singing organ-grinder of Fourteenth Street, who alternates the "Marseillaise" in French with "Die Wacht am Rhein" in German, and then winds up with the "Star Spangled Banner" in English. The day I made his picture "his Dutch was up," to use a vulgarism, because a passer-by had stopped to bet him a quarter of a dollar that he couldn't sing the "Marseillaise" in German or "Die Wacht am Rhein" in French, so I haven't caught his most pleasant expression in the picture. The little chap is regarded with awe by some of his competitors, who credit him with the possession of untold wealth in the shape of savings in the bank and real estate, although our other friend, Müller, is looked upon as a good second.

The last two musicians on my list are also well known to the public of the shopping district of New York. The old man with the queer fellows attachment to his piano is a ver-



"THE MAN WITH A BELLOW'S ATTACHMENT"

satile follower of Enterprise. He not only plays his self-made instrument, but extracts sounds from a clarinet, a concertina, and a flute, alternating them according to the weather. The piano, being the toughest machine, is usually produced on stormy days, the clarinet in clear weather, and the concertina during the summer heat, as it requires less physical exertion to operate.

The fiddler herewith pictured is an Englishman, who has seen better days, though not quite as good ones as he would have us believe. His claim to hardly ancestral halls conflicts somewhat with his entire neglect of the aspirate, a failing, one must admit, not peculiar to the English aristocracy. He holds probably exceeds any other on the streets as an instrument of torture, but he will graciously tell you that he inherited it from a music-loving uncle, who bought it in Vienna fifty years ago, and sometimes throws out a hint that a hundred dollars, cash down, might induce him to part with it.

V. GRIBAYDOFF.



"THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER"



Government Building.

Chimes Tower.

Manufactures Building.

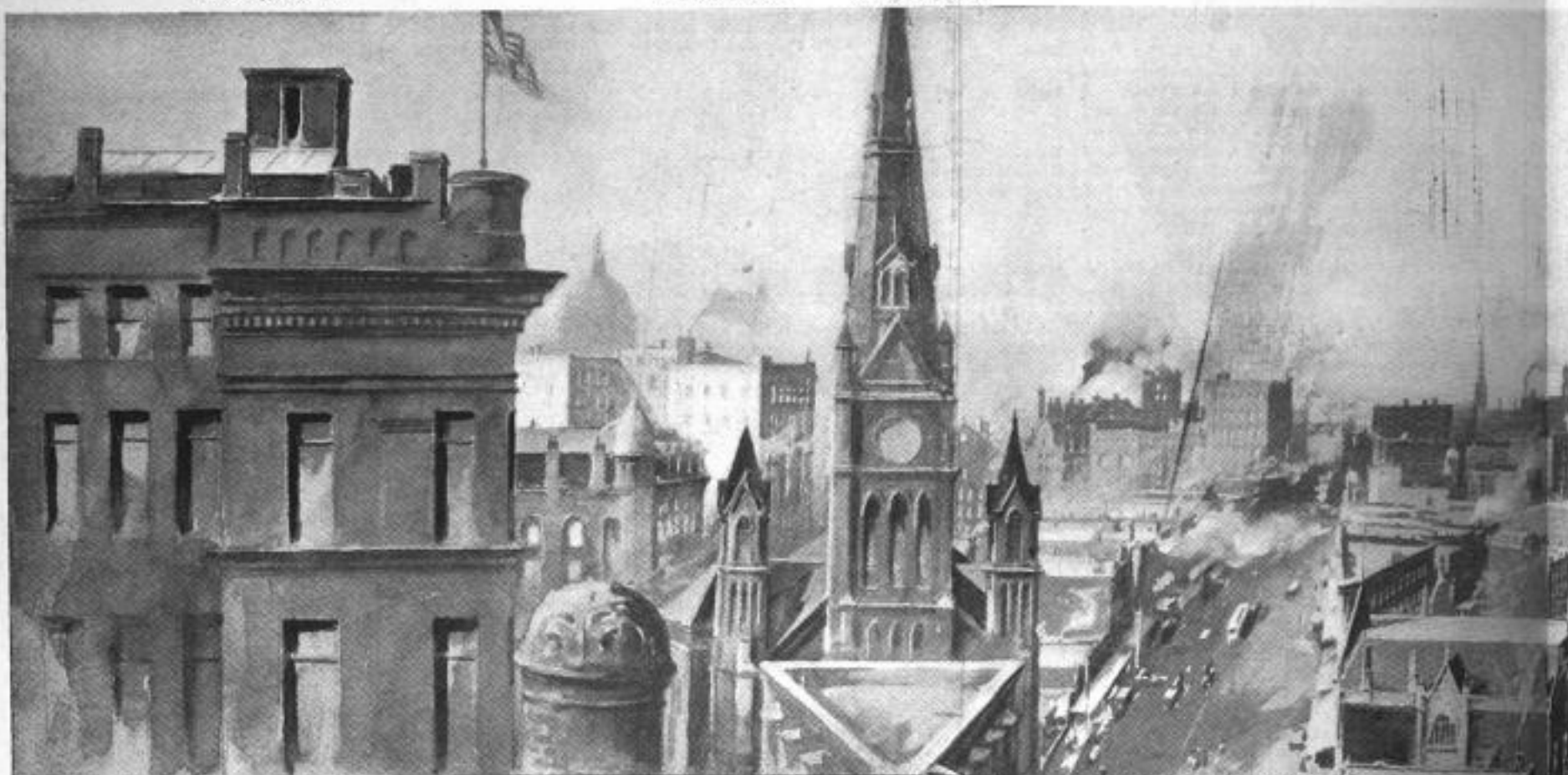


Grand Opera House.

Equitable Building.

Methodist Church.

VIEW LOOKING EAST FROM



Government Building and Sea

Peach Tree Street.

HIRSH'S EYE VIEW OF ATLANTA

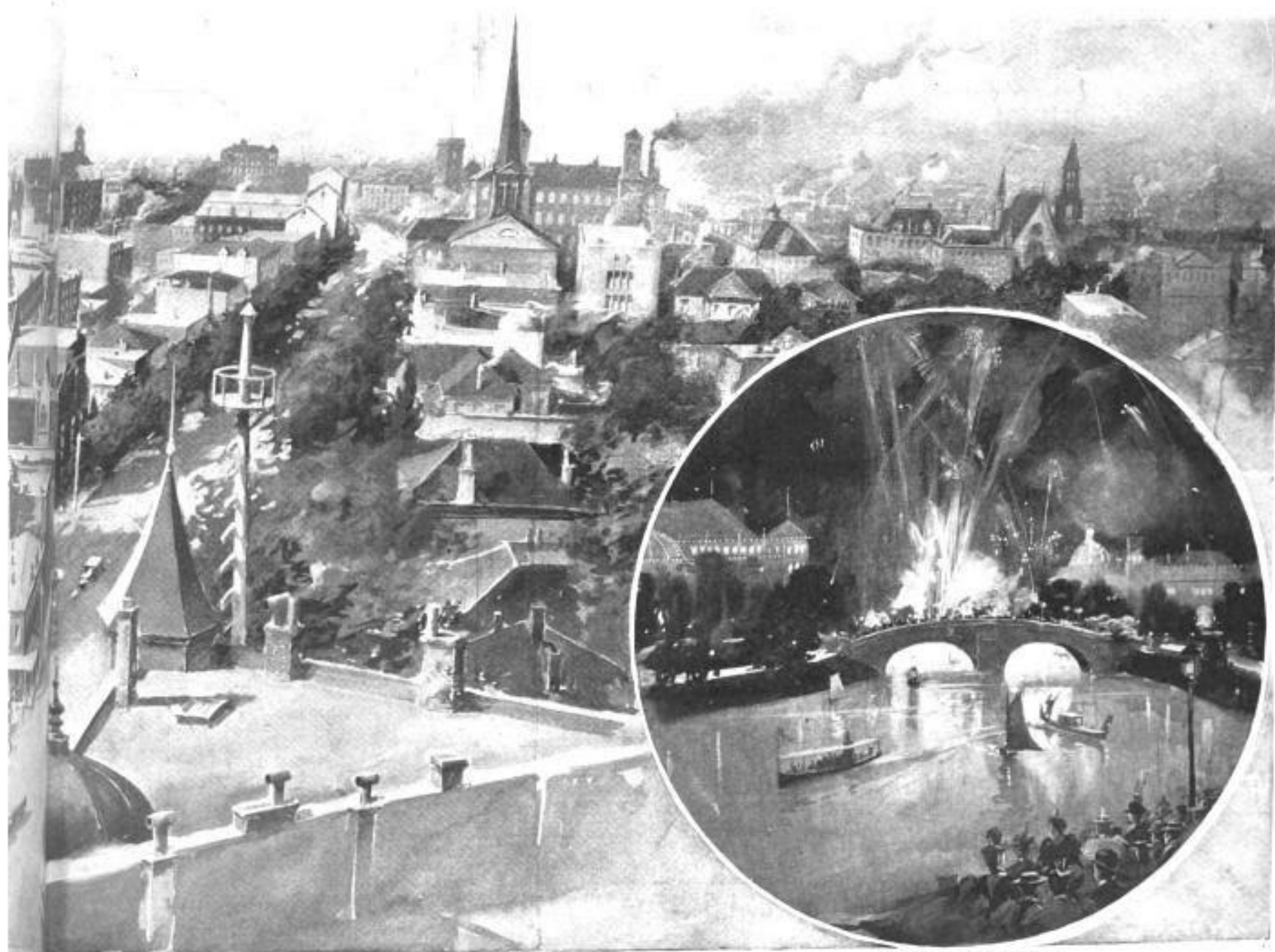


Machinery Hall.

Forestry Building.



FROM THE ART BUILDING.



Post-Office.

Fireworks Display on Clark River.

FROM HOTEL ARAGON.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 255.]



## PLUNGERS OF THE TURF.

PERSONS on the turf—that is, habitually betting great sums of money on horse-races—is as old, almost, as the establishment of horse-racing as a popular institution. But those addicted to this kind of sport were not denominated as "plungers" until quite recent years, and it was the ubiquitous American newspaper reporter who first gave such gamblers this name. In England, where horse-racing as we know it began, the plungers are not the same kind of men, as a general thing, as they are with us. As a rule the English plungers have been in the past and are to-day wealthy and "noble" prodigals who make ducks and drakes of their inheritances as quickly as possible. Notable among these of not less than a generation ago were the late Duke of Hamilton and the Marquis of Hastings. Both of these noblemen went a terrible pace on the turf, and both of them spoiled splendid inheritances, by the misfortunes which attended their ventures in the betting-ring. The most recent English plunger was a Mr. Betson, who inherited a great fortune and immediately set about to make himself conspicuous and ridiculous by spending it in all kinds of sensational ways. Quickly he gained for himself the sobriquet of "Jubilee Juggins," and as such, for a brief season, he was notorious all over the world. But he has now subsided into well-deserved poverty, and will probably be heard of no more. Then we had Mr. Abington Bird, who did pretty nearly everything a self-respecting and conservative man would not care to do, but he died, fortunately for his heirs, before the harpies and gamblers had very seriously impaired his great fortune.

The plunger in America, however, has rarely been a man of fortune. As a rule our plungers have been adventurers who have undertaken the perilous task of beating the betting-ring for the fun of the thing, and out of love for the excitement which accompanies most games of chance. What is more, they have usually secured the capital they need in their attacks on the book-makers from the book-makers themselves, and in misfortune it is seldom that any of them has had the right to rail against fate and complain that he had been undone of what was actually his own. The first conspicuous plunger of this class, and the man to whom the title of "plunger" was first given, was Mr. Theodore Walton, sometime of Philadelphia and sometime of New York. Mr. Walton had been a successful hotel-keeper, and was a business man of good training. It was when he was keeping the St. James Hotel in New York that he began the career on the turf which attracted to him much attention and the title which gives a name to this article. His methods were simple and at the same time complex. He had an idea that there was information to be had about the horses that were to run, and as a business man, in the coldest way in the world, he set about laying this information and, when it seemed to be well founded, paying for it with a most prodigal hand. It was thought that at one time he had in his pay a man in every considerable stable in the country, and these men were supposed to keep him informed, and doubtless endeavored to do so, of all the important happenings to their employers' horses. With this kind of information as his guide he speculated on a scale previously unknown in America, and for a season or so he had most uncommon success. The jockey who successfully rode a horse on which Mr. Walton had great wagers would receive a present from the "plunger" much larger than his fee from the owner of the horse, and nearly all of them tried hard to be in the good graces of this new factor in the racing world. These methods did not tend to make Mr. Walton popular with race-horse owners, who, not unreasonably, complained that Mr. Walton had more control of their horses than they had themselves. But he went on for a season or so without any serious check, and then, sighing for a new and richer world to conquer, he went to England. In England he applied the same methods he had used at home. They were most novel there, and for a little while he was successful. But it was not for long. Horse-owners would not put up with Mr. Walton's interference, and this culminated when the late Sir John Arley scratched a horse that Mr. Walton had heavily backed just before these entered in the race were called to the post. It may be said here that it has never been considered good form for an outsider to back a horse so heavily in the books that the price is reduced and the owner is prevented from getting a fair value on his own horse. However, for the first season in England Mr. Walton's career was sensational and in a measure successful. Speaking of it, Davis, the great English book-maker, is reported to have said: "It makes no difference; it will all come back to us." And so it did. Mr. Walton's plans the

next year all miscarried, and he left England before the season was over so broken in fortune that he has since not amounted to anything whatever on the American turf, where also it had become impossible for him to put again in operation the methods he had previously employed. On the turf, at least, he is now never heard of save in a reminiscent way.

Long before Mr. Walton began his meteoric career Mr. Michael Dwyer had won a reputation as a fourfully large better. His methods, however, were so quiet that he did not attract to himself in ten years half the notice Mr. Walton received in half a season. Mr. Dwyer, with his brother Philip, was a butcher and a man of some substance before he took an interest in racing. Some twenty years ago he appeared on the turf as the owner of a modest stable. He had success, and he and his brother were probably the originators in this country of managing a racing stable on business-like principles and for the money that was in the thing. Therefore owners of large stables were usually men of wealth, who raced their horses more for glory and distinction than for money. The business-like methods, however, prevailed, and in a little while the Dwyer brothers had the strongest stable in the country. In stakes and purses they won, year by year, great sums; but these were insignificant in comparison with the amounts won by Mr. Michael Dwyer in bets. He came to be looked upon as an almost infallible judge of speed, stamina, and condition, and a commission from him on a horse, whether in his own stable or that of some one else, would usually send the quotations tumbling. Of course he did not always win, but he was considered a good loser, and never made any protest, whether he had lost five or fifty thousand dollars. But there can be no doubt that for years he was at the end of each season very much ahead of the game. And so he became a rich man. Of late he has been unfortunate both with his horses and his betting, and there is an impression that his fortune is not nearly what it was a few years ago. Observers of him have also noted that he is not so imperturbable as he used to be; that he does not lose so gayly as of yore, and many of those who forecast the happenings of turfdom predict his early downfall if he does not very soon retire. Mr. Dwyer never goes into the betting-ring, but makes his wagers through agents, known as "commissioners." He is a plunger, and has long been one, but no one ever sees the title prefixed to his name.

Some ten years or so ago we read now and again in the newspapers of a youth of phenomenal luck on the turf, and he was always spoken of as "Pittsburg Phil." I can well remember with what awe a casual grandstand acquaintance pointed him out to me some eight years ago. He was a clean though ordinary-looking young man, with nothing either distinguished or distinctive in his appearance. But his career proves that he is not an ordinary young man at all, and not merely a gambler who risks his all in the chance throw of the dice. His real name is George W. Smith, and before he gave up all his time to the turf he was a brush-maker in Pittsburg. It may merely have been luck that led to his first successes; it could not have been knowledge of horses or of racing, for of this he had none. But it was not long before he acquired it and earned for himself the reputation of being an adept in judging form and condition. It is upon his own judgment of the merits of the horses in a race that he makes his ventures. And these at times have been phenomenally successful. When he thinks he has a good thing he bets with entire assurance and moves about the betting-ring placing his own money. He has never been a communicative young man, and the stories printed from time to time of his winnings and losses must have been mainly conjectural. But he could not conceal the fact on many occasions that he had won great amounts. Three or four years ago it was estimated, with his silent sanction at least, that he had accumulated a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars. The possession and care of this wealth has tended to make him conservative, and those who have observed him most closely say that he does not lose with the ease that he once did, but, on the contrary, has become nervous and irritable. He has usually had an interest in a book or so, besides betting on his own account against other book-makers. He has also maintained a small stable of horses, and on several occasions he has used one of his own horses to make the betting-ring quite effectively. His method was to prepare a horse for some special race, and, getting the animal in at a weight that suited him, he would bet him almost off the boards, and then depend on the merits of the horse to carry the venture through. Whether he has succeeded oftener than he has failed is not known, but probably he is not, on the long run, a loser in fights of this character.

The most recent of the plungers' collapses, in the stir that he makes, all of his predecessors and contemporaries, and he baffles the critics who analyze methods by seeming not to have any method at all. This is also a young man, as he is not much past twenty-five at this moment, though he has been on the turf, or rather in the betting-ring, for five or six years past. This young man, Riley Gramman, is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific by reputation, and "old sports" grow breathless in telling about the recklessness with which he tempts fortune and the contempt he appears to have for money in either great or small amounts. A few years ago he was the elevator-boy in a St. Louis hotel, and lived on the meager salary of four dollars a week. Within a year past he has wagered as high as seventy thousand dollars on the result of a single race, and has watched the contest without the quiver of an eyelid. Some years ago he was employed by a man who "played the races" on what is known as the "public form system," to call off the places of the horses at the different quarters of the race-course. While in this employment he became known as a bold better in a small way on his own account, and there are those who say that by his own system or method, or whatever else it is that guides him, he was much more successful than his mathematical employer. At any rate, he was after a season content to be his own master, and soon he became a book-maker with a Mr. Applegate as his partner. The firm prospered, but Mr. Applegate in a little while lost his nerve, as on several occasions Gramman would bet all the capital of the firm upon the result of a single race. The pace was too hot for the experienced Mr. Applegate, who retired, and since then Gramman has gone alone. But his pace has not been less fast than before; on the contrary, it has been more mad-dening than ever. In the West he won fame as well as fortune, and his doings at the race-

away if the rule against Gramman were enforced. Of course Walbaum was obliged to yield. At this meeting Gramman is reported to have won ninety thousand dollars. This season his luck or good fortune has continued, and he is credited with having in banks and in his coat-pocket "bank-roll" something like three hundred thousand dollars. Whether this be so or not, only the silent Riley Gramman knows. He says that he is through with the game, and that he will plunge no more forever. There are few, however, who give him credit for sufficient strength of will to carry out such a determination. It might be wise for him to ponder on what Davis, the English book-maker, said of Plunger Walton, and quit while yet the wheel of fortune is stopped and he is on the top. He is now in Kentucky, where he was born. In the main street of his native village he has established his mother in a handsome house with unaccustomed comforts and surroundings.

PHILIP FORDREYER.

## FOUR PLAYERS

### Attractions of the New York Theatres.

THE group of theatrical character-portraits on page 248, while selected almost at random, and far from being completely representative, illustrates, nevertheless, the extraordinary range and variety of entertainment continuously offered to the metropolitan public. The play-goer, suiting his mood of the moment, may choose all the way from the piquant ditties of Clara Wieland at Koster and Bial's music-hall, to Shakespearian tragedy as interpreted by Walker Whiteside.

The brief engagement of this young American tragedian at the Herald Square Theatre will already have closed ere the appearance of these notes in print; but a single week has sufficed for him to win substantial public recognition as well as an unequivocal personal triumph in at least two of the most exacting rôles of the classical drama—*Hamlet* and *Richard*. Mr. Whiteside is a very young man—apparently several years under thirty. A little more than two years ago he made his debut in New York, in this same legitimate repertory to which he has exclusively devoted himself. The critical verdict then—in so far as he was able to get any critical verdict at all—was decidedly adverse, though careful observers did not fail to recognize certain signs of unmistakable ungery. Now those earlier promises are in a reasonable measure fulfilled. Walker Whiteside has demonstrated that his talents are commensurate with his ambition; and those, with the natural modesty and intelligence he possesses, give assurance that this young tragedian out of the West will go far.

Francis Wilson at Abbey's has achieved popular success of quite another, though by no means a commonplace, kind. He is our light comedienne comedian *par excellence*, and as *Griggs*, the English tourist, in "The Chieftain," he does some of the best character work of his career. The operetta itself, with its clear and sparkling music by Sullivan, is altogether the most artistic piece with which he has been identified. It is richly staged and costumed. The supporting company includes at least two young women of exceptional grace and charm—Miss Lulu Glaser and Miss Alice Holbrook, the latter being a debutante in America.

Miss Irwin as a star has met with a cordial reception at the Bijou, in "The Widow Jones," a farce-comedy of coarse fibre, but which she pervades with the sunshine of her broad and whole-souled geniality. There is also a fairly good part for Miss Ada Lewis, who is engaged in artistically living down her early hit as the "tough girl."

Among the things at other leading houses which may be regarded more or less as fixtures are: The perennial "Tribby," at the Garden; the romantic "Prisoner of Zenda," at the Lyceum; "The Sporting Duchess," at the Academy of Music; "The Gay Parisians," at Hoyt's; and "The Great Diamond Robbery," at the American. Della Fox also perseveres with "Fleur-de-lis" at Palmer's; Manager Hill announces his determination to keep on "The Capital" a while longer at the Standard; and "Princess Rennie" is still at the Broadway. The novelty of the week is Humperdinck's charming operatic idyl, "Hansel and Gretel," at Daly's, with an augmented orchestra conducted by Seidl. Nat Goodwin has produced "David Garrick" at the Fifth Avenue, and John Drew "Christopher, Jr.," at the Empire. At the Garrick Theatre "A Social Highwayman," the only successful novelty this house has had, gives way to Modjeska's engagement. The German peasant players are at the Metropolitan Opera House. The combination and variety theatres give their usual weekly changes of programme.



RILEY GRAMMAN

tracks day by day were faithfully reported in all the newspapers. Two years ago he came East, and he bet here in the same wild and seemingly reckless way that he had done in the West. Sometimes he won and sometimes he lost, but at the end of last season he was undoubtedly very much ahead. He appeared to be particularly anxious to take bets from "Mike" Dwyer, and as Dwyer's accustomed good luck had deserted him, Gramman is credited with having got much the best of the experienced turfman in this duel of dollars. In Henry of Navarre, then owned by a friend of Gramman's, Byron McClelland, he was a great believer, and he has backed that horse for immense amounts. When the match between Domino and Henry of Navarre was announced, Gramman determined to knock down Domino. He offered a larger price against Domino, the favorite, than any book-maker in the ring. The ruling price was one to two. Gramman boldly gave six to ten, and accepted wagers of ten thousand dollars as willingly as other book-makers took one hundred dollars. On this race he took in sixty-five thousand dollars of the public's money, and stood to pay out one hundred and five thousand dollars if Domino won, this representing forty thousand dollars of loss to him. When he had taken in all that was offered he went the round of the betting-ring and placed thirty thousand dollars on Henry of Navarre against forty-two thousand dollars. He therefore stood to win on his choice one hundred and seven thousand dollars or to lose seventy thousand dollars. But there was a dead heat, and in the division that followed the young plunger was nineteen thousand dollars ahead, and not as nearly satisfied as he would have been had he bet. Earlier that season Walbaum, at Saratoga Springs, asked him to leave the ring because Walbaum's books were suffering by reason of the more liberal odds that Gramman gave. The owners and trainers protested against such arbitrary and tyrannical conduct, and threatened to take their horses



## The Atlanta Exposition.

THE Atlanta exposition is now in the full tide of success, and with all its departments complete presents an object-lesson of Southern enterprise and progress which is in every respect most honorable to that section of the Union. While the extent and variety of the exposition does not, possibly, exceed the expectations of those who initiated and have carried it forward, it is undoubtedly a surprise to very many Northern visitors, who had not anticipated so full and grand a revelation of Southern growth and energy.

It is gratifying to know that while its success as an exhibit of the industries and material interests of the South is assured, its financial prospects are also most encouraging. The *Atlanta Constitution* states that it has paid expenses up to the present date, and this, too, in the face of the fact that it was for a time incomplete in its attractions.

The attendance during September, notwithstanding the severely hot weather, was larger than had been expected, and during the present month it has steadily increased. Large excur-



CHARLES A. COLLIER, PRESIDENT AND DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

sion parties from the surrounding States have already become the fashion. In one day, recently, several thousand Tennesseans invaded the exposition. Large parties of journalists have made themselves familiar with its attractions, and the publicity they will give to its more prominent features will, of course, stimulate public interest in it and help to swell the attendance later on.

The Women's building has become a special point of interest, and it is conceded by all visitors that the contributions which the women of Georgia have made to the success of the show are among the most valuable and interesting of the entire exhibit.

The action of the managers in declining to open the exhibition grounds on Sunday has given widespread satisfaction throughout the South, where reverence for the Sabbath has not yet given place to the loose ideas which prevail in some other parts of the country.

There is no doubt that the exposition will exert a most potent influence in obliterating some of the prejudices which have operated to the disadvantage of the South, and that it will promote that spirit of national unity which must constitute so largely the buttress of our life and security.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Yale Athletes Defeat Cambridge.

THE *Defender-Valkyrie III*, flaseo did not do the cause of international sport any good; on the other hand, the recent Cambridge-Yale games which were contested at Manhattan Field, New York, can only result in shodding lustre upon international track and field competitions. The fact to be gained from this statement is, that all of the eleven events down on the card for settlement by the Cambridge and Yale athletes were decided fairly and without question. The best of good-fellowship prevailed from beginning to end, and when finally the meeting ended, the defeated English team acknowledged the superiority of their American cousins in a most sportsmanlike manner.

They had no "ifs" to offer; neither did they

complain of unfair treatment. On the contrary, they were loud in their praise of the evident willingness upon the part of the Americans who officiated to comply with their every wish. They were not slow to recognize the fact that Yale, in actual contest, was as fair an adversary as she certainly was during the negotiations which led up to the meeting; for she conceded willingly what at that time looked to be gifts—that is, the three-hundred-yard run and the one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles on the turf.

The meeting was not at all remarkable in one way, for there were no records broken, nor even approximated, save in a few instances. In all other respects, though, it might well be styled remarkable both in point of quantity and quality of the spectators, and the efficient management which was the means of running off the different events smoothly and with dispatch.

The American team started the ball a-rolling by winning the first four contests straight. First, Richards, after getting off poorly in the one-hundred-yard dash, won easily in 101.5 seconds; and Cady followed by leading the way over the one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles in 16 seconds flat. Thompson then jumped 5 feet, 8½ inches, or just one inch higher than Jennings was able to accomplish for Cambridge; and the fourth event, the three-hundred-yard run, found Richards for the second time in the van, in the fair time of 32.2-5 seconds.

Horan had a walk-over in the half-mile run, Crane, Yale's only representative, being unable to extend Horan, who ran the distance in the not over mediocre time of 2 minutes and 2.5 of a second.

Hickok, of Yale, put the sixteen-pound shot 42 feet 2 inches, and by so doing won in hollow style. The best his Cambridge rival could do was a trifle over 37 feet. The hammer-throwing contest also went to Hickok, with a throw of 130 feet, 7 inches.

Lewin proved to be a winner for Cambridge in the quarter-mile run, but it is only fair to Richards to say that had he gotten a better start and made his running sooner the result might have been in his favor. As it was, Richards was beaten out only by a scant two feet. Fitz-Herbert was supposed to be the really good thing in this event, and Richards evidently thought that by keeping a safe lead over Fitz-Herbert, Lewis, who was ahead, would come back to him yards before the tape was reached.

When the one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race on the grass took place, the Cambridge men were apparently figuring on a sure win. Cady, however, upset their calculations by winning with three yards to spare.

The broad jump, as expected, went to Sheldon, of Yale.

Although the mile run was conceded to Lutyns, many thought that Morgan, of Yale, might surprise the talent. The best he could do, however, was to trail in fifteen yards astern, while Lutyns cantered home in the slow time of 4 minutes, 35.3-5 seconds.

### THE STRENGTH OF THE DIFFERENT COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

The foot-ball season, which opened on Saturday, September 28th, is now in full swing. All of the teams are in hard training and playing daily hard and fast practice games.

While yet it is early to expatiate upon the prospects of the different teams, a few words concerning their strength now as compared with that of last year at the same time may not be out of place.

To begin with, while Harvard started the season with a list of candidates more numerous and of greater promise than ever in her history, numerous accidents to star players have placed her in an unenviable position. Still, as her team is playing to-day it is stronger than last year. The loss of such fine players as Mackie, guard; Wrenn, quarter back; and Waters, tackle, will be felt, though not so severely as might be expected, for among the new men looking for foot-ball honors are several fine specimens to take the places of Mackie and Waters. So far as Wrenn's loss is concerned, it must be admitted that the chances are much against his place being half as well filled. Back of the line Harvard will be stronger than last year.

Yale's strength is by no means what it was last year, the second week in October, for the reason that the entire backbone of the rush-line has been swept away. Like Harvard, Yale will be quite as strong, if not stronger, than ever back of the line, and at quarter back Fincke will do. The Yale ends will also be strong. In getting together a centre and a tackle, however, Captain Thorne is very apt to lose much sleep on account of the weary attached to the herculean task of getting three new men to play together, play strongly, and prove the kind of backbone a centre ought to be in any team looking for championship honors.

There is no reason to believe but that Princeton will improve in many respects over last year's form. To-day she is as strong, and if all

goes well she will continue to improve and not stand still, as the team of 1894 did.

Cornell feels the loss of Full-back O'Neil greatly. Were he playing with them this year it could be said truly that Cornell was stronger than ever.

The University of Pennsylvania eleven easily lead the way in respect to form thus far, and it seems quite sufficient to say that they are not one bit weaker now than last year—which means in plain English that they are stronger than ever before.

While Dartmouth is very strong this year, Amherst is weak. The Williams boys promise to keep up to their past good work, and at Lehigh superhuman efforts are being made to do better than last year.

One of the features of the season to date is the work of the West Point eleven. Under the careful eye of Herman Graves they are getting into such fine form that the defeat by them of the larger college teams would be quite in the order of things.

At the Annapolis academy good work is being done, but at their best they will hardly compare with their army brothers.

### ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL CUP-DEFENDER.

The *Seawanhauk-Corinthian International Challenge Cup* was successfully defended by the *Defender*, but it was anything but a walk-over—the *Spruce IV*, England's representative, taking two of the five races sailed. This record of an English boat is a refreshing exception to what seems to be the present American rule of sweeping everything in sight. According to an authority who keeps track of such matters, one has to turn back in yachting history a period of twenty-four years to find that the *Lincoln*, a challenger for the America's Cup, gave the American defender a contest approaching in excitement that of the *Defender-Spruce IV* struggle.

There were none of the disagreements which characterized the *Defender-Valkyrie III* races, and when finally the *Spruce IV* was a beaten boat her owner, J. Arthur Brand, frankly acknowledged that he was beaten fairly and squarely.

Perhaps the most amusing incident in connection with the races was the exhibition of frankness which Owner C. J. Field, of the *Defender*, gave in the third race. The wind blew pretty hard, and the sea was pretty rough, but Mr. Field, thinking both were fierce enough to endanger his life, compelled Skipper Ball to abandon the contest. Afterward Mr. Field admitted that he thought more of his own safety than of a five-hundred-dollar challenge cup.

### A BAD YEAR FOR ENGLISHMEN.

The defeat of the Oxford and Cambridge visiting cricketers by sundry gentlemen in Philadelphia, who showed that they knew a thing or two about the English game, only furnishes additional reasons for believing that we Americans, when it comes to sport on land or water, are the masters of the world. To be sure, this English college team is not England's best, but it must be remembered that cricket is not our game—any more than base-ball is theirs.

The work of the American, Patterson, at bat and in bowling was superb, and deserves special mention. The crack English bat, Drane, was signally outdone. The success of the American team has had its effect, and unless all signs fail a cricket team will journey across the pond next year to try conclusions with the Englishmen on British soil.

*W. T. Ball.*

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

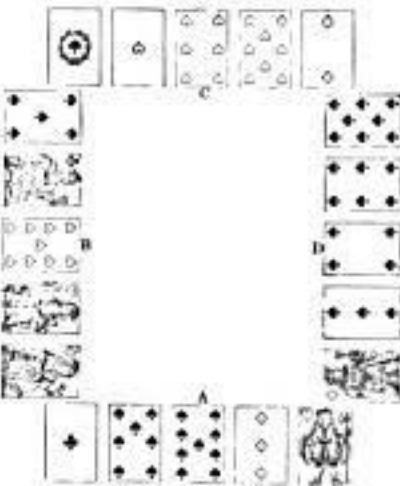
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

No end of solutions have been received to Problem No. 32, giving as the correct line of play: A leads with spade four, B five, C ten, and D the nine. C leads club nine, D ten, A jack, and B the eight. A can now take two tricks in trumps and throw the last club trick to C. In the correction given as Problem No. 35 the transposition of the six and seven would leave the winning club with D. Answers commencing also with the lead of clubs or trumps were received from Messrs. E. T. Allen, G.

Abraham, F. Buckley, "P. H. R." W. Barrett, D. Cook, T. Clark, J. Donne, Denver Club, Dr. Eastman, G. Ellery, P. W. Freeman, Fort Schuyler, C. N. Gowan, H. Greene, "H. D. L. H., R. Higgins, W. A. Hardie, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," C. F. Irwin, Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, G. H. Ketcham, Lowell Club, C. H. Masters, Mrs. H. T. Menner, Mahlen Club, Dr. E. T. Nance, F. T. Orr, C. F. Prout, A. L. P. ter, "Priscilla," Matthew C. Peck, G. Peters, "K. F. R.," W. Rohr, W. Rogers, P. Stafford, J. P. Stewart, Dr. Tyler, A. E. Thompson, H. Udell, "Veritas," Webster Club, "Whistite," and W. Young.

Here is a pretty bit of whist which is not to be mastered at a glance, given as Problem No. 33:



Clubs trumps. A leads, and with parts r C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

## The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 31. BY T. TAVERNER, OF ENGLAND.  
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above problem received the first prize in an international tourney of the *Baltimore Sunday News*, wherein Messrs. Cook, Carpenter, and Loyd were the judges. There were fifty-nine problems entered in the contest, representing the best talent of the world, and the result is interesting as showing the diversity of opinion regarding the merits of two-move problems. In positions of three or more moves, where the feature of difficulty becomes an important factor, it is easy for a judge to appreciate the points which concealed the solution; to an expert, however, the difficulty of a two-move has but little weight, and the verdict turns upon the particular fancy or whim of the judge. In this tournament, in no single instance did two of the judges select the same problem. They

(Continued on page 256.)

## Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

High-st of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE





HON. C. A. CULBERSON, THE UP-TO-DATE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

### Decline of Pugilism.

It is the opinion of all careful observers that pugilism is on its last legs. This may or may not prove to be the fact, but it certainly looks, from the widespread opposition to it—notably that in connection with the Corbett-Fitzsimmons con-

templated fight—as if the decline were a serious one.

Once upon a time an American fighter was willing to go into the ring against an Englishman just for glory—now money, and lots of it, is the only consideration to induce two men to battle within a roped inclosure. For this very reason, to say nothing of moral considerations, pugilism has degenerated for the most part into a war of words, and in consequence has lost what held it once had on the patronage of a certain class of sport-loving people.

But while sadly degenerated, the game is not altogether one of words for those who pose as champions. This fact has been demonstrated pretty thoroughly lately by the recent training, about New York, of Corbett and Fitzsimmons, in anticipation of fighting for sixty odd thousand dollars and bets on the outside and inside.

Now, while the admiration perhaps of only one man in every one hundred would be excited by seeing these gladiators pummeling each other for money, the entire one hundred would undoubtedly be interested in seeing either of the men go through his daily training work. This is so because there is in human nature an ingrained relish for exhibitions of strength, endurance, and the skill of the trained athlete.

The pictures of Corbett shown on this page give a very fair idea of the severe "course of sprouts" which he, his trainer, and advisers think essential to a true fighting condition. In the one, he is seen to be wrestling, and any one who has wrestled knows how the endurance is taxed. Yet Corbett, after pulling and hauling about one victim, takes on another and yet another, and in the end comes out fresher than the first man, who has a rest of some minutes.



A WRESTLING MATCH.



CORBETT STARTING ON HIS DAILY WALK AT NORTH ASHBURY PARK.



"THE MEDICINE BALL."



THE HAND-BALL.

Another picture shows the part the medicine-ball plays in his work. Hand-ball is also represented, as well as the punching-bag. To the ordinary person any one of these games would, if continued as long as Corbett continues it, be quite sufficient for the day—but not so to him.

In Madison Square Garden, New York, recently, Corbett gave an exhibition of his training methods, and every one who witnessed it was impressed with the endurance he exhibited—his strength, agility, and withal complete mastery of the science of boxing. Those who saw him on that occasion saw perhaps the most scientific boxer in the world; or, if not the best, certainly as perfect a master as there possibly could be.

The action of Governor Culberson in convening the Texas Legislature in special session for the purpose of enacting a law which would effectually prevent the proposed prizefight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons at Dallas or elsewhere in that State has been widely and deservedly commended as an exhibition of fidelity to the highest considerations of the public welfare. The bill passed by the Legislature makes prize-fighting a felony, and imposes a punishment upon the principals for every infraction of the law by imprisonment for a term of not less than two and not more than five years. It was passed in both houses by a substantially unanimous vote. Its immediate effect was to compel the managers of the proposed athletic encounter to look for some other field of operations. One report has it that the disagreeable affair will probably come off in Mexico. Another statement is that an effort will be made to have the fight in the Indian Territory; but it is announced that if an attempt shall be made in the Territory the government will, if necessary, call out the troops to prevent it. It is by no means creditable to one of the Southern railroads whose lines extend into Mexico that it has offered to put up several thousand dollars in order to bring the fight to Mexican soil.

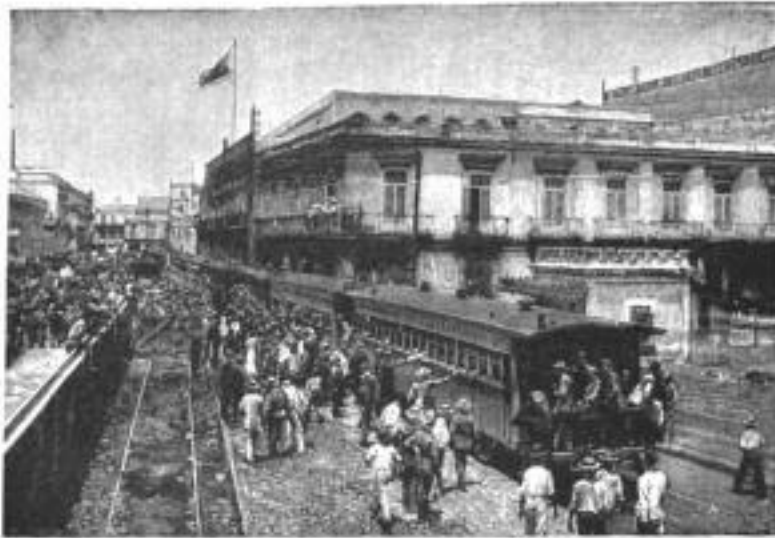
The State of Texas has in this matter set an example of regard for public decency which will, no doubt, have great influence upon popular opinion throughout the country. It is hardly possible that a prize-fight will hereafter be permitted under any conditions in any State of the Union.



EXERCISE WITH THE PUNCHING-BAG.

A DAY WITH CORBETT—HOW A MODERN PUGILIST TRAINS FOR A CONTEST.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.

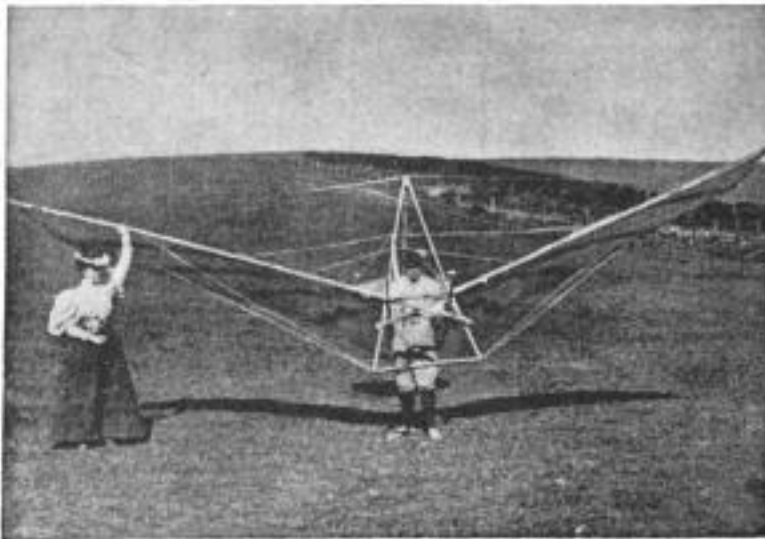




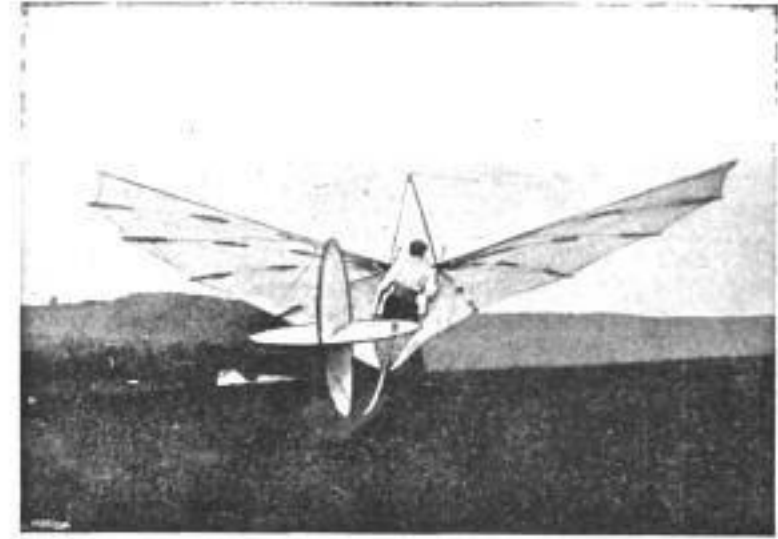
SCENE AT THE VILLANUEVA RAILWAY-STATION, HAVANA, ON THE DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.



REVIEW OF SPANISH TROOPS IN FRONT OF THE FAIR THEATRE, HAVANA.  
*La Ilustracion Española y Americana.*



FLYING-MACHINE INVENTED BY PERCY S. FISCHER, OF THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, BY WHICH HE HAS SOARED CONSIDERABLE DISTANCES AT AN ELEVATION OF TWENTY FEET.  
*Black and White*



A VICTORIA REGIA LEAF IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, LONDON.  
*Black and White.*



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT TO CAVOCH DURING THE RECENT FETES IN ROME.  
*Illustration.*



BUILDING THE NEW ENGLISH IRON-CLAD "MAJESTIC" IN PORTSMOUTH DOCK-YARD.  
*Illustrated London News.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

(Continued from page 25.)

graded the problems according to number of meritorious points, according to custom, which might award, as it frequently has, the first prize to a problem which not one of the judges considered the best.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 30. BY LOYN.

White. 1 Q to K R 4 ch  
Black. 1 P to B 4  
2 P takes P on passant mate.

Of course, like the distinguished player for whom this problem was composed, our solvers were not looking for a solution to commence with a check, and many of them gave it up as "having something wrong about it." Correct solutions were received, however, in the following order from Messrs. J. J. Ryan, W. L. Fogg, F. C. Nye, "A. H. B.," C. T. Mack, "Ivanhoe," E. H. Baldwin, A. J. Conen, C. V. Smith, G. Henderson, C. P. Hewitt, T. Morris, R. Rogers, and W. E. Hayward.

### AUTUMN LEAVES.

There is no time in the year when the mountain, valley, and lake scenery is as entrancing as it is in the autumn.

The picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad has no superior as the varied grandeur of the scenery along its line.

Comfortable and commodious parlor and sleeping cars and day coaches are run on all through trains between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago via Niagara Falls.

Send four cents in stamps to Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, for illustrated pamphlets describing this route.

### THE FORCE OF HABIT

"How did O'Mahony get along after he was dropped from the force?"

"Bully. He set up a peanut and fruit stand and ate up all his stock."—Judge.

Use Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.

### CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 24, North River, foot of Murray Street.

Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 15th.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Sohmer Piano has successfully passed the most severe critical test by the highest musical talent in the world.

### EVOLUTION OF RAILROADING.

It leads the world of travel in all things—in comfort, safety, luxury, and speed.

It introduced block signals, and all else tending to give, with safety, quickest time.

The vestibule, electric lighting, baths, ladies' salons, barbers, snack parlors, buffets, typewriters, dining, and observation cars—in short, "The Pennsylvania Limited."

It gives to all desiring privacy, compartment cars equipped for excellence.

It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines from North and East to South and West.

Hours from New York to Chicago, 31; Cincinnati, 21; St. Louis, 29.

Others may emulate, but equal none. THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

Natural domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

### Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine cure free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of use or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address: Mr. THOMAS BARKER, Lock-box 605, Marshall, Michigan.

## baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphates, is the easiest fat-fool baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. 50c and \$1.00

## SLEEP AND REST

For Skin Tortured

BABIES  
And Tired  
MOTHERS



In One Application of

# Cuticura

POSITIVE CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths, with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA OINTMENT, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier).

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British agents: F. NEWBY & SONS, 1 King Edward St., London. FOREIGN DRUGS & CHEM. CO., Sole U.S. Agents, Boston, U.S.A.

"Can the Ethiopian  
CHANGE HIS SKIN?"

almost, if he  
will but use

(CONSTANTINE'S)  
PINE TAR SOAP

Persian Healing.

Constantine's

WORKS  
WONDERS  
ON THE SKIN.

A FAIR TRIAL WILL  
PROVE IT.

It is appropriate to add, this remarkable soap is composed of Pine Tar and other Medicinal Properties, the result of vegetable discoveries made by the natives of Africa. A toilet soap and healing agent in one.

DRUGGISTS.

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not get confused by the name Sohmer Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name speaks for itself.

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# TAMAR

# INDIEN

# GRILLON

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# LONDON (ENGLAND).

# THE LANCHEAM, Portland Place.

# FACIAL BLEMISHES.

# Large establishment in the world for the treatment of all skin diseases.

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# City, opposite of Broadway's Park Hotel.

# Send 6 Wc. for sample and catalogue book on Dermatology.

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HER UNDERSTANDING.  
COLLECTOR.—"Mrs. Casey, I believe! Who foots the bills, may I ask—you or your husband?"  
Mrs. Casey—"Faix, Or does wake days—thot is, if any strange ones stray into me yard—rd."  
—Judge.

A FORTUNATE MAN.  
"How did Grassgrow do with his book on success in farming?"  
"Splendidly. The book paid for all he lost on the farm."—Judge.

# Pocket ... Kodak

\$5.00

Makes  
pictures

large enough to be good for contact printing and good enough to enlarge to any reasonable size.

Pocket Kodak, loaded for 12 pictures, 1 1/2 x 2 1/4, \$5.00

Developing and Fixing outfit, 1.50

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Sample photo and booklet for two-cent stamp.

Breathe Fragrance all Day Long.

What do you think of a clock with a perfuming feature that keeps your room like a flower garden? An inexpensive pleasure too. The

Bouquet Perfuming Fixture and Novelty Clock.

—the newest of novelties—is told about in our booklet, mailed free.

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on your dress skirts if you want the Best.

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Every whale has barnacles—every success has imitators.

The De Long Patent Hook and Eye.

See that hump?

Richardson & De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

One Bottle Every Day means from 2 to 5 pounds a week gained in healthy flesh.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

—the food drink—is crushed from the best malt and hops. A rousing tonic. To the nursing mother it is nourishment for herself and babe. To consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases, to all who are thin and sickly, it means more flesh and greater strength.

At all druggists' and grocers'.

PREPARED BY Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n., St. Louis, U.S.A.

FINAL TRIUMPH.—The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C., has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n. the disputed Highest Score of Award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

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Should know how child-bearing can be effected without PAIN or DANGER and how they can be kept in good health. Complete gynecological treatment, including all the latest discoveries, by DR. J. H. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y.

D. L. BOWEN'S HEALTH EXERCISER

For Gentlemen, Ladies, Young, athletes or invalids. Complete gynecological treatment, including all the latest discoveries, by DR. J. H. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y.

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Tobacco users say, Ah! maybe you say so yourself. There are millions like you, with what physicians call a "TOBACCO NERVE"—that is, your nervous system is completely under tobacco's narcotic stimulant, and when you say, "I CAN'T QUIT," you tell the truth. The natural way is to treat the diseased nervous system by using

NO TO BAC

MAKES IT EASY,

acts directly on the tobacco-irritated nerve centres, destroying the nerve craving effects, builds up and improves the entire nervous system. Makes WEAK MEN STRONG. Many report a gain of ten pounds in ten days. You run no physical or financial risk—NO-TO-BAC sold under your own

DRUGGIST'S GUARANTEE.

Every druggist is authorized to sell NO-TO-BAC under absolute guarantee to cure every form of tobacco using. Our written guarantee, free sample of NO-TO-BAC and booklet called, "Don't Let Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed for the asking. Address: THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

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# SOZODONT

Have Been Sung for Over Half a Century

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LIKE A GOOD TEMPER SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE.



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## Justice at Last.

The decision of the New York Court of Appeals affirming the judgment of the lower court in sentencing "But" Shea to be executed for the murder of Robert Ross, at the spring election of 1894 in the city of Troy, has been hailed everywhere, outside of the infamous partisan ring which so long dominated that city, with profound satisfaction. There never was a more atrocious outrage upon the freedom of the ballot, or a more unprovoked assault upon a peaceful citizen, than that perpetrated by this ruffian, Shea. The facts of the case are still within public recollection. Ross, a young man of most exemplary character, of pacific temper and inoffensive life, was a Republican watcher at the polls. Shea was a member of the Murphy gang of bullies who, by intimidation, fraud, and violence, had for years held the city in subjection to that notorious boss. Without provocation he shot and killed young Ross after having made an attempt upon the life of another watcher. The act was deliberate, if not, in fact, premeditated. He was arrested, tried, and after great difficulty convicted, the ring employing every possible artifice and all the pressure at its command to embarrass the trial and secure a verdict of acquittal. Sentenced to death, his counsel appealed the case upon the pretext that the indictment was not lawfully procured, and now, after long delay, the court of last resort finally decides that there is no ground for appeal, and that the murderer must die. In announcing its decision the court denounces in the mostathing terms the infamous practices which have characterized Troy elections, saying, in part:

"The government by the people cannot long exist if such practices continue. We cannot believe that there are prominent public or party men who countenance such methods of conducting an election. Such practices as are now spoken of must be stamped out by the most vigorous and active legal measures and by the cooperation of all political measures. The reporter is the modern prince, an enemy of organized and civilized society, and it is the duty of all parties to assist the officers of the law in the prompt punishment of the guilty."

Every right-minded citizen will applaud the sentiments here expressed. There are few, however, who will be able to share the opinion of the court, that the fraudulent and murderous methods so strongly reprobated are not encouraged by "prominent public or party men." The methods in Troy of which the murder of Robert Ross was the direct and logical outcome could never have existed but for the inspiration and support they have received from persons who are conspicuous in Democratic councils. Some of these persons have received the highest honors in the gift of the party, and are to-day potent factors in determining its nominations and its policy. They are as desperate of purpose and as remorselessly hostile to the purity of the ballot and the right of the people to govern themselves as they have ever been at any time in the past. The execution of Shea, their tool, will be a triumph of justice, but these desperate gamblers in politics have yet to be reckoned with. And there must be no let-up in the crusade for civic purity until not only these, but all partisan malefactors like them, everywhere in the land, are finally and effectually overthrown.

## Commercial Training.



HERE is no doubt that one of the greatest needs in the practical life of this country to-day is better commercial education. The vast majority of business failures in the United States and Canada are due to inexperience and incapacity. Of those who start in business, considerably more than ninety per cent. fail, and it is fair to say that at least sixty per cent. of these failures are due either to the lack of training of the principals themselves or the inferior quality of service rendered by those whom they employ. This is one view of the case. Another is that the development of our foreign commerce directly depends upon the ability and experience of those who control and direct

Every day, merchants are complaining of the difficulty of getting competent men to extend their trade. One great reason why we have not secured our share of business in South America, Mexico, and other sections is that we have not had men trained to capture the trade and equipper to hold the markets after they are gained.

In this matter we may learn a good deal from the countries of Europe where commercial education in the broad sense has accomplished such wonderful results. The recent consular reports published by our State Department are full of valuable information upon this point. For more than forty years a commercial institute to furnish special education to young men who desire to engage in commercial pursuits has been at work in Antwerp under the administration of representatives of both the municipal and the general governments. A correspondent writes that it "has played no unimportant part in building up the intelligent business community of Antwerp, which in recent years has brought about so wonderful a development of the city's trade that Antwerp now stands at the head of all the great seaports of continental Europe, and immediately after London, Liverpool, and New York." It is the opinion of careful investigators that Germany owes her great foreign trade very largely to her comprehensive system of commercial education. Hamburg is given as an admirable illustration of what this training does. A merchants' union was organized to help young men out of work and fit them for employment. During the forty years of its existence it has trained many thousands of young men, and has found places for over forty thousand of them. These unions have spread throughout the empire, and have done a most wonderful work. "If German clerks are the best, the hardest working, safest, and most reliable, and if German agents are the best informed and most pushing, it is due in a large degree to lessons learned in these unions," writes the American consul; and he adds: "When one looks for a reason why the clerks of London are twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. German, he finds it running back in golden links to these unions." So wonderfully has their influence spread that the whole world is being covered with "a network of agencies for promoting German commerce and finding outlets for German industry." There are also in Germany preparatory schools for special mercantile instruction. In the other countries of Europe to a somewhat less degree commercial education is specially provided for, and the French government is considering the advisability of creating a corps of commercial inspectors who shall travel abroad, collect information in the different markets France seeks to enter, and bring their facts home for the instruction of the commercial houses in trade.

The whole effect of this education has been to lift commerce to a higher plane of dignity and usefulness, and here in this country, where the typical citizen is a business man, we ought to be doing more to provide the educational facilities that will make the business men of the coming generation the most successful in the country's history. If we do not do it Germany and other countries will continue to make advances in controlling the trade of the world, and the leadership we might enjoy will be permanently lost to us.

## The Cuban Insurrection.

THE New York World publishes a statement by General Martinez Campos as to the situation in Cuba which proves very conclusively that the insurrection is by no means the insignificant affair which most Spanish accounts have represented it to be. General Campos says very frankly that it is more formidable and of wider scope than he anticipated when he set about its suppression; that the military policy of the insurgents has been wise and effective; that they have a great advantage in their knowledge of the country and in the active sympathy of the people; and that the Spanish force on the island, considerable as it is, is hardly adequate to the demands of the situation. He declares, however, that he anticipates success in the vigorous and aggressive campaign he will soon inaugurate.

There is no doubt that, urged thereto by the home government, Campos is preparing to strike much heavier blows against the insurgents than he has so far delivered, and the conditions will certainly be more favorable to his success during the winter season than they have hitherto been. On the other hand, the insurrection has gained coherency and strength, and its leaders have acquired greater confidence, through the successes of the past summer; the popular sympathy with the movement is finding more definite and helpful expression, and the equipment of the fighting force is so much improved that it is difficult to see how General Campos can possibly, with the troops at his command, overcome the resistance he will encounter in the disaffected provinces. The formal organization of a revolutionary government, with its headquarters in Puerto Principe, and its proclamation of the code of laws by which the republic will be governed, is a significant evidence of the trend of affairs, and is perhaps the most effective answer that could be made to Campos's pronouncements. It will be sure to draw to the support of the insurrectionary leaders a good many Cubans who have hitherto held aloof. Late reports indicate that the people of the western end of the island are declaring themselves openly, and that outbreaks may occur at any moment in

centres of population which the Spanish have believed to be undoubtedly loyal.

On the whole the prospects of the Cuban cause must be regarded as favorable to the aspirations of its supporters. If they should succeed in obtaining recognition as belligerents, by this or any other government, their success would probably be placed beyond a doubt.

## International Marriages.



THE frequent marriage of American girls to titled foreigners is becoming a subject of newspaper comment abroad. Even the *Illustrated London Spectator*, which ordinarily confines itself to graver topics, taking the engagement of the young Duke of Marlborough to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt as its text, devotes a page to this general subject. And its comments are peculiarly candid and amiable. It starts with the statement that the habit of intermarriage among their citizens is not, as some people contend, a bond of union between countries. "If it were so," it remarks, "North and South, England and Ireland, would be lost in love for one another." It emphasizes this view with the declaration that the "wildest conflict of opinion has never blinded Englishmen to the charms of Irish girls; neither have Irishmen ever ceased to seek brides in England." As a matter of fact, the *Spectator* holds that engagements such as the one above recorded would naturally become cases of international jealousy rather than affection, and it cites some signs that they are so becoming. Thus the ladies newspapers on the other side "begin to make savage comments on the American girls who carry off the great prize in the English lottery of marriage, while the American men are asking in astonishment, not wholly untinged with anger, why all their heiresses should prefer stiff-backed suitors from Europe to themselves." To the *Spectator* however, the process seems to be a very natural one, and in no way deserving the hard words with which tidings of such a betrothal are constantly received. It says in this connection:

"The English noble who marries the American millionaire may be, of course, playing a part in a mere 'arrangement,' as he might be also if he were marrying a duke's daughter at home, but he may be making his honest choice within the limits to which custom has confined him. He does not blame persons who seek their brides only within royal houses, and, in fact, most men are bound in the same withes, though they may not be quite so narrow. The noble must, in the opinion of his order marry either rank or money, and in choosing the latter in America he accepts his destiny, accompanied by as few drawbacks as may be. There is no reason why, though he regards his coronet, he should not be happy in love. The American girl is not a foreigner; she is usually less stiff, with a beauty that all men recognize; she is as straight in conduct as any Puritan; she is, while young, as entertaining as any girl in the world, and her usual foibles—the few of which are a certain superficiality and self-will—are precisely the foibles which belong to the aristocratic training. She has no relatives who are troublesome, for the Atlantic rolls between her and them; she is never despised in the circle which receives her; and opinion, which weighs heavily with both sexes in their marriages, hails the bridegroom as having made a notable and worthy conquest. So far from wondering at the English noble's statement who marries in America, we wonder that he marries anywhere else; he gains so very much, and there are so few drawbacks to his choice. Where else can he fall in love, and rebuild his house, and entirely content opinion, at one and the same time?"

While all this is true, the *Spectator* is inclined to marvel why the American girl so often prefers the English or German or Italian noble to one of her own kinsfolk. The American suitor, it is kind enough to say, "is often as polished as the European; he is usually much better cultivated—cultivation not being by any means the strong point of the European aristocrat; he is richer, rather than poorer, and while he is at least as eager a lover, he is, by the consent of two continents, a rather more devoted husband. Why, then, is he passed over for one who comes from the outside?" Our English contemporary does not believe that this is due to worship of rank; it fancies, rather, "that tradition, literature, and unaccustomedness have something to do with it, and that the higher society of Europe has for the American girl something of the charm of romance, as of an undiscovered and better country in which it would be pleasant to undertake an adventure." It is entirely unable to see why the American girl who selects a new and, as she thinks, a brighter life, should be accused either of snobishness or of over-vaunting ambition.

Certainly these comments of the *Spectator* are much more good-natured than those often found in the columns of our own American newspapers. There are few of the latter, we fancy, who would undertake to justify the marriage of American heiresses to impecunious foreigners by any such pleasant plea as it makes in their behalf. But it may be, after all, that the *Spectator* is not so far out of the way. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that the criticisms so freely indulged in by some of our journals are wholly unwarranted by the facts which enter into many of these marriage arrangements. However this may be, it is not at all likely that the tendency toward international marriages which seems to have been accentuated with the lapse of time, will grow any less pronounced with the broadening of the spirit of human brotherhood and the obliteration of the artificial distinctions which have characterized so largely the society of the past.



## AN EXPERIMENTAL COURSE IN PHILANTHROPOLOGY.



ONE OF MISS DODGE'S WEEKLY CONVERSATIONS.

THE experience of Grace Hoadley Dodge may be said to prove the paradox that the best charity is no charity. Beginning with the loftiest missionary enthusiasm to attempt the reform of criminals, she has proceeded step by step to the position that the proper education of teachers in a paid college is the noblest philanthropy.

Twenty years ago Miss Dodge, then in her teens, was a society girl of bright prospects. She had the good fortune to be the granddaughter of William E. Dodge, Sr., one of the most honored of New York merchant princes. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce, a trustee of Union Theological Seminary, and one of the founders of the Union League Club. As the oldest child of an oldest child, Miss Dodge was a favorite with her grandparents, and resided with them.

At that time she taught a class in the Sunday-school connected with the fashionable Madison Square Church of which Dr. Parkhurst is now the pastor.

When the greatest of modern Boanerges, D. L. Moody, commenced his memorable revival services in New York, the elder Dodge was glad to receive him as a guest under his own roof. Thus Miss Dodge became acquainted with a man whose passion for the uplifting of humanity is contagious. Those who are wont to discount the efforts of emotional religious exhorters, on the ground that their influence is fleeting and followed by reaction in the direction of irreligion, should consider the case of Grace Dodge. Her zeal has increased steadily with the flight of years.

It is curious that a sweet Christian girl should have chosen Magdalens for her first missionary labors. Yet such was the fact in Miss Dodge's case. If society girls generally should suddenly pursue such a course, what, I wonder, would be the effect upon numbers of society men? Would there be any fear of possible revelations that might be made by the penitents?

Mrs. Charlotte L. Williams, the widow of a clergyman, was matron of the Woman's Infirmary in New York at that time. Miss Dodge sought her out, and so made the acquaintance of one of the gentlest saints uncanonized. The infirmary was a charitable institution for young women during confinement, and the object of it was reformatory. For this reason it was open only to first offenders.

The young missionary cultivated the acquaintance of these unfortunates, who were often without other friends. She was surprised to learn how many of them had been misled through sheer ignorance. Many more might have been saved if they had had one Christian friend to influence them in the hour of their temptation.

Miss Dodge is eminently practical. Why not put up a bulwark at the top of the precipice, she asked, instead of blinding up the maimed and injured at the foot of it? Why not be the one Christian friend of the innocent working-girl, and by counsel and loving companionship prevent disaster?

Most of the inmates of the infirmary came from among the employes of certain factories which employ large numbers of girls. Miss Dodge visited these factories and organized classes which met for conversation with her once a week in a room hired for the purpose. Of course only the best girls would be attracted, but by organizing the better

element and by getting hold of young girls as they came into the shops, an influence for good was set in motion. These classes were free from any creed beyond that of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake. Girls of the Catholic faith were just as much at home with Miss Dodge as any others. She has also learned to co-operate with charitable Hebrew women in benevolent enterprises with perfect concord.

The trouble with weekly conversations was that it left the girls six evenings for temptation to one for improvement. Moreover, pious conversations, even when conducted by one of Miss Dodge's vivacity and amiability, are not as attractive to the average shop-girl as the play or the ball. The problem was to get up something the girls would be anxious to join. And so Miss Dodge originated working-girls' clubs.

It is useless to debate whether all the working-girls' clubs in the world grew out of Miss Dodge's club. No doubt the time had come for them, and more than one worker may have invented them. At any rate, there is no danger of infringing on a patent if anybody desires to imitate them. They are to be found in large cities all over the United States, England, France, and Italy, and, so far as known, all were formed subsequently to February, 1884, the date on which Miss Dodge organized the Thirty-eighth Street Working-girls' Club.

The attraction at the Thirty-eighth Street club is dancing (without gentlemen). There is also a library and reading-room, which is not nearly so popular. For those who are willing to pay extra there are classes in sewing, embroidery, cooking, and singing. Some years they take lessons in dumb-bell or other athletic exercise. The club is self-supporting, and there is no taint of charity about it. The members pay dues by the month. There is a sick benefit society and a vacation society connected with it for the assistance of worn-out girls.

Near by, in Thirty-sixth Street, there is an employment



CLASS IN DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.

bureau started by Miss Dodge to find work for girls who are out of work. Nearly one-half of all the applicants to this bureau have been placed in permanent situations. Girls who have married are not lost to the Thirty-eighth Street club. Miss Dodge has a circle of mothers and babies once a week. There are nineteen clubs in the New York association, with a membership of about twenty-five hundred.

Miss Dodge's interest in her girls has continued unabated, notwithstanding she has gone on a great way in philanthropic enterprise. She still meets them for a conversation every Tuesday evening. Mrs. Richard Irvin has relieved her of much of the detail work of the club.

Miss Dodge's study of the character of shop-girls convinced her that in order to be efficient the good influences should be thrown around them before they came to the shop. She resolved to train the children, and this led her to study the homes of the poor.

Miss Dodge was now getting at the heart of the problem of poverty. She became acquainted with Louise E. Schuyler, who had organized the State Charities Aid Association. That society consists of philanthropic persons all over the State who are accustomed to visit public institutions, to converse with the inmates. One such individual standing alone has little influence over the management of an asylum or almshouse, but as the representative of an incorporated society with privileges accorded by law, his advice is apt

to be heeded, and he knows how to bring to bear all the resources of the organization upon an institution that is mismanaged.

But the best work of the State Charities Aid Association was the collection of information bearing upon the causes of poverty and contributing to the formation of a new science, now taught in a number of leading colleges—the science of philanthropy. To the influence of the State Aid Association are due such diverse and valuable auxiliaries to charity as the New York Charity Organization Society and the Training School for Nurses.

Miss Dodge resolved to improve the homes of the poor. A new matron was found for the Woman's Infirmary, and Mrs. Williams was induced to manage a kitchen-garden, or a school for instruction in kitchen work. The school was located on Eleventh Street, and it had an office on Fourteenth Street through which employment was found for graduates as domestic servants. For the poor had no great desire to improve their own homes, and the only incentive to learn cookery for them was the promise of situations.

The teaching of kitchen work is still continued by more than one mission enterprise in New York, but Miss Dodge's kitchen-garden has grown into something as unlike it as the butterfly is unlike the larva from which it sprang.

What with kitchen-gardens and kindergartens, and the study of manuals on training and on manual training, Miss Dodge had developed into an authority on pedagogics. Accordingly, when in 1886 there was a demand for the appointment of women on the Board of Education, William R. Grace, who was then mayor of New York, naturally selected Miss Dodge as one of the first two women ever made commissioners of education in this city.

Miss Dodge not only attended committee meetings and board meetings, but she visited all the schools in the city, became well acquainted with the teachers, and learned the needs of each school. Her great desire was to establish co-operation between teachers and the parents of pupils, which is still a cardinal point in her system. One evening of every week was teachers' evening while she continued a member of the board, and that evening any teacher was welcome to seek Miss Dodge's advice at her house.

Miss Dodge was studying two things—the homes of the people and the schools of the people. She became convinced that much of the instruction of the schools was wasted. She also believed that the things the poor most needed to learn were not taught in the schools. When every beggar can read and write, the question arises whether he might not also while at school have learned to make an honest and useful living. Miss Dodge wanted to see boys trained to good workmanship and girls to good housekeeping, right from the beginning of life. She wanted to see instruction of the hand and eye as well as of the mind.

What little has been done in the public schools of New York in the way of kindergartens and sewing classes is due to Miss Dodge's influence. But the public service is con-

servative. The Normal College did not train teachers to teach by the new methods, nor could it afford to spend public money in experiments. It was a situation to discourage the ordinary reformer, who would have worn out his life in vain jerebads.

But Miss Dodge is not an ordinary reformer. She has the advantage of having had a millionaire grandfather. She resolved to have a normal college of her own. The kitchen-garden made a metamorphosis. Mrs. Williams stopped graduating servants and began the instruction of teachers. An old theological seminary building on University Place was rented and the teachers' college was a fact. It was chartered in 1890, and a year ago it removed to a beautiful new home on Morningside Heights, in Harlem, where it forms one of the Columbia College system of educational institutions. It was Miss Dodge who induced George W. Vanderbilt to give the site for the college, and it was her own personal friends who erected and equipped six hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth of buildings on it; making, probably, the most perfect pedagogic laboratory in this country. Dr. W. L. Hervey is its president.

In stature Miss Dodge is queenly, and she moves in an air of abounding and healthful helpfulness. Although her features are not regular, her face lights up with animation when she talks, making her most attractive. Especially when speaking on religious themes her face fairly beams.

GEORGE M. SIMONSON.





LETTY LIND.

### Merrymakers on the London Stage.

To be a favorite on the stage in the "Modern Babylon," a woman must be equipped in at least one of three ways. She may be only beautiful, and the lack of talent will be overlooked; if she startles by her "fetching" qualities, audacity, *diablerie*, she may be plain and sublimely stupid; or she must legitimately amuse and interest according to English canons, which, by the way, are frequently not ours.

Two of these types are found in "The Artist's Model," the comic opera which has held a London stage now for very nearly a year—Letty Lind and Hetty Hamer.

We are familiar with the dainty little Englishwoman who transformed skirt-dancing into a sort of butterfly art four or five years ago. London pets her. In the blue jean trousers and blouse of the Paris street urchin, as she dances in her diminutive clogs and smiles in her odd, one-sided way, she sparkles into the sympathy of the watchers. Her face is piquant—an honest, little face—but of absolute beauty she has scarcely any, and after three years' illness she returned to the stage last year with only an echo of a voice, even for spoken lines.

Her charm, however, does not depend on beauty of face or voice. She seems a sprite, her every glance an unreserved expression of the part she plays; her smile flashing over every part of a crowded house an invisible lasso knitting the attention and homage of her audience.

And then, lastly, and most important, those little feet of hers! In the turnings of the "Tom-tit" dance they waft the

blues away as gracefully as clouds of tobacco smoke; acrobatic sky assaults find no exponent in Letty Lind. She is a born comedienne. Seldom does a dancing member of a comic-opera company give any semblance of reality to the lines of the *Siretto*—as a rule it is considered quite enough to strut through the part; but as the runaway school-girl in Paris, playing truant in the blouse and cap of a saucy gamin, she is satisfying enough to dispense with songs and dances and still be a success.

In contrast to her stands Hetty Hamer. Her photographs decorate the theatre lobbies as prominently as those of the principals, yet she does nothing. She is as an actress as she might be a model in a cloak shop. Her face is beautiful, though lacking in shades of expression. She neither sings nor acts. She merely exists behind the foot-lights and draws her large salary because her eyes are like big, shadowed violets, her mouth like a Greek bow, the cut of her nose and chin strikingly classic. She suggests Hardy's milkmaid heroine, Tess—the bovine calm in the large, clear eyes, the pouting lips, with the red pinch in the middle of the upper one, the surprised, ingenuous, unvarying smile. Lengthy notices are always given Hetty Hamer in the papers, and the interest the audience takes in her is eloquent of another national difference between the English and us—their critical appreciation of feminine beauty, merely as beauty, irrespective of talent and social status.

Another instance of this under more unreserved conditions is the beautiful Miss Harold, of the music-halls. She is five feet five, of physical perfection, and renders racy songs in a diminutive voice and with a lisp, but she has a face of the *retroussé* cherub order which a smile awakens into dimples. London is content to look at her in three changes of



HETTY HAMER.



MISS MAY YOBÉ AS "DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON."

Psyche-like costume every evening, forget the lisp, and applaud.

Cissy Loftus, the mimic—all London is talking of her. She is considered as genuinely talented for the work she does, as Letty Lind for hers. Her vogue in New York was mild, perhaps because she did not mimic types familiar to us. Be that as it may, she is a reigning queen of her world, and stands alone in her special line of work in London. Her pictures are everywhere, and many of them, from the aristocratic tea-rooms in the neighborhood of Hyde Park, to the grimy windows of the fried-fish shops near Drury Lane, and the great Palace Theatre, crowded from foot-lights to dome as the time approaches when she is due to appear, presents an almost terrifying spectacle when viewed from an upper box. She is considered an imitable mimic. The celebrities she holds up for amusement must of course be as familiar as one's hand to be enjoyed. Her selections for the English have been from the beginning happy ones.

As an American making a "hit" in London never approached in her native land, May Yobe stands out prominently. She has a pretty, irregular, characterless face—no one calls her a beauty—and her hoarse, uncultivated contralto wins no soft adjectives when an Englishman describes it. But she is nevertheless an unqualified success, the star of a burlesque opera company, very much photographed, very much talked of, and if, as some one has said, it is the ambition of a variety actress to see her name on the back of a "sandwich man" crawling among crowds, then May Yobe must revel in a theatrical Nirvana every time she drives out.

One feels inclined to try and diagnose the reasons

for her English triumphs. As you watch her stride across the stage, invariably in boy's clothes, almost invariably cracking a whip or smoking a cigarette, throwing in a surreptitious wink at the audience between a hoarse laugh and a hoarse line, you feel the magnetism of her audacity. The thought that you are regarding a woman with probably no iota of reverence for anything under heaven but her own wayward will, a compilation of boyish sauciness, recklessness, with fingers poised to snap defiance at criticism, has a certain charm which deepens as the play progresses.

Part of her success may also be due to the fact that she has achieved one of those strange alliances for which London is famous—the lord and the burlesque actress. May Yobe under the limelight—Lady Hope in private life, the possessor of a penniless, titled husband—the one is scarcely less audaciously interesting than the other.

Lastly, she is an American, has the American accent and go-ahead manner. Slow-going, conservative British subjects, like these. The charm of unexpectedness hangs over May Yobe—a tacit promise of never-ending surprises flavored with sauce piquante.

After a season in London, one fact touching on this subject stands out prominently: Londoners are faithful to their favorites, and it never occurs to them to wonder how they might please other communities. With hope high the popular ones may leave their familiar haunts to conquer other lands; they may return, as they sometimes do, unsuccessful, homesick, suffering from the pangs of chagrin—but unchanged, clamorous London draws them back to its big heart again, and the memory of failure is forgotten like a bad dream.

KATE JORDAN.



MISS HAROLD.



MISS CISSY LOFTUS AS "Mlle. YVETTE GILBERT."





"Bride and bridegroom passed out into the night."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

### A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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#### XVIII.

##### THE FAMILY CHARIOT ARRIVES AT ST. GERMAIN.



HE family chariot, with its attendant horsemen, dashed along at breakneck pace toward St. Germain. Once they lost the road, and came back to it with strained axles. The tollman at the bridge over the Seine, by Neuilly, wondered at the flying cavalcade. The duke grumbled, and presently slept. Mathilde watched the shadows of the roadway, a glimmer of the new moon shining here and there between the trees. She responded with a beating heart to de Fournier's cheery words, as he reined up his horse at intervals to speak with her through the carriage window.

Monsieur Bertin and the Delamuys rode abreast now and then to discuss their probable action at St. Germain. Joseph sat calmly in the boot, now and then chuckling over the fighting by the Lion d'Or, and speculating upon the safety of Pierre, who, with Jenn, elected to remain behind.

De Fournier was not in riding costume. When he left the château the thoughtful Joseph had gently insisted upon endowing him with one of his master's cloaks. This modified his incongruous attire, which had not been improved by changing his elegant buckled shoes for the boots he had taken off on his arrival at the château from the massacre at the Tuileries. But de Fournier had no thought of dress. A good sword now swung by his side, and Mathilde was companion of his flight. This was both a joy and a pain—though, to his knowledge, affairs had not advanced so far on the road to utter chaos as to endanger the life of the least protected of women, and the lowest Frenchman was supposed to be considerate, even if not gallant, to a petticoat.

Once more crossing the Seine, unchecked and unopposed, they arrived at Monsieur Bertin's house, on the borders of the forest, an ancient mansion of the sixteenth century, surrounded with a turreted wall, and approached across a draw-bridge spanning a moat that had long been dry and given over to shrubs and flowering plants. Here they were received by a posse of stablemen and servants, and within the house by Madame Bertin and her two daughters, who provided Mathilde with an apartment near their own, and later joined the supper party in the spacious *salle à manger*. It was long after midnight, and Monsieur Bertin and his friends had been expected since nine o'clock. Several guests who had come from different quarters—one from Lyons and another from Dijon—sat down to sup; but it was not until after the ladies had retired that Monsieur Bertin explained the cause of his delay, and the reason for the addition of Monsieur le Duc de Louvet and the Count de Fournier to their council. The duke, however, begged to be excused from taking part in their deliberations and retired to rest, attended by the faithful Joseph, who sat up late to gather what information he might from Monsieur le Comte; for Joseph felt assured that the game of royalty and those who supported it was over, unless some extraordinary success was won by the advancing enemy on the frontier, and he was sufficiently a Frenchman to desire the success of the national arms, whatever might befall. It was close on morning when de Fournier retired. Joseph awaited him. He had told Monsieur Bertin's man that it was Monsieur le Comte's wish that he should do so.

"Ah, Joseph, this is good of you," said de Fournier. "It is a pleasure, Monsieur le Comte," said Joseph, lighting the candles in the spacious wainscoted chamber, where he had already set the logs burning on the hearth, though the weather was still warm. "If it is permissible, Monsieur le Comte, might I inquire what your programme is for the morrow?"

"It is quite permissible, Joseph; but the details are quite settled. Touching Mademoiselle Mathilde, Monsieur and Madame Bertin have a plan, which Monsieur Bertin tells me the duke indorses, should it prove agreeable to the parties most

concerned. If the friendly proposal is what I suspect, the parties most concerned are quite likely to approve, and with pleasure."

"And yourself, Monsieur le Comte; how do you propose to maintain your freedom? Every man engaged in the rescue of last night, noble or simple, will henceforth hold his life in his hands, be assured."

"You think so?"

"I am sure, monsieur; as sure as fate, within the next twenty-four hours it will be a crime to be noble, and penal to shelter the noblesse from arrest. How much more shall it be fatal to one who has been championed in his escape from the newly-formed convention, and from the councilors of the Hôtel de Ville—championed, monsieur, and released, with slaughter of the officers of the government, civil and military?"

"Joseph, you speak like an orator."

"Nay, Monsieur le Comte, I speak what I know. I keep my ears open; I see with my eyes. I have spoken with the men of the National Guard. Monsieur should put on a disguise."

"What! become a field laborer, with our Swiss allies?" said de Fournier, laughing.

"No, monsieur; there are other disguises. And it is not wise that the duke should return to the château; and surely mademoiselle should remain under the protection of Monsieur Bertin—though even this place will not always be safe. Monsieur Bertin will have to answer for last night's work."

"Joseph, your kind heart magnifies our danger."

"Not so, monsieur," said Joseph. "Bethink you of what I have said."

#### XIX.

##### THE DUKE IS OBSTINATE—AND BRAVE.

MONSIEUR BERTIN'S house was unusually busy the next day, after the unexpected arrival of the guests from the Château de Louvet. The news went round with the early morning rolls and coffee that the *déjeuner* would be what in England would be called a wedding breakfast. It was resolved, with general consent, that Mathilde and de Fournier should be married. The



Bertin, as long as there was any record thereof, had maintained a chaplain in the house. The altar of his little chapel, in the north wing of the old mansion, was never without a choice display of flowers; and on this morning of a sudden and impressive ceremony, exotics from the glass-house and wild flowers from the fields and woods had a combined share in its decoration.

Given away by her father, blessed by the church, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, Mathilde, Comtesse de Fournier sat down to breakfast with as good and loyal a company as ever toast a bride and bridegroom—a company that afterward gave themselves over to their affairs with the valor and precaution of men whose devotion to the throne of France had jeopardized their lives and estates. The flight of Lafayette from the army and the advance of the enemy toward Verdun had given an unhappy intuity to the meeting at St. Germain. It was seen that the promise of relief from without, if not quickly redeemed with success, must tend to the overthrow of the royal family. The news from the chateau, and the ill-advised action of Monsieur Bertin and his friends—for so Monsieur Bertin's other guests regarded it—created a division of opinion among them. It cut off, as all admitted, any possibility of negotiation with Marat, Danton, or any other of the patriots with whom an accommodation might otherwise have been arranged. Incorruptible as Robespierre undoubtedly was touching a possible bribe of money, he was believed to be susceptible to the flattery of overtures from the king, and he had aspirations for the hand of the daughter of the Duc d'Orléans. But for any one known to have been associated with the attack on the escort of de Fournier, all doors to the rulers of the convention or the chiefs of the Hôtel de Ville were closed. So it was resolved that each man should seek his own safety or risk his own neck in his own way. While the bride was dressing for a journey to the scene of her honeymoon several of Monsieur Bertin's guests started for the coast, hoping to reach England. The two Delaunays made their dispositions for joining the patriots of La Vendée. M. de la Galettière and Monsieur Bertin remained at St. Germain, trusting, in case of need, to the hiding-places of the old mansion and to other retreats. M. de la Galettière had a wife in St. Germain, only newly married, and she was in no condition to travel, supposing their departure from St. Germain, where they had taken up their abode on the family estate of the de la Galettières, had been thought wise or desirable.

After joyfully witnessing the marriage of his daughter and the gallant young Count de Fournier, and being present at their private departure, by way of a rarely used exit from the grounds of the Bertin mansion, for a safe and sweet retreat beyond the forest of St. Germain, the Duke de Louvet insisted upon returning to the chateau.

"It is most unwise," said Monsieur Bertin. "Let us beg of you to remain," urged madame; "we will send our own carriage for Madame la Duchesse."

"I regret to deny myself the pleasure you would give us, madame," said the duke. "At some future day it would be a delight to accept your hospitality. Believe me, I am more than grateful for the generous consideration you have shown to our daughter. Madame, I have no words to thank you."

"The pleasure is ours, Monsieur le Duc; it would be enhanced if we could induce you to remain."

"Thank you, Madame Bertin, with all my heart; but it may not be."

In the end they had to give way, and the old family chariot of the de Louvets set out, with its postilions in their well-worn saddles and Joseph in his familiar seat, the duke the only passenger.

The postilions, by their own motion, kept clear of the high road whenever they could. Near the ruins of the Lion d'Or they were stopped by a mounted company of the National Guard.

"I am returning to my house," said the duke, in answer to the demands of the officer commanding.

"Monsieur will permit my men to accompany him."

"On what grounds?" asked the duke.

"In fulfillment of orders," said the officer.

"By all means obey your orders," said the duke. "Yours is an honorable escort. It would ill become one who has worn his country's uniform in active service to reject it."

It was, therefore, with an armed guard that the duke continued his journey. His naturally high spirits were somewhat damped at sight of the ruins of the Lion d'Or, though it in no wise weakened his resolution nor shook the determination he had expressed at St. Germain.

Arrived at the chateau, he found a sentinel at his gates, and as he entered the house he encountered the Deputy Grébaud.

"You have honored my house in my absence,

Monsieur Grébaud. Permit me to express my regret that I was not at home to receive you."

"In your absence you have been well represented, monsieur," said Grébaud. "Madame is a woman of judgment and discretion. When favors are sued for, a petticoat has the advantage of her sex."

"Madame la Duchesse makes friends where I should not look for them, Monsieur le Deputy. I am glad to know that in this she is discreet."

"You may thank madame," said Grébaud, "that you may still rest here. At the same time I require your parole as a gentleman that you remain within the chateau's boundaries. To this extent madame's influence saves you from harder lodgings."

"Madame la Duchesse shall explain to me," said the duke.

"Your daughter, monsieur?" said Grébaud. "Will return. It was not her intention, any more than mine, to quit the chateau, except for my hotel in Paris."

"Of that the chief of police is well aware; otherwise she would have been included in the warrants of arrest of Monsieur Bertin's marauding party for crimes as atrocious as they were unwise."

"Crime seems to be epidemic just now, from all I hear," said the duke; "but you only do us justice in absolving myself and family from the general madness. The Count de Fournier was innocent of any intention to attempt his rescue. He bowed to the law, and relinquished his sword. Monsieur Bertin was hurried into hostilities, and—"

"Monsieur de Fournier rode off with the assassins who shot down the faithful servants of the nation and released their legally arrested prisoner," said Grébaud impatiently, interrupting the duke.

"It is true; I may not deny it; but he will return in good time, I make no doubt."

"He must return at once; his good time may not be the good time of the convention."

"I am not his keeper," said the duke.

"There is no more to be said, monsieur," replied Grébaud, beckoning a soldier who held his horse at some distance down the drive to the chateau. "I have your word that should the convention desire your presence in Paris you will be found at the chateau."

"I shall always honor the call of France."

The duke found his wife in a state of great agitation.

"Georges," she said, as he entered her boudoir. "Oh Georges, tout est perdu! But, oh, I am glad you have returned."

"Thank you, my dear," said the duke.

Such a tender passage as this had not passed between them for years. The duke actually conducted his wife to a seat and kissed her.

"I met the deputy at the door," he said.

"He is our saviour, Georges—our saviour?"

"You are distressed—I am sorry," said the duke.

"And Mathilde, where is she?"

"At St. Germain, under the protection of Monsieur Bertin."

"A sorry protection! He is proscribed; he is charged with murder. And the count?"

"With Mathilde, also under the protection of Monsieur Bertin."

It occurred to the duke that it might be well not at present to mention the marriage at which he had been so joyful a witness.

"He, too, alas! our unhappy Henri," said the duchess. "He is proscribed also; if he is taken he will go to La Force or the Conciergerie. My dear Georges, the prisons are crowded with our misguided friends! Oh, where will it all end?"

"Be calm, my dear, be calm; we should have no cause to fear. Henri will not dishonor his name; and our child's future is in the hands of God, without whose will, we are told, not even a sparrow is allowed to fall."

"Georges, if ever you loved me do not anger Monsieur le Deputy Grébaud, who is also a judge—"

"In Israel!" said the duke, smiling.

"For heaven's sake do not mock! For us he is France; for us he is life and death. If not for yourself, have mercy upon me—upon Mathilde. What has happened in Paris is nothing to what is to come; and there is no escape—the barriers are closed, no one is allowed to leave without a pass, and not a single member of any noble family may obtain one without an influence that, if suspected, would be at the risk of even an ordinary citizen's life. Oh, Georges, you say you did love me once, and there is the sweet binding link of our child—our only child. For her sake, then, if not for mine, curb your tongue; let discretion temper your courage. I pray you on my knees!" And she sank at his feet in a passion of sobs.

"Nay, then, my dear, I grieve me to think you would deem it necessary to kneel. Rise." He bent over her with something of emotion; and as she rose to her feet, distraught, her eyes filled with tears, he embraced her with the added words of comfort: "My dear heart, I place myself under your orders. Can I say more?"

Beyond this scene there is nothing more to report of the first part of the duke's return. The days went by with feverish notes of rumor and a stolid surveillance of the chateau.

## XX.

## UNDER RED PINIONS.

THE Capid that presided over the loves of Mathilde de Louvet and Henri, Count de Fournier, and of Jaffray Elliott and Marie Bruyset was the Asmodeo of Le Sage rather than the winged infant of Ovid.

In deference to the worship of classical and mythological deities, under the chiefs of the French Revolution the god of love assumed as many shapes as the ancients gave him.

Entering into the spirit of the mad fancies of the time, one might imagine Paris as having sworn allegiance to the son of Nox and Erebus, not to the ingenious offspring of Jupiter and Venus. He was mostly a malignant spirit that held sway when *Gardes Françaises* and *Gardes Nationales*, *dames des salles*, and triumphant *mamelottes* raged and drummed, and spiked the guns of abolished royalty.

And yet he was not all malice, not all Asmodeo, not all devilish, this demon of mythical power. Once in a way he put on the wings of purity and breathed the breath of love into the most forlorn lives that were beating against the bars of La Force, the Abbaye, and the Conciergerie. Now and then, his white pinions stained with the blood of poor, persecuted humanity, he assisted heaven's own angels to rob assassination of its terrors.

There were glints of sunlight between the shadows, intervals of country that were spared the worst crimes of the Revolution, stray villages that escaped the ravages of war. And even in Paris there were humble garrets and out-of-the-way abodes where a certain close imitation of quiet and repose and happiness held almost uninterrupted sway. Jaffray Elliott's tablets gave the home of Madame Laroche, in the Rue Barnabé, as his most habitual retreat during the hours when his services were not required in the office of his patron and employer. Madame was a patient drudge, as we know—an industrious, unimaginative Frenchwoman, who spent her time between the market and her kitchen, and who cared not who occupied the palace of the Tuilleries, so long as she had money enough to keep her suite of rooms going, and Laroche was in a reasonably good temper.

Jaffray had taken the hint of Marie Bruyset, madame's step-daughter, to make friends with Laroche's "grass-widow,"—for Laroche had not been heard of since he took his leave of Marie. No word, no sign of him, either in the Rue Barnabé or at his official rendezvous in the ante-room or office of the Deputy Grébaud.

The young Anglo-American spent much more time in the garret of Marie Bruyset than in the rooms of Madame Laroche; and Marie had, moreover, become quite friendly with her. Originally, as we know, Marie had taken her father's second marriage as an offense, and it hurt her to see how much better he treated her step-mother than he had treated his first wife, Marie's devoted and miserable mother. But Marie was young, and youth is easily consoled. Madame encouraged Jaffray's visits, and neither blamed nor praised, nor noticed, indeed, how frequently a short visit to her meant a long one to Marie, in the little miniature painter's garret.

Marie and Jaffray often sat for the hour together, late and early, talking of everything under the sun—Jaffray's childhood and Marie's artistic ambition, Jaffray's father and mother, and Marie's hopes and fears for the de Louvets. The tocsin boomed, the drums beat, but Marie drew the blinds and lighted her lamp, and love made for them a selfish, sensuous music of its own, none the less sweet for the harsh sounds without, none the less delightful for the occasional impulse of fear that came and went with the dallying hours.

Moreover, every parting was an adieu; for who could say when they might meet again? So every parting was a lovers' farewell, the tender caresses of which were worth every peril short of death itself.

The interval of comparative inaction that followed the double escape of Jaffray Elliott and the Count de Fournier was marked by varied turns of fortune's wheel for and against the person in whom we are most interested. Simon the printer, who began the work of mischief in the Rue Barnabé, had ignominiously dropped out of the running. Poor Jean, whose loyalty had been more than half suspected, had lost his life through his devotion to the man who had doubted him. It may possibly be that Jean's lot was the best. His troubles were over. Many a man and woman had cause to envy him within a brief day or two. Pierre Grappin was ruined, but he had the consolation of a stroke of vengeance upon the pompous commissary of police and his arrogant officer, and the enlargement of the liberty of his friend, the count, besides hopes of something further in those directions

when he should have recovered his lost strength. He was a ruined man, it was true, but he was already on the way to poverty the fire, and the Lion d'Or was a property, though its contents belonged to him, and he much regretted the loss of his wines, some of which were of famous vintage.

For the time being, perhaps, de Fournier Mathilde were the happiest of our little party. Within four-and-twenty hours of arrival at St. Germain they were basking in the bliss of an unexpected honeymoon. Monsieur Bertin conducted them to a country in an out-of-the-way corner of an estate between St. Germain and Lizeux—a small farm from the main road, in the valley of a stream that made its way through wood forest and meadow lands to the Seine. In a quaint old cottage, mostly built of thick timbered floors that exhaled the of pine and *beurreux*. An old man and wife and one servant, a farm hand, were only occupants. They had been placed by a philanthropic relative of Monsieur B to whom they were devoted. Their farm consisted of a few acres, which they cultivated themselves, the produce going chiefly to Monsieur Bertin's residence at St. Germain.

At the time of year which an eccentric had selected for the honeymoon of de Fournier and Mathilde, the Hermitage, as the farm called, was at its best. The little garden laden with fruit. A small patch of wheat heavy with golden grain. In the adjacent wood and about the natural hedges, and slopes of the banks of the stream that ran the end in calm content, many kinds of flowers grew. The wild scabious, the white and convolvuli, and the blue campanula were in bloom. A cluster of fading summer holly still enriched the honeysuckle-bush that grew its branches over the cottage porch, and were roses in a tangle of red and white, the lavender and old-fashioned herbs fringed the kitchen-garden with its beet potatoes, its parsnips and vegetable marrows, its celery and beans—some of the last flower, others thick with seed-pods for the fall sowing.

What a gracious time it was! Monsieur Bertin and the duke conspired to lift the veil of the Revolution from the temporary occupants of the Hermitage. Monsieur Bertin sent scraps of news by a trusty messenger and visited the farm himself. Joseph interrupted his friend, the National Guard, with gold or rations of wine and meat with reminiscences of their boyish days—extent of being, on occasion, wilfully blind, and permitting Joseph, in a queer guise, to pass out of the chateau ground challenged. Joseph, whenever he desired, managed to have a certain little obdience and ready, at a certain latitude, hovered with trees and out of the way of the. He carried messages between the chateau and the Hermitage that exasperated de Fournier remaining in his pleasant hiding-place. Days went by, one by one, with soft, autumn evenings and meetings of the calm. The little patch of wheat was bound in sheaves, the roses began to show their red and white petals upon the path, the sun set earlier every day, as brooded over the forest, and, with salter of news that began to make discord in its mony, the honeymoon began to wane. Monsieur Bertin feared for his father's life and her no already limited liberty.

On a false scent, Laroche had followed Delaunays, to hark back again to the old hood of St. Germain, where he had seen in surprising M. de la Galettière, who had added to the list of prisoners in the Conciergerie. Monsieur Bertin's house was under surveillance. Every nook and corner had searched, madame and her daughters guarded and threatened. Joseph had been to convey this painful intelligence to the duke and with it news from Paris that fulfilled worst forecast of the Duchesse de Louvet. Battalions of the National Guard, with a principal officer at its head, under the authority of the Revolutionary tribunal, had made military visits in a circuit of six leagues around Paris; and the new machine, hitherto to be known as the guillotine, had tied upon its first political victim, d'Armont, his crime being that he was an agent of the court. Laporte came next, and the martyr to duty was the Baron Bachmann, mandant of the Swiss Guard, by whose Fournier had made his last stand outside the Tuilleries.

"It is not possible that you can remain in this place," said Joseph to the count, who Mathilde had left them alone for a few minutes this last day of his hazardous visit.

"What do you advise, Joseph?" asked Fournier.

"If Monsieur le Comte will feel it no objection to put on the disguise I have brought him



Monsieur Bertin's, and Madame la Comtesse will condescend to make such change in her attire as the woman of the Hermitage may insist la Comtesse to arrange, then we shall ride through the forest of Evrieux, where he makes no doubt the widow Stainton will receive you. I have brought a valise with the attire of a merchant for Monsieur le Comte, and I have two good horses besides the gray mare I rode from the chateau, the horses provided by Monsieur Bertin's groom."

"You advise this?"

"It is Monsieur Bertin's advice, and I approve it, monsieur, entirely."

"And when do we set forth?"

"At once, monsieur."

"Very well, Joseph: come then and let us see our masquerading costume. And you, my friend, what will you wear?"

"I make no change, Monsieur le Comte. I attend you with discretion to be of your company, monsieur, or now, as occasion may require. I have a written permit that assigns me a commission of importance by order of the Commune," said Joseph, a smile hovering for a moment over his serious face.

It was already nine o'clock when the bride and bridegroom had donned their bourgeois habits and announced themselves as ready to start. Mathilde looked none the less attractive in her old-fashioned women's cloak and hood, and her curious tall hat. The count wore his mouse-colored long frock coat and embroidered waistcoat, his three-cornered hat, and his top-boots with an air that did not make the new clothes very much of a disguise.

There was a moon, now and then obscured by clouds. De Fournier went to the door. The silence was profound.

"Bring your horses, Joseph."

"They are at the gate, monsieur."

"I forgot whether you said you had seen Monsieur Bertin, or only had his instructions second hand?"

"I did not see Monsieur, but madame expressed his wishes. There are many servants in the mansion, and it is difficult to know whom one may trust. Madame only trusts herself."

"And you, Joseph?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," Joseph replied. "I am privileged."

"I will go and see if madame is ready," said the count. "The light has gone from her chamber. I hope we may relight it, Joseph, in this same old house. It is not necessary to live in a palace to be happy, Joseph."

"I hope not, monsieur," Joseph replied.

An hour later the honeymoon had waned to entire eclipse. From the Hermitage, with a smouldering fire that made a flickering light on the parlor windows, bride and bridegroom passed out into the night.

(To be continued.)

## Urban Dialogues—V.

"LATE, as usual, Jack," said Mrs. Dayton, in that cordially intimate way she has, as I joined the little group in front of the blazing logs in the huge fire-place in the hall. Mrs. Dayton is my mother's youngest school-friend, and always calls me "Jack." I like it so much better than "Mr. Oliver," which seems to stand one off at arms-length from anything like intimacy.

"It wasn't my fault," I pleaded, taking her hand. "My box was late from the station, and I couldn't get down before."

"It is all right," she said pleasantly. "Hal isn't down either, so we'll have to wait anyhow." Hal is her husband, a rattling good fellow, whose nerve on the "Street" makes possible his wife's charming country house and many other expensive and delightful non-essentials. I had greeted all the members of the little fire-side group, except one tall, good-looking girl who stood a little apart, talking with "Fanny" Hale. I was wondering who she could be, when, as if in answer to my thought, Mrs. Dayton exclaimed: "How stupid of me! I forgot you didn't know Edith Day. Edith, let me present Mr. Oliver; he's one of my boys, you know," she said in that indescribable manner of hers that gives a feeling of assurance to all with whom she comes in contact. And in a moment I was talking with all my might to the tall girl, and Mrs. Dayton, with one of her clever little manoeuvres, was walking off with Hale, who, such was her skill, really imagined he wanted to go.

"You've been abroad some time, haven't you?" I remarked, after we had steered through the usual commonplaces, a little quicker than usual, I thought.

"Not recently," she replied; "not since I was a child. But you have," she added, smiling and tapping her foot on the brass fender.

"How do you know?" I said, rather surprised and a little curious.

"Oh, I know," she laughed. "And I can tell you where you spent most of your time."

"You're a fortune-teller or some sort of a seer."

"No; better than that."

"What?"

"An observer."

"Pray, what have you observed?"

"You won't mind?" This with a delightful lifting of very long eye-lashed lids.

"Mind! Not at all."

"You said box instead of trunk when you first came in and spoke to Mrs. Dayton."

"What does that signify?" I asked, somewhat nettled.

"It signifies bags 'n' 'n' bags of England. There, I knew you wouldn't like it," she said.

"But I don't mind in the east," and neither did I, for her voice was as gay and as sure as a lark's, and the little slippered foot on the fender was a lark's. "You must tell me, though, how you knew," I went on.

"Oh, I have a brother whom papa very foolishly let go to Oxford, and to this day he calls clerk 'clark,' talks about tram-cars, and spells wagon with two g's. So you see I know the symptoms of anglo-mania well."

"Your brother isn't Guy Day, is he?" said I, with one of those lightning mental processes that are so unexplainable.

"Yes; he's the guy," she laughed out, and I with her.

"Why, he's from Chicago."

"So am I," she said with a mock meekness.

"You?" I glanced down covertly at the fender; the tiny foot was withdrawn discreetly under the silken skirt.

"Yes; I. And why not?" she questioned, demurely.

"Oh, I—of course—yes," I stammered, the rudeness of my ejaculated "you!" coming to me with full force.

"You're like the rest."

"The rest?" said I with vagueness.

"Yes; you have the same stupid, Eastern idea that all New-Yorkers have. You read the so-called funny columns in the newspapers too much." There was a hopeless resignation in her voice that roused me to a sort of protest.

"Chicago brings it on herself, with her blatant and blowing about her population, and her incorrigible and provincial bumptiousness."

"Oh, one finds provincial bumptiousness the world over," said Miss Day. I thought a trifle coldly, but she was even handsomer so than in her bantering mood.

At this moment Hal Dayton came breezily into the hall and Mrs. Dayton bade us move with all haste toward the dining-room. I offered my arm amiably to the Chicago girl, and as she took it I remembered with keen delight that I had forgotten to ask Polly Ransom to dance the cotillon that night.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## A Steamboat Race on the Mississippi.

THE halcyon days of steamboating on the Mississippi have long gone by. Before the railroads had reached out and enfolded the country with their iron threads the great river was the highway of commerce for all the wide valley through which it flows. Then rivalry was fierce, and competing lines strove to have the fastest steamers and to make the quickest time. Under such conditions it happened that races were of frequent occurrence; and that they were exciting, any one who has been an inter-

ested passenger will bear witness. As a rule the passengers became as keenly interested in the progress of the racing boats as the officers themselves, and considerable sums of money were sometimes wagered as to the result. Nor did the disasters, involving loss of life and property, which occasionally attended these races, seriously check the dangerous rivalries of competing lines.

With the advent of the railroads the river trade declined, and for a few years almost went out of existence. But in quite recent years there has been a decided revival in steamboat traffic, and each season sees new steamers placed in the trade. For the most part these packets are smaller than the regular liners, and ply only in a local traffic—that is, a round trip is made every day, or every two days, between the home port and towns lying at convenient distances.

This local development of trade has proven so profitable that competition and rivalry have again arisen in some degree. It is not infrequent that the territory held undisturbed by one steamer for several years is invaded by a second line. Then comes an effort, on the one side to hold the trade and on the other to gain it, which sometimes leads to such a scene as is shown in the illustration.

As compared with bygone days, steamboat-racing at present is considered by old steamboat men as exceedingly tame. For the river is under such strict surveillance by the government officials that such a thing as screwing down the safety-valves in order to increase the head of steam is unheard of.

FRANCIS M. FULTZ.

## Will the New Woman Be Nervous?

AN important question truly to all concerned, the "all concerned" including men. Because to a robust man a nervous woman is a problem. Like a cup of rare china, nice to possess, but to be handled with care lest it go to pieces. Sometimes incidents, however trivial, answer questions, or at least hint at answers.

It was nearly train time, and the little room at the station was too close for breathing. Two women stood outside, waiting for the baggage-man to come and check their trunks. One was elderly. In an anxious, querulous tone she said: "Suppose he doesn't get here in time; what will we do?"

"It is just as easy to suppose he will." This philosophical reply came with a firm voice from the lips of a trim young woman. She had a certain alert, up-to-date air.

The baggage-man came strolling along with the leisurely manner of country officials, conscious that not more than a half-dozen pieces would await his attention. "I declare, I've left them keys!" and back he went at a brisker pace. Renewed anxiety on the part of the older woman; renewed nonchalance on the part of the younger. Of course the man returned in time; even he was not so stupid as to risk his official head.

One swallow does not make a summer. No; but what about two? Some great event was celebrated by fireworks. From public squares and private grounds they blazed all over the city. On one bit of lawn there seemed a perfect fusillade of cannon-crackers. Everybody knows that cannon-crackers do such things as to blow off fingers, put out eyes, and such like trifles if one goes too near. From the far depths of a wide piazza the elderly female, this time a maiden aunt, called out: "Do, please, come in out of danger." And the daring niece answered, in words almost identical with those overheard at the station: "Wouldn't it be just as easy, auntie, to think there isn't any danger?" The girl flung back a bright smile, but she stayed where she was.



A STEAMBOAT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI—Photograph by F. M. Fultz.

Here is what might be called a coincidence. It suggests the question and attempts to answer it. Is the new woman to be free from nervousness? Will she get rid of that curse? Instead of "going to pieces" at a hint of inconvenience or danger, will she be cool and level-headed; more a comrade, more comfortable to live with, though not so much like precious china?

Or is the difference only that the new woman is young, and the old woman is—old?

HELEN A. HAWLEY.

## People Talked About.

—THE death of General Mahone removes from Washington one of the most picturesque personalities ever known at the national capital—a diminutive man with a foot as small as a girl's and a head topped with a sombrero that dwarfed it and left nothing of the face to view but the piercing eyes and the immense cigar protruding from the mouth; a dandy with frilled shirt and cuffs and with the neatest of boots, but a man devoid of fear and of the keenest of minds. As a soldier, Lee valued him as one of the best of generals, and as a politician he dominated Washington during his career there as Senator, and left public life the best hated of men. General Mahone had many of the characteristics of the old-time Virginian, but, as a matter of fact, there was not a drop of Virginian blood in his veins. He was a pure-blooded Irishman.

—A brave little New York woman, the widow of a burglar who died in the state prison a few years ago, is to-day a thriving dealer in cosmetics and an accomplished face masquerade. She was left destitute by her husband's imprisonment, and after a season of despair began to study with a famous skin doctor. She became thoroughly acquainted with the arts and mysteries of the profession, learned to apply massage to the treatment of the complexion, invented several creams and lotions, and to-day numbers among her customers many leading society women of New York, as well as Kendall, Melba, and Patti, who sends for her to make a professional visit to Craigymore once a year.

—The reappearance on the stage of Madame Janaschek, who is now sixty-three years old, is one of the interesting events of the present dramatic season, for it is almost a generation since she came to America to continue the successes she had made in Europe. Madame Janaschek is a native of Prague, and made her debut in a small Austrian town when she was only sixteen. Speedy advancement made her the leading lady of the Frankfurt Stadt Theatre, and during a stay of eleven years there she gained an international celebrity. She began her first American tour in 1867. Madame Janaschek is now a resident of Brooklyn.

—Although it is thirty-four years since he was made a brigadier-general, and more than forty since he began to hold official position, General Schofield regards himself as still comparatively a young man, and views his retirement with a certain degree of pleasure. For the first time since his boyhood he becomes a private citizen, and the sense of freedom in it has many charms for him. He expects to travel in Europe, and is contemplating a tour of the world. At Memphis, recently, General Schofield had his first photograph taken in the uniform of a lieutenant-general, and it does full justice to his handsome physique and soldierly bearing.

—The favorite home of General Simon Bolivar Buckner is the little log-house in the Kentucky hills in which he was born. From the day that he left the army of the Confederacy he has spent all his available time there. The cabin is perhaps a hundred years old, and it is seventy-three years since General Buckner first saw the light of day there. The town to which it is nearest is Munfordsville, and no other house is in sight. Though handsomely furnished in an antique way, there are no hangings to hide the logs. Perhaps the most interesting article in the house is the pistol with which Burr Lilled Hamilton.

—Among the things that impress Minister Bayard in London, as related by him to a British interviewer, are the absence of artificiality in society and the democracy that prevails in out-door life. As an instance of this, he was rowed about at Henley by a waterman who smoked a short black pipe, as did another passenger in the little boat. When they reached shore the other passenger revealed himself as a clergyman—a dean at least. On the other hand, the interviewer was visibly impressed by the abundance of heirlooms and family portraits in the American minister's house.

—It is rather edifying to learn that with all his keenness in laying bare the follies and vanities of other people, Hsien is himself a great deal of a dandy. He is always to be seen on fine days in the fashionable promenade of Christians, dressed smartly in broadcloth and immaculate linen and wearing the latest fad in gloves or neckties, while about him there is the conscious air of being "somebody." The great playwright is not an Adonis, however. He is too short and thick-set for that, but there is an appearance of power to him as he walks.

—The only surviving general officer of the Grand Army of the Tennessee is General O. O. Howard, known almost universally as the Christian Soldier. It was the boast of General Howard's friends that he never drank a drop of liquor nor uttered a profane word during his military career, and it is interesting to note that of recent years he has taken an active part in the work of the Salvation Army.





THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



THE COSTA RICA BUILDING.



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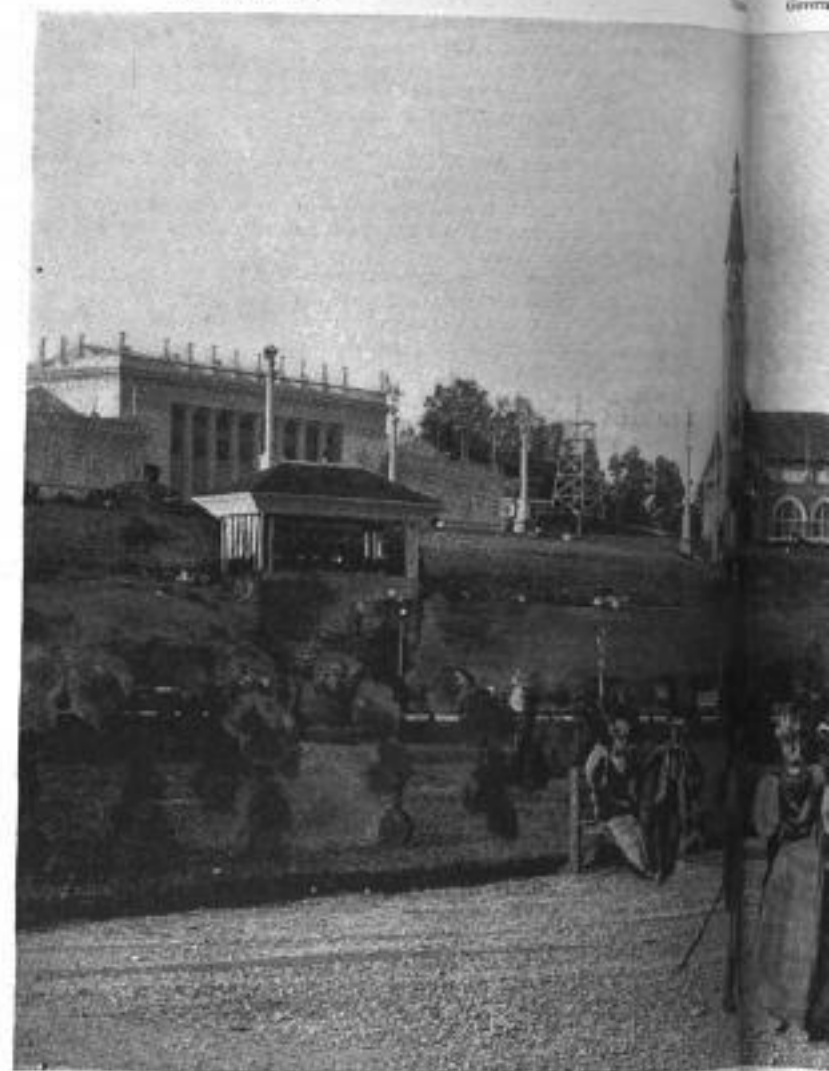
THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



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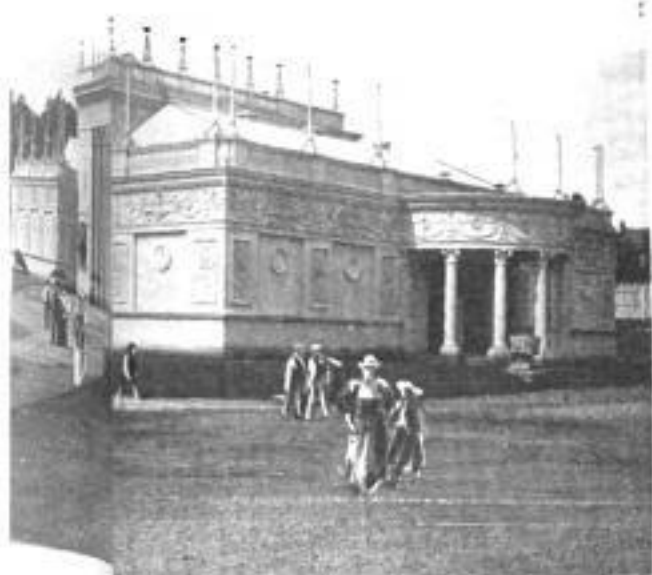
FROM THE PLAZA.



INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE MIDWAY.

THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA





GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND GRAND STAIRWAY.



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



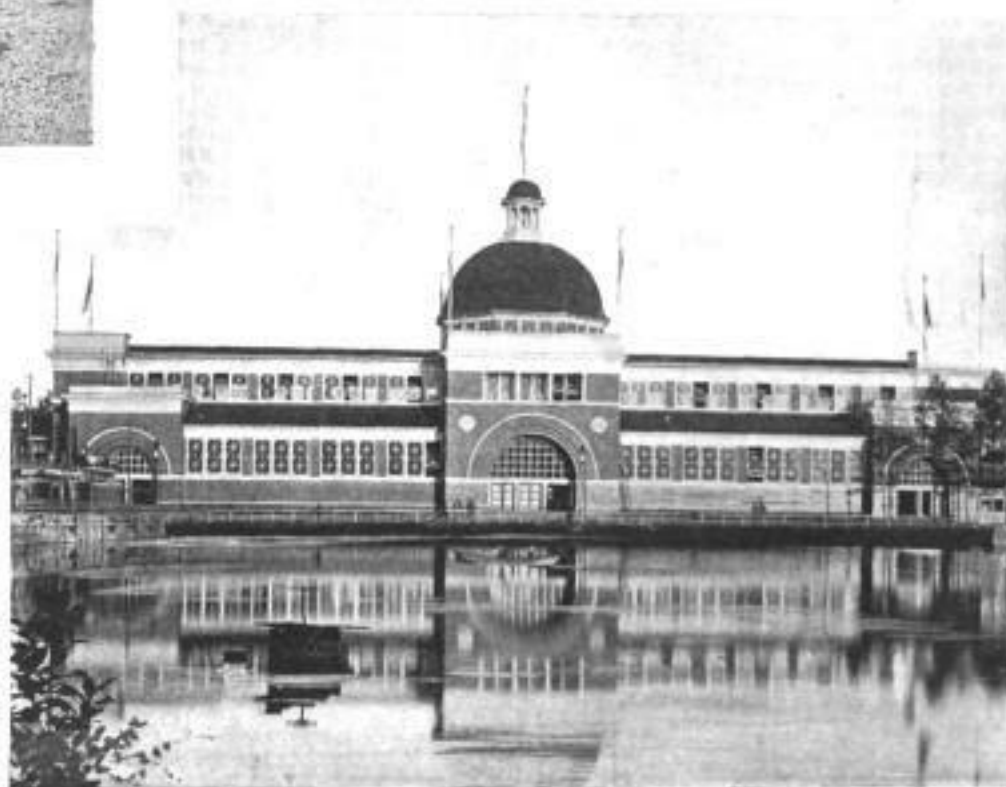
THE PLAZA.



INTERIOR OF THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.



THE MEXICAN VILLAGE ON THE MIDWAY.



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY B. A. ATWATER.—[SEE PAGE 270.]



## THE SCIENCE OF COOKERY.

A MAN of most liberal cultivation was recently heard to say that he wished that he was not fastidious as to his eating, because then he could always satisfy his appetite for food and never be made unhappy by the vile cooking which all of us come across now and again, and which we must put up with or starve. Unfortunately the taste for good eating is educated and developed along with other forms of enlightenment, and a man who can be content merely with the victuals which will preserve life cannot possibly lay claim to a well-rounded and completed cultivation. This is no suggestion that every man of cultivation must be what we understand as an epicure, a gourmet, a bon vivant; indeed, in an appreciation of well and artistically-cooked food there is nothing in the least incompatible with the doctrine of plain living and high thinking of the semi-ascetic transcendentalists who have given a tone and a value to New England literature. This, however, must not by any means be construed as endorsing the ordinary New England cuisine, which is not always, by any means, of the best. However this may be, there is one thing sure, that no matter how fastidious a man may be as to his food, there is no reason in the world why in New York he should spend any time in repining over his own good taste, for in New York, if a man but knows whither to turn his steps, he can breakfast, dine, and sup every day in the year as sumptuously or as plainly as his taste or appetite inclines him, and at each meal have set before him dishes, the artistic excellence of which would have shamed the far-famed cooks of the luxurious Lucullus.

Indeed, New York has long been celebrated for the excellence of its restaurants and hotels, and though these establishments, when of the first class, get their head cooks from France, the skill of these men always expands in this newer world, where there is at once a greater abundance and a greater variety of food for them to practice their beautiful art upon. In telling about four of our exponents of artistic cooking there is no intention to disparage the accomplishments of the other great chefs in the metropolis, and not at present mentioned; these four are selected because they are men who as head cooks are representative of what is the best in their profession—a profession which often commands a higher compensation than the presidency of a college or university.



GUSTAVE NOUVEL.

Mr. Gustave Nouvel, chef of the Hoffman House, was born in Bretagne, France, some fifty years ago. His father and mother conducted two hotels in Bretagne, Hôtel de France and Hôtel du Cheval Blanc; and it was in these establishments that the son took his first lessons in cooking. In 1855 he was apprenticed to a pastry cook at Nantes; then he went to Paris and served as assistant to the chefs of various high nobles and royal notabilities. By 1860 he had become a head cook, and so he has remained for thirty-five years, serving at hotels in Toulouse, Bordeaux, Nantes, and Paris. In 1868 he went to Halifax as steward of the officers' mess of a crack English regiment. There it was that the idea of remaining in America took possession of him, so he came to New York in 1870, and here he has since remained. During this quarter of a century he has had charge of the kitchens of the Merchants' and Union clubs, of the Dakota flats, and the Hoffman House. He has been for ten years president of the "Society Cosmopolitan Culinaire," and part proprietor of the journals *L'Art Culinaire Américain* and *Le Cuisinier*. His colleagues respect him as a master of his art, who has always contributed to the success and the fame of the house in which he has been responsible for the cuisine. The writer asked Mr. Nouvel for the recipe of one of his favorite entrées, and he kindly supplied these directions for "Supreme of Spring Chicken à la Castagliano," which is served cold. He says:

"Boil the breasts of six spring chickens. When cold, cut them into the form of cutlets and cover them with a white chafroux and decorate them with truffles. Then place them in cutlet moulds. Have besides a mould as above covered with jelly, which you decorate with truffles and asparagus tips. Fill this mould with fonds of artichokes, asparagus tips, and truffles laid with a mayonnaise sauce. Make one fond of rice decorated à la nappée with cream of rice. On the centre have another fond of rice the size of the salad which is placed on it. Then place the breast en turban and garnish with jelly

cut in small pieces. Place on the dome a bouquet of asparagus tips. Serve sauce verte bien relevée."

This is a dish which will be of more interest, no doubt, to French cooks from Paris than those from Cork and Tipperary.



ADRIEN GENU.

Mr. Adrien Genu, chef of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has been something of a traveler, and has lived in many cities, in each one of which it was his privilege to make menial with his skill in cookery. Born in France in 1849, he served his apprenticeship in the great Pâtisserie of Julien Frères, Place de la Bourse, in Paris. After three years he went to the Grand Hotel, where he stayed four years. Now began his pilgrimage half over Europe. For two years he was at the Hotel de Paris, Monaco; then a year at the Grand Hotel in Vienna; then three years at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm; then three at the Grand Hotel Christiania in Norway. During these travels he was continually harking back to Paris, but in 1881 he came to America for good. First at Delmonico's Twenty-sixth Street place, he left there to cook for Mr. Jay Gould, with whom he stayed for nineteen months. It would be interesting to learn what his experience was in this employment, for there is a tradition that the favorite dish of the late Mr. Gould was tripe and onions, but what a chef learns in his business of the tastes of those he serves is privileged information, like that of a lawyer, and he must be as silent as the grave on such a subject. From this place he went to the Brunswick, where he stayed three years, and then he went to the Café Savarin for six years. A year ago he went to the Fifth Avenue, where he is likely to remain during the rest of his active service. Mr. Genu, with characteristic generosity, has supplied two recipes. Here is the one for "Small Tenderloin of Beef à la Chevreuse." He says:

"Cut and trim some small tenderloins one inch thick. Fry them in clarified butter until done, having previously prepared a *parfe* of fresh mushrooms, which you lay on a warm dish. On this you place the tenderloins, and garnish each with four thick slices of truffe cooked with Madeira and beef extract. Add to the gravy a little piece of unsalted butter before dressing."

And here is Mr. Genu's recipe for "Egg Aromatique." He says:

"Take some poached eggs and roll them in flour. After this dip them in whipped eggs and roll again in fine fresh bread-crumbs."

The chef of the Hotel Marlborough, Mr. Jacques Lescarbours, was born in France, and comes of a family of cooks, his father for his skill in the service of Queen Isabella of Spain having been decorated and made a Chevalier de la Reine. The son started his career at the Hotel Bristol in Paris, and then became an assistant in the Rothschild kitchen. He then served in hotels in Madrid, Rome, Lake Como, Naples, Munich, Ouchy, and Paris. In the latter place he was chef of the famous Café Riche. When he came to New York he went to Delmonico's, and from there to the short-lived Vanderbilt Club. Then he went to the Marlborough. The dish Mr. Lescarbours has described for us is a "Filet Mignon à la d'Aringsson." He says:

"Cut from a tenderloin of beef six slices one inch thick. Fry them in butter quickly on a very hot fire. Place the slices of tenderloin in a dish on top of slices of ham cut the same size as the filets and fried in butter. Garnish the dish with a bunch of bearded celery and six stuffed French artichokes. Take a dozen selected fresh mushrooms. Pour some fresh butter in a pan, throw in the mushrooms and let them cook over a slow fire. When cooked add a half-glass of Madeira wine and two spoonfuls of tomato sauce and reduce for a few minutes. Then pour the mushrooms and the sauce over the tenderloin. Surround the dish with small squares of bread fried in butter, and serve very hot."



JACQUES LESCARBOURS.



CHARLES LALLOUETTE.

Mr. Charles Lallouette, chef of the Buckingham Hotel, is fifty-five years old, and has been in professional harness for forty-two years, as he was only thirteen when he was sent from his native Compiegne to be apprenticed to a pastry cook in Paris. Having served his time he acted as head pastry cook in many of the principal establishments in Paris, and later he was *chef de cuisine* in the Grand Hotel in Paris and several similar houses in Naples, Havre and elsewhere. It was upon the invitation of the cousin of Mr. Charles Ranhofer, now chef at Delmonico's, and with whom he had served in the kitchen of the Empress Eugenie, that he came to America. He worked for a while as chef at Delmonico's, then at the New York Hotel in its palmy days, and then he went to the Buckingham, where he has been for eighteen years. Here is a recipe for a cake—Gâteau Ananas, Guillet style, Mr. Lallouette calls it. He says:

"Have a sponge cake baked in a crown-shaped mould. Have a pineapple cut in discs and cooked in syrup; drain off the discs of pineapple and flavor the syrup with kirsch, and use that syrup to soak the sponge cake. Have a flat, round bottom the size of your cake; set it over."

"Take some whipped cream well drained of the milk and whipped again until very stiff, then add to it some powdered orange sugar and the drained discs of cut pineapple; fill the interior of the crown of your cake, keeping the cream some like, and well smoothed with a knife."

"Then prepare an icing flavored with raspberry and colored pink; make it lukewarm, lightly and slowly and carefully spread it over the cake, beginning by the top."

"N. B.—That cake is a specialty of the Maison Guillet, Paris."

And here is another recipe, which we give just as Mr. Lallouette wrote it in his native language:

## FILETS DE SOLE MARY.

"Levez les filets d'une ou de plusieurs soles, mettez sur un plat beurré avec échalottes et oignons émincés, ajoutez vin blanc et jus de champignons, huile, crues et moules, sel et poivre, remuez d'un peu d'huile, faites partir sur le feu jusqu'à ébullition, couvrez et mettez au four environ cinq ou six minutes pour faire pocher. Mettez ensuite vos filets sur le plat que vous devez servir, égouttez et rincez le dur des huîtres ainsi que la langue et le tour des moules, et mettez les autour des filets de sole, faites une sauce dite normande avec la cuisson. Nappez vos filets avec la sauce et mettez dessus trois ou quatre gros champignons garnis de belles crevettes rouges en piquant la pointe des crevettes pour faire couronne."

## The Atlanta International Exposition.

THE success of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, from the opening of its gates up to the present time, is evidence not only of the reviving prosperity of the land, but also of the wonderful progress, enterprise, and industry of the New South. The beautiful pictures on another page give the reader a fair idea of the ability and high artistic tastes with which the board of directors have consummated their great undertaking. But they cannot give an idea of the magnificent coloring, the perpetual movement of gayly-dressed people, vehicles on land and vessels on water, the balmy climate and the wonderful surroundings of the fair grounds. These, to be truly appreciated, must be seen.

The hall of the fine arts is probably the gem of the exposition. Its exquisite classical front, as well as its delicate and graceful extensions, are equal to the finest work displayed at the Chicago World's Fair, and superior to hundreds of the buildings of the same class in either this country or Europe. This building is not to be torn down when the exposition is over, but is to be preserved as a permanent gallery of the fine arts by the city of Atlanta.

Very stately and dignified, although not beautiful according to any school of art, is the Government building, which stands to the right of the Fine Arts, and occupies the highest ground in that portion of the park. It is splendidly adapted for exhibition purposes, the immense doors and windows giving a maximum of light and ventilation in every part of the building. The approach to its main portal from the lawn is very striking and superb. It consists of two

grand esplanades, broken into broad stair and noble platforms approaching from different lines of convergence. Along the taining walls are stately Corinthian and posite columns surmounted by symbolic sized statues. The effect is almost purely ideal. The interior of the Government building is of extraordinary interest. You see in its form the national Capitol as it is; you also see, by drawings, models, curiosities, relics, and exhibits, a complete history of the magnificent work by the Federal authorities in the development of our resources and our civilization.

Of the same general type as the Government building are the great edifices devoted to culture, Manufactures and the Liberal Electricity, Transportation, and Machinery. They are a trifle more varied, both in sign and ornamentation, than those of the world's fairs, and show that the American architect is gradually evolving a new architecture intended for expositions. Probably the most successful of this admirable quintette is the Agricultural building, magnificent outlines and symmetrical proportions attract attention even at several miles distance. Of very high excellence are two more of the old colonial style of building decorated, and brought down to date, are the Southern Railway building and, of all, the Woman's building. The latter is to be preserved as a permanent museum woman's work.

The interior of the Woman's building is a thing which will long be remembered; who have had the pleasure to cross its threshold as a mere specimen of domestic architecture is a poem in itself. The vast corridor, in a party of five hundred might hold a banquet, stately winding stairs, wide for a regiment to march up and down, ceilinged rooms, noble windows, broad ways, exquisite decoration in both form and color, combine to make a memorable scene. As for the contents, they would require a volume for their recital.

Then, as if to add variety to the scene smaller buildings erected by States and portions, such as the handsome Knickerbocker mansion of New York State, the Long home of Massachusetts, the superb villa of the quaint old Catholic Mission of Fernis, the queer-looking barracks of Alai the cozy and shady bungalow of Costa Rica, the giant log-cabin of the crude kitchen pretty Renaissance of the woman's arm wonderful plant pyramid of Florida, the way sheds or stables, in which the iron stand upon exhibition; the campanile graceful music stand, where Gilmore's pours forth melody every day; the village, with its interesting reproduction of the Spanish, and Saracen types of construction; the Japanese and Chinese villages, transport Tokio and Canton to the Gate of the South, and the Indian village and Dah village, where savage Africa confronts America in equal ingenuity and dist. and there, in rhythmic undulations, win main road, one-half macadamized, as if to the modern age, and one-half corduroy—to say, composed of a solid roadway of 1 pine planks, as if to represent the beginning of the century. The clever artist of the creation so arranged road and meadow, hill building, that from every point along the highway are two or three long vistas, each different from the rest, and yet each of the most attractiveness.

From the lawn by the borders of the with the great Agricultural building on its side and Machinery Hall on the other, star Midway Plaisance. Instead of being a straight street, such as was its famous predecessor in Chicago, this curls and turns and c what a year ago were rolling hills, but are finely-graded terraces. It is here that the student of human nature, the hayseed the small boy find perpetual solace and light. It is discordant and noisy, but it is a natural and jovial way that makes the building as enjoyable as the music of a first-class orchestra. At one point a Mexican band blows toots with a disregard for time and soft delicacy and orchestration, that is simply time. Not far from them is a German band which has wandered far away from home by the Rhine; there are hurdy-gurdy which squeak, and organs which wheeze, chestions which roar and calliopes which low. There are Dahomey darters who p on tom-toms, and stalwart Soudanese who on long war-horns. There is the Indian and the Malay pipe, and there, towering all in horror and in discord, is the Chinese orchestra with its cymbals and gongs, flutes, clarionets, snake-skin fiddles and shark-horns. There is a Phoenix on the Plaza which is a small Ferris wheel. There is a chair on which every Southern man, and child regards it as his or her duty to



and yell to the extent of a nickel. There is a Cairo Street, where half-bred Egyptians, Levantines, French Algerians, Tunisians, and alleged Turks perform the *danse du ventre* and other muscular but reprehensible feats.

It is a great fair! Most wonderful of all, its prices are very reasonable; its officials are courteous and well-informed, its conveniences are many, and its attractions manifold. As a whole the exposition is irrefragable proof that Atlanta is entitled to be classed among the metropolitan cities of the world.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

## Something about English Volunteers.

I WAS very much interested in England in the manoeuvres of what is known as the Cycling Corps of one of the crack battalions of militia. Many of the volunteers, as they are called, have long had mounted companies attached to them, but the Cycling Corps, which was formed to act for scout duty, was, until two or three years ago, a new feature of British citizen-soldier life. All of the manoeuvres of the bicycle-riders were carried on in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolsley, and the notable military critics of the British army expressed themselves as highly pleased with the results obtained. The Cycling Corps was composed of about a hundred well-trained athletes picked from the different regiments. The men had already acquired proficiency in bicycle-riding, and they were mounted on low, light-running, rubber-tired machines that had been specially constructed by the war department. There were racks behind the seats for carrying knapsacks, canteens, and the like; a small chest of tools was attached to each machine, with duplicate bearings, and every reasonable provision made for repairing breaks by accident. The men had a bicycle mount and all the regulation drill of the cavalry corps up to the sword exercise, but their main work was in carrying dispatches, exploring small roads and by-ways, and covering great distances noiselessly at night. Some of their operations were wonderfully successful, and the whole bicycle corps could move thirty miles into a country, get hold of any necessary facts, and send reports back by relays which they had left along the road, in an incredibly short space of time during the night. They were absolutely noiseless, and their movements were swift and certain.

Numerically, England has a militia force which is far ahead of that of America, though it is to be remembered that the United States has a volunteer reserve of able-bodied men who could be called out in case of an emergency. This reserve consists of seven or eight millions, and it has been shown that it can fight. Rather. There are, however, many points about the British volunteer militia which it seems to me might be incorporated in our own service. They have, for instance, what is called a land artillery which has reached the enormous number of forty-six thousand men, and which is as thoroughly trained in rifle exercises, marching, drilling, and the handling of big guns as the regulars of our own army. The artillery regiments are composed to a large extent of men in the laboring classes, offered by "gentlemen of leisure," who go into the militia from motives of patriotism. Once a week, in the summer months, the artillery go to the nearest forts for target-practice. Every year big detachments from each battalion go to Shoburyness and shoot for prizes with eighteen- or twenty-four-pounder guns at ranges varying from one to three thousand yards. The artillery full-dress uniform is a very handsome one—black with red facings, silver ornaments, and white cross-belts. The men are armed with a short carbine and a sword bayonet.

A great many people have heard of the Yeomanry of Great Britain without knowing exactly what the word means. They number fourteen thousand, and would be very useful in time of war as irregular cavalry. The Yeomanry own their own horses, and very nearly all are good cross-country riders. They form the aristocracy of the volunteer service. The colonel is generally a man of rank; the Duke of Westminster, for example, is colonel of the Royal Chester Yeomanry. For fourteen days every year the men train after the methods of the regular cavalry. They wear small tunics, high boots, helmets, and swords.

On Easter Monday, every year, there is a sham fight in which all of the different branches of the service participate; and this fight, in which there are a great many thousand men, shows that if a foreign Power were to land on England's shores it would meet a citizen's army well practiced in the art of war. The volunteers are expressly for home defense, and in case of a sudden outbreak of war every battalion has its quarters fixed at some garrison

town, and could be quartered there within twenty-four hours after receipt of orders.

The enthusiasm with which young English volunteers devote themselves to the military part of their duty is one of the most interesting features of modern English life. Thirty years ago the British volunteers consisted of two or three small companies of riflemen, each individual member of which had to provide his own uniform, arms, and accoutrements. Now it is a force of over two hundred and fifty-seven thousand men, well armed, thoroughly disciplined, and embodying all the branches of the service—infantry, submarine, engineers, cavalry or yeomanry, and the land and royal naval artillery volunteers. The English government spends about five million dollars a year in support of the volunteer service. This is much in excess of the cost of the militia force of this country. The friendly shooting contests which take place between the American militia and the English volunteers at Creedmoor, Dollywood, and Wimbledon have shown the English marksmen to be possessed of a good deal of skill. There is quite a uniform degree of skill throughout the whole body of amateur soldiers. The "Elcho Shield," which is shot for each year between teams of eight from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, shows a very high order of ability among the men. The distances are 800, 600, and 1,000 yards, fifteen shots at each range, and it is very rare that any man of the thirty-two fails to hit the bull's-eye more than four times at each range, and there are invariably full strings of bull's-eyes made by men in all of the teams at the different ranges.

Of the different branches of the English volunteers, the infantry, of course, comes first numerically. They number about two hundred thousand men of all ranks, and they are dressed in a great variety of uniforms, though the principal style is that of the regulars, viz., helmet, tunic, and trousers. Many wear clothes of the Zouave fashion, with peaked cap, short, loose jacket, baggy knickerbockers, and leather leggings. Occasionally the historic scarlet of old England is still seen, but the more sensible tints of gray, buff, black, and invisible green are favored by the battalions which follow the advice of military experts. The men are armed with the Martini-Henry rifle. An enthusiastic volunteer has many opportunities of testing the sweets and bitters of a soldier's life. Every battalion goes into camp for one or two weeks in the summer, where exactly the same rules are observed as in the regular service. Nine privates sleep in one tent, their sleeping-gear consisting of waterproof ground sheet, a light straw mattress, a pillow, and two army rugs. All their meals are taken in tents, sentries are always posted day and night, and drill is the order of the day.

The social standing of the men in the different battalions is a vexed question in Great Britain. Class problems are always arising there, and nowhere are they more severe than in the volunteer service. Some of the battalions are composed entirely of laboring men, officered by well-to-do men who can afford to give a good deal of time and money to the cause. In these battalions it is quite impossible for a man to rise from the ranks, the class prejudice being too strong; hence, there is always a lot of discontent in the ranks. In other battalions all officers must rise from the ranks, and it would be impossible for any man, no matter what his position might be, to go into a regiment and take a commission. In the event of there being two men of equal standing, each wishing to take a vacant position, the captain formerly selected one, but nowadays the whole company have a ballot, and elect the man they prefer. In battalions of the higher class, which are usually composed of men of fair position, an entrance-fee and subscription have to be paid, and recruits are elected as to any club. The feeling of patriotism among the British volunteers runs very high, and the government distinctly encourages it.

BLAKELY HALL.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### An Interesting Feature of the Foot-ball Season.

PERHAPS the most interesting, as well as the most important, feature of the foot-ball season at C's time is the whole-hearted manner in which the teams of Yale and Princeton are endeavoring to improve the game by making the play more open, and introducing such pretty methods of advancing the ball as double passes, long passes, and punts on a first down. Double passes used to be all the go, years ago, and were most effective plays, while at the same time their execution pleased the spectators, who

could follow without effort the course of the ball from one player to another.

When mass plays rule the play, however, the spectator gets a peep at the ball only at infrequent intervals, or when, on a third down, a kick becomes necessary. For this reason the game is a complete puzzle to all save those who have followed the sport year in and year out. Last year an effort was made to make the play more open, but only partial success resulted, and had all the different college teams finished the season in a friendly fashion and bent on continuing the good work, a reform convention would have followed, and by intelligent discussion during the winter settled upon a set of rules likely to open up the game to the satisfaction of the most fastidious enthusiast of such a game. But Yale and Harvard had to fall out—also Princeton and Pennsylvania; and as a result the two factions sprung up to effectually kill any combined reform movement.

It is apparent, however, from a study of the rules each side has adopted, that the Yale-Princeton ones alone aim at a result which the public desire—that is, a more open game. For this reason it seems as though they must finally prevail. They are not only the logical ones, but the majority of teams are using them, which is an additional reason for believing that the Harvard-Cornell-Pennsylvania code is destined to enjoy a brief existence.

#### HARVARD AND YALE FAIL TO AGREE.

Harvard and Yale will not meet on the gridiron this year, and perhaps, after all, it were better so. A year of calm reflection on both sides can do no harm, and much good may possibly result. In the past Harvard has been, ever, a hard loser, and until she learns to take defeat in the uncomplaining and smiling manner so marked in the behavior of the Cambridge track and field athletes after a crushing defeat at the hands of Yale, there can be no desirable contests with Yale. The present strained relations between the two are due solely to the disagreeable and public manner in which Harvard graduates and the players themselves have acted when the battle has gone against them.

#### THE GOLFING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The recent golf tournament for the amateur and professional championships of the country, which was held upon the beautiful grounds of the Newport Club, Newport, Rhode Island, was a novel as well as an interesting event.

No one present at the different matches could have doubted for one moment the fact that golf as a popular game has come to stay. It is a game which, like cricket, appeals to the young and the old alike. It is only necessary to try it once to become infatuated with the sport.

On October 3d, Sands, of the Westchester Club, met McDonald of Chicago in the finals for the amateur championship, and the former was defeated by the score of twelve up and eleven to play. McDonald's form was superb throughout. The course was thirty-six holes four times played over the links, a half course being played in the morning and half in the afternoon.

McDonald by his win secured permanent possession of a valuable gold medal, as well as the custody for one year of the one-thousand-dollar silver vase offered by T. A. Havemeyer, president of the United States Golf Association. Mr. Sands's portion was a silver medal, while Dr. Charles Claxton, of the Philadelphia Country Club, secured the third prize, a bronze medal. A bronze medal also went to F. J. Amory, who finished fourth.

On Friday, October 4th, the open-championships contest was decided. The amateurs who played were unable to hold up their end with their professional brothers. The event was won handily by H. Rawlins, an assistant to Davis, the greens-keeper of the Newport Club. Rawlins is not yet twenty years old. Following are the grand totals of the different competitors: Rawlins, 173; Willie Dunn, 175; Foulis, 176; Campbell, 179; Smith, 176; Harland, 188; Patrick, 181; Tucker, 185; Reid, 206.

Rawlins's win meant a gold medal of much value, the title of championship, one hundred and fifty dollars in money, and the right of the Newport Club to hold for one year the silver cup—on which Rawlins's name will be inscribed—offered by the United States Golf Association.

One of the notable incidents of the play was a long drive of two hundred and eighteen yards by Foulis. This measurement is the actual carry, inasmuch as the ball did not roll a yard.

The longest authentic professional drive is that by Parks, who drove the ball from the Cliff tee at St. Andrews two hundred and forty-three yards.

W. T. Buller

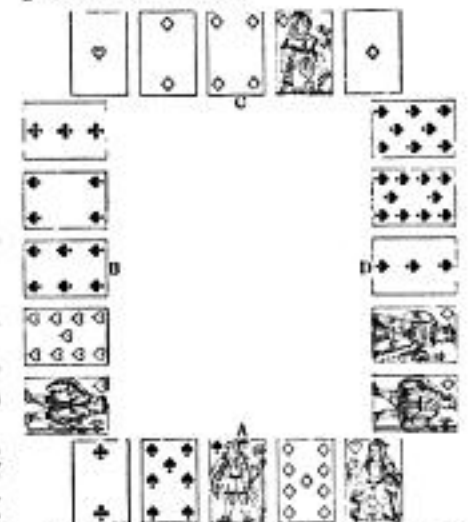
## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

IN Problem No. 33, wherein the trick turns upon C's masterly discard of the king, to throw the lead to the enemy, not a few of our experts fell into accepting some one of the many lines which capture but three tricks. The winning of that extra trick is effected by A leading the ace, to which C throws his king. A then leads spades to R, who is compelled to break his partner's hold on diamonds. The problem was mastered by Messrs. G. Armstrong, P. Allen, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," G. Barrett, C. G. Clark, Caledonian Club, "Carleton," G. Darby, Dr. Eastman, W. P. Ellery, C. Furst, C. N. Gowan, P. Gifford, "H. D. L. H.," "Hoyle," M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," "Iconoclast," Irving Club, Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kenesly, C. H. Masters, Mrs. H. T. Menner, Mrs. T. Milten, C. T. Nugent, E. Orr, W. Potter, "Priscilla," M. C. Peel, "E. F. R.," G. Rose, P. Stafford, J. P. Stewart, G. Stevens, M. Titus, Dr. N. P. Tyler, M. Veile, "Veritas," "Whist," and Mrs. W. Young.

Here is a bright little finish which will repay those who get at the underlying principle. It is given as Problem No. 38:



Clubs trumps. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

## The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 34. BY S. LOYD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

By a curious coincidence the above problem is received from a correspondent who asks whether the position is correct, and at the same time we find it in a German paper, asking regarding its authorship. It was one of a set of problems which carried off the first prize in the American Centennial Tournament of 1876, and created at the time no little discussion regarding features of problem construction.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 31. BY DEWEY.

White. Black.  
1 Q to Kt. 1 K to B6.  
2 Kt to Q mate.

(Continued on page 274.)

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



# THE SCIENCE OF PLACE-KICKING IN FOOT-BALL.

KICKING in foot-ball may be divided into three branches or departments—that of punting, drop-kicking, and place-kicking. Of the three the third is by far the easiest to acquire. To one who has mastered in a way the first

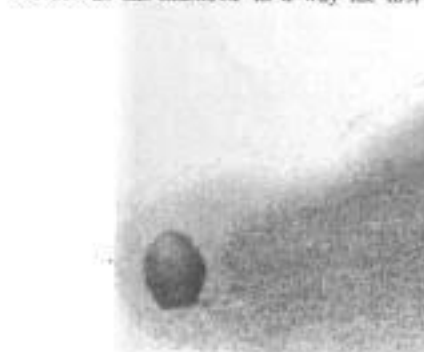


FIG. 1.

two, punting offers more opportunities for a display of science than drop-kicking, and is harder to master. The novice, on the other hand, would class drop-kicking as far the more difficult of the two.

But, easy as place-kicking is, the fact remains that there are more players who can punt better than they can kick goals than the reverse, by a large majority. In every game which is played, and during which touchdowns are made, a player will give a sorry exhibition or two of place-kicking for goal. This should not be so. On the contrary, when a team scores by touchdown there should be several players equally capable of kicking a goal within reasonable bounds.

And as with place-kicking so it is with



FIG. 2.

the drop and punt. Players right and left, upon whose shoulders the kicking responsibilities rest, do not begin to perform as they should. Last year I wrote extensively on the value of kicking in foot-ball, and from beginning to end of the season took a leading stand, pointing out the possibilities of this kick and that, and illustrating from games which had just taken place why this and that kick should have been tried at certain times.

By reason of this advocacy of kicking I received many letters, and the burden of many of them was for an illustrated story dealing scientifically with the place-kick, the drop-kick, and the punt. As such a story could not possibly be covered properly for the want of necessary space, I have decided to treat at this time only of the place-kick.

Unfortunately, for the want of a subject, I



FIG. 3.

was forced to pose myself. Mr. J. C. Hement, the clever artist, officiated at the camera end, and how well he has succeeded the pictures will tell for themselves.

The rules define a place-kick as one "made by kicking the ball after it has been placed on the ground." In Figure 1 the ball will be noticed in an upright position upon the ground. Were a game in progress the only difference would be that a player of the kicker's side would be holding the ball in his hands with the lower end of the ball just off the ground. The ball is then "placed" upon the ground when the kicker indicates his readiness to kick.

The idea of holding the ball off the ground signifies "not in play." The act of placing it on the ground puts it in play, and the opponents lined up on their goal line have the right to charge with the purpose of blocking the kick.

For this reason the kicker, once he has said "all right"—which is the signal to take away the underneath hand which supports the ball—must act immediately. Thus, while the ball is held in mid-air he must sight it and otherwise order it fixed to insure a goal.

Now, as will be noticed in Figure 1, the ball stands nearly upright; to be exact, the top inclines slightly toward the goal, or away from the kicker, at a given angle. This angle is determined by the distance from the goal. Briefly, the nearer the goal—say



FIG. 4.

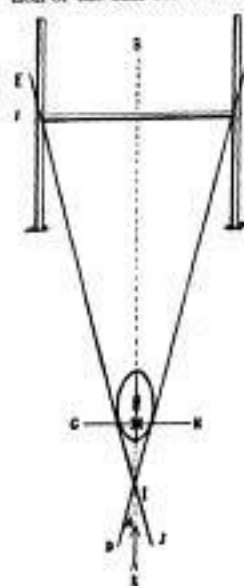
twenty yards—the ball is upright if not really inclined a bit toward the kicker. The farther away you go the ball is inclined away from the kicker to a certain point—for forty yards, I should say at an angle of forty-five degrees. Hickok, who last year made fifty and sixty-yard kicks repeatedly from the centre of the field, did so with the ball resting with its longest diameter horizontal.

Standing now in the kicker's position, which he assumes in sighting the ball, other points to note in the position of the ball are these: The lacing of the ball is toward you, and affords a convenient mark for the eye, for directly below the end of the lacing nearest the ground and upon the middle seam is the spot which must be struck by the toe in order to insure a goal. To be exact, this spot is on the middle seam, half-way between the lower end of the lacing and the end of the ball resting on the ground.

With the above as a preface, the complete operation of kicking a goal is as follows: Suppose a touchdown has been made

directly back of the goal. Then order the player who is to hold the ball for you to walk out twenty-five yards. Perchance there is not a nice level spot at this distance, in which case go a bit farther until the spot to suit the fancy is found.

The following diagram shows the correct position of the ball for kicking:



E J and C D are tangent lines to the ball at two points connected by the line G H, which is horizontal and parallel to the cross-bar 1 2. The line A B, which bisects the angle E J and C D make at I, is perpendicular to 1 2 at its middle point.

X designates the spot on the middle seam of the ball which must be struck by the foot, and it follows that a force traveling along in the direction K, as indicated, and meeting X squarely, must necessarily send the ball along the line A B. If perchance the top of the ball

inclines away from the line A B it will fly off to one side on the kick. So, too, if the lacing does not coincide with A B, the weight of the ball will be unevenly divided by A B, and failure likely result.

In the event of a touchdown off to one side of the goal the same principles govern. The space between the posts from this new position may look no more than two feet in width, in which case you simply sight the ball on a line which would bisect those two feet and coincident at the same time with the middle seam of the ball.

Once having sighted the ball, the eye seeks the spot X and becomes fixed. Then the command "All right" is given, which is the signal, say, for the player holding the ball to place it upon the ground easily and so steadily that it cannot change its position, keeping, the while, the upper hand on the ball to maintain its upright position. Until the foot actually strikes X, the eye must never shift, must never stray. The eye, glued to that all-important spot X, directs the foot—directs it to the very last. If the eye strays, the foot loses its guide and is apt to impart a glancing blow to the ball, which in consequence sheers off to one side.

We will now suppose that "All right" is uttered. Immediately the kicker takes a quick, short step (say two feet) as in Figure 2, with the left foot (it would be well to remember that the kicker pictured here kicks with his left foot; hence right-footed kickers should substitute right for left, left for right, wherever used), and follows directly with the right, which plants itself firmly in ground just off to the right side of the ball and slightly in its rear.

At the same time the kicking or left leg is drawn well up, as in Figure 3. The position of the foot shows that it has been drawn squarely back. Figure 4 shows a side view.

In Figure 5 the foot is descending, and, as can be further observed, is close under the body and presumably swinging in the line A B. (See diagram.) Furthermore it will be noticed that in Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 the eye is evidently on the ball (that spot X)—nowhere else.

Figure 6 shows the ball just over the left shoulder, traveling for the centre of the goal. This picture shows to a nicety how well the foot has done its work, and the ball, by appearing over the left shoulder, proves that the foot struck X squarely.

Figure 7 is a side view of 6, the feature of which is a straight leg carried well up, which shows that the application of force was not



FIG. 5.

jerky nor snappy. Had the swing been a nervous, jerky one the leg would have, after passing under the body, become bent, and traveled little beyond the body.

To sum up the place-kick I would lay down these laws: First, take plenty of time to make all the necessary preparations of selecting a kicking spot and sighting the ball; second, instruct the holder of the ball to hold the under hand toward the opposing side with the broad side showing. By so doing the end of the ball is concealed and can be practically held upon the ground from the start, thus eliminating the element of uncertainty incident to placing it upon the ground. Even the nerviest of holders may, in settling the ball as inch or so to the ground, change its position sufficiently to cause a failure. Third, glue the eye to the spot which you know must be struck:



FIG. 6.

insure success; fourth, take the two steps before kicking, deliberately, never hurriedly; fifth, don't kick with all your might, yet kick as though you meant something; sixth, think of absolutely nothing but striking that "spot."

If a wind is blowing across the field of sufficient strength to influence the true flight of the ball, allowance must be made, but only when the kick is off so to one side that the smallest deviation will carry the ball wide. Experience alone must teach the kicker just how much to allow under such conditions.

Speaking from experience, I would say that rarely, if ever, does the wind blow so hard that the ball has to be sighted an appreciable distance from either goal-post—say, a yard. As a rule, by kicking for the weather goal-post due allowance is made for any ordinary wind.

W. T. BULL.



FIG. 7.

THE KICKING OF A GOAL FROM A "TOUCHDOWN" IS A SIMPLE MATTER, YET THE SCIENCE SEEMS TO BE LITTLE UNDERSTOOD BY KICKERS OF TO-DAY.





THE RECENT GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES NEAR STETTIN—THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA VIEWING A SHAM FIGHT.—*London Graphic.*



THE LATE M. LOUIS PASTEUR, THE EMINENT FRENCH SCIENTIST.—*L'Illustration.*



GOLF IN ENGLAND—RIGHT HONORABLE A. J. BALFOUR WATCHING THE MEDAL PLAY AT ST. ANDREW'S.—*Black and White.*



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT TO GARIBOLDI AT ROME.  
*L'Illustrazione Italiana.*



PAPAL BLESSING OF SPANISH TROOPS BEFORE LEAVING VITORIA FOR CUBA.  
*London Graphic.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

(Continued from page 271.)

A very pretty problem with a clever key which has a bearing upon the position of the black king in all four of the variations. It is not difficult of solution, but is very pleasing and satisfactory to the solver who appreciates the niceties of construction. Correct answers were received in the following order from Messrs. F. C. Nye, W. L. Fogg, J. Winslow, B. Whitmore, Dr. Baldwin, P. Stafford, F. B. Miller, W. E. Hay ward, A. Hardy, A. C. Case, W. Spain, R. Rogers, C. V. Smith, A. O. Kutsche, G. Anders, J. J. Ryan, T. Stout, G. Newall, C. F. Monan, and J. Willett. All others were incorrect. Several correspondents have pointed out that a black bishop should stand on K18 to prevent a variety of solutions in Problem No. 32.

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"BEST"  
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women  
suffer  
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deficient  
beauty  
owing  
to  
un-  
balanced  
system.  
But  
3  
drams,  
etc.,  
which  
can  
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It  
is  
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ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1895.

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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bernbach, H. Kesterbach.

OCTOBER 31, 1895.

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Table address—"JULIENBARK."

## The Union against Tammany.

WHILE the union, in this city, of all the elements of opposition to Tammany is dictated, on the part of some of the organizations concerned in it, by other motives than solicitude for municipal reform, there is no doubt that it is in the main in the interest of good government. Tammany represents everything that is pernicious in our politics and civic life, and there can be no genuine or thorough reform until its influence is fully eliminated from every department of the public administration. The election of the union ticket will be another important step toward the achievement of that result. It may not represent the highest aspirations and loftiest impulses of the best citizenship, but it represents approximately the only positive and aggressive sentiment which demands the purification of the metropolis, and that sentiment will unquestionably dominate, more or less determinatively, the officials whom it will carry into power. It is sometimes the truest wisdom in a crusade for reform to accept the attainable, even though that may fall far short of the uttermost expectation and purpose of those who wage the battle.

There is one respect, making all due allowance for criticism, in which this union of elements which are ordinarily antagonistic, is highly suggestive and full of encouragement. Heretofore, movements for civic reform have usually exhausted themselves with a single effort. If successful, the majority of those concerned in them have fallen back into inactivity, believing that everything essential had been accomplished. -If, on the other hand, they have been overtaken with defeat, despondency and despair have settled upon those who participated in them, and the result has generally been that all the evils whose overthrow was desired became more acute and active than before. Now, apparently, there is a spirit of persistence and determination on the part of the great body of the community in the work of reform which has survived the excitements and successes of the last campaign, and which can be depended upon to continue the warfare until the enemy has been driven from his last intrenchment. In other words, the better class of citizens have come to understand that a single victory against so alert and vigorous an enemy as Tammany does not end the occasion for fighting, and that the warfare must be persisted in, resolutely and unitedly, until its power is so effectually broken that even in the event of a partial relapse into insolence on the part of the better class of citizens, it will be powerless for any serious mischief. It is this aspect of the union which seems to us to afford peculiar grounds for encouragement to those who are honestly solicitous for the complete redemption of the city from the control of the vicious elements which have so long dominated it.

## The Powers and Armenia.



It begins to look as if the Powers of Europe, under the lead of England, have at last determined to enforce their demands for reform in Armenia and the abandonment by Turkey of the cruel and oppressive policy heretofore pursued toward the Armenians in Constantinople and other parts of her dominions. Undoubtedly this determination has been hastened by the murderous outrages recently perpetrated upon the Armenians in Constantinople and Trebizond. In the former city scores of these unfortunates, who had committed no offense, were arrested, beaten, and imprisoned, while many more were killed outright by the police and military. Even when the threatened Armenians sought refuge in their churches they were scarcely safe from the malignant Mohammedan population, and it was only under urgent pressure from the foreign ambassadors that they were finally permitted to go to their homes unmolested. At Trebizond Turkish troops joined the populace in the work of pillage and slaughter. Of course the Turkish government persists in disclaiming all responsibility for these outrages, alleging that the Armenians were the aggressors, just as it has pretended throughout that the reports of wholesale butcheries in Armenia

were mere inventions, and that all the troubles of recent years in that country have been provoked by the Christian population. The Powers, however, are not deceived by these misrepresentations, and they have insisted so tenaciously upon the adoption of their scheme of reforms that Turkish obstinacy now seems likely to give way. The indications are, also, that Great Britain at least means to see to it that promises made in the direction of reform are actually and loyally carried out.

It is greatly to be regretted that in this demonstration of sympathy with the oppressed Armenians the United States has, apparently, had no part. There is no evidence whatever that our minister to Turkey has on a single occasion asserted in a positive and emphatic way the sentiment and feeling of our people as to the Armenian question. On the contrary, while all the civilized world is expressing its abhorrence of Turkish brutality, he appears to have manifested from first to last a spirit of absolute indifference. It is even said, on apparently credible authority, that he has permitted himself to be regarded as in sympathy with the brutal Turks; and it is alleged, in support of this charge, that he has accepted favors and honors from the Sultan for himself and members of his family, which have necessarily compromised his official independence. Whether he has or has not been guilty of this offense against propriety, it is certain that he has manifested a reluctance to push the inquiry as to the atrocities in Armenia, and has done nothing at all, so far as appears, to supply his government with the trustworthy information it has needed as a basis of intelligent action. American citizens may well deplore the stupidity or the perversion of judgment which has thus put us in the wrong in the eyes of the nations and brought disgrace upon us as a people.

## Hiving to Some Purpose.

AMONG the papers read before the National Council of Women at the Atlanta exposition was one concerning the order known as the Ladies of the Maccabees, which in its development and results strikingly illustrates woman's growing interest in the practical concerns of life and her capacity for the details of business management. The society in question is of the fraternal and beneficial order, having the life-insurance principle as its basis. It is composed of three branches—the local organizations, called hives, composed of the members of each local body; the State organizations, called great hives, composed of representatives from the local bodies; and the national body, called the supreme hive, composed of the representatives from the State bodies, or great hives. Certificates are issued by the order for the sum of five hundred, one thousand, and two thousand dollars, payable in the event of the death of the insured or in the event of permanent or total physical disability, or upon reaching the age of seventy years. The life-benefit fund is derived from assessments rated on the age of the applicant for membership and the amount of her certificate. These assessments are very low, the amount between sixteen and twenty-five, for instance, being only eighty cents on the thousand dollars. The age limit is fifty-two years. There are yearly dues, which are applied to general management purposes.

This woman's order appears to have been phenomenally successful. Started in 1889 with seventy members, it is now established in twenty-three States, Ontario, and British Columbia, with a total membership of over forty-eight thousand women, aggregating in life-benefit certificates issued the large sum of thirty-five million dollars. The total number of deaths in the various jurisdictions of the order has been three hundred and fifty, and the total amount distributed among the children and dependents of deceased members in this short period of time has been three hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars. "This," says the report of the supreme hive as presented at Atlanta, "is what an organization of women alone has accomplished in the business world. The Ladies of the Maccabees have opened a field for educational, charitable, and humane work in the education of the families and the protection of the home that is limitless in its possibilities." What is here said as to the usefulness of this society cannot be regarded as an exaggeration. The success it has achieved is undoubtedly prophetic of other and larger beneficences which women will initiate and carry out with the broadening needs and opportunities of the future.

## Democratic Pretenses.

THE Democratic party is always and everywhere a party of false pretenses. It never hesitates to sacrifice a principle to which it has pledged itself if the party interests seem to demand such a course. A very conclusive illustration of this degenerate tendency is afforded by the campaign now in progress in Kentucky. In that State the party adopted at its State convention a platform in favor of sound money, and nominated a candidate for Governor who has lost no opportunity to advocate unlimited silver coinage. At first there was a vehement outcry from many of the party papers and some influential party leaders against this practical repudiation of the platform by the gubernatorial nominee. It was denounced as dishonest and disreputable. For a time it seemed probable that a majority of the Democratic journals would refuse to support the nominee in his

inconsistent attitude. But, with two exceptions, according to a statement in the *New York World*, all the Democratic papers in the State are now urging the voters to support the recalcitrant candidate—to condone what was at first denounced as treachery—in order to save the State from the Republicans. And foremost in this despicable betrayal of principle and the sound-money cause are the journals which are regarded as peculiarly the organs of the Cleveland administration.

The truth is that the Democratic party in Kentucky is not, and never has been, honestly in favor of the sound-money policy of Mr. Cleveland. The declaration of the State convention and the subsequent clamor of the party press as to General Hardin's course were mere hollow pretensions. Really the party as such believes in the cheap-money doctrine of the late Senator Beck and the school to which he belonged. Free trade and cheap money have been for years the rallying cries of the party in that State. Mr. Carlisle himself once trained with Senator Blackburn, the Breckinridges, and the rest, under this financial flag; and if he were not a member of the administration he would probably be found still in the same company. Most of the so-called sound-money leaders are conspicuously "flabby" of purpose, and care apparently nothing whatever for consistency. Thus, in one district the "gold bug" president of a national bank is running as a candidate for the Legislature to save the election of Blackburn, the leader of the silver party, to the United States Senate.

It would perhaps be unfair to assume that the President and his Kentucky Secretary of the Treasury have advised or are responsible for the sudden change of front on the part of the party newspapers as to this general subject. But certainly it is somewhat significant that so far they have not entered a syllable of protest against this subordination of principle to considerations of partisanship. They profess to be profoundly anxious that the Democratic party should be held true to sound-money traditions. Why is it, if they are honest in this profession, that in a crisis of the party history that solicitude has entirely failed to find expression? Is Mr. Cleveland, after all, so much of a Democrat that he cannot be a patriot? Does he, with all his pretensions of loyalty to conscience, as a matter of fact place mere party claims before and above every consideration of the public welfare?

Among all the many pitiable exhibitions of party insincerity and indifference to patriotic obligations, there has been in our recent political history none more utterly discreditable than that which is afforded by the course of the administration and its followers in this Kentucky campaign.

## Colonization of Negroes.



As referred, at the beginning of the present year, to the movement then in progress for the establishment of a colony of American negroes in Mexico, and took occasion to say that in our opinion the effort was ill-advised, and could hardly fail to result otherwise than disastrously.

On another page of the present issue we give an account, with some illustrations, of the result of this movement. Altogether about one thousand negroes, men, women, and children, were deported to Durango, Mexico, under the auspices of a company interested in the development of enterprises of great magnitude and importance. These emigrants entered upon their new life with high hopes, and so far as human provision could assure success it seemed attainable. But provision seems to have counted for nothing; from the beginning everything went awry. Within a few months the colony which was established under such encouraging auspices was disintegrated, two hundred of the emigrants were dead, double that number, having abandoned the colony, were quarantined in small-pox camps along the Rio Grande, while the remainder were making their way homeward as best they could, objects of commiseration and charity.

The result of this enterprise, probably one of the best organized which has been undertaken, confirms everything that we have heretofore said in reference to the unwisdom of colonization efforts, whether at home or abroad. Whatever may be the untoward, political conditions of the black man in the Southern States, there can be no doubt that he can there make more substantial and wholesome progress, and enjoy a larger measure of personal comfort with fuller opportunities of industrial development under proper legal protection, than anywhere else under the sun. The climate is in his favor, and the industries to which he has been accustomed are better adapted to the utilization and development of his physical energies than those which would employ him elsewhere. It may be, and undoubtedly is, true that the more intelligent of the blacks, who have an equipment above the average for the activities of life, can succeed in the Western States in agriculture and other employments; and the wonder is that, with the demand which exists for labor on the Pacific slope and elsewhere in the remote West, those negroes who aspire to broader opportunities do not seek there the sphere which awaits them. The result of the Mexican experiment will undoubtedly operate very effectively to prevent any further attempts at colonization along the lines which it pursued.



## MEN AND THINGS

—This passeth year by year and day by day.

MR. C. A. PLATT, one of the few of our painters who know how to put the charm of a stretch of green country on canvas, published a little book on Italian gardens, a year or so ago, that was more or less of a revelation to all simple gardeners, whose intuitive love of posies and other beautiful growing things was confined in greater part to patches of their favorites and a few scattered and indiscriminate hedges. Very little idea of the systematic arrangement of plots and paths and borders, and the forming of courts and terraces, enters into the primitive schemes of most landscape-gardeners in this country, and Mr. Platt was probably the first to call attention to the extreme beauty of formal gardening; and, what was of much more value, to suggest the admirable adaptability of much of our country for its cultivation. I am afraid his suggestion will hardly bear fruit, however, till architects and their patrons come to a full realization of the idea that the house and all its surroundings, gardens, terraces, courts, and all their embellishments, should be component parts, each complementing and supplementing the other. As Mr. Platt says, the problem which confronted the architects of the Renaissance in Italy—all the gardens of Rome, Florence, Genoa, Sienna, and other Southern cities are a survival from that period—was "to take a piece of land and make it habitable. The architect proceeded with the idea that not only was the house to be lived in, but that one still wished to be at home while out-of-doors; so the garden was designed as another apartment, the terraces and groves still others, where one might walk about and find a place suitable to the hour of the day and the feeling of the moment, and still be in that sacred portion of the globe dedicated to one's self." But Mr. Platt goes further than the mere telling of how to adapt our houses to our gardens and our gardens to our houses, making them both beautiful, for way up in the hills of New Hampshire, on the Connecticut River, he has given a practical exemplification of his ideas in one of the most charming of houses, and in one of the most beautiful of gardens. And more than that, he has strongly influenced the little colony of artists and art lovers who are scattered about on the hills near by him. Lucky the man and rare who can not only carry out his own ideas, but persuade others to adopt and carry them out.

A ready wit is always a dazzling thing; and the happy, spontaneous association of thought with words excites my never-failing wonderment. A little group of friends, one of whom was a sluggish Englishman, were sitting late at dinner the other evening over their coffee, when some inadvertent remark concerning the yacht-race fiasco set the Englishman off in a blaze. After anathematizing Mr. Iselin, the Cup committee, and the New York Yacht Club, he swept on irresistibly and included the whole American people in his vituperations. His friends were tremendously pleased at the exhibition, and fanned his temper, whenever it gave signs of subiding, with an ingenuity that was Machiavellian. The original cause of his tirade was soon lost sight of, and he began taunting the group of deliciously-amused Americans with their country's provinciality, pusillanimity, and general depravity. "Why," said he, in a sort of disdainful and disgusted wind-up, "you don't even know the English language. Look how you spell labor and honor, without the u." This with supreme contempt. "Oh, that's very simple," retorted the wit of the party: "in matters of labor and honor we always leave you out." There was a roar, and when it subsided it was a very much collapsed Englishman. As for me, I sat open-mouthed at the wit's brilliancy.

Tradesmen very seldom have the courage of their opinions; very naturally theirs is apt to be the courage of the opinions of others, and I therefore take a good deal of pleasure in quoting an advertisement that I happened across recently, as a very delightful example of commercial independence: "Messrs. Harrold, Belcher and Allen beg leave to call attention to their large stock of antique furniture. Old furniture made new; new furniture made old; middle-aged furniture preserved; black-walnut furniture destroyed." That last demanded positive bravery. The black-walnut furniture habit—if it may be called so—dies hard, and even dealers in Chippendale and Sheraton have to combat it valiantly, sometimes at the expense of profitable patronage.

There has been much positive talk in the various papers concerning Modjeska's recent production of "Miss Betty Singleton," Mr. Fitch's new play. One and all have, with the usual aptitude of critics, been swift to jump at the conclusion that the play was written to order, there being a seeming analogy between Modjeska's farewell and the mimic farewell of *Miss Betty* on the stage. I can say from personal knowledge that the play was written before Modjeska ever heard of it, and whatever other shortcomings it may have, it is not a piece of shop-work, but an artistic conception.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## THE WESTERN MESSIAH.



FRANCIS SCHLATTER, THE NEW MEXICO "MESSIAH."

ONE of the most remarkable persons who has ever stirred the curiosity of the West is now drawing thousands daily to his humble home in Denver. Francis Schlatter, the New Mexico "Messiah," as he has been called, is holding levers that are without a parallel, probably, in the history of the country. He is credited with supernatural healing powers, and the faith of the people, or their blind credulity, is demonstrated daily by throngs of visitors seeking to be healed. He has been the subject of sermons by the leading clergymen of Denver, scores of whom call every day on this remarkable man for the purpose of divining his gift—if it can be so styled—only to go away at once mystified and impressed.

To all intents Schlatter is an ignorant and innocent-minded person, whose pretensions rest rather on the credulity of his visitor than on any declarations of his own. His healing ascribes to the Father. He speaks of this relation in an impersonal way that does not imply any remote association with the Divinity, but his air of confidence and the more potent evidence of patients who have consulted him for the laying on of hands, carries with it the claim to an extraordinary endowment. He will not be drawn into a discussion of the means employed to impress persons with his great capacity for curing those ills that baffle the science of medicine. He simply declares to all comers, irrespective of social or professional standing, that if they believe they will be cured. He has awakened the deepest medical interest, and some of the most noted specialists in nervous complaints have visited him without acquiring any definite knowledge of the secret of his power. During the meeting of the National Public Health Association, many of the delegates, hailing from every part of Canada, Mexico, and the United States, paid him the honor of a visit, and were received with the same simple, unpretentious air that has characterized his dealings with the populace. He shrinks from none, and does not essay to cloak his movements with any of the tricks that are the chief resource of the ordinary fakir.

Schlatter announces that his stay in Denver is limited by "the Father" to the 10th of November, when he will be called to the East. The reported cures effected through his agency run into the hundreds, and his mail has to be hauled from the post-office in a wagon. It is estimated

that he is in receipt of a thousand letters daily, and, after he has passed a day at the gate of his little home in North Denver, he spends the greater part of the night answering the communications that pour in from every quarter of the country. His host, Mr. E. J. Fox, says he never retires before one or two o'clock in the morning, but so far he appears possessed of superhuman energy, for he shows no signs of weariness in treating the thousands who clamor for attention from the rising of the sun until long after the shades of evening have fallen.

His grasp is so strong that men and women who have had treatment have cried aloud, and the sensation is described as acute pain that darts through the body, for the moment causing intense suffering, and then relaxing into a delicious current that permeates every fibre of the frame. Babies in pain who have been the bane of the mother's life have become suddenly mollified with the touch of the healer, and have relapsed into sleep for the first time in weeks, even while the hands of the stranger have been upon them. Faith may have cured many of those adults who have flocked to the shrine, but medical men are staggered by the testimony of cures effected in infants only a few weeks old. One particular case has been loudly heralded as nothing short of the miraculous. It was in the person of a babe three years of age whose mind was a blank from birth. The parents are among the best known in Denver. They pleaded with the healer to come and see their child. For once the strange man departed from his rule and made a visit to the house of the little patient. A number of prominent men were present at the time, and after treatments lasting two weeks the baby gave signs of recognition and was crowing with glee. At the conclusion of the fourth visit the light of intelligence came into the little one's eyes and childish affection was manifest for the first time since it came into the world. It laughed and chattered in baby glee as it hugged its mother, while the tears of joy streamed down the happy woman's cheeks.

Engineers who have experienced benefit from the healer are among the daily callers, and there can be no question about their recovery, as they were all sufferers from defective vision that deprived them of their places on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. After treatment they fully recovered their eyesight, and on submitting to medical examination by the expert physicians of the railroad, were reinstated.

But aside from all this is the fact that the "Messiah" does not accept any remuneration, nor will he allow any of the people around him to profit by the demand for attention. Rich and poor are on the same plane, and wealth so far has not been able to induce any discrimination. Schlatter is without a cent in the world, and has scarcely sufficient clothing to protect him from the weather, yet he proceeds, regardless of meteorological conditions, in his daily levers. He pauses not for meals or drink; rain or snow have not disturbed him; he disdains the use of an



A CORNER OF SCHLATTER'S ROOM, SHOWING ACCUMULATION OF MAIL.

umbrella even when the elements are at their worst and the torrents descend in an avalanche.

Schlatter three months ago came into notice in Albuquerque, New Mexico, by performing cures among the simple Mexicans, and then his reputation passed beyond the narrow confines of the Territory through the agency of the newspapers. He concluded his wonderful career by indulging in a fast for forty days, and then was induced to go to Denver. He is a shoemaker by occupation, and in his dress affects the conventional appearance of the Son of God. He professes to be a Catholic, although he is variously reported as an atheist and a spiritualist by those who knew him before he claimed to have any divine attributes. Whatever he may be, he has been successful in attracting the attention of the entire Western country.

JOHN C. MARTIN.

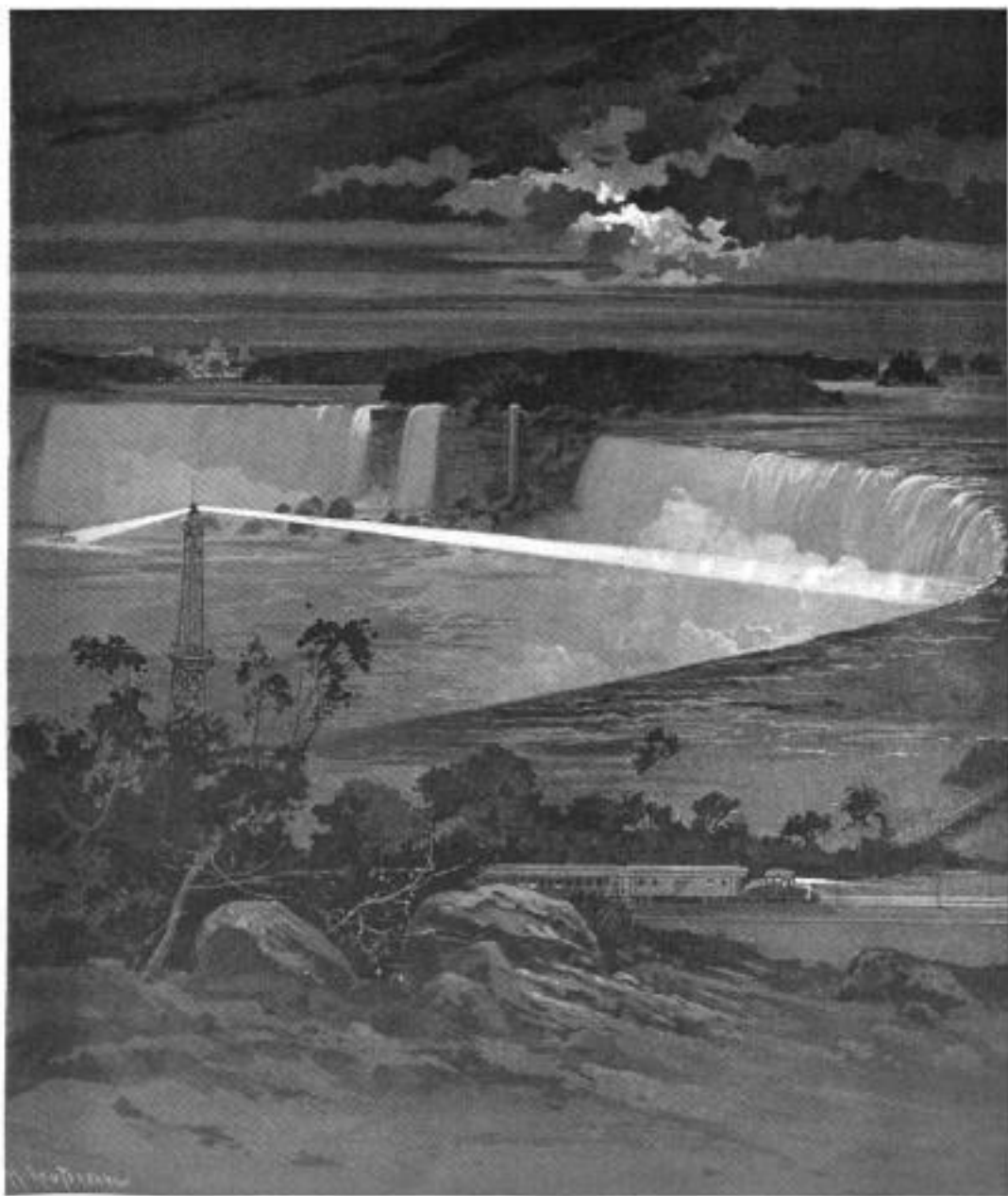




THE TROLLEY LINE ON THE EDGE OF THE NIAGARA RAPIDS.  
[SEE PAGE 283.]



THE TROLLEY IN THE NIAGARA GORGE, EXTENDING FROM THE FALLS  
TO LEWISTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



THE PROPOSED ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION OF NIAGARA FALLS.  
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



MRS. L. ORMISTON CHANT, LEADER OF THE SOCIAL-PURITY  
CRUSADE AGAINST LONDON MUSIC-HALLS.  
[SEE PAGE 283.]





"And the hours sped merrily, notwithstanding the greivous news the landlord had to relate."

# WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

## A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXI. UNDER THE STARS.



HERE was a purple sky, upon which the stars shone like gems. Unhappily, they were not as propitious as they were beautiful. Once in a way one of them would flash into space, type of many a human life predestined to suffer eclipse within a few short days. The night was sweet and still—made for love. The trees whispered in the perfumed air. Mathilde rode by her husband's side. She could hardly realize the significance of their impromptu excursion. Joseph cantered on ahead.

De Fournier felt strangely in his bourgeois gear. It helped to give novelty to the situation. He looked none the less picturesque in his ample coat, his three-cornered hat, and his brocaded vest. Mathilde had combined her own attire with some ancient costumes of the farmer's wife, a richly-lined, tight cloak that was an heirloom, handed down by her grandmother, and a hood of brown velvet that became the young bride's rare complexion.

The narrow way from the Hermit's wound along toward the main road through the forest, with fields on one side and woods on the other.

"We are Citoyenne and Citizen Duval, by Monsieur Bertin's orders, Joseph tells me," said de Fournier, in a tone of mirthfulness, after a gallop over the half-league of road that brought them well into the forest. "You have changed your name, dear, already; to me it is a new sensation."

"It is like having a sweet secret, to be so disguised in name and dress," said Mathilde, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"Another act in the gracious comedy of our honeymoon, Mathilde, and this excursion a gallant masquerade," said de

Fournier, "with a kindly starlight night specially provided by Nature's own stage-manager."

"You give life and hope, and make things bright that otherwise might be too sad for words," said Mathilde.

"Why, my love, we shall never be happier—two ardent lovers in the first days of their honeymoon. It seems a very paradise, yonder Hermitage; so humble, yet so full of pastoral dignity. When France is once more in repose we'll visit the farmer and his wife again, and hold high festival in commemoration of our bridal home."

All that was gentle in de Fournier's character made itself manifest under the influence of his young wife. Hitherto there had always been a certain tone of the grand seigneur in his wooing—a dash of the soldier, a something of the romance that belongs to lace and feathers and high estate. Now, with a touch of adversity and in close communion with the woman of his heart, de Fournier had discovered in himself a new world of thought and feeling. He had, furthermore, disclosed to Mathilde a new manner and a naturalness of demeanor that, making her still more fond, also increased her fears of the shadow under which they had found a sunshine of their own.

"When France is in repose again!" she said, with a sigh. "You say that with a heart-ache."

"I feel no heart-ache so long as you are by my side. To ride under the stars out into the wide world, man and wife, is fulfillment of my best dreams."

"But if they take us—these men who may be even now upon our track? My heart stands still at thought of it."

Mathilde stretched forth her hand to him. He laid hold upon her hand and stooped to kiss her.

"They shall not take us," he answered quickly, his hand on his sword, but the next moment falling by his side, with the qualifying remark, "if God and the Virgin defend us."

"But if it be God's will to give us up?" she said, with a sigh. "Why then, dear heart, we will bear our misfortunes with

courage. We must not expect to have all the sweets, and none of life's bitters."

"No, dear," she said. "God is giving us bitters already to check the cloy of our present sweets."

"Let us only think of the blessings of the time, and take no note of fear. Our hearts had long been one. He has permitted that our hands, too, should be joined; with this sunshine let us be content."

"Content!" said Mathilde, with a sigh. "It is hard to be hunted, yet only to have deserved well of those who are our enemies."

"Harder if we deserved ill of them, Mathilde," de Fournier replied. "Oh, for a free command with a thousand such spirits as the two Delaunys—*aisé* and cadet, as de la Galletier called them! I would sweep Paris free of Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their vile crew."

"Dear Henri," said Mathilde, "if fate offered you the cue to fight I would not stay your arm; but there is a time to fight and a time to retreat."

"And a time to love," he said, his face aglow; "and come what may, we have had our supreme, our happy hour."

"You are very good to me," said Mathilde.

"Hut! Joseph is riding back to us."

"Pardon," said the faithful guide, "but it is wise that we push on."

De Fournier released Mathilde's hand. The horses advanced into a measured trot. No more words were spoken. They were now in the open road, and approaching Evrieux. There was a light in the distance.

"I will reconnoitre," said Joseph. "If all is well I shall return at once. There is a narrow road half a league on the right of the village, and a stretch of forest; be so good as to await me there."

Joseph galloped on. It was a straight road for half a league, then it swerved to the right. They kept him in sight to the



bend. The light disappeared, to come in view again when they reached the narrow way which Joseph had mentioned. Here they drew within the wood and sat quietly beneath the stars.

"You object to emigrating?" said Mathilde, presently.

"It is cowardly."

"But it is no more than a retreat before overwhelming force," she said, "such as is permissible in war."

"But one does not retreat and leave one's captain behind," said Henri.

"You mean the king," said Mathilde. "But he has laid down his command."

"There is the queen, dear," he answered.

"Yes," said Mathilde, with a sigh; "there is the queen."

"I would do anything for your sake, my love," said Henri, her hand once more in his; "but you would not ask me to sacrifice my honor?"

"I think I would, dear husband, if it were to save your life," said Mathilde.

"To lose one's honor is to die."

"But to put honor aside when it is powerless, that you may take it up again when it can be useful," she said, "that is not the death of honor."

"Hush, dear," he said, bending over her. "There are troopers on the road, and they are coming this way."

He slipped from his saddle and led the two horses within the wood. He had scarcely done so when a company of the National Guard halted almost in front of them.

"I tell you," said one who was evidently in command, "yonder is the road to Lisieux, and the direct way to Honfleur."

"It may be so, Monsieur Laroche," said another; "it is certainly not the road to St. Germain, and Rouen is leagues away on our right. The question is, which is monsieur's route?"

"That I will tell you later," said Laroche. "It may be to rest at Port Audamer, or farther afield at Rouen, or on to Dieppe."

"Monsieur is vague," said the other speaker.

"Monsieur is led by the nose like a dog on the scent," said Laroche; "and the scent is weak at present."

"You thought it strong yesterday," said the other.

"Stronger still the day before," said Laroche, "and the day before that, and by this time our quarry is safe among the foxes of the Vendée, I make no doubt, while we were hunting them miles out of their course."

"Why the Vendée?"

"The turbulent noble they call Marquis de la Rouaire is an old friend of the Delanays. He has raised Brittany against the decrees of the National Assembly, and the aristocrats of the Vendée are going over to him."

"But why, then, did you expect the Delanays were making for Dieppe?"

"I obeyed orders, my friend."

"Against your will?"

"No; against my judgment. I have no will under orders."

"You are a queer fellow, Citizen Laroche."

"Is it so queer to submit to discipline?"

"No; but if I had orders and knew they were wrong I would not obey them," said the other, who was in military command of Laroche's posse.

"Then one day you would be shot for disobedience," said Laroche.

"You talk as if you were an army man."

"I respect the training that makes men mere machines in the hands of the great chief; but I would hate to sink my individuality behind a knapsack coat and a flaunting feather."

"A queer chap," responded the soldier. "Why, I'd rather a thousand times be a soldier than an agent of police, a detective, a spy, monsieur—saving your gracious presence."

This was said in a tone of banter.

"Call spying investigation, my friend, and it becomes dignified. The officer of police is a diplomat, and he may be a patriot in the first degree. A block may be a soldier. It requires a man of education, a gentleman, to be a great detective. And now that you have breathed your troop, let us drink to our better fortunes."

"And better tempers," said the other. "You carry something at your saddle besides pistols."

The soldier snatched his lips.

"There is no finer *cavalcade* in all France," said Laroche; "it puts new life into a man. Pass it round; we'll replenish at Lisieux."

For a little while the rest of the words of the two chiefs were muffled in the conversation of others. The troop had made a general halt. Most of them had dismounted. By and by the word to remount was given.

"And now which way does monsieur wish to travel?" asked the commander.

"No longer over foot-paths and through forests, tearing one's eyes out with branches of trees and risking one's neck over ditches," said Laroche; "but on the high road and straight for Honfleur."

"A long ride, monsieur."

"With plenty of resting-places en route. The

Golden Swan, at Evrieux, cannot be far away if yonder is the main road; and old Adrien has a good cellar, citizen captain."

"Forward, then!" said the other; and the troop clattered away, some in single file, others two abreast.

"They will meet Joseph," said Mathilde.

"No; he will see them along the road."

"A terrible name, Laroche!" she said.

"It was the captain who called the other Laroche?"

"Yes."

"A police agent?"

"A spy, and the creature of Robespierre," she said.

"You are well posted, my dear. Is this the man the little miniature painter warned you against?"

"He is her father," said Mathilde, lowering her voice. "He was educated for the law, she told me, and is a Revolutionary fanatic. I have not seen the girl for many days. I fear he has discovered her interest in us."

"It was fortunate that Joseph placed us here."

"I wonder if our flight from the Hermitage was wise?" said Mathilde.

"I think so," de Fournier replied; "but it may now be discreet to change our route."

"We are going toward the coast?"

"Yes; toward the coast," said Henri.

"My dear love," exclaimed Mathilde, "is it possible that—"

"If we secure a boat, yes."

"Now I know indeed that you love me," she said. "Kiss me, Henri. You will put aside your honor for your love?"

"My darling!" exclaimed de Fournier, drawing her toward him. "If we get to the coast, and Joseph has good news of your father and the duchess, we will cross to England. Monsieur Bertin has made all the arrangements through a friend, who endangers his own life in carrying them out. Joseph expects news from the Château de Louvet by a messenger who will await us at Honfleur. He told me all this while he was transforming me from count to citizen—from de Fournier, at your service, to Citizen Duval; and you have never told me how you like my costume?"

"Nay; let us talk seriously. Do you think we shall be successful?"

"I hope so."

"Do you think so?"

"If we are we shall be pioneers of a colony of friends, and we shall find a home on the southern coast of England. But there are conditions, dear."

"Conditions?" said Mathilde, noticing that de Fournier did not speak in an earnest, convincing manner.

"That the men of the new colony, the moment the time is ripe for action, shall return with their swords to France."

"But if we fail?"

"Why, then we are in the hands of God."

The time ran quickly on with sweet and anxious passages of love and hope, and doubt and fear. De Fournier reconciled his heart and ambition to any venture that might secure the happiness of Mathilde. His love for her overcame all other thoughts. His duty and his ambition, everything belonged to her. She was now the one treasure fate had entrusted to his keeping. And now he began to count the minutes that delayed Joseph's return.

"He is coming," said Mathilde. "Listen!"

"Yes; thank God, it is a single rider," said de Fournier, as the galloping of the horse began to break upon the stillness of the night.

Presently the gallop became a trot, and, nearing the spot where the fugitives were concealed, the rider reined in his steed and stopped by the fringe of the forest.

"It is I—Joseph," he said.

"Welcome, my brave friend," responded de Fournier; and Joseph's heart beat gratefully at the word friend.

"All's well," said Joseph, "at present; but we are pursued—we are pursued. Laroche and a company of National Guards are at Evrieux by this; they will sup there. I heard their plans for the night. We must push on to Lisieux; there is a road that avoids Evrieux; everything depends on our getting to Honfleur before them, if that is their destination."

"We are in your hands, Joseph," said de Fournier, adding a brief explanation of what they had seen and heard.

"It was most fortunate," said Joseph, "that they did not come upon you. Their hunt is toward the coast, one way or the other; I saw them coming along the road in good time to avoid them. From the few words I overheard, I don't think they have Honfleur in their minds; most likely they will turn aside for Rouen; it may be that they have a scout awaiting them at Evrieux. Between Evrieux and Lisieux there is a village off the main road little known, with an old inn, the Calaret La Normandie; I have good report of it. We can rest there for an hour, and bait our cattle."

"Then lead on, Joseph," said de Fournier;

and once more the trio started on their perilous journey.

On through the night, with occasional alarms; now at a gallop, now steadily, to breathe their horses; now walking stilly past wayside lodges with closed gates and dim avenues of trees, giving Evrieux a wide berth, and pulling up at last on the outskirts of a sleeping village. Here Mathilde and de Fournier remained in the shadow of a clump of chestnut-trees while Joseph made arrangements for their entertainment.

There had been some village festival at the inn, which had kept the landlord and his wife up later than usual. Joseph, to his great delight, found them staunch royalists. He returned for his two companions in high spirits.

"A loyal house, and with supper ready," said Joseph; "and I propose a rest for Citoyenne Duval of not one hour but three."

"Mere, Monsieur le Capitaine Joseph," said de Fournier, with a laugh. "Come, good wife Duval, and be refreshed with supper and with rest."

Out from the shadow sprang the two horses, and in a few minutes they were in the old inn stables, being regaled with oatmeal and water, and rubbed down and made comfortable.

Madame of the inn received Mathilde with maternal kindness; took her to her own room, where the disguised countess laid aside her hat and cloak, and, after a basin of soap and a cup of wine, undressed and went to bed—for so the good dame advised—and from sheer fatigue fell fast asleep; while the count and Joseph sat down to a supper of game pie and sausages and a couple of bottles of red wine.

The landlord joined them afterward, and produced pipes and tobacco; and the three hours sped right merrily, notwithstanding the grown-some news the landlord had to relate second-hand, as travelers' tales, of Paris and Lyons which he had recently heard at Lisieux. It seemed that the spirit of the Revolutionary Tribunal was stirring up the worst passions of the people right through France. De Fournier was glad to hear that the king had friends in Normandy, many and true; and that even along the coast, as near as Honfleur, the insurrectionary movement was not so popular as the agents of the convention in Paris seemed to desire. Recently several curious and unexpected travelers had rested at the inn, most of them, as they had gathered, favorable to the king, but others Revolutionists and of a bloodthirsty nature; overbearing, too, and not over honest; highwaymen, some, by their talk. It was true, he said, that there was great distress in the country districts—scarcity of corn, and heavy imposts of taxes; but he thanked God his little harvest had been well got, and that with the help of a frugal wife he was fairly well off and able to help his neighbors.

"I feel quite a new man," said the count to Joseph, when the time for continuing their journey had arrived. "I might be Citizen Duval in very truth, so gorged am I, my Joseph, and hot in the mouth with our host's tobacco. It is time I called my wife, the good dame Citoyenne Duval, eh?"

## XXII.

"LOVE CAN HOPE WHERE REASON WOULD DESPAIR."

It was nearly daylight when the two good people wished their guests God-speed; and de Fournier's spirits rose with the prospect of parting leagues between them and their possible pursuers before the day was over.

"You shall wear these, Monsieur le Comte and Madame la Comtesse, and I shall call you no other than citoyenne and citizen for the rest of our journey," said Joseph, after their first long spin and they were riding homeward.

He produced a couple of tricolor favors, ready mounted with pins, adding, in response to de Fournier's look of surprise, "Nay, your disguise is not complete without them; and it is only acting. Our hearts are true, but we must fight the enemy with his own weapons."

"He is right, dear," said Mathilde, taking the tricolor and pinning it on her breast.

"It is a hateful thing to do," said de Fournier.

"Nay, dear: the king wore the cockade," said Mathilde.

"The gravest of his mistakes; he is a prisoner by reason of it."

"It was Monsieur Bertin's orders, if you please," said Joseph; "and the same colors were in your new uniform, Monsieur le Comte."

"With a difference, Joseph; with a difference," said de Fournier, toying with the Revolutionary emblem.

"And, moreover, you are vouched for as a good patriot, and your name is Duval," said Joseph; "Citizen Duval and Citoyenne Duval, your wife."

Joseph smiled as he produced an exceptionally clever forgery of the permits to travel and to quit France, signed by Robespierre. It was no very difficult matter at that time to buy such

passports. An excellent trade in similar documents had long been established in Paris.

"Monsieur Bertin has been more than thoughtful," said de Fournier.

"And it is possible he may join us—it is possible he may quickly follow us with madame and the young ladies," said Joseph.

"And what of the Duke and Duchess de Louvet?"

"There is a way made safe for them," Joseph replied, "if the duke will accept assistance. Citoyenne de Louvet is the friend of the Deputy Grébanval, who assures her safety; besides, she is indeed a Revolutionary."

"Citoyenne de Louvet?" exclaimed de Fournier; but he checked the uncomplimentary remark that was on his lips and looked at Mathilde.

"Have patience, dear; put on the new colors."

"Do, Monsieur le Comte," said Joseph.

"You are Monsieur Bertin's representative."

"He told me, if you please, that I was to act as if I were your captain."

"Then this" (holding up the cockade) "is a matter of discipline, eh?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well; a soldier knows how to obey orders," said the count, "and hopes to learn patience with his love," he added, smiling at Mathilde and denouncing the hateful badge.

And so they rode boldly for Honfleur.

A tribe well placed, the passports duly honored, the party dismounted at the sign of "The Ship." So far all went well. An agent of Monsieur Bertin snatched in as they handed their horses to the stableman; Joseph was to take them back to the Hermitage.

While the two guests, bourgeois citizen and his wife, took some refreshment and prepared for their journey, Joseph went forth to the rendezvous where a lugger was to be ready for the journey across the channel. But, alas! the lugger was not ready. The enterprising fisherman had been arrested and his boat was moored alongside the quay, in charge of an officer of the local Revolutionary committee that had only just been constituted. Monsieur Bertin's agent gave Joseph this information as they walked to the quay. It was possible, he said, that he might still procure another vessel. He had provided a small boat for them, and they would be picked up outside the harbor if things turned out favorably for embarking; but within the last four-and-twenty hours the new officers had been very active in taking note of all outward-bound vessels, down to the smallest boat. The night was favorable, however, and he hoped for success. It had surprised him, he confessed, that they had passed into the place so freely. His own idea had been to make a rendezvous a mile or two south, along the coast, but Monsieur Bertin's instructions were imperative, and as little or no emigration had been effected from Honfleur, it was considered safer than most other points on the coast. Moreover, the people, until the previous few days, had not been so much roused by events in Paris as their neighbors, and there had, in a sort, been many favorable signs for the king.

Reconnoitring the creek where the agent's small boat lay, they were challenged by a gad-dame evidently posted for some purpose unfavorable to the agent's plans. He was, however, able to pass the officer's scrutiny, and said he wanted merely to fetch some fish from his boat for his friend's supper. The officer disliked to interfere with a well-known citizen, but no boats could leave Honfleur without a permit of the committee, on this particular night at all events. Monsieur Bertin's agent whispered something in the officer's ear, and then, saying aloud that he would come for his fish later, returned to the inn with Joseph.

"In two hours' time," he said, "the course will be clear; he will then be relieved, and by a man who is in my employment. I shall know how to detain him. Till then hold your friends in readiness."

Before the two hours were up, however, there rode pell-mell into Honfleur Laroche and his posse. De Fournier had barely time to draw before Laroche covered him with a pistol, and two of his dismounted troopers, with their captain, were at his back.

"Resistance is as useless as your disguise," said Laroche. "I would know you among a thousand."

Had he been alone, de Fournier, spite of pistols and warnings, would have made a fight of it, though he should have lost his life in the struggle, but Mathilde clung to his arm. Joseph only arrived in time to saddle his horses and escape. His first impulse was to share the fate of the fugitives he had led so unfortunately; his second was to hang on their rear and note their dispositions. With this object he crept stealthily through the town and made a long detour. Commending himself and his cause to God, he made for the road for Paris.

It was with a sad heart that Mathilde, early the next morning, found herself retracing her steps toward St. Germain. The count, by every



kind of little attention and with many a comforting word, endeavored to smooth the way. Laroche, mindful of his daughter's interest in his prisoners, had shown much consideration for their comfort. He had permitted them to ride with a long distance between them and their guard, so that they should be free from immediate surveillance. He had, however, first taken de Fontenay's word that he would make no attempt at escape. The count, having been disarmed and being without the slightest hope of rescue, had given his word; and, as if by a mutual understanding, neither he nor Mathilde talked of their mishap.

Now that she realized the worst, Mathilde was just as brave as the count. So long as their fate was in doubt she was timid, almost to cowardice. The worst being realized, their capture complete, she was bent on making the best of it, resolved to let her love and feintitude shine upon the shadow of her husband's defeat.

All day, except for a short respite to suit both man and beast, the prisoners and their escort wound their way along the dusty roads, through fields of half-grown wheat, by yellowing woods, skirting quiet villages, and crossing shimmering rivers. At night they lay at Lisieux; and the next day on again they rode toward Exeter.

"If it be agreeable," said Laroche, "to-morrow night we propose to rest at the Hermitage."

"We must obey your orders, monsieur," said the count.

"Nay, let it be so," interposed Mathilde.

"I thought to please you with this proposal," said Laroche, in an off-hand tone.

"And so you do," Mathilde replied; "and there is another, not present, whom your consideration would please."

"And who may that be, citoyenne?" asked Laroche.

"Your daughter, monsieur," said Mathilde.

"Do not name her," said Laroche; "it were better not."

"Why, monsieur? Because she is good and kind, and has a great heart?"

"Because she is untrue to France."

"You mean that love and friendship are sacred things to her?"

"There is no love nor friendship outside the love of France," said Laroche; "but I would prefer not to talk of this. Is it your wish we rest at the Hermitage?"

"Yes," said the count.

"I propose, then, to dispatch a messenger further to give the people warning of our coming."

Meanwhile Joseph, having borrowed a fresh horse at Exeter, was well on his way to St. Germain, to inform Monsieur Berton of the failure of their plans and the desirability of changing his own scheme of removal, and in the hope of raising there a rescue party to meet Laroche and his prisoners between St. Germain and the barriers.

(To be continued.)

## The Liberty Bell at Atlanta.

THE transfer of the old Liberty Bell from Philadelphia to Atlanta, where it has been placed in the exposition, was a veritable triumphal progress. Carried on a special train in charge of a committee of the municipal authorities of Philadelphia, it was greeted at every railway station by multitudes of people, who manifested the utmost eagerness to see the historic relic. At Atlanta its welcome was characterized by unprecedented enthusiasm. The local newspapers and even that there has never

been such an outpouring of people in that city assembled on this occasion. Not only were the streets densely thronged, but every available point of observation from the roofs and windowed balconies, was occupied. The escort party was met at the city limits by the mayor of Atlanta and a local committee. On the 24th instant, the day following the bell's arrival, there was an elaborate parade, in which the local militia, several patriotic orders, and the school children participated. The bell was drawn by six horses, and was formally received by the mayor of the city at the Peace-Chambers building in the exposition grounds, where all the parading companies passed in review in front of the relic. Governor Atkinson welcomed the bell in behalf of the State, the Atlanta Artillery fired a salute of thirteen guns, and there was patriotic music, instrumental and vocal. It is mentioned as a pleasant incident of the occasion that all the school children who participated in the demonstration were permitted to touch the bell as they filed by it in the exposition grounds. It is obvious that the old bell which rang out liberty for all the people is, in these later days, doing an excellent missionary work instilling patriotic devotion of all classes of American citizens.

## A Wise Beneficence Wisely Managed.



JAMES A. MACKNIGHT.

THE most marvelous financial success of any economical experiment made in recent years is conceded to be that of St. Bartholomew's Loan Bureau at 289 East Forty-second Street. When the Rev.

Dr. D. H. Green, rector of St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, proposed this institution there were serious misgivings among business men in his congregation, as it was not thought that it would prove anything more than a new way of giving charity to more or less deserving people. Some thought that ninety per cent. of the money loaned on chattel mortgages would be lost, while the most sanguine regarded fifty per cent. as about the right figure.

Dr. Green engaged J. A. MacKnight, a practical newspaper man, who was thoroughly acquainted with New York life, to inaugurate the work, in February, 1904. He has carried it on since that time, and over two thousand loans, amounting to about eighty-five thousand dollars, have been made. The losses have not aggregated one-half of one per cent. thus far, and there is no prospect that they would exceed one per cent. on the business done if the accounts were to be closed at this time. Mr. MacKnight has put his heart as well as his brain into the conduct of the bureau, and it is his belief that it will grow and become one of the most beneficent institutions in the city, while being also on a self-sustaining basis, and in all essential respects a business concern. He is interested in all projects looking to the relief and betterment of the poor and unfortunate, and an ardent advocate of a system of colonization for certain classes of the poor, which he hopes to illustrate in practice before long.

Mr. MacKnight, whose portrait is presented to the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, was born in Salt Lake City at the height of Mormon civilization. Family ties allied him closely with Brigham Young, of whose personality he got some picturesque views that he has since embodied in a novel called "Hagar," published by Bellows, Clarke & Co. just before their collapse. Mr. MacKnight's book would have made a sensation in the literary world had it been launched under better auspices. He will soon publish a volume dealing with topics so vital to the nation's welfare as Mormonism was when he wrote "Hagar." Mr. MacKnight represented the United States as consul at St. Helena from 1882 to 1887. Afterward he edited the *Helena Journal* in Montana. Mr. MacKnight has traveled extensively in Spain, Italy, and Africa. While editing the *Helena Journal* he was imprisoned for contempt of court by Judge McHatten, of Butte, for an article on the Davis will contest, but was released by the Supreme Court, which gave a decision in his favor and in favor of the

right of free speech which has since been widely quoted as a precedent. The Davis will case has recently been settled after years of litigation.

## Niagara Gorge Trolley Line.

THE past summer witnessed the construction of a double-track electric trolley line through the Niagara gorge for a distance of five miles along the American bank, a few feet up from the water's edge. The purpose of its projectors was to afford visitors to the falls an opportunity to see the whirlpool rapids, the great whirlpool, and the beautiful banks of the gorge from the most advantageous points.

The cars of the gorge road are reached by descending the river bank at the Battery elevator, right where the whirlpool rapids dash highest and wildest. It is a truly grand spectacle that greets the tourist's eyes as he boards the trolley car. On his right the cliff stands straight up for two hundred feet, and on the left the foam-lashed river plunges through the gorge at a pace that is startling. The car starts, and Nature's beautiful Niagara panorama is unfolded. Now the river is churned to a milky whiteness; then, suddenly, it assumes a more quiet air, and in coloring is a dark blue-green. This transformation is frequently repeated until, as the Lexington end is approached, the river widens and its waters, becoming calm and restful, flow slowly and almost sluggishly toward Lake Ontario. As the whirlpool rapids are left behind the view presented is across the whirlpool—the most famous river pocket in the world—and as the car turns a sharp angle at the outlet its formation is fully revealed to the gaze. The road-bed is about twenty feet up from the water's edge.

(J. E. DUNLAP.)

## Electric Illumination of Niagara.

THE trolley line recently opened along the Niagara gorge and operated by the catenary's power, remarkable as it is as a feat of engineering, is but one of the changes which are to be wrought out at Niagara during the next few years. Nor do we refer especially to the work to be done by the giant dynamos that stand, the Titans of a new era, above the deep wheel-pits of the power company. Their work will largely be felt at a distance, rather than in immediate proximity to the falls, and will not be so evident to the visitor. The changes alluded to are of a scenic rather than a mechanical and productive character.

Acting on the hint of the electric illumination of the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, a spectacle that attracts great numbers of tourists, the Michigan Central Railroad some time since quietly entered into negotiations with the General Electric Company at Schenectady for the placing of two forty-eight-inch search-lights at Falls View, in such a manner that their powerful rays, intended by the reflectors to about one hundred thousand candle-power each, may be thrown directly upon the Horseshoe Fall in the foreground, or spread out, by the use of oval lenses, over the whole expanse of the Canadian and American falls.

In the manipulation of the lights colored screens will be used, and those who remember the fairy-like magnificence of the electric fountains at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago may be able to form a faint conception of the gorgeous effects which will be produced upon one of the grandest spectacles that earth can present. For nowhere does the application of colored light, and especially the piercing rays of electric light, have such a magical effect as upon water and ice. On summer nights the falling masses of water will be made to sparkle with myriads of gems, or seem a catenar of pearls; and again the awful vortex will be made to glow with a fiery light as from the depths of Kilnau or Mammoth. Then the ever-changing waters may "suffer a sea-change" in a beam of mystic green, and this may be as suddenly replaced by a warm yellow light that will transmute the waters into liquid gold. The effects of the light upon the clouds of steaming vapor will be most picturesque, while in winter, turned upon the fantastic ice formations of Goat Island and the ice-bridge below, the spectacle cannot be otherwise than a brilliant one.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

## A Social Purity Reformer.

Mrs. OMBROUX CHANT, who achieved distinction by her crusade against London music-halls, and especially against the Empire Theatre of Varieties, is now in this country for the purpose of an extended lecture tour, chiefly in the West. Mrs. Chant is not entirely a stranger to our people, this being her third visit, and she has many friends among those who are engaged in the social-purity movement. She has

some literary reputation, having published two volumes of poetry, and written voluminously on the topics in which she is especially interested. The incidents attending the crusade against the famous London "Empire," which is essentially a music-hall and not a theatre, are still familiar to the public. The opposition to the licensing of the place was based upon the charge that it was a conspicuously immoral resort, and that its influence was most pernicious. As a result of the hostile demonstration, which was prosecuted with great vigor and awakened general interest, a license was refused by the authorities and the place was closed for the time being. Recently, however, the London county council has restored the license, and the Empire is again in full tide of operation. Mrs. Chant is criticised for abandoning the field at this important stage in the conflict, but she excuses herself on the ground of her lecture engagements in this country, and she insists that the movement against the music-halls will be eventually successful, though it may be embarrassed by temporary defeats.

## People Talked About.

THERE are still current in Boston some entertaining anecdotes of the experiences as a clerk of General Nelson A. Miles. Miles arrived in Boston from the country town of his nativity clad in a green jacket, short trousers, and green tarpaulin hat—a style of attire that excited the hilarity of the city boys. He found employment in a crockery store, and after the outbreak of the war, when his name began to be mentioned in the dispatches, his old employer is said to have remarked that "if Nelson Miles could kill rebels as easily as he could break crockery he would make a fine soldier."

The German composer, Humperdinck, who is introduced to American audiences this season by the presentation of his famous fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," is forty-one years old, and a man of pleasing personality. He is regarded as Wagner's heir, and his opera has enjoyed extraordinary vogue on the continent. The libretto is based on the nursery tale of the "Babe in the Wood." As a student in the conservatories of Cologne and Munich, Humperdinck bore off all the prizes, and after teaching in the Barcelona Conservatory he settled, in 1890, in Frankfurt.

According to a Philadelphia newspaper man, who gave him careful scrutiny recently, signs of age are becoming manifest in General James Longstreet, the last of the Confederate corps commanders. It is not only in his thin white hair and white whiskers, but in the stoop of his shoulders, his slowness of step, and the lack of fire in his eye. His deafness is worse. General Longstreet is very unlike a military man in his attire, for he affects clothes of sober black, not too well made, and it is alleged that a stranger might mistake him for a preacher.

Charles F. Lummis, who writes so entertainingly of life in the far Southwest—life tinged with Spanish, Aztec, and Indian color—is a young man of thirty-five, who lives nowadays in Los Angeles. His old home was in the East. A chance acquaintance might mistake him for a Mexican cowboy, for he wears a brown corduroy suit with an enormous sombrero of the same color, and about his waist is a red sash, the product of a Pueblo Indian loom. For a long time he lived in an Indian village, where he had gone to recruit his shattered health.

On November 23 the ninetieth birthday of Mrs. Mary Ann Keeley will be celebrated at the Lyceum Theatre, in London, and the event promises to be one of unusual interest, for the aged actress will then appear in one of the parts in which she won celebrity years ago. Mrs. Keeley is the oldest living British actress, as Mr. Howe, who is now in the United States with Sir Henry Irving's company, is the oldest actor. One of the prominent traits of their great age is their extreme liveliness of demeanor.

It is said of ex-Senator Ingalls, who may again represent Kansas in the Senate, that if he could afford it he would wear a new suit of clothes every day. Mr. Ingalls is not a man of great wealth. He is reputed to be worth about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and he lives in good style in Atchison, where he has a handsome home. The ex-Senator is now sixty-two years old, but in the very prime of his powers as an orator and statesman.

General Sauter, who would command the French army in case of war, is past seventy years, an age at which an American commander-in-chief would have been long retired, but still a robust and clear-headed man of affairs. He is a soldier of unusual stature, and at present he is the military governor of Paris.

Mr. Hart Kennedy, who has contributed to the columns of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, is now located in London, where he seems to be making his way successfully. His portrait, with a two-column sketch and interview, appears in the *London Courier*, and the *Sun* has published several stories from his pen.



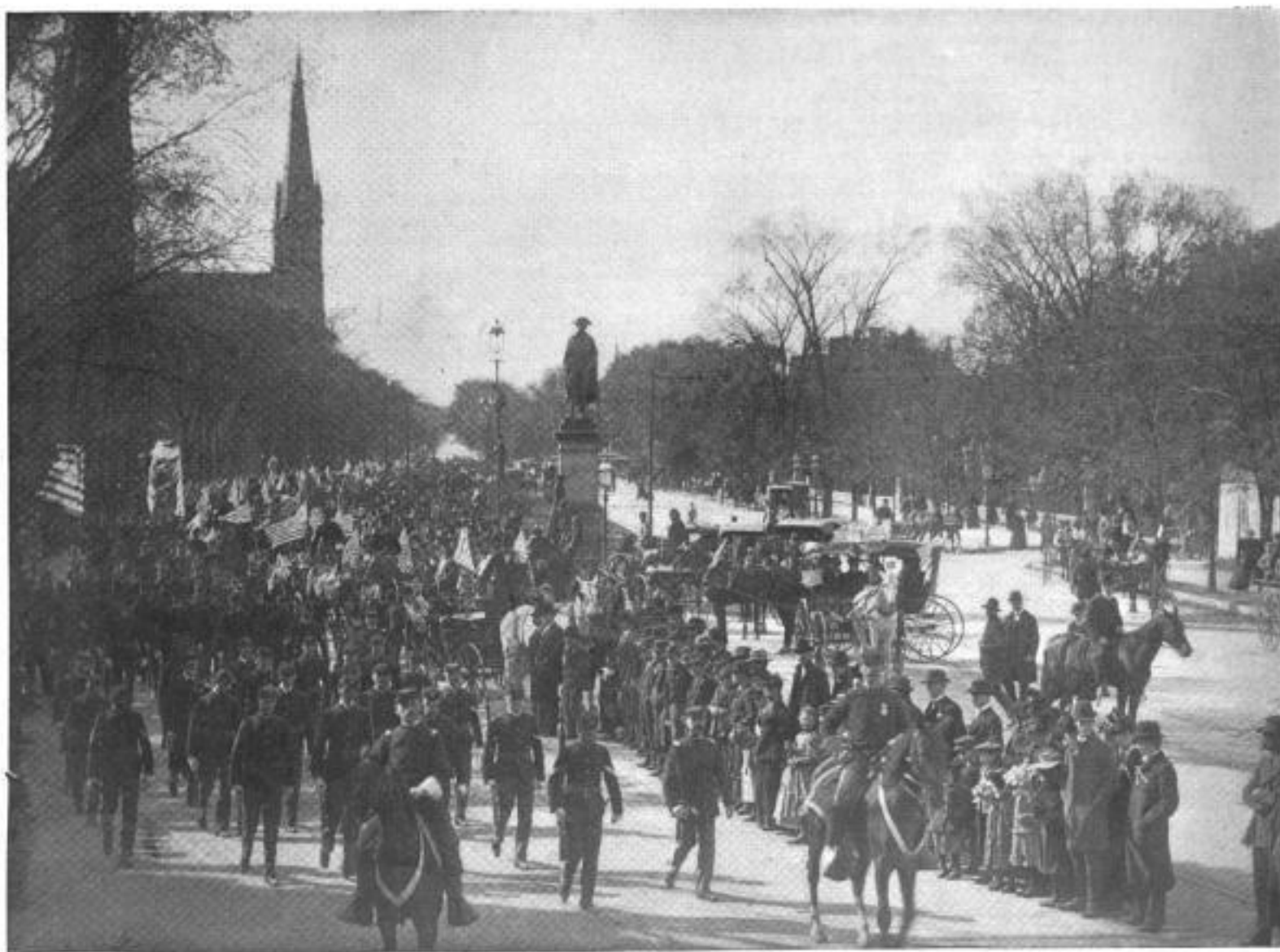
MARSUCK, VIOLINIST AND COMPOSER, WHO HOPES TO REPEAT THE SUCCESSSES OF YSAYE





On her trial-trip, the battle-ship *Indiana* made an average speed of 15.61 knots an hour for four hours, being in excess of the speed required by the government.

THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA," THE PRIDE OF OUR NEW NAVY.—PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. RAY.



SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, CELEBRATED WITH IMPOSING DISPLAY ON OCTOBER 16TH—A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT STREET PROCESSION (FIRST BATTALION, FOURTH INFANTRY, WISCONSIN NATIONAL GUARD).—PHOTOGRAPH BY S. L. STEIN.





THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.



THE GEORGIA STATE BUILDING.



THE WEST APPROACH ALONG THE GOVERNMENT TERRACE.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BUILDING.

THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY B. A. ATWATER.



## FAILURE OF NEGRO COLONIZATION IN MEXICO.

THE first and only attempt ever made to establish a colony of American negroes in Mexico has recently come to a sudden and disastrous end. In February of this year the Tlahualilo Agricultural Company of Durango, Mexico, shipped about one thousand negroes, men, women, and children, from Alabama and Georgia to the company's ranch, fifty miles north of the city of Torreon. Within five months after the arrival at the Tlahualilo hacienda, two hundred of the negroes were dead, four or five hundred were quarantined in small-pox camps along the American side of the Rio Grande, and, with the exception of a few who remained on the ranch, the rest were scattered along the road between Durango and Alabama, footsore and weary, sick, and dependent upon charity for subsistence.

The history of this Mexican experiment with imported negro labor is full of interest, by reason of the wealth and prominence of the company undertaking it, the apparently favorable conditions for the negro at the outset, his total failure at self-government, and the effect it has had in Mexico upon the social and business standing of the negro race. The Tlahualilo Company is a great concern, its stockholders representing many millions of dollars. It is counted a rich company in a country of many enterprises of great magnitude, requiring incredible amounts of money for investment. The Tlahualilo hacienda comprises over two million acres, and upon this broad domain five million dollars has been expended for improvements. An irrigating ditch from the Nazas River feeds

passed laws making the emigration agent a criminal, and Ellis's life was threatened upon more than one occasion. He had sowed the seed, however, and it produced a bountiful crop. The railroad stations were besieged by crowds of colored people anxious to go. Two special trains carrying the one thousand negroes were rushed through the South, across the Rio Grande into Mexico, the negroes chanting plantation songs as they went, happy in the belief that they were traveling to a land flowing with milk and honey. Most of them took a few household goods, which under Ellis's concession were admitted free of duty.

The colony was soon organized and work commenced, the company furnishing everything. It was too great and sudden a change for the negro, however. Unprecedented late and cold rains set in, the water they drank was from shallow wells dug in the alkali-impregnated lake bed, their new diet was beans and broken corn, the people about them spoke a strange tongue, no white overseers kept them in check, religious frenzies interfered with the work, and a disorganization that, later on, was to prove complete set in. To add an element of terror to the situation, a strange disease broke out among them. The bodies of those afflicted swelled from waist to knee to enormous size, and death stalked abroad in the colony with hideous familiarity. One hundred were soon buried, and the colony was panic-stricken. Squads commenced to sneak away in the night. This was soon followed by the open desertion of crowds, all ignorant of direction and unaware



CAMP JENNER, SHOWING A GROUP OF REFUGEES FROM TLAHUALILO.

themselves by chance along the line of the Mexican Central and the Mexican International railroads, and worked their way north. Sensational reports of the condition of the colony and the treatment of the colonists by the company were sent out by the news agencies until the attention of the Mexican and the United States governments was attracted to the situation. A voluminous correspondence then ensued between the State departments of both governments, by mail and by wire, one conversation

concerned in the alleged mistreatment of one thousand American citizens.

By order of Secretary Olney the colonists were banded by the railroads to the American side of the Rio Grande. Here they were quarantined by the authorities of the State of Texas. Later on it was found that the Texas State quarantine fund of fifteen thousand dollars was about exhausted, and the United States government was called upon to take charge of the whole affair, which was promptly done. Camp



ONE OF THE NEGRO REFUGEE CAMPS.

six hundred miles of canal, the construction of which cost two and a quarter millions, and these six hundred miles of ditch carry water to irrigate one hundred square miles of cultivated land that once formed the bed of Tlahualilo Lake. A railroad fifty-five miles in length is now being built to handle the business of this one ranch alone, and flour, corn, oil, and cotton mills are now in course of erection. It is one of the greatest industrial propositions of northern Mexico.

Notwithstanding the fact that several thousand Mexicans, men, women, and children, call this ranch their home and derive their living from company employment, the labor question is a serious matter in this laguna country. The company considered many schemes for supplying this deficiency, but finally made a contract with W. H. Ellis, a well-known negro colonizer, to supply it with American negroes, at so much per head. Ellis was the owner of a concession from the Mexican government allowing him to import twenty thousand American negroes under most favorable terms as to exemption from duties, taxes, etc. The company paid the transportation charges, amounting to twenty dollars for each negro, and agreed to advance a certain sum of money each month to the head of each family until the first crop was made, half of the net proceeds of which the negroes were to have.

A settlement was planned for them distinct from that of the Mexicans. Several hundred adobe huts were built, forming a hollow square, in the centre of which was a store, church, and school-houses. Ellis went into Georgia and Alabama on his recruiting tour, and caused great excitement among the negroes of the entire South. The planters became alarmed at the threatened exodus. Legislatures hastily

that they were starting out into a practically uninhabited wilderness.

The company tried to stem the tide by persuasion and by force. Medicine was dealt out by the wholesale, but with no perceptible results. The dread disease, small-pox, then made its appearance in the camp and completed the wreck. Several hundred of the negroes found their way to Torreon, where they were at once quarantined. Some died on the way out, of privation and exposure. Others found them-

selves by chance along the line of the Mexican Central and the Mexican International railroads, and worked their way north. Sensational reports of the condition of the colony and the treatment of the colonists by the company were sent out by the news agencies until the attention of the Mexican and the United States governments was attracted to the situation. A voluminous correspondence then ensued between the State departments of both governments, by mail and by wire, one conversation



THE MEDICAL HEADQUARTERS AT CAMP JENNER, NEAR EAGLE PASS, TEXAS, SURGEON U. M. MAHRUDER IN COMMAND.

Jenner was established three miles from Eagle Pass. Tents and supplies were furnished by the Federal quarantine department, guards were employed, and in a very short time the camp resembled a military outpost, in the strict discipline and excellent order prevailing. The thoroughness with which this work has been done is shown by the facts that the rate of infection has fallen from ten to fifteen new cases each day to one or two each week, and not a single case of small-pox has appeared outside of the guard line of the camp. Three hundred and ninety-seven refugees have been cared for at Camp Jenner, and up to October 5th there had been one hundred and seventy-six cases of small-pox and fifty-two deaths. Notwithstanding the prompt action of the government and many philanthropic citizens of both republics, however, the remnant of the Tlahualilo colony that survives the varied disasters that have overtaken the enterprise will be but a small percentage of the whole number that went out so joyfully a few months ago to seek a home in a foreign land.

The negro has always held a high place in the social and business life of Mexico. He was considered the equal of the native, and so treated, and the courts when called upon have always sustained this position. Since this incident, however, a change has come over the spirit of the authorities which has made a material difference in the standing of the negro in Mexico. The Tlahualilo Company is now contracting with the Six Companies of China for five hundred coolies as a further experiment with foreign labor. Concessionaire Ellis says he is convinced, after several trials, including the one in Liberia, that the American negro is a failure as an independent colonist, even under the most favorable conditions. J. D. WHIPLEY.



## The Science of Drop-kicking in Foot-ball.

(Continued from page 285.)

forward in a line which, if carried out, would pass by the side of the right foot—under the body—cut the ball in two, bisecting its middle seam, and continuing on, fetch up against the middle of the cross-bar.

Figure 4 gives a front view just after the ball has left the foot on its way to the goal. The blur which the foot makes shows that it is still in motion upward, proving that there has been no awkward, snappy kick. Instead, simply an easy, sweeping movement of almost uniform force from start to near the finish.

Figure 5, which depicts Charley Brewer, of Harvard, making a drop-kick, is highly interesting from the fact that it shows a plain violation of the rule of keeping the eye on the ball, and not on the goal sought for. While Brewer has been successful in a way with his drop-kicks, he has never made any record of note. Perhaps it is this one defect—a most serious one—which has hitherto kept him back.

I have said that a kicker should from the very snap of the ball keep his eye *alone* on the ball. It seems advisable to qualify this statement in this way: Suppose the centre-rush is bothered in snapping, and in this particular case the quarter gets the ball poorly, and the fact communicates itself to you instantly that a poor and slow pass is likely to follow. In such a case it is the part of discretion—particularly if you know your opponents to be quick line-breakers—to take a sharp glance about *after* you have the ball *securely* in your hands. On the instant, you may see the chance to kick unmolested and kick, or you may see opponents about to leap upon you in time to run quickly to one side, then kick. If a chance presents itself for a run, do that by all means.

On paper this all seems pretty complicated and impossible on the field of play. On the other hand, it is far from impossible if one has a cool head to act on the instant in accordance

quickness in handling and kicking the ball, for the most accurate of kickers cannot succeed if he is so slow that even ordinary line-breaking is going to smother him; secondly, in dropping the ball deftly and correctly; and thirdly, in watching the kicking spot on the ball. Even when the kick is attempted from the side of the field, once the goal is fixed in the mind's eye (and this duty should be accomplished during the line-up), the eye seeks the ball, and never again the goal until after the attempt.

W. T. BULL.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Harvard-Princeton Foot-ball Game Arranged.

AN event of great interest as well as importance in the college foot-ball world will be the Harvard-Princeton match at Princeton, New Jersey, on November 31. Princeton played Harvard last in 1889, since which time there have been no meetings in foot-ball between the two. The score of this game was forty-one to fifteen, and the Harvard men were so nettled by defeat and angered by a number of disagreeable happenings during the playing of the game, that they told Princeton almost directly on the spot that they desired nothing more to do with the players from Jersey.

Having broken off with Princeton, it was Harvard's duty to wave the olive-branch this year. This she did by challenging Princeton. Briefly, Princeton could not accept soon enough, so eager was she to try conclusions with the crimson eleven, and while a few Yale men seem to think that Princeton lost the chance (by refusing the challenge) to make a friend of Yale for life, the majority of foot-ball men feel sure that Princeton's athletic advisers acted wisely.

Because Yale and Harvard failed to patch up their differences and arrange a game is no reason why Princeton should have neglected the opportunity, which she has longed for since 1889, to demonstrate further her superiority over Harvard on the foot-ball field. Having seen the Harvard team play a game in which the chances were numerous to get a line on her strength, I rather feel inclined to the belief that Harvard's challenge has come at a poor time for Princeton. In other words, Harvard looks to be in line to retrieve her laurels lost six years ago. Still, foot-ball games are uncertain things sure enough, and in this connection the fact must not be lost sight of that Princeton will derive great advantage from playing on home grounds.

A cursory glance at the personnel of the rival teams shows that in Charley Brewer, Wrightington, Dunlop, Fairchild, and Gouterman Harvard possesses far and away the better material for backs, while in Arthur Brewer and Cabot on the ends she has men capable of outplaying any two Tigers sent against them. Captain Lea of Princeton, who plays at tackle, will undoubtedly prove better in every way than Hollowell, Wheeler, or any other Harvard player possible to pit against him. So far as the other tackle point is concerned, as well as the centre trio, many new men enter to make comparisons very unreliable. Still, if it were an even-up thing in the centre and at tackle, Harvard would have the better of the argument on account of a superior rushing game.

#### AN AMERICA'S CUP RACE FOR 1895.

On October 15th the following letter was received, and five days later acted upon at a special meeting of the New York Yacht Club:

"ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.  
"BYE, TALK OF WHIST."  
"September 25th, 1895."

"To J. T. S. Oddie, Secretary New York Yacht Club:  
"DEAR SIR: I beg to inform by letter my telegram of September 25th, as follows: I, in behalf of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and in the name of Charles D. Rose, a member of the club, challenge to sail a series of matches for the America's Cup in 1896, with the cutter-yacht *Distast Shore*, load water-line length, eighty-nine feet. In the event of this challenge being accepted, I should be much obliged if you would kindly inform me what dates, courses, and conditions the New York Yacht Club will propose to govern the races. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,  
"FRED THIELACKSON,  
"Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club."

Five days after the receipt of this letter a special meeting was convened at the Madison Avenue club-house, and in short order these resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, An unconditional challenge for the America's Cup, sailing load water-line length of challenging vessel, has been received from the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in the name of Charles D. Rose,  
"Resolved, That the challenge be accepted; and further

"Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed by the commodore, with full power to confer with the challenger and arrange the conditions of the match. As soon as final arrangements have been completed the committee shall report the same to the club."

Accordingly Commodore Brown appointed James D. Smith, A. Cass Canfield, J. Fred Tams, Latham Fish, Gouverneur Kortright, Archibald Rogers, and J. R. Busk—in other words, the cup committee complete of 1895.

It is expected that the arrangements will differ little from those which governed the *Defender-Valkyrie III*, contests this year, though it is highly probable that something will be done to make the dates of the contests less public, and perhaps to provide for a course other than the one off Sandy Hook.

#### THE YALE TEAM BREAKS A RECORD.

The Yale men who on Saturday afternoon, October 19th, at Orange Oval, allowed the Orange Athletic Club team to score two touchdowns on them were right in feeling as they did after the game—that they had disgraced themselves. Harvard and Princeton teams in the past have on rare occasions scored as many as two touchdowns against Yale, but for a team of men who, on account of business engagements, get in about a second's practice to a college man's hour, to accomplish such a feat, why, it is simply inexcusable. To be sure, Yale's aggressive game was good; but that is all that can be said favorably of the team.

The exhibition which Full-back Letton gave of kicking goals from a place-kick would have shamed a school boy. Last week, in treating at length of the science of place-kicking, I remarked that, easy as it really was, it remained for the college player to make, as it were, a mountain out of a mole-hill.

*W. T. Bull.*

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LLOYD.

### Whist Practice.

AS it has, at times, been impossible to find room for our little whist chat to appear with that regularity which the average whist crank demands, it has been deemed expedient for the present to surrender the space to more urgent demands. In taking leave, therefore, of our brother whistites who have taken so much interest in the Puzzle Corner, we will give the solutions up to date, so that all may complete their files. Problem No. 34 is solved by the following pretty line of play, which secures all five tricks. A leads his lone trump, B the spade seven, C discards spade ace, and D the four. A takes the next trick with spade five, to which his partner throws heart jack so as to take the last three tricks in diamonds.

No. 35 commences with the lead of diamond ace, C discarding club six and B heart eight. A takes the next trick with deuce of diamonds, B discarding heart jack, C club nine, and D heart king, which makes C's deuce good, as A takes one trick in clubs and throws spades to C.

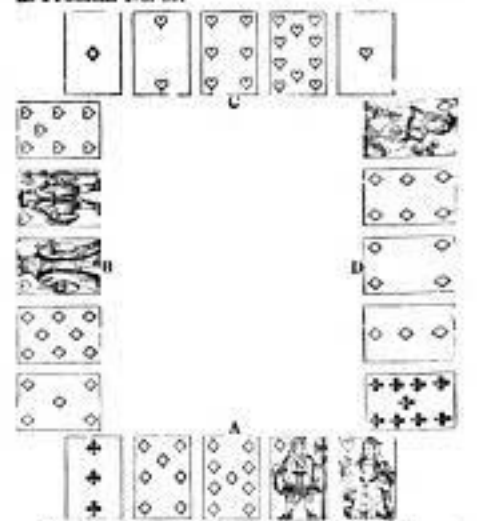
No. 36 was a cute one, and commences with the lead of trump ace, to which C discards his diamond ace so as to let A take one more trick in diamonds, which compels D to weaken one of his suits.

No. 37 is built upon similar lines, but only scores for trick by the nicest play. A leads trump, to which his partner discards spade ace so that A can throw diamonds to D, who must then lead up to A's tenace of spades.

No. 38 was a puzzling hand, which does not appear to have been correctly mastered in any of the letters which have yet reached us, although it is safe to say that many of our experts, who move cautiously and surely, are prepared to get there on time. A leads by throwing trump to B, and C discards heart ace, so as to give A a fair field to cope with both antagonists until he is called upon to respond to diamonds. Correct answers to the other problems were received from Messrs. G. Arnold, C. W. Aiken, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," L. H. Benton, E. Cooke, G. H. Cranmer, C. F. Darby, Dr. Eastman, Freeland Club, C. N. Gowan, M. Garrett, "H. D. L. H.," Hoyle Club, A. W. Hall, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," "Iconoclast," Irving Club, Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, Long Island Club, C. H. Marsters, C. C. McKenzie, Mrs. Mender, Dr. P. Nugent, Orion Club, "Priscilla," M. C. Peel, L. C. Pomeroy, "E. F. R.," "Richmond," P. Stafford, J. P. Stewart, "Shel-

tons," Dr. Tyler, Triest Club, "Whist," and W. Young.

Here are our farewell compliments, presented as Problem No. 39.



Trumps all out. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

## The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 35. BY DR. F. SCHLINDER.  
Prize Problem Tourney of 1895.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above clever problem by a distinguished German composer received the first prize in the tournament of 1895 of the Berlin Taeglichen Rundschau, and on account of the masterly rendering of the theme is fairly entitled to belong to our collection of chess classics.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 32. BY CONER.

White.	Black.
1 B to Q 6	1 Moves
2 Mates according.	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 33. BY TAVERNOR.

White.	Black.
1 Q to Q 8	1 P to B 1
2 P knights mating.	

Correct solutions have been received from Messrs. F. C. Nye, T. Cox, W. L. Fogg, J. Winslow, B. Whitman, Dr. Baldwin, P. Stafford, E. D. Brown, F. B. Miller, W. E. Hayward, A. Hardy, C. C. Cass, G. H. Collins, J. J. Ryan, T. Strong, C. V. Smith, A. O. Kutsche, C. C. McKenzie, G. Orr, "Ivanhoe," A. H. Ganser, Dr. Davis, P. Mulford, R. Rogers, and E. Mack, to each and all of whom the chess editor extends a cordial greeting and hearty appreciation of the interest which has been displayed by the lovers of the game. He is compelled to state, however, that other interests, coupled with the ever-growing demands upon the columns of the paper, compel him to relinquish a department which has been a source of much pleasure to all concerned.

## A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

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"LIBERTY DAY" AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION—RECEPTION OF THE OLD LIBERTY BELL AT THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

### The Science of Drop-kicking in Foot-ball.

DROP-KICKING is related to place-kicking in no uncertain way, inasmuch as the same principles underlie both. The science of place-kicking was treated of in last week's number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The playing code defines a drop-kick as one "made by letting the ball fall from the hands and kicking it at the very instant it rises." It would be more exact to say, kicking it at the very moment it touches the ground. This is a distinction with a difference, which is hardly appreciable when time alone is considered, but of consequence to a proper application of force. That is to say, if your foot meets the ball the moment the ball strikes the ground the force you put into the kick counts for more than if you caught the ball after it had left the ground; and the farther the ball gets away, the less benefit can be derived from the contact and consequent rebound from Mother Earth.

As I have said, the drop-kick is related in no uncertain way to place-kicking. The difference—nominal entirely—is that the drop-kicker takes the place of the holder of the ball for a

place-kick, arranging the ball with his own hands. Once out of his hands the ball seeks the earth, strikes in the exact position it would have been placed in for a place-kick and kicked accordingly.

But whereas the place-kick is always accomplished in detail the same, drop-kicking,

the score is a tie, a goal means certain victory. On the other hand a touchdown is quite impossible in the short time left to play.

So the signal is given, and the full-back of team "A" drops back to the thirty-yard line, or ten yards back of his own line. As he does so he fixes definitely in his mind's eye the exact location of the goal and thereafter his eyes become glued to the ball, at the time under the hand of the snap-back. When the ball is snapped the eyes follow it into the quarter's hands, and with cat-like vigilance note its flight into his very arms—or hands, as in Figure 1 (had the ball been passed into the left side the left arm would have encircled it while the right hand would have been clapped over the top), then as the ball falls to the ground the eyes centre upon that charmed spot "X"—that is, a point mid-

arms at full length and in a downward direction—say an angle of forty-five degrees with the earth. (See Figure 2.) At the same time the body bends a bit forward at the hips, the right foot advancing to plant itself firmly. From the moment the ball is caught till the arms are straightened it is firmly clasped by



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

owing to varying conditions, embraces a number of different ways of handling the ball upon its receipt from the quarter-back. If a drop-kicker were always allowed all the time he wanted to accomplish a kick he would perform the same always. In reality, however, as the drop-kick is used for the most part from a down in an attempt to score a goal from the field, opponents greatly hurry the kicker in their attempts to block the ball.

Let us now imagine a case wherein the drop may be employed, and follow in detail the several movements of the kicker.

Team "A" having forced team "B" to the latter's twenty-yard line directly in front of the goal, decide upon a try for a goal from the field. Inasmuch as there are but two minutes more to play during this, the second half, and

way between the lower end of the lacing and the bottom end of the ball. When the foot meets the ball the eyes may be raised, not before.

Now, the movement directly following the catch of the pass, as in Figure 1, is a short step forward of the left foot, followed the same moment by an instantaneous throwing out of the



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

the hands in the unaltered position in which they have caught the ball.

The planting of the right foot signals the release of the ball. I emphasize "release," to call particular attention to the point that the hands are drawn away from the ball; that is to say, there is no spasmodic movement which implies that they toss the ball away. Most drop-kickers toss the ball, and thus lay themselves open to the evil of a ball not under control, for the moment they toss it the ball falls badly, and eventually strikes the earth in any but the right way.

In Figure 2 the hands can almost be seen to move as they release the ball with a movement similar to pulling out the two parts of an accordion, and the ball shows a position similar to that which it later assumes in Figure 3.

Now, as the right foot takes its stand, the left reaches its hindmost limit of swing, and without a moment's pause comes swinging

(Continued on page 287.)





THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONS WHO ARE TO ROW IN THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.—*Black and White.*



THE BRITISH FLEET ASSEMBLED IN THE DARDANELLES DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS ON THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.—*Black and White.*



THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—AN INSURGENT ATTACK ON A FORT NEAR VUELTA.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE RUSSIAN TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "SOLOK," WHICH HAS DEVELOPED AN AVERAGE SPEED OF OVER THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.—*Black and White.*



RANAVOLO III, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR, NOW A FUGITIVE FROM HER CAPITAL.—*L'Illustration.*



THE FUNERAL OF M. LOUIS PASTEUR, THE FRENCH SCIENTIST—THE REMAINS BORN FROM THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.—*L'Illustration.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## "Leslie's" Western Popularity.

EUGENE FIELD has this to say in the Chicago Record of October 10th: "The current number of LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is a particularly interesting one. To this number John T. Bramhall contributes an able statistical article reviewing the marvelous progress Chicago has made during the last twenty years, and there are two pages of appropriate illustrations. The remarkable growth of LESLIE'S in popular favor throughout the West during the last year is due, we think, not more to the liberal policy of the management than to the discriminating, loyal, and untiring efforts of the Western representatives of that periodical, Mr. Bramhall, the writer, and Mr. Henry Reuter, the artist."

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LIBBY—"I don't think you did, ma; the room was dark."—Judge.

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### AUTUMN LEAVES.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

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It introduced block signals, and all else tending to give, with safety, quickest time.  
The roadside, electric lighting, baths, Ladies' maids, barbers, stock reports, buffets, Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited."  
It gives to all traveling pleasure.  
Compartment cars equipped for excellence.  
It is the shortest, quickest, best of all lines from North and East to South and West.  
Hours from New York to Chicago, 24; Cincinnati, 27; St. Louis, 29.  
Others may emulate, but equal none.  
THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

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If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, loss of vigor, or weakness, would read this prescription of a genuine, certain cure, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the choice. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BLACK, lock box 626, Marshall, Michigan.

## unfortunate

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Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, will bring back plumpness to those who have lost it, and make strength where raw cod-liver oil would be a burden.

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A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of fifty bottles "Vin Mariani," states that H. R. M. the Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY



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REV. T. DeWITT TALMAGE, D.D., AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

HIS FIRST SERMON AS CO-PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.—[SEE PAGE 208.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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NOVEMBER 7, 1905.

## A Degenerate Tendency.

SOME recent election results in France seem to justify the criticism of the *London Saturday Review* that universal suffrage—in that country at least—is always eager to put contempt upon morality. It will be remembered that in 1893 a number of Deputies who had been closely connected with the Baron Reinach scandals were triumphantly re-elected, and so rehabilitated by the constituencies they had dishonored. Now an electorate has gone even further, having chosen Monsieur Merry, who was indicted in damages by a court whose president declared that he had been guilty of what was practically embezzlement, as municipal councillor, by 951 votes out of 1,120. That is to say, the people have put back into power the very man who plundered them.

It cannot be said, however, that this tendency of democracies to condone the offenses of public officials is peculiar to France. We have some striking illustrations of it in our own country. Witness, for instance, the spectacle presented in Kentucky, where the Democratic party is prostrating itself before the man Breckinridge, who, as one says, "dragged the name of both his party and State through the mud of the mudsiest trial in recent history," and who for his ostentatious offenses against morality was a year ago repudiated by an indignant constituency. No man of any party who has been in public life for the last quarter of a century has more flagrantly affronted the moral sense of the country than this white-haired debauchee. Yet, now that the Democratic ticket is in danger, the managers in their desperation thrust him forward as the "saviour" of their canvass, giving to his reappearance on the stage all the *clat* of a triumphal entry. And the party newspapers, with one or two exceptions, remain silent under the disgrace, while even women unite in doing honor to the bestial creature whose life is a long record of lechery.

Take another illustration of this degenerate tendency—the nomination in the Twelfth District of this city of Alexander S. Williams as the Republican candidate for the State Senate. Everybody who has kept the run of things knows that there is no man in this community who is more utterly unworthy, more absolutely unfit for the legislative office, than this notorious ex-inspector of police. He is in no sense, not even the lowest, a representative of the Republican party and the policies to which it is committed. If elected he would antagonize every effort for municipal reform, and would prove a supple ally of all the vicious elements in legislation. The Republican managers who forced his nomination know this, and yet they ask the masses of the party to give him their votes. What shall we say of the policy which thus puts contempt upon virtue and offers an affront to every decent man in the community? And what of the men who are responsible for the outrage? No French electorate has ever more shamelessly disgraced itself by the election of public plunderers to office than the Twelfth District would disgrace itself by condoning the offenses of this man Williams in electing him to the Senate. Whatever else may or may not happen, that calamity should be at every cost averted.

## Increasing Intellectual Life of Our People.

WE lament the commercialism of the age; we recognize the materialism of the times. We apologize for much of the commercialism and of the materialism by saying that we are a new people and that physical nature must be the first concern of a new people. And yet we should not be blind to the many facts which represent the present and increasing intellectual power of the people.

One of the signs of this enlarging intellectual life is found in the number and character of what may be called the learned reviews. The magazines that are devoted to the questions of higher scholarship are many. The reviews devoted to philology and psychology, to history, and to the various sciences are now so numerous that it would be unfitting to attempt either to name or to characterize them. Not a few colleges also are publishing bulletins of the investigations of their professors. Investigations are going on in a half-dozen colleges of this country which are to revolutionize the sciences. Investigations are going on in many of the libraries which are to revolutionize, or at least to revise, our opinions of great characters and of great movements. It is also to be said that some twenty of our colleges are doing graduate work. This work has come to include relations of public importance. The number of scholarly books, too, that are issued each month from the press is largely and rapidly increasing, and their character represents the highest values.

Neither are we to forget that the broad social problems of our time are now being studied, not only with the same

interest as a few years ago, but also with very much more comprehensiveness. It is to be recognized that the social or sociological problem is very much more diverse than was once thought, and to treat any one particular element the relation of a single part to all other parts must be considered. Upon the consideration of this momentous question is being put the best thought as well as the best feeling of the time.

There never was a time in the history of the world when the most difficult intellectual problems, pertaining both to the world without and to the world within, were receiving so large an amount of the profoundest thought of the scholars and the thinkers of the United States.

## Great Britain and Venezuela.



THE British controversy with Venezuela appears to have reached the acute stage, and there is reason to believe that Lord Salisbury has made up his mind definitely to enforce acquiescence with his demands on the part of the republic. The quarrel is of long standing, dating from about 1841, when a British commissioner surveyed and marked out the boundaries of British Guiana so as to include an immense slice of Venezuelan territory—about one-third, in fact, of her whole territorial area. The boundary thus laid out was altogether fanciful, and the commissioner himself admitted that his only justification was a desire to get as much land as possible. Venezuela naturally protested, but her protestations were treated with contempt, and Great Britain has continued from year to year to advance her claims, making some actual seizures of territory, until now she declines all offers of arbitration and declares her purpose to hold by force, if need be, not only what she has already in possession, but the entire area to which she laid claim in 1841, the occupation of which will give her control of the mouth of the Orinoco and the commerce and navigation of that great region, as well as of silver and gold deposits of immense value.

It is apparent that our government cannot acquiesce in the pretensions set up by British greed. We have nothing at all to do with the claims of indemnity for indignities alleged to have been put upon British officials by the Venezuelan government, but we are bound to resist any hostile interference with the institutional forms of that or any other American republic, or any attempts at colonization which look to the permanent lodgment of a foreign Power on American soil. That, and that precisely, is the policy to which we have been committed for seventy years. Our prestige and every great national interest are involved in its defense. Englishmen themselves concede the justice of the doctrines advanced by Mr. Monroe and heretofore tenaciously held by us. It may suit the present government to ignore it, but the best British opinion recognizes it as sound and necessary. Here, for instance, is the *London Spectator*, which, in discussing the Venezuelan question, remarks as to the "authentic and legitimate Monroe doctrine" as follows:

"What does it amount to? This—that the United States will not allow the European Powers to conquer and hold, directly or indirectly, any new possessions on the American continent. That Monroe is laying down this principle, and the American people in making it, as it were, a fundamental law of the state, were perfectly justified, we do not doubt for a moment. The Americans valued intensely, and still value, their isolation and aloofness from the quarrels and alliances of Europe. Their geographical position frees them from all case as to foreign entanglements. But this freedom would cease were France to take Mexico, Germany Brazil, and Italy the Argentine Republic. At once the United States would be forced to live under the conditions which have made Europe an armed camp. The Americans realized that they must make a stand against such possibilities from the very beginning, and herein they were boldly prudent."

We shall see in due time whether the national administration will permit the principle here so clearly stated to be invaded with impunity by British buccanniers. There is some reason to believe that in the correspondence on this general subject the American view has been asserted with some positiveness, but whether that attitude will be persisted in with vigor and emphasis in the event that Lord Salisbury shall choose to ignore our protestations and argument as to the application of the Monroe doctrine to the Venezuelan case is yet to be determined.

## Our New Gun-boats.

THE launch of the gun-boats *Nashville* and *Wilmington* at Newport News, on October 19th, marked another distinct advance in the development of the new navy of the United States. Deficient as we have been, and are, in battleships, we have been still more deficient in vessels of this class. These are intended especially for service in rivers. They will be valuable for service on the China station, where protection to Americans is needed hundreds of miles from the coast.

The *Nashville* draws eleven feet of water, and the *Wilmington* draws only nine feet. The *Nashville* is two hundred and twenty feet long, and the *Wilmington* is two hundred and fifty feet long. The *Nashville* has a peculiar arrangement of water-tube and fire-tube boilers, using both or either at will, and the *Wilmington* has two rudders to

facilitate a rapid turning in narrow stream, be necessary to run the vessel's prow into the turn.

We have no such vessels as these in the recent atrocities in China show that they can commission any too quickly. They will be respected in many places where respected before, and almost never seen. This shows a commendable intelligence in the navy, an intelligence which candor on citizens to declare, with regret, has not been other departments of the most important executive work of the administration.

The launch was interesting from the fact first in the history of the navy where two launched, tandem-fashion, from the same illustrations of the event will be found on an

## Record-breaking in Railway.

THIS is a record-breaking era in railway today. Last week a train on the Lake Shore and Central roads made the run from Chicago to distance of nine hundred and eighty miles, in minutes, and 23 seconds; a train on the Penn road covered the distance between Jersey City and New York, ninety miles, in 93 minutes, and a Long Island road ran one hundred and four miles in 100 minutes. The fastest long-distance running the Lake Shore road, the run from Chicago to New York, a distance of five hundred and ten miles, having plished in 7 hours, 50 minutes, and 20 seconds, of 65.67 miles an hour, excluding stops. The mile on the Pennsylvania was covered in 33.4 seconds, and the passengers of the Lake Shore who then the Chicago newspapers issued on the phenomenal ride visited three of the theatres after their arrival in the evening.

This is in wonderful contrast with old-time whole week was consumed in the journey "by from New York to Buffalo, and it required a the trip by stage-coach between New York a Philadelphia. But amazing as are the results already will probably be able, when we come to make fully the possibilities of electricity, to make progress in the "annihilation of space."

## The Cost of Strikes.

IF facts counted for anything with the professional agitators who are responsible for most of the we denounce the relations between capital and labor statistics embodied in a recent report of the C of Labor would be quite likely to impress the folly of the policy they pursue for correcting wrongs of the industrial classes. Mr. Wright, missioner in question, shows, after a careful covering the last seven and a half years, that period, 46,803 establishments have been involved which affected a total of 2,391,303 employees per cent. of these strikes occurred in twenty manufacturing cities, in which the loss of wages was, in round numbers, thirty-five million dollars. The loss to employers was something less than nine million dollars. During the same period total of two hundred and forty-four lockouts, loss of wages to employers of twelve million dollars while the loss of employees was nearly half. Less than one-half of the strikes were successful, success in their demands was gained by it in only 20,397 out of the total number of 46,803 men affected. Of course the enormous loss by both employers and employees, as shown by these, were not even approximately made up to it by the increase in wages which was in some cases the result of the strikes, while the loss to public consequent upon the dislocation of industrial management of business was total.

All experience goes to show that the strike of adjusting differences between capital and labor accomplishes its real purpose in the elevation of the removal of burdens, real or imaginary. Of course, cases in which, because of injustice of employers, a resort to this method may be justified and necessary. So far as it is not accompanied by force or interference with the rights of others it may be used; but there can be no permanent factory adjustment of the relations existing between employer and the employee until both come to more fully the spirit of the Golden Rule, and a the principle of fair play becomes the dominant with each.

## No Alliance with Populists.

THE subject of the reorganization of the United States Senate is beginning to attract attention at Washington. Senator Sherman in a recent interview expressed his opinion that neither party having a clear majority, it would be arranged with the Democrats by Republicans would be given the Senate secret principal place, while the present Democratic arms would be retained, all the lesser offices to



divided between the two parties. As to the committees, they will, of course, be reconstituted, the Republicans presumably getting the control of the more important, and thus becoming responsible for the direction of legislation. Some of the silver Republicans, however, are threatening that there shall be no reorganization unless the vacancy now existing in the finance committee is filled by a silver man. There are possibly a few Republicans who would prefer to "make a deal" with the Populists and so obtain control of all the committees, but the party sentiment is so overwhelmingly opposed to any alliance of this sort that any attempt to carry it out would result in failure. Better remain permanently out of power than acquire it by a fusion with a party which is antagonistic to every substantial public interest.

## MEN AND THINGS.

"This parable goes by year and day by day."

THE kleptomaniacal tendencies of undergraduates at our various universities are a constant source of trouble and anxiety to college authorities, while to staid alumni of thirty or forty years' standing it is extremely puzzling to understand why their sons and nephews and grandsons have such a desire for the collection of utterly useless things by the no means simple process of thievery. A barber's pole is hardly a thing of beauty or utility to any one outside of the guild, yet many a freshman has risked "rustication" for the sake of one of the striped things; and as for tradesmen's signs and doctors' shingles, every venal 'varsity man considers the scheme of his room decoration incomplete without one or more of such trophies. It is a curious phenomenon, without doubt, and none the less so because most of us, whether out of college one year or fifty, can bear witness to the fascination of such pilfering. But there is such a thing as allowing even temporary aberration too much license, and the result has been felt very keenly at Harvard recently, where the disappearance of one of the university's most valued relics—the Louisburg Cross, that has stood over the entrance to the library for the last twenty years—has aroused not only the faculty but the students themselves to a pitch that bodes anything but good to the offenders if they are caught. It is to be hoped that the purloiners will find it too heavy a cross to bear very far, and that the agitation in Cambridge will not only end in its recovery, but in putting a stop to a ridiculous custom. Not one Harvard man in a thousand knows anything about the cross, save the mere fact of its gilded existence over the library entrance. One hundred and fifty years ago a Massachusetts regiment brought it back from the siege of Louisburg, and in some unknown way it came into the possession of the college. Twenty years ago Dr. Justin Winsor, the librarian, ran across it in the cellar of the library, and had it placed in the position from which it has just been taken. The prospect of the permanent loss of such a unique relic should excite every effort for its recovery.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the premier of Cape Colony, is known the world over for a dominant, forceful man who has been able to mould circumstance to his own advantage. He has subdued the Kaffirs, outwitted the Boers, annihilated the Matabeles, practically defied the home government, and gone on his own irresistible way, shaping the policy and destiny of Cape Colony to his own ends. He has swept objections and objections ruthlessly aside, heeding no counsel, and caring for no man's opposition, until now he stands, seemingly impregnable, the virtual ruler of South Africa. But he doesn't hold the position unquestioned. I have said that he cared practically nothing for the opposition of men, and when I say it I wonder how he is going to meet the opposition of a woman who has crossed his path recently with the intention of breaking what seems to her a hateful power, fraught with danger to her country. The woman is Olive Schreiner, who a good many of us remember as a dreamer of mystic dreams and the teller of a remarkable tale, "The Story of an African Farm." She has set at him in the Cape Town papers with a relentless vigor, and hopes to arouse the colonists' courage to the sticking point and sweep Rhodes and his colleagues from their powerful position. Lobengula, the famous Matabele warrior, and his tribes fell before Rhodes's indomitable purpose. Kruger, the shrewd president of the Boers, has been outwitted by him time and again, and a hundred towering difficulties have been leveled with ease by this modern Rhodes colossus. Would it not be a piece of most exquisite irony if this gentle woman, this dreamer, were to pull him down to earth?

Any one who had the luck to get a glimpse of Frederick Remington's bronze, the Bronco Buster, in Tiffany's window last week, must feel that that artist can no longer be confined to the limitations imposed by black and white. This is his first attempt at anything of the kind, and it has many of the technical defects of a tentative effort, but its boldness, virility, and freedom of treatment are compensations for any shortcomings in that direction, and one could wish—but faintly heartedly, though—that the public appreciation of it would form a firm basis for further trials along the same lines.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## The Murdered Queen of Corea.

A history of all the terrible and sanguinary plots, of the killing and murdering which in the last twenty years have taken place in and around the royal palace of Corea, of the wonderful escapes and comical flights, would make a book far more interesting, exciting, and ghastly than any of the novels of Alexandre Dumas. For the court of Queen Min would give points—as far as cunning and barbarism go—to the courts of Catherine de Medici or Anne d'Autriche.

The many revolutions which have taken place in Corea in the last two decades, and the war between Japan and China, have all been brought about by the queen, who, since the treaty of Shimonoseki, had been doing her utmost to make Japan and Russia come to blows. It was said in Corea that the king governed the country, but the queen governed the king. Weak-minded in the extreme, this king has never been able to resist his wife or to interfere with her plans, unless backed by Japanese diplomacy and bayonets. She made him give to her relatives or absolutely devoted creatures all the offices of the government, all the collectorships of revenues, and the governments of all the provinces. What the people suffered at the hands of these heartless, brutal, barbarous officials, and the way in which they were robbed and oppressed, is beyond description. And when at last they revolted, as they did now and then, and, maddened by their sufferings, threatened to put everything afire, then the queen uniformly called upon the Chinese to send troops to help her in putting down the rebellion, thus giving opportunities to the Peking government to interfere in the kingdom's affairs. The queen consequently has always been pro-Chinese and anti-Japanese, and she undoubtedly instigated the attacks upon Japanese subjects and upon the Japanese legations. When at last, last year, the Japanese vigorously protested to the king, backing their remonstrances by sending soldiers to guard their legation, and the king seemed for once ready to adopt a strong policy

also. The Japanese had everything their own way, and through a commission composed of some of the most clever men of Corea they introduced the reforms so much needed in the unfortunate kingdom. The king's father, Tai Wan Kun, was placed at the head of the government, and directed the affairs of the kingdom in the name of the king. This man was, twenty-five years ago, the greatest enemy of foreigners and Christians in Corea. At the time when the foreign missionaries were murdered he was regent, and this atrocious act was performed, if not at his instigation, at least with his permission. He appears, however, to have changed entirely, and to be now the opponent of progress and civilization, and, therefore, of the Japanese. Twelve years ago he was already opposing the queen and the pro-Chinese party. Min decided to get rid of him. He was invited to a lunch on board a Chinese man-of-war, which steamed away with him and took him to China, where he was kept, much like a prisoner, for several years. As the crown prince, the king's son, is as feeble of body as he is weak of mind, Tai Wan Kun is anxious that his own son should become king of Corea. After Japan was made by Russia, France, and Germany to give up the Liaoting Peninsula, Russian intrigues began at Seoul, with the result that Tai Wan Kun, pro-Japanese, lost, little by little, his influence, while the queen regained hers. Mrs. Weber, wife of the Russian minister, became an intimate of the queen, and through her Russia began meddling in the kingdom's affairs. From this one can readily understand the importance of the news of the assassination of the queen, and of the recall to power of Tai Wan Kun. It is a crushing defeat for Russian diplomacy, and therefore a victory for Japan. The question now is, "How will Russia look at the deed?" Will the event precipitate the war which many think to be inevitable? It may be, but I rather doubt it—for neither country seems yet ready for the struggle for supremacy in the far East.

A. B. DE GUEVILLE.



EX-GOVERNOR CAMPBELL AND HIS "SWEET SIXTEEN" ADMIRERS.

and to oppose the queen's government, she had recourse to schemes which could hardly be credited, had they not been verified by the foreign ministers. The most wonderful was the bringing forward of a sorceress, who claimed to have descended from a famous Korean general who some centuries ago successfully defended the country against a Chinese invasion. The woman pretended to be in communication with her ancestor's soul, and to receive from him messages for the king, advising him as to how to govern. The unfortunate, feeble monarch was made to meet this sorceress at night in some remote and wild part of the royal gardens, and one can readily imagine the effect of such mysterious meetings on his weak mind. Of course the dead general, through the sorceress, always ordered him to issue decrees and to make laws suiting exactly the policy of the queen, to appoint her subjects to all high offices, to send into exile all persons who were in her way, to resist the Japanese, etc. One of the first steps taken by the commission of reforms which was formed at the instigation of the Japanese government after the early defeats of the Chinese was to insist that the "sorceress, through the influence of whom so much harm had been done, etc., be judged and punished." This commission had for legal adviser Mr. Greenhouse, formerly United States consul at Yokohama.

The queen was undoubtedly a most wonderful and extremely clever woman. At the beginning of the Japan-China war and during the victorious march of the Japanese she was absolutely in the background. It was claimed that an attempt to murder her took place, and all of her creatures, her servants, her relatives, holding all the offices, fled from Corea to China, or hid themselves in the mount-

## Pleasant Campaigning in Ohio.

EX-GOVERNOR JAMES E. CAMPBELL is conducting a hopeless campaign in Ohio against a big and rugged Republican majority. He is a wonderfully popular man, and while actually a candidate for Governor this year he is prospectively a Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1896. He is thus inspired to make a memorable campaign this year, in order to acquire a prestige for the national contest.

Slim as are his prospects of election, he is having plenty of pleasure as he goes along. Whenever he holds a meeting in an Ohio town the event is usually a festival occasion, which Republicans enjoy as well as Democrats. At Van Wert, the other day, the gallant ex-Governor visited a photograph-gallery. He found there a bevy of beautiful young women. They were members of a select social organization known as "The Sweet Sixteen." They were there for a group photograph, and when the candidate came in they insisted that he should be one of the group. Campbell is a modest man and demurred, saying he did not want to mix the picture. The girls protested, pleaded, and promised. Of course they won. Several of them declared that they had Republican fathers, brothers, and sweethearts who "just should" vote for Campbell if he would consent to go into the picture. He consented, and the picture is reproduced in these columns. Should Campbell be the Democratic nominee for President next year the picture will be remarkably valuable to the young women who compose the group. Campaigning, as conducted by Campbell in Ohio, seems a very pleasant pastime after all.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

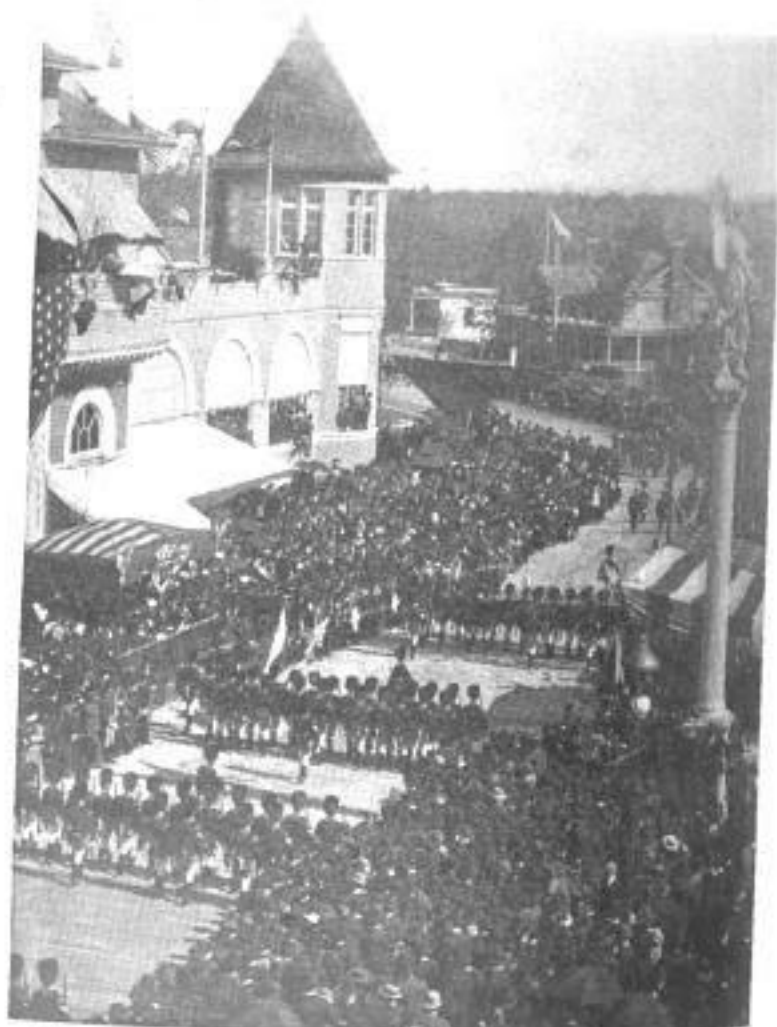




THE GATE CITY GUARD PASSING THE ART BUILDING.



THE PRESIDENT VISITS THE WOMAN'S BUILDING—THE CROWD AWAITING HIS APPEARANCE.



THE CONNECTICUT GUARDS PASSING IN REVIEW, THE PRESIDENT ON THE RIGHT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S VISIT TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWE, ATLANTA.—[SEE PAGE 305.]





"De Fournier was asleep, his head between his hands, his knees still bent upon the floor."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXIII. WHILE THE LARK WAS SINGING.



IN due course Mathilde and the count drew rein at the Hermitage. The farmer and his wife received them with tears, but had overlooked nothing that could make their stay a comfort so long as it lasted. Laroche also took every precaution to make the place a safe prison. Nevertheless, it was a blessed home to Mathilde and de Fournier—their first home. Though it had been converted into a jail, nothing could change the sweet memories that would cling about it forever in their imagination. So they dreamed on, and said naught to each other about their journey, nor of their hopes. They were together; for the present that was enough.

The next morning the farmer and the partner of his joys and sorrows and their one man-servant came to the door to bid their guests adieu and add their blessings. The good wife, in her brown woollen dress and apron, her sabots and colored cross-over about her brown neck, had to be supported by the farmer, who every now and then raised his hand to his forehead in respectful salutation at de Fournier's kindly words.

"Citizen," said Laroche, "on my own behalf, and by desire of Monsieur le Capitaine and his citizen troopers and those whose servants we are, we thank you for your hospitality; at the same time it is well that you should know you are liable to arrest, and your property to confiscation, for your previous harboring of enemies of the Revolution."

"No, no, monsieur," whimpered the farmer's wife. "It is death to give succor to the enemies of France; and that you have done," continued Laroche, as he thrust his pistols into the holsters by his cumbersome saddle.

"I am ready to suffer," said the old man, looking steadily at Laroche, "if it is a crime to succor the unfortunate."

The servant-man, who had been in the family of the farmer's

master, Monsieur Bertin, stood forward, silently subscribing to the farmer's loyal sentiment.

"Moreover, it is my duty to stand by the noblesse; they have stood by me and mine."

"Then you are exceptions," said Laroche, "and they have not stood by France—not as you mean by standing by."

"We waste time, Citizen Laroche," said the officer of the troop.

"Very well; give the word, then."

"Attention!" said the officer. "Right wheel; forward!"

"You will follow the advance guard," said Laroche to de Fournier and his wife. "You shall have a reasonable distance for conversation; we are not jailers."

De Fournier thanked Laroche, and taking the bridle of Mathilde's horse, led her through the cottage gate into the path which by and by joined the high-road to St. Germain.

It was a monotonous ride to Paris. No incident on the way occurred to make it memorable. Joseph had found St. Germain more or less in the hands of the new authorities. He had been unable to approach Monsieur Bertin's house until



midnight. Then he climbed the park wall on its less frequented side and made his way into the butler's room, where it was understood in case of need he would find an unbarred door. He learned that the house was in possession of a company of Municipal Guards from Paris. Their chief officer had only that day informed Madame that if Monsieur Bertin did not give himself up within four-and-twenty hours, she and her daughters would be removed to Paris. Mathilde and de Fournier were spared this depressing piece of news.

Their spirits fell as they entered Paris and noted the crowds of strange people, armed and noisy, some marching in motley companies to join the troops at the frontiers, others singing vile songs and brandishing their weapons in a mad, imbecile kind of way. Within the barrier of the Champs Elysées a fresh contingent of troops joined Laroche's civil command. They were needful; for, passing along the Rue St. Honoré, a vast crowd surged against them, groaning and hissing, and shouting hideous threats. The new contingent brought with them new captives. Every conceivable noise seemed to be in the air as they pushed their way along the streets, some of which were still as death. It was in the leading thoroughfares where their course was impeded. In the back streets those who remained in-doors had mostly barricaded their houses. All the shops were closed. An atmosphere of terror was over the city, all the more threatening in its silent streets than where it was most apparent in storm and stress, the wild ferment of pikes and the rolling of insurrectionary drums.

## XXIV.

CAPTIVES OF THE COMMUNE: MATHILDE AND DE FOURNIER IN SEPARATE PRISONS.

TIME and a restless people have wiped out the architectural landmarks of the French Revolution; but the spectres of that awful past remain.

You may trace the red footsteps of the Terror through street and alley, in park and square, though few of the once familiar surroundings any longer remain. The very names of the historic localities have been changed. The ghosts are there all the same, and in all weathers; in the sunshine, in the rain, when summer winds make gentle ripples on the river, when winter gales blow stiffly about the grim towers of the Palais de Justice, and the snow falls thick upon the adjacent quays and whitens the Tuileries gardens—still the same sad memories cling about the beautiful city.

So long as nations have a history, so long will the story of the agony of Paris touch the universal heart and appeal to the universal imagination.

A word or two by way of historical reminiscence will serve to explain to the general reader the character of the Conciergerie and the singularity of its name. It is an integral part of the Palais de Justice. Originally a fortress, it became a royal palace. Kings, as well as republics, must have prisons. The French monarch who lived at this stately abode on the Seine in the early days preferred a handy one; so he enlarged his palace in that direction. He built a residence for the governor of his house of detention, with its dungeons and its instruments of torture, and they called him the "concierger" of the palace; his special department therefore came to be known as the Conciergerie; hence the name of the historic prison to this day; and in the present economy of domestic life in Paris the "concierger" of our day may be said to inherit the autocratic instincts of his more distinguished though less genial predecessor on the banks of the Seine.

Prior to the Revolution the Conciergerie had a history which for misery and bloodshed it would have taxed human invention to rival. During the feuds of the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons the "cabochiens" broke into the jail and killed every prisoner, man and woman. They strewed the palace yard with corpses, among them the Count d'Armagnac, Constable of France, six bishops, and several members of the Paris Parliament. The place was nearly burned down in 1776, but a few years later it was restored, in time for a revival of its evil reputation.

There it stands to this day, with its two pointed towers, and all its romantic and ghastly memories, on the banks of the Seine, which during the Terror ran with blood, conveyed in a gully constructed from the guillotine's first establishment in the Place de Grève. If it is difficult in these brighter days, standing by the gayly-freighted river, to realize the coming and going of prisoners condemned ere they were tried, one daily procession of fair women and noble men, on their way to death, you may enter the awful gates that now swing to and fro for the admission of the curious. You may see the cells and rooms, the stone dungeons that were packed with prisoners of every class and grade. With an ordinary effort of imagination you may hear the ribald shouts of frenzied men, the sighs of insulted womanhood, the defiant songs of

reckless soldiers, and you may smell the stench of it; all too terrible for words to describe.

Here, one sad day toward the latter end of August, 1793, came de Fournier, in the custody of Laroche and an escort of gendarmes.

Other prisoners arrived at the same time. Two of them were royalists of distinction, who had in their day been pre-eminent among the most illustrious of Frenchmen.

De Fournier, in his comparatively humble clothes, attracted no particular attention from the crowd that had gathered around the approaches to the Palais de Justice. Through its guarded gates and beyond its grim court-yard the Conciergerie was hidden.

The majority of the crowd were women. They screamed and yelled and hissed the two royalist prisoners, whose nobility of demeanor and at the same time quiet submissiveness to a cruel destiny might have awed ordinary mortals into silent respect.

But these were not ordinary mortals. They were travesties of womanhood; sexless fiends in human shape. They were creatures of the night, who, on the tenth of August, had dabbled their hands in the blood of the king's guards in the Tuileries gardens; dabbled in it and drunk it round the insurgent fires, in which the flesh of heroic soldiers and stricken aristocrats had been flung with the wreck of royal apartments. They had assisted to parade bleeding heads on fearsome pikes. They had played the part of priestesses at obscene feasts, and taken awful oaths at devilish assemblies. Already their shadows were falling upon the immediate future of the Conciergerie, when de Fournier and his fellow-victims attracted their attention.

It was only for a few minutes that the prisoners created a slight diversion from the business of the morning, which was to salute the procession of death on its way to the guillotine. The tumbrils were already drawn up outside the gates. Presently they would enter, and return with pale passengers, many of whom would suffer their bitterest moments in the execrations of the mob.

It was not until his escort had been increased by a fresh contingent of men on entering Paris that Laroche had informed de Fournier of their different destinations, his wife to be delivered into the custody of the governor of the Temple, he to the Conciergerie.

Mathilde had behaved with womanly fortitude. It was de Fournier who broke down with grief and passion. Then a sullen despair took possession of him, with a bitter underlying current of longing for a great revenge. He was right in thinking that they owed their separation to Grébaud, and every conceivable indignity that his imagination could invent seemed possible from his rival, who hated him by reason of their blood relationship, and who would hate him the more that his own action had hurried on the marriage it was his chief desire to prevent.

Whoever might have originated the trite saying, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"—a far more truthful indication of intense hostility than the more correct line, "When Greek meets Greek, then was the tug of war"—the spirit of it is as old as rebellion, civil war, and family quarrels. In the French Revolution the bitterest and most uncompromising conflicts were those of French against French. The story of the time is one hourly illustration of the malignity of hostile factions and competing committees, each annihilating the other with a far more bloody malice than Frenchmen showed when they met their foreign foes.

The duldest imagination could conceive the animosity with which Grébaud and de Fournier might assail each other should opportunity offer; and one follows their brief history in the great tragedy of Paris with a keen hope that Fate may still have in store such a change of destiny for the new prisoner of the Conciergerie as shall place him free and face to face with his powerful enemy.

Grébaud was one of those persistent lovers, so called, who, failing a legitimate direction to his ardent desire, is willing to leave every obstacle of custom, law, morality, religion, or hatred of the woman he affects to worship, in order to encompass his ends; and who makes possession alike an object of a base pride and a sour vengeance. The sea-stories of skippers who steal their unwilling brides and go down with them to the depths in their phantom ships have no more tragic impulse than Grébaud could develop out of what once might have been a reasonable instinct of love. Experience of the atrocities of the prisons within the short time between July and the September we are approaching had steeled his heart against all the finer emotions that might have had a place there. When Grébaud learned that Mathilde had escaped him through the church at St. Germain, whatever sentiment of a holy passion might at one time have touched his heart, however faintly, dried up; and there remained only the wormwood of disappointment, the gall of lust, and the desire of vengeance.

The prison was full to overflowing when de Fournier arrived there. Almost every day new victims had fallen before the Revolutionary tribunal; but the work went on too slowly for the municipal authorities, who were now in full power. The Commune had overawed the National Assembly. Grébaud in the Chamber had supported the municipality when it came to the bar. He joined in the cry of "Vive la Commune!" when the galleries applauded Tallien's defiant answer to the Girondist chief, Vergniaud. De Fournier, therefore, arrived at the Conciergerie at a most dangerous moment, though Grébaud's chief interest was in Mathilde.

It was, however, by a stroke of good fortune that de Fournier was flung into a cell with fourteen others, among whom was Monsieur de la Galetierre, his comrade in the retreat to St. Germain. The citizen Galetierre informed him that he had been at first placed in a dungeon with two murderers for companions. By the virtue of some gold-pieces, and the interposition of a friendly municipal, he had been transferred the next day to his present quarters.

"And what is more to the purpose," he said, "I was in time, as you are, to participate in a scheme of escape that promises success."

"Escape!" said de Fournier, "with the secret among so many?"

"Yes. When you arrived the fear was that you might be a spy thrown in among us. Did you not notice the smile of relief that went round when I knew you and we embraced?"

"I did not notice it," said the new prisoner; "my faculties are numbed. I am broken, dear friend; broken!"

"You shall be set up again; we are rich in this cell, dear comrade. Six of us have money enough to provide decent food and moderately good wine. We keep up our spirits, and shall revive yours. My wife is not far away; I hope to join her very soon. Ah, my dear Henri, if you had a wife you might be excused for moping."

"Alas! I have a wife; it is of her I am thinking, not of myself," said de Fournier; and then the two sat down upon a bench beneath a window looking upon a small open space that was only separated from the Seine by a low wall, and de Fournier related to him all that had happened since they had parted.

Monsieur de la Galetierre understood and appreciated his friend's fears for Mathilde, but fired him with a new hope. The window above them was not far from the ground. It was protected by iron bars, two of which had already been sawn through, and could be easily removed. Two others would undergo similar operations at night; and within two or three days the course would be free. The room in which they were confined was a makeshift prison, and once outside the window, there would be no difficulty in escaping. There were few precautions against escape. At first they had a terrible outer guard to fear. Two dogs were the sentinels. The concierge relieved his officers at night by trained hounds, mongrelized beasts, half mastiff, half bloodhound, that were let loose in the court-yard. Two of the brutes were posted in the small open space beneath the window through which the fourteen men had resolved to climb. Their leader, a man of athletic strength and a curious and varied knowledge, had tamed the slobbering four-footed guardians of the night. For days such pieces of meat as could be spared were accumulated for the dog-tamer, who exercised other powers over the animals. On two special occasions he had obtained access to them. It was not very difficult to get into the court-yard, but no prisoner ever cared to run the risk of being torn to pieces. The prisoners called their leader Daniel, and no lions' den could have been more dangerous than the court-yard of the Conciergerie after dark. But Daniel went boldly into the midst of the brutes. He not only pampered their appetites, but he had a knack of seizing a dog by its fore paw, and by pressing a certain nerve between the first and second claws, had the animal at his mercy. It seemed as if the influence sprang from one to the other. A paw in Daniel's hand, the dog would howl and seize the hand as if it would gnaw it, but it ended in nothing worse than a rough fondling, and Daniel was the dog's master. And so, Monsieur de la Galetierre explained, the road was clear when the window bars should be removed. He further informed de Fournier that all sorts of people were permitted to enter the prison—tavern waiters, vendors of various wares, money-changers, and others. In the daytime the court-yard was a rendezvous for friends of the prisoners who were not afraid to exhibit an interest in them—which, however, now and then led to their arrest. Benches were placed alongside the grated barrier, and here, all day long, communication with the outer world was maintained, mostly by friendly intercourse, often, however, through malcontents who reviled the prisoners and made them prepare to embrace *la belle guillotine*.

As a conclusion to these particulars, Monsieur

de la Galetierre, laying his hand affectionately on de Fournier's shoulder, exclaimed: "And you come just in time to participate in our scheme!"

"And to perish if it fails," he replied.

"In that case we shall only anticipate our end by a day or two. The work of destruction has begun in terrible earnest. Every day the procession to the knife is recruited from the Conciergerie. We were twenty in this narrow room when I was brought into it. With you we are now fifteen."

Further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of supper, which was served on a long, rickety table, and paid for by the "treasurer," as an aged viscount was called. In these early days of the Revolutionary tribunal and the reign of the demon Fouquier-Tinville, the regimen was less severe than it was later, though a more rigid discipline followed. At first, while only too often political prisoners were mixed with ordinary malefactors, there was the alleviation of mutual help. The rich were allowed to feed the poor. While the Commune denounced the noblesse for every crime under the sun, they committed the poor in most of the prisons to the tender mercies of the rich, and established within their boxes of detention an almost model republic—for here all classes were thrown together. Companions in misfortune, they became also friends in their adversity. Men and women of the upper classes fell in with the haphazard economy of the prisons, and adapted themselves to their greivous surroundings with a grace and fortitude that commanded the respect of their humbler companions, and won even the esteem of many of their bloodthirsty jailers.

The night that followed was a terrible one for de Fournier. He believed that he had not slept a wink, but he had dozed off frequently, his brain active and alive all the time with every kind of distressful invention, in which Mathilde needed the help and protection he could not give her, and always with Grébaud mocking him and loading Mathilde with compliments worse than death, and her mother urging her to accept the protection which Grébaud offered her. Worse fancies and more awful possibilities than even these took hold of his imagination, and from groans and sighs brought him at last upon his knees in prayer; and when his friend awoke, with a streak of blarney sunlight coming through the bars of the window that now only held together by a remnant of unfiled iron, de Fournier was asleep, his head between his hands, his knees still bent upon the floor.

"God has been good to him," said de la Galetierre. "For the present his troubles are over; if he were dead they would be ended altogether. And yet, what a terrible thing it is, the thought of going to sleep never to wake again!"

(To be continued.)

## Dr. Talmage in Washington.

THE introduction of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage to Washington will furnish a novelty to the religious world of that city. There is no sensational preacher in Washington, and none who has the qualities of a popular speaker. The nearest approach to pulpit sensationalism known there was furnished some years ago by the "Blind Chaplain" of the House (now chaplain of the Senate), Dr. W. H. Milburn. Dr. Milburn kept in touch with public affairs, and one time, when the House was in a legislative dead-lock, he prayed so fervently, from the speaker's desk, for the men who were obstructing public business that they raised a protest. Dr. Milburn was warned that he must not direct his appeals too particularly to public affairs. Since that time his praying has been tame and comparatively uninteresting to the galleries. Dr. Talmage takes a lively interest in all public questions; he knows a great many public men, and he is quite likely to make Congress the subject of some of his sermons during the coming winter. If he does, he will become a more conspicuous figure than he has been in the past.

I asked Dr. Talmage, after his acceptance of the call to Washington, if he intended to take a hand indirectly in public affairs. He said frankly that he did not know—that he had made no plans. He only knew that he was going to Washington to preach because the finger of Providence pointed that way. "There is no cant about me," he said. "It seemed to me that the finger of Providence pointed to Washington, and I accepted the call."

Dr. Talmage's home in the city of his recent adoption is in one of a group of famous dwellings now part of the Arlington Hotel. In one of these dwellings—the Senator Pomeroy House—the late Secretary Gresham lived. The Sumner house, which stands at the corner of Vermont Avenue and H Street, in which Dr. Talmage and his daughters will have a suite of rooms, has been the temporary home of many distinguished people. Though it is a part of the



hotel, it has its individual entrance, and it can be made as private as a detached dwelling. The Princess Eulalia and her suite had this building for a brief space of time. It was the home of the new Chinese minister and his personal and official families when he was selecting a legation building. President Cleveland, President Harrison, and several of their predecessors have occupied apartments in the building just prior to their inaugurations, and Senator Frank Hiscock, of New York, occupied the first floor during the whole of his term as Senator, and paid for it more than his official salary.

Though Dr. Talmage has made no specific plans for preaching, he told me that his mission in general was to preach sympathy and helpfulness. He said that he believed every one needed sympathy—Congressmen and Senators as well as clerks and millionaires. "There are plenty of licks and cuffs for public men," he said, "but very little appreciation of the good things they do. No man is appreciated till he dies, and unfortunately he cannot arise and read the good things they put on his tombstone." Pastoral duties in Washington will not cause the withdrawal of Dr. Talmage from his active literary work. On the contrary, he will devote more of his time and thought to the great religious weekly, the *Christian Herald*.

Dr. Talmage believes that women are peculiarly in need of sympathy; and discussing their needs, he said: "I have heard so many people repeat what Jesus said to Martha, in an impatient, reproving tone. Christ never spoke that way to Martha. He spoke to her with an infinite tenderness when he said: 'Martha, Martha; thou art troubled about many things.' Christ knew that Martha was in the kitchen preparing supper, not because she liked to be there, but because she knew that he was hungry. Like Martha, the housekeepers of to-day are troubled about many things. But no one speaks to them tenderly and sympathetically. That is one reason our insane asylums are so full of women, and especially of women from country homes."

Dr. Talmage was to have been a lawyer. He says he put aside the romance of life when he gave up the bar and entered the ministry. He spoiled a good lawyer to make a highly successful preacher. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

### Curiosities in Literature.

It would add immensely to the gaiety of the world at large if there could be established a magazine devoted entirely to the publication of manuscripts exactly as they are written by aspirants for literary fame and glory. The number of such aspirants is legion. Hundreds of them are not lacking in education and intelligence, but when they try to express themselves on paper the result is some of the most wildly ludicrous literary compositions of modern times. Some of these compositions are far more humorous than the best endeavors of our cleverest funny men. The most exalted heights of the ridiculous are reached when some of these ambitious writers stray into the realm of poetry. They leave behind them all sense of humor, or the absurdity of their compositions would be apparent to them. One of these astonishing metrical compositions lately came to my notice. The writing and the spelling were above reproach, but this was not true of the author's literary style. The composition was entitled "An Ode to Death," and it began with these lines:

"How cold is he! How icy cold,  
As makes us shiver shivers unaided."

Another writer, who confessed that she had "just discovered that she was a poet," submitted the following lines in proof of the genuineness of her discovery:

"I looked about me on a wintry day,  
When the flowers and birds had gone away,  
And I said to my heart that for summer end,  
He still, sad heart, old summer hath died,  
And my heart cried out in grief and pain,  
Oh, when will he return back again?  
Alas!  
The flowers and grass  
That from earth do pass  
Return no more!  
Alas!"

An ambitious young novelist says of her heroine: "She had a cherry mouth full of pearly teeth and dark-brown eyes," and when she gets into a most thrilling and perilous position we are told that "her lips quivered, her cheeks grew pale, her breath came in short pants." Another writer, offering an article on "Industry" to an editor, says:

"Industry void of economy is absolute nihilism, and vice versa," while the author of an ambitious attempt at novel writing says of one of the gentlemen who figure prominently in the novel: "Although not a man of unusual or striking personality in his general appearance, he had been twice married and was the father of two beautiful children."

"The enclosed story is of my own composition," writes a young lady when sending a bulky

manuscript to an editor, who was not surprised to find in the story such bewildering passages as these: "She rejected his proposal for her hand with queenly disdain, and he slunk off completely annihilated."

"He was the victim of herodity, many of his ancestors having taken after him in their desire for strong drink, that better curse of many an otherwise respectable family."

"They clasped hands and knelt down and had a deeply religious time."

"The dying duelist looked up into the face of his hated but now triumphant rival who had shot him in a vital locality, and said with a faint smile: 'I forgive thee, Roderick, and may you be happy with Marguerite whom you have won through this fatal shot, and may we all meet above, God, old boy!'"

"She glided across the room with the swift, undulating, graceful motion of an ocean steamer gliding over a glassy sea. Her dress was of some soft, white stuff ungarnished by a single trimming, although her bare, white arms and shoulders were loaded with rare specimens of *herodity* gathered in many a foreign clime."

Another novelist, describing the happiness of a proud mother who hears her son "orate for the first time in public," informs us that "the radiantly happy mother clasped her manly, handsome boy to her heaving breast, and said with streaming eyes and choked utterance: 'Oh, Harold! You done noble!'"

"Her complexion suggested a blending of the lilj and the rose on a rare old porcelain platter," writes an author, describing the heroine of her novel; and then we are told that "before the age of eighteen she was left *disolate* through the death of all of her relatives."



A NEGRO BAPTISM IN KENTUCKY.—Photograph by Muller, Lexington.

"If this story should prove *unavoidable* for your columns, please return it to me as clean as possible and without finger-marks, which, as you know, are difficult of erasurement," wrote the author of a bulky manuscript with a soiled blue ribbon around it. The editor, having washed his hands carefully, examined the manuscript, and was not surprised to find that it began with these words:

"It was deep midnight of a dark and moonless night when a horseman, solitary and alone, rode out on a treeless plain on a jet-black steed which pawed and *snored* intensely as it galloped along with arching neck and tossing mane. The rider was Lord Archibald de Montague, and he was on an evil errand."

This being the cause of his faring forth at "deep midnight," it is gratifying to know that his evil scheme was frustrated, for we are told that "suddenly the noble steed *curled* up and the haughty Lord Archibald plunged forward over the horse's head and lay still in the road with his neck broken, beside other injuries, while the horse galloped away in the darkness, *skittering* and *braying*."

The author of a profound article, "Social Science," propounds the following question to his readers:

"Is it not unbecoming to any man of true feeling to have the privet silks and satins and robes of the wives of the bondholders flaunted in his face, and then to see his own wife, perhaps, in a cheap endless *Mother Hubbard*?"

We are also told that the bondholder "gorges on the skilled product of his French sheep, while the poor man must be content with, not what his stomach craves, but with what it can get."

These are fair specimens of some of the results

of the all-prevailing craze for writing, while they illustrate the surprising possibilities of the English language. J. L. HARRICK.

### A Negro Baptism in Kentucky.

If you would see the average Southern negro in his element—in the enjoyment of the highest luxury of sensuous exaltation—take him at a "baptism."

Religion in all its rites and demonstrations has always held his impressionable nature in a sort of morbid thrall. He takes his religion as we take our dissipations—with whole-souled abandon; gloating, expanding, reveling—a very debauch of emotion. No genuine "brother in black" is going to stint himself in religious indulgences. A "revival" is a joy unto his soul, a funeral a fascination; but a "baptism"—is it not the Ultima Thule of blissful opportunity?

A "baptism" is apt to be the climax—the supreme culmination—of a "protracted meeting," the "jiners" accumulated during its progress constituting the material. The momentous function usually occurs upon a Sunday afternoon, when the "brethren and sistren"—"in service" are off duty. A convenient brook or pond is chosen as the scene of operation, and here the colored population swarm. The baptisms, briding with mournful importance, group themselves last, close to the water's edge, in attitudes variously assumed to express character and degree of spiritual zeal. The men very likely wear rubber coats—a sort of paradoxical arrangement, considering the signifi-

losing their native characteristics, though might teach this *how* age many a wholesome lesson on the beauty of enthusiasm. They live life up to its brim.

DAISY FITZGERALD AYRES.

### People Talked About.

—Two fresh bits of gossip about Edison concern his thoughtfulness in burning a thousand letters that had accumulated on his desk during his stenographer's illness, and his discovery of a new use for Confederate currency, which, being made of sea-grass paper, now serves as a good end in his laboratory as a basis for the carbon filaments of lamps. More anecdotes, tales of the marvelous, and "good stories" are attributed to the Wizard than to any man since Lincoln, and a compilation of them would make an interesting volume for the next generation. There is hardly any living celebrity so modest as Edison, and the greater the growth of his fame the less is his outward manifestation of it.

—Eugene Field writes so clearly that printers dislike his copy because its very legibility makes them careless. It is a very neat and dainty hand, such as a painstaking school-girl might write, and the ink is usually violet, though it may be of any color that fancy dictates. The poet has said recently that he would rather write drinking-songs and religious allegory than anything else, and as a matter of fact he composes each with equal facility, and turns from one to do the other. Mr. Field is now a few years past forty. He lives in the annexed district of Chicago in a handsome home, and both enjoys greater leisure and suffers less from the pangs of dyspepsia than formerly.

—The Pope is said to take more real pleasure in the roses and the grape-vine he cultivates than in all the treasures of the Vatican. His life, indeed, apart from the ceremonial of the church, is as simple and serene as that of any old man of small means, and his diet is simpler. One way in which his age is evident is in the uncertain muscular action of his hands, which necessitates the use of both of them at the same time when he is writing.

—It is fifteen years since W. E. Norris, the novelist and essayist, plunged into literature, and he is now a year under fifty. He is one of the few authors who give only their best work to the world, for, successful financially, he writes when he

pleases, and rarely more than four hours a day. He never works at night. "Why should I," he reasons, "with the whole day my own?" His chief amusement is golf.

—Notwithstanding various pungent paragraphs in the daily press at the expense of the Duke of Marlborough, there appears to be a general disposition to regard him as a frank, well-bred, open-hearted, and unspoiled young Englishman. He is well educated, and inherits a liking for science from his father; he is physically well "set up," and he has exhibited good manners and traits of gentlemanliness not always discoverable in an English aristocrat. The blood of the original Churchill was hot and riotous, but it seems to have been well strained in the present generation.

—David Belasco is credited with the authorship of about one hundred plays, most of which have had successful runs. They have been so remunerative that he is said to be the richest playwright in the United States, though probably Bronson Howard would dispute that assertion. Mr. Belasco is a man of about forty-five, and he has been known to New Yorkers since 1880. His boyhood was spent on the Pacific coast, and he has been stage-director of several San Francisco theatres.

—Walter Besant has confessed to an interviewer that the happiest moment of his life was when he saw in the *Daily Mail Gazette* a review of his book on early French poetry. This was his first work of consequence, and the total profits were eleven shillings and fourpence, but the praise the reviewer gave it compensated for all financial disappointment. The novelist is now verging on sixty, and is a stout and hearty man with hair and beard that are growing gray.









L.  
19.



THE MARBLE HOUSE AT NEWPORT.  
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DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.  
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MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT—FROM A PAINTING BY  
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REV. JOHN W. BROWN, RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS.  
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URCH, NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th.

NEW YORK.—(SEE PAGE 303.)



## THE DRAMATIC OPINION OF THE MATINÉE GIRL.

She is frequently very young and oftentimes frivolous—the matinee girl—but she has some characteristics which make her an important personage to the astute and thoughtful manager as he fingers the box-office receipts; her leaning to fads, stubborn faith in her own illogical opinions, and fidelity to her preferences.

The matinee girl is legion, hydra-headed. You find her a school-girl, all gush and idealism; a society girl, who after a few seasons talks in a semi-disillusioned way of life; the girl of the professional strata who snatches a Saturday afternoon from her work or study; the young married woman, who may give a futile sigh over the imperfections of her husband as compared with "him" on whom the limelight shimmers. She is a powerful theatre patron worth cultivation. Her opinion is a golden one.

To do her full justice, she is content only with the best. No man who is only handsome, or only a possessor in ultra-fashionable clothes, deludes her into worship for very long. He must touch and thrill her, make her feel the reality of his art, make her eyes grow moist or win her laughter, before he gets the hearty applause of her smile-covered hands.

Three actors now appearing in New York in very successful plays hold the matinee girl in leading strings: John Drew, who wears a bandage around his head in "Christopher, Jr.," which she "comes miles to see"; Southern in his new departure into the realms of pure romance in "The Prisoner of Zenda"; Joseph Holland as the society sneak-thief in "A Social Highwayman."

John Drew has been a favorite with her since the early July days when he flung yellows at Miss Rehan, or rumbled his hair in comic despair, and as *Petruchio* he leaped into a place in her regard from which he has never been dethroned. In the matter of clothes he is absolutely correct, and can't be outwitted by the most exquisite example of the tailor's art to be found sauntering at noon along the sunny side of Fifth Avenue on a winter morning. Never was hair more geometrically parted in the middle than his, nor boutonnières more nicely selected. As an example of the importance of just such trifles in the estimation of young women, I remember



JOHN DREW.

what a sensation he created in "The Bauble Shop" when, for consistent, artistic reasons he parted his hair on the side. I don't think a single matinee girl spoke of the excellence of this play nor John Drew's fine rendering of the part of the M. P. without, "By the way, he looked quite unlike himself with his hair parted on the side," or something similar to this.

The characteristic points of his style are, an affectation of helplessness in trying positions, a quiet, forceful, half-impertinent manner; more than all, what might be called "the Drew stare," a wide, inquiring gaze at his audience, in which he seems to appeal to every mother's daughter there to help him win the heroine. He wouldn't even John Drew if in a dilemma he did not plunge his hands in his pockets, banish all expression from his ruminative eyes, bite his under lip, and say, "H'm!"

While evanescent rivalries have flourished for a little hour his vogue has increased, and the theory of "the survival of the fittest" is again realized in him. "Christopher, Jr.," shows him at his best, for his best is undoubtedly in comedy bordering on farce.

Southern's popularity with the matinee girl dates from the time he appeared in "The Highest Bidder." Young, good-looking, his speaking voice a gamut of delicate intonations, his face singularly expressive, he was the realized hero of a hundred romances as he mingled com-

edly with pathos from the auctioneer's box; to see him inviting the bids for the old home of the impoverished girl he loved, while in reality, at tremendous self-sacrifice, he was buying it



SOUTHERN IN THE "PRISONER OF ZENDA."

himself; to see the "comedy" nervousness, and the next second hear the quaver of real feeling in his voice, was rare and haunting.

He is vividly romantic. He has appeared almost entirely in comedies, but deep veins of troubled feeling and intense pathos have run through them. These have afforded him the subtle changes, the versatility in which he excels; they have also wisely provided him with most romantic environments, and the arrows which have most deeply punctured the matinee girl's heart have been flung from beside a turnstile as in "The Highest Bidder"; from beside a sun-dial while picking a daisy apart, as in "Captain Letterblair"; over the top of a ladder, his eyes saucy under the powdered wig of Sheridan, in the play of that name.

Sometimes, as in "Captain Letterblair" and "The Victim Cross," he has taken another's blame upon his shoulders and suffered in another's stead. He can show the agony of vicarious guilt by a stoical pallor and dulled eyes, no word being necessary.

"I'll tell you what I like so much about Southern," a woman said recently when chatting of things theatrical, over a cup of Pekoe: "I like the way his heart can look out of his eyes. I don't care much for his fun, but when he's supposed to be unhappy and looks at a woman, I forget it's acting and my heart gets a little ache in it for him. You know the lines:

"I like a look of agony,  
Because I know it's true;  
Men cannot share conviction  
Nor simulate a throe."

Well, he can."

Joseph Holland has only of late been heard in feminine matineeism. Always deservedly popular with "all sorts and conditions of men"



JOSEPH HOLLAND.

—and women—he has come prominently under the notice of the matinee girl in the character of *Courtesy Jaffrey* in "A Social Highwayman."

This hero is one who walks on the velvet of life; his valet is as diplomatic and fertile of resource in his way as a king's prime minister in his; his cocktail and orange-flowered bath are the serious events of his morning; his existence knows nothing more severe than fine linen, delicate perfumes and pleasure; he is a lily of the field, toiling not nor spinning, and yet arrayed, not "like Solomon in all his glory," but quite as correct as that resplendent Hebrew, according to the manners of the times.

It is easily seen what opportunity is given here for the exhibition of exquisite clothes and a parade of the niceties of fashionable elegance. Joseph Holland bids fair to become a serious rival of John Drew's in this particular. He wears the beautiful clothes in a way to charm the latter-day girl, who understands the subtle differences in men's fashions almost as much as in her own. His figure is superb, his face of the strong yet clear-cut style, and his general effect patrician. He is as well-groomed and carefully dressed in private life, and no trick of manner or slightest idiosyncrasy in style proclaims him an actor.

But there is much more to him—and to be just, the matinee girl demands more. His methods are earnest and convincing, and always touch the vital note in a scene, whether it be in a chord of pure fun, or echoing with the verities of love and death.

While the matinee girl sensibly, after a test, dethrones false idols and, blessed by Eve's instinct, raises her approving hand only toward the best, let us pray for her continuance in our midst.

KATE JORDAN.

## The Tear in the Clouds.

It is called the Tear in the Clouds. It is a little pool in the west branch of the Neversink, near the headwaters of the stream. The brook starts from a spring of crystal far up on the rugged breast of Slide Mountain, the highest eminence in the Catskills. The bed of the brook is covered with white sand, such as is found on the seashore; for at one time, far back in past ages, the mountain formed a portion of the bottom of the sea. Through enormous boulders, over this shining whiteness, the brook bubbles in flashing ripples, eager to reach the great waters. Through the interlacing branches of silver birches and gnarled hemlocks, the sun shoots arrows of golden light upon the sleeping pools and dancing rapids of translucent waters.

For centuries the awful winter winds have wrestled with the gigantic trees of this primeval forest and thrown them crushed and broken across the bed of the brook. But decay has touched the tough bark and sinewy hearts of the giants, and little by little they have rotted away to a dark brown mould. This sediment has floated on the water and has been left by the hurrying brook as a deposit over the white sand, which makes the bed of the stream look as if it were carpeted with beautiful, soft, brown velvet. In some of the ugly moods of nature, big black rocks have been thrown across the current of the stream. Then the floods have come roaring with resistless might and tossed the rocks aside as a strong man tosses a ball. These floods have cut a deep channel in the side of the mountain thirty feet wide and nearly as deep.

In a little hollow scooped out by the falling water, within one mile of the birth-place of the brook, lies the pool called the Tear in the Clouds. The water lingers in this little basin lovingly, as if loath to leave so sylvan a spot. To get into the pool the brook has to jump over an escarpment of rock covered with emerald moss. A gentle October breeze, aromatic with the breath of hemlock and pine, has shaken innumerable golden, crimson, and brown leaves from the trees, which dance like fairy shallops on the bosom of the water. The water leaves the foot of a thousand bow-fronced ferns on the margin of the pool. Hark! There is a soft footfall in the shadow of a birch-tree! A twig snaps, and out into the sunlight steps a brown-bearded partridge. This queen of the forest raises her head and listens. Alert as an Indian's is the quick eye. She hears the myriad voices of the wood. The mourning of the pine has no terrors for her, the falling of the tree-branch does not make her start. The various notes in the voice of the brook—the sullen, angry, dispassion as it forces its way between two jealous, rocky wanderers of the mountain fastnesses, and the bell-like, musical tinkle as it splashes over the pebbles, are all familiar tones to this shy Umbrella of the wood. She steps down to the pool, dainty as a fairy princess, dips up a few drops of water, and, raising her head, permits the drops to cool her royal throat. In the shadow of a great rock lies a rainbow-colored trout. He is the Seldirk of the pool. The bright sun and the cool water have painted him with kaleidoscopic spots. The brook has brought

him a dainty tid-bit from Nature's larder. It is a white grub which has fattened on the fibre of a decaying hemlock. A careless, roistering grushopper, underestimating his vaulting powers, has been caught by a dancing ripple. There is a flash in the air as of a gleaming silver knife, a tail-flick, a few water-diamonds flash briefly in the sunlight, and the grashopper has joined the grub.

So still is the pool, and yet trumpet-sounded in suggestions of color and of music to the poet! He lies on the mossy bank and sees secret mysteries in its shadows, personal beauties in its shining reaches, and is serenaded into the land of dreams by the music of its babbling.

ERNEST JAKOBSON.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

THE wildest enthusiasm prevails at West Point over foot-ball, and the army all over the country has its eye upon the cadet team, which this season is making such an enviable record. The game, which was introduced some six years ago, has evidently come to stay, and with good coaching and a continuance of the right spirit, and the pick of an eleven from several hundred picked men, it is the hope, the ambition, of every West-Pointer to place in the field at some time a team equal to the emergency of defeating the big college teams, notably Yale, Harvard, and Princeton.

The conditions for foot-ball are certainly ideal. The gridiron is marked out upon the parade-ground which goes to make up the bluff, or the plateau if you will, of West Point. Questions of training do not enter to harass the coach, because training is a regulation enshrined in the daily life of the cadet throughout the year.

The game is not compulsory, like at college, upon any one who is, in such an instance, unfortunate enough to possess a fine athletic build. Thus it is safe to say that he who plays, plays because of love of the game, the sport to be had, and the recreation from classroom work and "digging" in the study. At West Point only the amateur plays, which fact is certainly unique in these days.

If experience counts for aught, if a level head, a smooth tongue, and the possession of the personality, that magnetism which binds others to one's will; if, indeed, application and ambition enter at all into the make-up of the coach of a foot-ball team, then Harmon Graves ranks even up with any coach of the present day. With honors gained in athletics and in the class-room as well, Graves, a Trinity College graduate of 1892, entered Yale in the law department, and while it was said the time that he had gone to Yale on account of athletics, and Yale in consequence came in for the usual amount of criticism, he went there to begin the study of his chosen profession. No better proof could be had that Graves's first object was his studies, no better plea for the foot-ball men, who, many believe, never study, could be necessary than the fact that Graves won the Townsend prize of one hundred dollars at his graduation, for the best oration publicly delivered on commencement day.

In the fall of 1892 Graves played on the Yale team, and scored between ninety and one hundred points of the four hundred and thirty-five made during the season. He played at half-back, and was strong in his running—all styles, while as a kicker he was easily the best of all. In 1893 the undergraduate rule sprang into existence, and Graves was one of the first to support it, in the interests of purer intercollegiate athletics, even though such a rule debarred him from becoming a candidate for Frank Hinky's 1893 team. About this time a call came from Lehigh for a coach, and Graves accepted. His success was pronounced from the very start, and the Bethlehem men that year scored in closely-contested games upon Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania, and wound up the season with a record which Lehigh teams past and present, have failed to approach. On November 7th Graves returned to New Haven when the undergraduate rule had been so changed that he could play with the Yale team under the letter of the rule. Recognizing, however, the spirit of the rule, which was quite a different matter, he refused to even appear at the field as a candidate. In consequence of this action he was flooded with a veritable shower of nice and complimentary remarks from the coaches and prominent New York alumni. It



HARMON GRAVES.



was generally recognized by the members and coaches after the disastrous Harvard game that Graves's presence on the field would have turned defeat into victory.

During the season of '04, having been graduated in that year from Yale, Graves began the good work at West Point which he is continuing so successfully at the present time. The 1894 West Point team was admittedly the strongest team the cadets had ever turned out, as will be seen from a glance at the following record:

West Point vs. Army '04.....	18-0
West Point vs. Brown.....	0-30
(King and Stacy did not play.)	
West Point vs. Massachusetts Technical.....	42-0
(This team defeated Brown a week later.)	
West Point vs. Yale.....	5-32
West Point vs. Union.....	30-0

Mr. Graves coaches the Yale system pure and simple, and is a warm advocate of the kicking game. Illustrated lectures of all plays, to the entire foot-ball squad and many of the more enthusiastic officers, are a feature of his work.

Last year he received twenty offers to coach, which rather goes to show the demand, indirectly, for foot-ball instructors and the want in particular of a first-class man.

Mr. Graves openly expresses opposition to the custom of Yale men coaching other college teams, and declares that he will in future, as he has this year, live up to what he preaches. With West Point, he believes, it is different, and he will probably go there just so long as they want him.



EDWARD L. KING.

The stars of the best team West Point has ever had—which is saying much, considering last year's—are: King, captain and full-back; Stacy, right half-back; Nolan, left end; Lott, left tackle, and Barry and Williams guards.

Captain King is an adjutant of cadets, which implies an officer of much merit. As a foot-ball player he is no less fine. He is a most versatile player, being equally at home at quarter and full-back. Standing six feet in his stockings, and possessing some one hundred and seventy-five pounds of, for the most part, bone and muscle, he commands the expert's attention at once. The expert's admiration is excited when King, on a signal for a punt, gets the ball down the field some sixty yards. A kick half the length of the field is to Mr. King a mere bagatelle. King is as good, if not a better, drop-kicker than any college player in the ranks this year.



LUCIAN STACY.

Lucian Stacy played a year at Bowdoin before entering West Point. He tips the scales at one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and stands five feet eight and one-half inches high. He is quite as strong as he is beautifully put together. Mr. Graves thinks Stacy is as good as they make them, being a magnificent ground gainer and a reliable defense man. His running is similar to McChung's, which, by its very lightning zig-zag movements, won many yards for Yale.

Dennis E. Nolan reminds one of an hour of the great Hinkey at his best. He is a one-hundred-and-sixty-five pounder, and five feet, ten inches high. He gets down the field fast, and makes all his tackles sure and hard. Nolan, as well as King and Stacy, would make any college team in the country.

Lott at left tackle combines strength with the

head of a general. He will be one some day if excellence in foot-ball, so far as ripe judgment, head, and tact are concerned, is a criterion of what he is in his professional walks. He lacks two inches of the six-foot mark, and weighs one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Having played for the past three years against the best men in the country, he knows the position like a book on mathematics. Lott is all bone and muscle.

*W.T. Bull.*

## The Marlborough-Vanderbilt Marriage.

AT the present writing all the details have been satisfactorily arranged for the most imposing Anglo-American marriage since the Declaration of Independence. Unless something totally unforeseen and calamitous occurs to prevent it, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the pretty little daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, Esq., will become the wife of a certain very comely and presentable youth, the descendant of a great English general and statesman, and at the same moment that she becomes his wife will become, also, an English duchess—about as exalted a rank as any American girl may expect to attain in these days.

To the Duke of Marlborough, who is from all accounts—there are a few of us, you know, who do not enjoy the honor of his personal acquaintance—a most modest, dour, and deserving young fellow, the old saying, "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth,"—meant to indicate a certain inevitable prosperity incidental to one's entrance into the world—does not apply. This young man was not born with "a silver spoon" in his mouth. There were truffles and canvas-back ducks and pearls and gold pellets in it. He was born, I think, as a lesson to the world: as a lesson to teach us that some scions of the human race are set before us to convince the great majority of their comparative evil fortune. It may be said to the youth's credit, however, that he wears his rank and his honors well. His bearing, since his arrival on these shores, has been that of an unassuming individual who, while quite indisposed to belittle his luck in the great game of life, has preserved a demeanor at once unobtrusive and circumspect, graceful and self-repressive. An analysis of his one sentiment since his landing in New York might be summed down into the one prayerful behest, "Let me alone." Compliance with this perfectly reasonable and legitimate prayer, however, would accord but poorly with the established rules of our great and only and omnipotent American daily press. Marlborough's supplication has been quite unheeded. The daily newspapers have steadfastly declined to let him alone. The boy's life has been made a burden. He has been pilloried, caricatured, and made ridiculous in every possible manner. If he were not to be ultimately rewarded by the possession of a most sweet and adorable girl—such a girl, one may say, as might induce any man with the determination to brave the world and the flesh and the very devil himself in the pursuit of her—this young scion of British nobility might have been freely pardoned a score of times within the past month for wishing himself dead.

The newspapers have given us, with more or less accuracy, the details of the entire arrangement. They have rated the bride's marriage portion at ten million dollars—quite a respectable sum, by the way—and have pondered us into the delightful mysteries of her trousseau. In one entertaining publication we find a life-size illustration of the bridal corset (gold-clasped, we are told, and in another an itemized and tabulated statement with regard to lingerie in general. It is comforting to know that the latter is altogether in pink and blue. If it were in yellow it might suggest settlements. That, however, is not the point. The chief one is that of gratitude to the daily press, that, in its enterprise and its wisdom, has supplied a thirsty public with every feature, down to the minutest detail, of an international alliance that will be talked of alike in boudoirs and bed-rooms and barracks for many a decade to come.

It is worth while to observe, apropos of the concerted wail of indignation and anguish that pours to the high heavens on every occasion that a rich American girl weds a foreigner of title, that the international grief, in a case like the present one, is, to say the least, fairly well balanced. The general trend of the argument is: "Lucky duke! marrying all those millions. Leaving aside all question of the girl, which question in itself is sufficient to make her successful suitor thank his God for the day he was born, ought he not to bless the day that brought him to America, and to all this good fortune?" Of course he ought, and probably does, if he has any reasoning powers—and the records indicate that he has—yet, while the simple fact of

his good fortune is quite incontestable, it is worth while hinting to the people who are prating of the loss that American masculinity sustains in the flitting from it of this great matrimonial prize by an Englishman, that that loss is a mere silly fiddle on the golf-links of life compared to the utter woe and desolation that sweeps through the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland when a marriageable British duke goes abroad for a wife. Marriageable dukes are scarce in England. Male heirs to dukedoms are watched from their cradles up. As they approach man's estate they are longed for, schemed for, prayed for. It would not be any exaggeration to state that there are in England at this minute not less than five thousand millionaire middle-class men and women, not all of them as rich as the Vanderbilts, possibly, but rich enough to roof Blenheim Palace many times over (which, after all, is the main consideration), who would be willing to lay their entire fortunes, not to mention their eternal welfare, at the feet of this fortunate boy if he were to merely suggest the possibility of his taking one of their daughters to wife. Aristocratic families are similarly affected. It is safe to say that the young duke who, it is worth while to remind you, has earned in the past the respect alike of peers and people by his chivalrous and dutiful attitude to his mother, and his gallant conduct toward his amiable American step-mamma, formerly Mrs. Hamersley, might have had the pick of all the girls in England if he had so chosen. Consequently, if he is disappointing the young men of this country in carrying off so rich a prize, Miss Vanderbilt is achieving an infinitely greater triumph in capturing a husband that any eligible girl in England would give her ears to possess.

the former place. Thus the guests will be saved the ordeal of having their nerves set on edge by witnessing a meeting between two people who have politely agreed to disagree; a meeting that, were it to take place, would only cause embarrassment to every one concerned. The feeling on all sides is, from all accounts, most amicable. Mr. Vanderbilt, it is said, will visit his daughter very soon at historic Blenheim, where she will entertain him in the manner that a duchess should. Whether the Duchess of Manchester will be also numbered among the guests is a matter only of surmise or guess-work.

When all is said and done, the young duke is a lucky man, not by reason of fame or fortune or rank, but by virtue of the charming girl he has been so fortunate as to win for a bride. And the pretty little duchess-to-be? Well, let us forget all the fuss and the flummery, the tattling of busy-bodies, and the endless drivel of the newspapers, and hope that, quite aside from the tremendous dignity of her position, she will be as happy with her handsome boy-husband as she deserves to be.

The Gould-Castellane wedding, of previous memory, was, in the eyes of the fashionable world, a veritable staggerer. The one of next week will be remembered for years to come.

HAROLD R. VYNN.

## An Indian Queen.

It is not often that a resident of an American city can meet a real queen, but the people in Seattle can not only meet a queen every day, but they can speak to her if they so desire, providing they are able to talk Chinook. Queen Angeline, the subject of the illustration, is a familiar figure on the streets of Seattle. She is the only surviving daughter of Chief Seattle, the beloved Indian for whom this Washington metropolis was named. The chief died nearly twenty-five years ago. A long time ago, when local Indian wars were raging, he showed himself the true friend of the pioneer settler, and for that reason the old settlers held Angeline in great veneration. Her Indian name is Kik-i-son-to. She is about eighty-four years old, and has lived to see her proud tribe—the Duwamish—dwindle to a mere handful of wandering Siwash.

Queen Angeline lives in a section of Seattle close to the waters of Puget Sound, called "Shantytown." The old settlers have many times entreated her to allow them to provide her with a more comfortable home, but she declines thankfully, and will remain in her homely little palace to the end of her days.



QUEEN ANGELINE SQUAMISH.

The details of next week's ceremony, and the feasting and festivity that are to follow it, need not be gone into. They have been threshed through weeks ago. We have learned it all, even to the thousand specially-imported live English cock-sparrows that are to be killed and served up as quail at the wedding breakfast. The service at St. Thomas's, that most fashionable of fashionable Fifth Avenue churches, conducted by Bishop Potter and the Reverend Wesley Brown, will be very impressive and very beautiful. It is tolerably certain that neither of these reverend gentlemen will be so indiscreet as to refer to riches and camels and eyes of needles and that sort of thing. Both are too amiable and well-bred to be guilty of any such exhibition of bad taste.

One can hardly too strongly admire the fine diplomacy that governs the management of the affair from a domestic standpoint. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt will escort his daughter from her mother's mansion at Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue, to the church, but will not attend the breakfast that will follow at

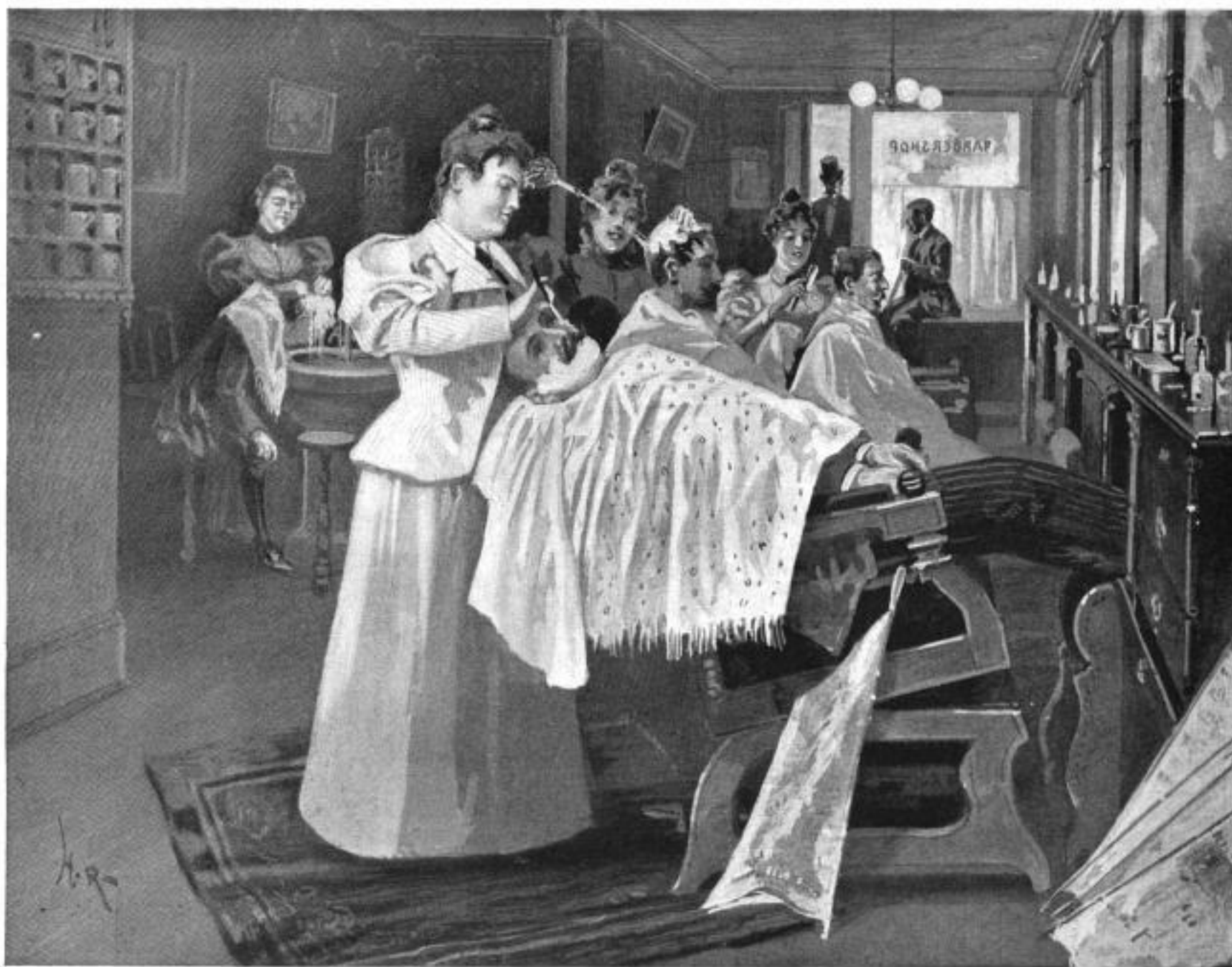
## The President at Atlanta.

THE visit of President Cleveland and members of his Cabinet to the Atlanta exposition was an event of great interest to the people of Georgia and near-by States. The President was welcomed with great cordiality, and there was an imposing and picturesque military parade, but there was comparatively little enthusiasm. Evidently the President is not specially popular with the Southern masses. His speech on the occasion was wholly without significance. He deprecated sectionalism, and urged the cultivation of the spirit of brotherhood, but there was not a thought or suggestion as to any topic of real concern, and the general feeling as to the address was one of disappointment.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE





A CHICAGO PHASE OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE "NEW WOMAN"—A FEMALE BARBER-SHOP.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



MISS THOMPSON, OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, CHRISTENING THE GUNBOAT "NASHVILLE."

### Chicago's Woman in Business.

THE prominent part taken by women in the everyday business life of Chicago is one of the most noticeable features of that bustling city, and one which marks the Western character of its life. Although the census shows the men to be in the majority by some twenty thousand, the women seem so plentiful in the business houses that one wonders if they lock up their houses or leave them in charge of the man & servant during the day. Not alone as typewriters, cashiers, and clerks, in which positions they are omnipresent, but quite numerous as barbers, doctors, dentists, lawyer and business women generally. Even the editorial "sanctum," as it used to be called, has been invaded by the skirts, and the women have come to stay, while the ancient editor with black shirt sleeves and brier-wood pipe has

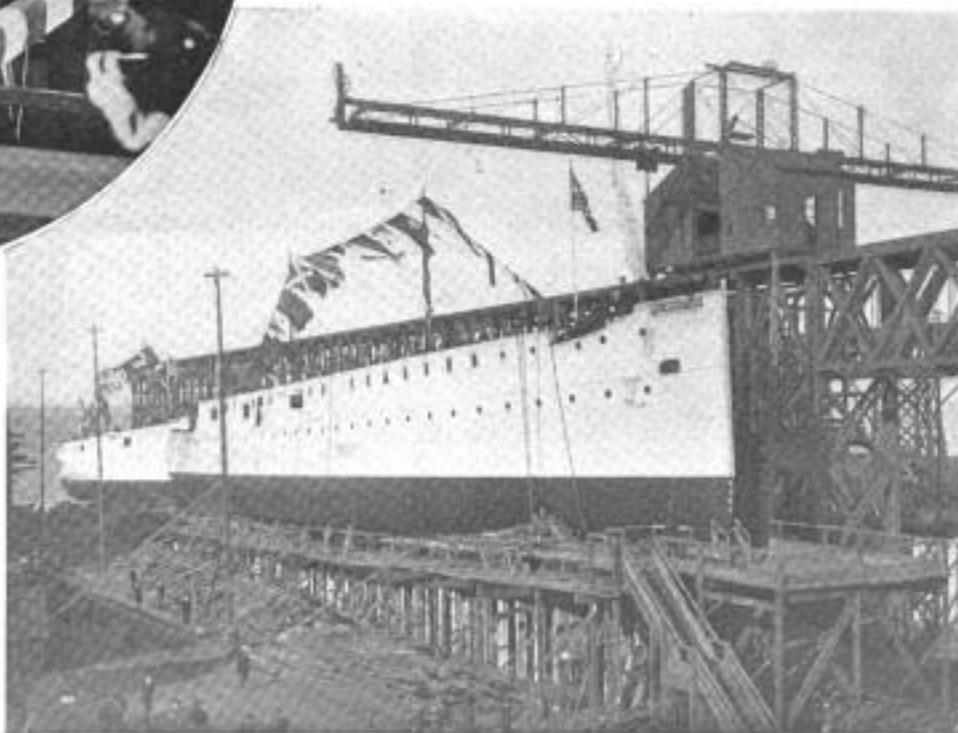
gone to join the journeymen printer in monastic retirement. Perhaps there is no sphere of activity in which educated women are displaying greater usefulness or achieving more marked success than in this. Then there are twenty-five women lawyers, and all have been singularly successful, though their position has not been attained without hard work and perseverance. The woman doctors and journalists may be numbered by hundreds, and in the ordinary fields of business they are so numerous, and their methods are so rapid and accurate, that the most conservative and old-fashioned business man is disarmed of his opposition. But to the stranger, a quiet, unsophisticated man from the East, perhaps, the situation is sometimes rather startling. "If this thing keeps on," said Faneuil Tremont to me the other day, "I may as well retire. The heirs of some Wyoming property and some city real estate want me to effect an exchange for Indiana coal lands. The lawyer in charge of the Wyoming property is a woman, and smart as a steel trap. I go to the *Black Diamond* (coal journal) for statistics of output of the coal fields and find the editor is a woman. I go to the *Travelers' and Shippers' Guide* for information about the railroads tributary to the Wyoming property, and there is a woman in charge of the office, and she appears to know every railroad in the United States. The real-estate agent who has charge of the city property is a woman, and the property is rented to two women, one of whom keeps a green-house and another a livery-stable. Fact, I assure you. My office is in the Woman's Temple, and when I wanted to get the people to adopt a patent safety boiler cut-off in which I was interested, I'll be hanged if the engineer, who is a woman, didn't tell me she'd tried that cut-off and found its working defective, and she showed me just what was the matter with it, too. I stopped to-day to get shaved at a tidy-looking barber-shop with flowers in the window, and was struck in a heap when I found the barbers were all women—eight

of them. I hadn't been barbered by a woman since my mother cut my hair. But it was all right. She didn't talk a bit. If I get sick we've got a woman doctor, and if I die, why, the sexton of our church—my wife's church, I should say—is a woman, so I suppose I'll be laid to rest, as I was first rocked to sleep, by a woman. Maybe it will be a woman, too, regularly, ordained, who will say the last prayer at my grave."

The woman barber is, of course, a feature of special interest in this development of woman's activity in Chicago. If there ever was a prejudice against the applications of woman's taste and skill in this sphere of labor—and with old-fashioned folk that prejudice has undoubtedly been very pronounced—it has been effectively overcome with the lapse of time. As nothing succeeds like success, the time is probably not far distant when in our cities generally women will come into favor in this business, heretofore monopolized by the sterner sex.

And why not?

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.



THE LAUNCH OF THE GUNBOATS "NASHVILLE" AND "WILMINGTON," TANDEM FASHION, FROM THE SAME WAYS, AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA—THE FIRST LAUNCH OF THE KIND EVER MADE. Photograph by Hart.—[See editorial page.]





STREET SCENE DURING THE ARMENIAN RIOTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE  
*Black and White.*



COURT-YARD OF THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION, STAMBOUL, WHERE WOUNDED ARMENIAN PRISONERS WERE BAYONETED TO DEATH.—*London Graphic.*



TYPES OF RAPTAH (MOHAMMEDAN STUDENTS), INSTIGATORS OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.  
*London Graphic.*



TREBIZOND, WHERE SEVEN HUNDRED ARMENIANS WERE MASSACRED BY THE TURKS.—*Illustrated London News.*

THE RECENT WHOLESALE BUTCHERIES OF ARMENIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE AND TREBIZOND.



# AN UNDESERVING CREATURE.

"I REITERATE IT!"

It was an emancipated woman who spoke, and her earnest tone betrayed her depth of feeling.

"I reiterate it, I say! A woman who will beat her husband, the tender, timid darling who has vowed to protect and cherish, does not deserve to have one."—*Fudge.*

# THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS, ALSO FISHING, OF THE SOUTH.

Under the above pleasing title the Southern Railway has in press a beautiful and comprehensive book pertaining to the hunting and fishing of the States through which that system extends.

This, indeed, comprises nearly the entire South, including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky, as throughout these States the Southern Railway has its own lines.

The book is written in the happiest style of Mr. William Bruce Ledingwell, of Chicago, and the illustrations are ample and are especially prepared for this particular volume.

This is the first time that such a publication has been attempted, exhibiting in such an attractive manner the almost innumerable resorts for sportsmen in the South.

The publication will be issued prior to November 1st, 1905, and can be obtained through any of the agents of the Southern Railway system.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children in teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. 520 YEARS.]

Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office



TO SEE AND BE SEEN.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ELEVENTH NATIONAL HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 318.]



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

AMERICAN WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 37 Herald Building  
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bramhall, H. Heisterkamp.

NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

## Mistaken Leniency.



THE growing contempt of the vicious classes for the restraints of law, and the audacity which marks the perpetration of some forms of crime, are undoubtedly due to the mistaken leniency of officials who are charged with the execution of the penal statutes. This fact has been strikingly illustrated in this and others of our larger cities, where

outrages upon the ballot, instead of being made odious by judicial fidelity to official obligations, have been actually encouraged by a clemency amounting to practical sympathy with the offenders. It has had illustration also in the utter failure of the courts to punish as they deserve individual and corporate frauds and embezzlements, and to enforce the penalties of the law in the case of excise violations, breaches of official trust, capitalistic and labor conspiracies, and many other forms of wrongdoing. Where the courts, or those in authority, fail to manifest a real abhorrence for crime, it cannot be otherwise than that it should become more and more defiant and aggressive.

Nowhere, perhaps, has this perversion of authority been more distinctly manifest than in the unwise use of the pardoning power by national and State executives. Not many years ago a notorious counterfeiter who had been captured, after a pursuit of years, tried, convicted, and sentenced, was deliberately pardoned by the President, and let loose to prosecute unmolested his pernicious work. A year or so ago, over in New Jersey, four persons who had ostentatiously defied the laws and amassed millions by their gambling practices on the notorious Guttenberg race-track, and after great difficulty had been convicted and sentenced, were pardoned outright through the influence of the Governor, who further signified his contempt for official responsibility by securing the pardon of thirty or forty ballot-box stuffers who had for years kept in power, by their frauds, as infamous a gang of partisan malefactors as ever mocked at law. Illustrations of this vicious executive tendency to deal magnanimously instead of justly with public offenders might be multiplied indefinitely.

President Cleveland is not, in some respects, an ideal executive, but in this matter of maintaining the dignity and authority of the law where it is deliberately violated, he for the most part sets an example which is worthy of all commendation. While he does not hesitate to show mercy where an offender can present substantial evidence in extenuation of his offense, he as a rule refuses to arrest the course of justice in all cases of an opposite character. Some recent instances may be cited in proof of this statement. Among other applications for pardon laid before him by the law department of the government was one from a citizen of California who had been convicted of sending obscene articles through the mail. The President refused a pardon, basing his refusal on the ground that "the crime of which the prisoner was justly convicted is a dastardly one," and that as a matter of fact he deserved a severer punishment than the court had inflicted. In another case he refused to pardon a person who had been convicted of selling liquor to the Indians, because of the "dangerous effects" of this illicit traffic, and in yet another case—that of a postmaster who had embezzled government funds—he characterized the sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment, with the addition of a fine of five hundred dollars, to be inadequate, and refused, peremptorily, to interpose his clemency. These may be considered as cases of minor importance, but they mark a tendency which is altogether wholesome.

There is no surer way of elevating the public service and establishing it upon a basis of integrity and capacity than by making dishonesty and incompetency odious. This can only be effectually done by a uniform enforcement of the penalties aimed at official delinquencies of whatever sort. Something has been undoubtedly gained, recently, in this and some other States, by the elevation of the standard of judicial equipment and such examples of conscientiousness in the use of authority as the President and some of our Governors have displayed in dealing with actual or intending violators of law; but we still have very much to accomplish in this direction, and the agitation for the quickening of public opinion in reference to the whole general subject must be prosecuted vigorously and unceasingly until the desired end is absolutely attained.

## A Curious Epidemic in England.

A curious epidemic has broken out in England. Almost every town with a duke or a lord living in its neighborhood has been beseeching his grace or his lordship to honor the town by becoming its mayor for a year. The

epidemic had its beginnings in Sheffield. Next year Sheffield is to have a state visit from the Queen, and in order that due dignity might be given to the occasion the municipality appealed to the Duke of Norfolk, who owns half the town, to accept the office of mayor. The duke is a busy man. He is postmaster-general in the Salisbury government, and is the unofficial spokesman of the Catholic Church in England in the House of Lords. He was, however, assured that he need not attend the meetings of the aldermen or try persons charged with being drunk and disorderly, at the police court. These duties usually fall upon the mayor, but, if the duke would only accept, the people of Sheffield assured him that they would see that there was a deputy mayor to preside over the aldermen and attend to the police court. On these terms the duke accepted.

As soon as it was known that Sheffield had thus captured a duke, Longton, a town in the grimy, black country of Staffordshire, set out on a similar search. Next year Longton is to be the scene of the Royal Agricultural Society's show, a gathering the Prince of Wales usually attends, and it struck the people of Longton that if Sheffield could secure a duke for the Queen's visit, they could secure one for the coming of the Prince of Wales. An appeal was accordingly made to the Duke of Sutherland. His grace was with the grouse in the Highlands at the time, but after three or four days' consideration he accepted on the same easy terms as those made at Sheffield for the Duke of Norfolk. Next the epidemic broke out at Rotherham. That it should break out there was natural, as Rotherham is less than a dozen miles from Sheffield. In this instance Lord Milton had municipal honors thrust upon him solely for the reason that he is heir to the Fitzwilliam property, on which a great part of the town of Rotherham stands. From Rotherham the epidemic spread to Ripon, another Yorkshire town. In this instance it seems to have been a case of finding work for the unemployed. Lord Ripon, who was besought to become the mayor, was at the head of the colonial department in the late Rosebery administration, and from June last has had a place on the list of unemployed English statesmen.

Since then the epidemic has broken out sporadically, and it is impossible to say where it will end. The ancient city of Carlisle thrust the honor on the Earl of Lonsdale; Appleby, also in the lake country, has secured Lord Hothfield; Crewe, the great railway centre in Cheshire, has made good its claims on the Earl of Crewe, who has been on the unemployed-statesmen list since, as Lord Houghton, he relinquished the Vicereignty of Ireland in the Rosebery government. The last case on record is Liverpool, which has applied to the Earl of Derby to grace the city by becoming its mayor for the ensuing year.

## Women and Divorce Reform.



THE subject of divorce reform is more and more commanding the attention of thoughtful minds. The National Divorce Reform League has agitated the subject with such earnestness and vigor of purpose that twenty-three States have now appointed commissions on uniform legislation concerning divorce, and the possibilities of securing such a system are every year becoming more encouraging. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, however, that all legislation which has so far been had upon this subject has been one-sided; it has been, as one characterizes it, "one sex" legislation. So far not a single woman has been appointed as a member of any one of the commissions which are dealing with this subject. It certainly cannot be denied that the interest of women in this matter is supreme, nor can it very well be disputed that it is rather absurd than otherwise for one sex, sovereign as it is in the authority of citizenship, to undertake the settlement, on its own lines, of a question which must closely affect the other.

A paper read at the National Council of Women at Atlanta dwelt with emphasis upon this point. It cited the fact that statistics show that over sixty-eight per cent. of the divorces in this country during twenty years were initiated by wives who found their marriages unbearable; and it was insisted that to ignore women, either in the official study or legal settlement of the divorce question, must be regarded as unjust. With a view of quickening the interest of women in this question, and so affecting public opinion at large, a standing committee on divorce reform has been appointed by the National Council of Women. It will labor to secure the recognition of the equal rights of women and men in everything pertaining to divorce, and it will protest against hasty, wholesale, one-sided legislation in the pretended interests of reform. It proceeds upon the idea that "what the people need is fewer laws and fuller discussion concerning the real objects, duties, and responsibilities of marriage." The paper to which we have already referred concluded with the statement, which will scarcely be denied, that "the world is suffering from too much talk about the duties of motherhood, and quite too little about the duties of fatherhood. We need to hear, perhaps, not less about the moral purity of mothers, but certainly a great deal more on the moral purity requisite for fathers."

There is certainly a good deal of force in the insistence that in the formulation of laws as to this general subject

our Legislatures should avail themselves of the experience and suggestions of women who have either made a study of the subject, or who, out of their own conscious knowledge of the evils of ill-assorted marriages, may be able to contribute to a wise solution of the problem which can much longer be thrust aside.

## The Negro in South Carolina.

THE debates in the South Carolina Constitutional Convention over the proposition to disfranchise the blacks have been remarkable for the eloquence and ability displayed by representatives of the negro race. If the convention had not been altogether beyond the reach of argument, wholly incapable of being moved by the power of eloquence, some of these speeches would certainly have produced a profound impression. A notable fact about the utterances of these colored delegates is their absolute candor. They concede fully the nullity of many of the blacks for the intelligent exercise of the elective franchise, but they maintain, on the other hand, that this disability is no fault of their own, and that it attaches to many of the whites just as fully as it does to themselves. "The franchise was conferred upon the negro," said Mr. Whipper, one of the colored delegates, "he was not fit to exercise; but there were many white men in the same condition. We were just out of the bondage of slavery and ignorance. You have had culture, you have had schools and colleges all open to you. The doors of these have been closed to us. We concede your superiority; but it is little to boast of." The same speaker disclaimed any responsibility of the blacks for the misgovernment which brought so much ruin upon the State during the reconstruction period. We give a single extract:

"This convention, it is said, is called to prevent negro domination and white supremacy again. As a matter of fact, there was no negro rule in South Carolina. When was there ever a time when a negro Governor? We never had a majority of negro officers at any time in this State. Indeed, there were only four colored men who held any of the State offices, and that was for a single year only. There never was a county in this State controlled by colored officers. Not all of the important officers, clerk of the court, county assessors, throughout the whole State, with less than half a dozen negroes have been filled by white men. Does this look like negro rule? In the darkest hours of reconstruction, when the bad legislation of the fall of the Republican party, white men held the office, and we did the robberies, many of them Democrats of the deepest dye, we reaped the rewards for their purchase of negroes. These negroes were negro lobbyists parading the corridors of this house. They were not men, call them carpet-baggers, scalawags, rascals, what you will. They were white men, and are responsible for the bad legislation they put this way to the account of the negro."

This clear and concise statement very effectively exposes the absurdity of the Tillmanite pretense that South Carolina is, or ever has been, in danger of negro domination. But this exposure has not at all affected the result of the disfranchisement programme; that was assumed when the convention was determined upon. The Charleston *Post and Courier* states with apparent unconsciousness of the infamy of the declaration, just what that result will be, in these words: "We shall continue to count the colored inhabitants in two ways. First, we shall count them as forming the basis of representation in Congress, and second, we shall count them out as effective voting power at the polls by such technically legal means as will not bring us in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States."

## "The Unspeakable Turk."



IT is impossible to believe that the Christian Powers of Europe will much longer tolerate the savage and bloodthirsty policy of Turkey in dealing with the Armenians. The brutal atrocities to which this unfortunate people have been subjected in Constantinople, Trebizond, and in Armenia itself, are without parallel in modern history. In Constantinople some hundreds of them were killed for

no other crime than that of organizing a procession to visit the Porte with an appeal for needed reforms. During the reign of terror instigated by the Sultans, "all Armenians accessible were clubbed to death by the police, the very go-stokers killing twenty-one of their Armenian comrades, the bodies were rapidly conveyed to the shore in government carts, and after some four hundred had been killed, such Armenians as were unable to barricade themselves behind the churches and the Patriarchate for protection. Some of the police of opinion that they were released from law that eight wounded and arrested Armenians, actually lying powerless in the Prefecture, were stabbed to death, the crime being witnessed by a dragoman of the Italian Embassy." At Trebizond and the adjoining villages nine hundred Armenians were massacred by the Turkish troops, and their houses burned. At Balikent one hundred and fifty Armenians were killed by a Mussulman mob, who burned several of the victims at the stake, and subjected many women to the most horrible indignities; while from Erzingen, Ismid, Bitlis, and other points in Asiatic Turkey, reports are received of butcheries equally cruel and unprovoked.

How much longer can this state of affairs continue without intervention from without? In the nature of the case



the Armenians cannot hope to emancipate themselves, by any effort of their own, from the savage despotism which slays and tortures them at discretion. Uprisings will, indeed, now and then occur, and a revolutionary propaganda will be preached here and there, as is now being done in some localities of the Sultan's Asiatic domain, but these will all be in vain unless backed by some one or more of the Powers. Will they come to the relief of the ravaged people? Will they be content to accept the Sultan's promise to place all Armenians or Christians in Armenia under the guardianship of a commission appointed by them, and to introduce reforms in the administration of the country? Like promises have been made before and have been deliberately violated. It is not to be credited that the Powers will consent to be trifled with forever. The truth is that the Ottoman empire is through and through barbarian, and it must be controlled by force in the interests of civilization. Europe, as the *London Spectator* points out, cannot stop with a declaration of "the right of civilization to control barbarism"; it must go a step further and see that its will is obeyed. Such a policy might embrace all Europe, but it would make a final end of the Turk. For, even should the effort at control of Turkey on the part of the Powers fail, because of jealousies and diversity of interests, the partition of the empire would follow sooner or later. The *Spectator* voices the unalloyed sentiment of the English people when it says on this point: "The one thing now left to be done is to warn the Sultan emphatically that the slaughter of Christians must be stopped by his soldiers, or that his empire will be thrown into the crucible of another Conference of Berlin, this time for the partition of the Ottoman dominions, and to carry out that warning inflexibly, and at once." How will Lord Salisbury meet the responsibility which events have thrust upon him in this connection? Will the fear of Russia and its prestige in the East, or concern for the rights of humanity, prove the controlling motive in the determination of his policy?

## • MEN AND THINGS •

— The passage over by year and day by day —

THE mystery that hangs on the lips of Leonardo's Mona Lisa has baffled the curiosity of all the great Florentine's admirers since the time when he himself brought it as a gift to Francis, Premier. Inscrutably it "smiles and smiles again," full of meaning to satisfy the momentary mood of any questioner. If he be gay, it is the smile of gladness; if sad, it tells of tears; and again it is the leer of morbid mockery, but always fascinating, irresistible. Mona Lisa was the wife of Senor Francesco del Giocondo, a wealthy merchant of Florence, whose senile vanity led him to seek immortality vicariously, through the beauty of his young wife. He persuaded Leonardo, whose fame had spread throughout Italy, to paint her portrait. Before its completion the sittings were interrupted and the picture rejected. This much we have from Vasari, and from Leonardo's letters. The cause was never known. Leonardo journeyed to France, died there, and to-day Mona Lisa, imperturbable and sphinx-like, holds court to the world in the Louvre. Some super-subtle Frenchman, scenting romance from afar, and under the potent spell of that puzzling smile, has unearthed from old manuscripts and correspondence enough evidence to warrant the weaving of as romantic a tale as any of Boccaccio's. It can be found in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, and is worth reading.

At the autumn reunion of the members of the Grolier Club, not long ago, there was an interesting surprise in store for most of them in the complete transformation of the stiff little colonial grill room into a Dutch "Tappery." Rough hewn rafters, grained and seasoned as if with smoke of decades, sanded floors, high backed settees running close against the walls about the room, high little dormered windows with knobbled glass, the Dutchest of Dutch ovens, a time-worn cask on end (and on top), ancient, dusty deal-joins, a wine-pump and lantern, old clock, bird cage and blunderbuss, rows of gleaming church wardens and other rows of bluest "old India," with here and there a gleam of old pewter and brass, astonished the eyes of the bookworms as they raised the latch of the door and pushed into the room, dim with the light of tallow dips. Peter Stuyvesant himself might have been discovered there, quietly taking his schnapps with a group of friendly burgomasters, and no sense of incongruity would have intruded. A whiff or two from the gritting clay between one's teeth completed the feeling of detachment, New York faded away and became some unreal, Utopian dream. Nieu Amsterdam was the place, and the ugly, black-coated figures, with gleaming shirt fronts, but fantastic anomalies. It is needless to say that the punch that evening was a rare brew and powerful.

I have but just finished reading "An Imaginative Man," by Mr. R. S. Hichens, the clever young Englishman who nurtured and gave to the world "A Green Carnation" last year. It is a glimpse at the mental processes of one of those products of modernity—extremely common now—who have

exhausted the mysteries of life at thirty-five, and to whom the problem of living out the balance of their lives presents enormous and appalling difficulties, principally of exertion and ennui. Fortunately this particular young man goes to Egypt and runs up against the Sphinx just at a time when he has made the discovery that his wife's soul is bare to him, and that thus the mystery which he had hoped to spend the remainder of his life in solving was like everything else—flat, stale, and unprofitable. The Sphinx saves him, though, from utter boredom, and makes existence at least bearable for him. There are other persons in the story, but they are queer, too, and only the poor, commonplace little wife escapes the tremendous analytical and psychological method of the author. The book is interesting, clever, and in parts brilliant. Chapter XIV., telling of the night expedition through the lees of Cairo, is stunning in its color, and vivid, horrible realism. Mr. Hichens is an imaginative man himself, and his work raises expectations.

LOUIS EVAN SUTHERMAN.

### A District of Landed Estates.

Even since colonial times New York's richest men have been ambitious to own large landed estates on the shores of the Hudson, and of late years this disposition has been particularly marked.

Every available acre within view of the river, from the northern boundary line of the city to Sing Sing, has been purchased by the money kings; and so it has come to pass that in a comparatively compact district—extending twenty miles north and south by two miles east and west—fortunes aggregating between five hundred and six hundred million dollars are represented.

A large proportion of this vast sum is held by a few individuals. Four great millionaires, who are identified with the Standard Oil Company, own estates at Tarrytown. They are John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, and R. E. Hopkins, whose combined fortunes amount to \$175,000,000. The heirs of Jay Gould are represented by "Lynclhurst," the family country-seat, and own property valued at \$80,000,000. "Charlton Hall," the country-seat of Mrs. David Dows, stands for a fortune of \$25,000,000, and "Glenview," the summer home of Mrs. John B. Trevor, for a fortune of \$20,000,000. Other great millionaires owning estates in the district are A. L. Barber, who is worth \$20,000,000; Charles L. Tiffany, \$15,000,000; John T. Terry, \$15,000,000; James B. Colgate, \$10,000,000; William H. Webb, \$10,000,000; Mr. and Mrs. William F. Cochrane, \$10,000,000; and Warren B. Smith, \$10,000,000.

These fortunes represent a total of four hundred million dollars. Add to this the fortunes of such millionaires as H. Walter Webb, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Walston H. Brown, J. H. Whitehouse, General Samuel Thomas, J. Jennings McComb, F. O. Matthiessen, Heber R. Bishop, William M. Kingsland, Isaac Stern, Louis Stern, Mrs. Ellen J. Barker, and perhaps a dozen others, who own estates in the district, and a sum total considerably exceeding five hundred million dollars is reached.



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER'S MANSION.

The vast acquisitions of real estate in this locality by the great millionaires have led many to believe that with the concentration of wealth in a few hands which has characterized the history of the past thirty years there has arisen a disposition on the part of the rich to absorb land for the purpose of founding family estates to be handed down to future generations. But this view is scarcely tenable.

It should be remembered that the conditions governing land-holdings in this country are radically different from those that prevail in England. English land-holdings are generally productive; there is a considerable tenantry on every estate that brings in an annual revenue sufficient to maintain the property. In America land-

holdings are generally unproductive. To maintain them requires an enormous annual outlay. They are to be considered, therefore, as luxuries that can be safely enjoyed only by persons of vast wealth during their life-time.

JOHN P. RITTER.

### Ex-Senator Ingalls of Kansas.

IN a conversation which I had recently with Senator Gray of Delaware, he said that he hoped John James Ingalls of Kansas would succeed in his ambition to return to the



HONORABLE J. J. INGALLS.

Senate. Nothing could furnish better evidence of the personal regard in which Mr. Ingalls is held among public men who know him; for Mr. Ingalls is a bitter Republican partisan, and Mr. Gray is known widely as the defender of the Senate floor of the present Democratic administration. Those public men who know Mr. Ingalls personally, like him.

Nowhere has the famous Kansan warmer admirers than in his own household; and not all public men are heroes to their wives and children. To some one who had known Mr. Ingalls only in public life, Mrs. Ingalls said, enthusiastically, in my hearing: "Oh, but you should know him in his home. He is so different there." Evidently Mrs. Ingalls believed that the world judged her husband by the bitterness of his public speeches.

Two of Mr. Ingalls' marked personal characteristics are his love of study and his faith in pedestrianism as an exercise. When he lived in Washington his gaunt, conspicuous figure was familiar to all who walked on Pennsylvania Avenue. His thin face and silver hair were no less singular than the long ulster and the high hat which he wore. He walked with a leisurely, steady stride, stopping at intervals to study the contents of a show-window. When

not walking or attending to public business, the Kansan Senator used to spend hours in his library, reading. He was a connoisseur for books, and his reading taste was more largely for ancient than for modern literature. He has been a close student of our own political history, and he is familiar with the writings of most of the men who have taken a conspicuous part in it. He is a phrase-maker even in private conversation, and he seems to find keen enjoyment in the coining of a witticism at whose society expense. But he is never malicious, and half the bitter things he utters are said for the pleasure of saying them. Mr. Ingalls will find a host of friends and few enemies to greet him if he returns to Washington March 4th, 1897.

GEORGE GRANHAM BATES.





### THE MARLBOROUGH-VANDERBILT WEDDING.

THE WEDDING PARTY LEAVING ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, AFTER THE CEREMONY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH.  
DRAWN BY D. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 318.]





"Marie was at work on a miniature of Robespierre when Jaffray arrived."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK. A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXV.

LAROCHE SURPRISES HIS DAUGHTER AND JAFFRAY  
ELLIOTT.



"ES," said Marie Bruyset, "I went to the château yesterday. Monsieur Laroche's name and this little pass (showing a slip of official-looking paper) work miracles. I traveled in a military wagon. The barrier gate is rebuilt, but the barriers are guarded with much ceremony. Oh, yes, they are open; but for ordinary persons it is not easy to come and go. A patrol of the National Guard was bringing in some prisoners. It is a terrible business."

"It is, indeed," said Jaffray, his eyes intent on Marie's pale face.

"One of the guards—he is sentinal at the first entrance to the grounds—is a good man. He is the friend of Monsieur Joseph. I told you of him once before!"

"Yes," said Jaffray.

"I talked to him long in the shadow of the great pillar by

the gates with the tall coat-of-arms on the top. He had seen Joseph only the day before. The count and mademoiselle have fled. They were at St. Germain. Monsieur de la Galetierre is taken."

"Yes, I know. He is in the Conciergerie."

"He had only been married six months, his wife young and beautiful. She is with the family of Monsieur Bertin."

Marie had been at work on a miniature of Robespierre when Jaffray arrived. She was conscious of a certain mysterious surveillance. During her absence, on two occasions, she had observed that one or two of her papers and portraits had been misplaced, and there was the peculiar odor of tobacco or snuff in the atmosphere of her room. She was becoming careful and diplomatic; had set little traps for her visitor, supposing her suspicions were correct. Lately she had laid in a sketch or two of notable Revolutionists, and she was working upon a likeness of Robespierre with something like feeling, for the physiognomical characteristics of the intellectual wire-puller of the Revolution had fascinated her artistic appreciation.

The half-finished portrait lay upon her knee as she sat by the

side of her painting-table, her feet upon a hassock, her eyes now and then turned toward Jaffray, who, with his face in his hands, was leaning with his elbows upon the table, watching every movement of the girl, her whole attitude an unconscious appeal to his admiration.

He was better dressed than heretofore: a brooch in his neckerchief, a richly embroidered vest, and a brown short-bellied coat with long skirts and wide blue lapels; his brown hair cut short and square across his forehead. His face was boyish as ever, but thinner; his cheeks inclined to hollowness, his gray eyes less bright than when Marie first made his acquaintance, but his manner more self-contained, his lips more firmly compressed; and he looked less like a foreigner, though his complexion was still fair—a marked contrast to Marie's.

"Monsieur Bertin is in hiding, and (here she turned to Jaffray and spoke almost in a whisper) Laroche is on the track of the count; and (in a lower whisper) Monsieur Joseph believes the count and mademoiselle are married. But that is his secret."

"Then they are happy," said Jaffray.



"Fugitives from death and happy!" said Marie.

"Yes," said Jaffray. "Why shall we not go and do likewise?"

"You never take things seriously," said the girl.

"I take my love for you seriously, Marie," said Jaffray, still gazing at her without moving.

"You will only talk about me when I want you to give your thoughts to persons of importance."

"You don't love me," said Jaffray, still without moving, but with his eyes steadily fixed upon her face.

"Yes, I do, dear," she said, stretching her left hand, which was nearest him, across the table. He did not notice the action, but went on looking at her, though he smiled and a heightened color came into his cheeks.

"Do you, really?" he said. "But only a little, eh? Just enough to swear by?"

"You have stolen from your duties in the very middle of the day, and at I know not what risks, to hear what I did at the château, and you do nothing but stare at me and say you love me. Jaffray, Jaffray! do you call this devotion to your friends who are in peril of their lives?"

She rose as she spoke, and, placing the miniature of Robespierre upon the table, looked down upon Jaffray, who only lifted his face a little higher to follow her eyes.

"They are married," said Jaffray, "and I envy him his peril."

"And what of her?"

"She loves him."

"And so that we were married, you would not mind the prison and the headsman to follow?"

"Not for myself," said Jaffray. "But for you, Marie, I would die a thousand deaths—or never see you again, if it were to spare you a moment's pain. Believe me!"

"I do believe you," she said, as he rose and took her into his arms, "my dear Jaffray."

"But don't you want to know any more about the château?" she said, presently.

They were now sitting side by side near the stove, for the day was chilly.

"Why, yes, of course, dear," said Jaffray. "Forgive my selfishness, if you can."

"I can forgive you anything," said the girl, laying her head upon his shoulder.

"In Spring Valley," said Jaffray, once more lapsing into his dreamy mood, "there was a white stream of water, and in the fall of the year the valley was red and golden with autumn leaves, rich as any of the colors on your palette—and such flowers! At noon, in the morning, and at night, everything was so still that it seemed as if the leaves whispered to each other, and the river crept along silently. Oh, such a place for love! I never thought so then, but I was a child. I often see it now, and with you and I, Marie, sitting at a cottage door."

Marie listened to him wonderingly, and found herself trying to realize the picture.

For a time he talked thus reminiscently; then suddenly rising to his feet and brushing his hair from his forehead, and with a smile that sunned his whole face, he said: "Ah, Marie, what am I talking about? Dreaming in the daytime! Always dreaming. But if one did not dream one could only go mad. Don't you dream, Marie?"

"Yes, dear; sometimes."

"My God! if I did not, Marie, I should go out and straightway shoot myself. You are my salvation. I went yesterday to the Conciergerie to see some prisoners and report to Monsieur Grébaud. Cherry Valley, with its dead and dying and its Indian scalpers, was summer weather to the hellish dens and dungeons, the cursing and laughing crowd, the filth, the stench; the women who are ladies insulted, and the women who are dissolute caroused; the everlasting tumbrels gathering their victims for the guillotine, so lately started, so bloody, Marie, so grim—continually fed like a machine. My God! it is awful! You rebuke me well, that I could dare to talk of love and dream of happiness."

He covered his face with his hands and paced the room, Marie following him with soothing words, until once more they sat down to talk, and she took up the thread of her news from the château.

The duchess did nothing but weep. She called me her sister—was so humble it made me sad to see her; called herself citoyenne—would not hear of my addressing her even as madame. She says she is only a citoyenne of Paris, wears the Revolutionary colors, and has actually changed the furniture of her boudoir. The chairs and mirrors and ornaments of the Louis time are gone, and she is dressed more like a sansculotte than a duchess. Grébaud goes to see her. The house is in charge of the National Guard and a commissary of police. Madame la Duchesse desires the return of her daughter. She denounces the court; hopes she and the court will be taken, for all their sakes. Grébaud will marry mademoiselle, and give the court leave to emigrate. Madame la Duchesse

says this is the only solution of their troubles. I think she is desecrated."

"Poor soul! There are women in the Conciergerie who defy death, and accept every degradation with dignity. There are others who go crazy, and men who laugh and men who cry. Madame de Louvet has heard of the horrors that are going on."

Presently he took up Marie's picture and held it up before her with a critical eye.

"He is a lynx, this Robespierre. Cold, hard, refined—a mouth that might be benevolent if it were not cynical; a ferreting nose that searches, hunts, pries—it is more investigating than his watchful eyes; black, lank hair; his dyspeptic complexion becomes his polished devilry. You have caught the fiendish spirit of his soul, Marie; you feel all the time that you are painting a devil, do you not?"

"Hush, hush!" said Marie, clapping her soft hands over his mouth.

He promptly kissed them, as he said, "But why hush? Simon is under the Vendôme pillar, or was; and Laroche—"

That gentleman walked in on the word, as he might have done in a drama of surprises.

## XXVI.

LAROCHE'S DAUGHTER SURPRISES LAROCHE.

"SCARED you, eh?" said Laroche, in his sharp, sententious way.

Jaffray and Marie had been unable to conceal their surprise.

"It's an unfortunate way of mine," continued Laroche, taking Marie's face between his two large hands and kissing her on both cheeks.

"You are welcome," said Marie. "We are not scared—only surprised."

"Good-day, Monsieur Laroche," said Jaffray.

"Good-day to you, Citizen Elliott," said Laroche, looking him mischievously in the face from beneath his bushy eyebrows. "You are a frequent visitor here?"

"Yes, Citizen Laroche," Jaffray replied, defiantly, having recovered his self-possession.

"Don't find much to occupy you in the chambers of Monsieur le Député et Juge de la paix?"

"Plenty, Citizen Laroche," said Jaffray.

"I hoped to have found you at your post this morning. A report I had to make to monsieur the citizen Grébaud would have interested you," said Laroche.

"You found monsieur absent?"

"Yes," said Laroche; "but my report will keep. Meanwhile it goes to the police department of the Commune."

Laroche, in riding-boots, a whip in his hand, mud-stained breeches, and a cloak over his tight-fitting coat with its flaring lapels, stood in the middle of the room, first turning to one and then to the other.

"Have you seen Madame Laroche, my step-mother, since your return?" Marie asked.

"I came straight here," said Laroche. "Do you take an interest in Madame Laroche?"

"Is it not my duty?" asked Marie.

"How long is it since that made any difference?" he asked, with a snap of his thin lips.

"My friend, the citizen Elliott, has frequently accepted madame my stepmother's hospitality."

"And found her most agreeable and kindly," said Jaffray, taking up the cue that Marie gave him.

"Convenient to the room of mademoiselle, my daughter?" said Laroche. "You know she was my daughter?"

"I have always known it, Citizen Laroche."

"Did you know that she occupied herself in betraying the secrets of the national police to the enemies of France?"

"Father!" exclaimed Marie.

"No, monsieur, I did not. But I would lay my life on it, whatever she has done has been rightly done."

"You would?" said Laroche. "You may be put to the test."

"Father!" said Marie. "What do you mean?"

"You were at the Château Louvet yesterday?"

"Well, and why not?"

"You are the bearer of a message from the duke. Your conversation was overheard. It was a message to the Royalists of Paris."

"A message?" said Marie, scornfully. "Remember me to my friends; tell them I am a prisoner, but say the king will come to his own again when the sansculottes return to their gutter—a mere figure of speech. You cannot cut a remark of that kind a message?"

"It has been reported as an act of treason," said Laroche.

"On mademoiselle's part?" asked Jaffray, quickly.

"Yes," said Laroche.

"But, father," said Marie, "I could not help it that the words were spoken."

"You could help hearing them," said Laroche, before she had finished her answer.

"How?"

"By remaining at home."

"I had business at the château."

"What business?"

"Oh, well, if you speak in that way," Marie answered, her eyes flashing. "I went to see the persecuted people and comfort them; to inquire after the count and mademoiselle, to express my sympathy, to hope they may defeat the wolves who howl for their blood. There, Monsieur Laroche, detective of the Revolutionary police, that is why I went to the Château de Louvet. Make the most of it!"

The customary *song froid* of Laroche gave way before this outbreak. Jaffray, too, stood aghast at Marie's passionate confession. Marie was white to the lips. As she uttered her closing challenge—"Make the most of it"—she flung out her right arm contemptuously, as if morally striking Laroche in the face.

The officer of the secret police, after a pause, smiled in a grim, melancholy way, as he remarked: "That is how men and women manœuvre for the knife in the *Place de la Grève*." "Monsieur," said Jaffray, stepping forward and laying his hand upon Laroche's shoulder, "you forget that you are speaking to your daughter."

"She forgets that she is speaking to her father," said Laroche.

"No; she remembers," said Marie. "Is one's heart to wither and one's blood to become as water, because one's father is a sleuth-hound of the police, a dog, a coward, who has a heart but gives it away, a soul but lets others play with it, a love for his child that he consents to stifle and make naught of; because he is the creature of Robespierre, the ferret of Grébaud, the bogie of poor folk who happen to think their souls are their own and dare to say so? I would rather be the dirtiest sansculotte that dabbled hands in the blood of the martyred Swiss than such a thing, for other men to use and palter with?"

"My God, Marie!" exclaimed Jaffray; "desist. Oh, be still! You wrong your own heart in saying these things."

"Nay, Jaffray, do not touch me; it is time I spoke. I have been silent too long."

Laroche still stood in the centre of the room, without moving a muscle, except now and then for a nervous twitching of his mouth.

"It is because I know him," she went on, pausing to confront her father, but still speaking to Jaffray; "it is because I know that God gave him a good heart, it is because I know that he loves me, that he has a capacity for kindness, that his austerity is mostly put on, that he tears his heart in what he conceives to be sacrifices to duty which are sacrifices of his better nature; because I know that they flatter him at the Palais de Justice—the fiends who cut threats in the name of liberty and kill the church's priesthood to a murderous litany, with filthy rites and with wanton for priestesses."

"Marie, forbear!" said Jaffray, shocked to witness the passion and hear the wild words of the woman he loved.

"That is all I have to say, father," she said, flinging her arms down by her side, her voice gradually becoming tender. "Those are all the bitter words I can think of to let you know how I feel about the work you are doing. And now, call in your spies and have me taken away. But know that I shall die believing in the goodness of your heart this many a year, the sincerity of your remorse for the life you led my mother, and the truth of the love that lies deep in your breast for your most unhappy daughter."

Thereupon she rocked to and fro as though she would fall, and Laroche opening his arms, she fell into them, white as her linen cross-over.

"I am all you say," came from the trembling lips of Laroche, one by one, like drops of agony; "all, but not for myself—for France."

Then, suddenly looking down into her white face, he exclaimed: "Help, monsieur! Marie, what is it?"

"She has only fainted, I hope," said Jaffray.

"Let us carry her to her bed."

"I have seen women faint—and men," said Laroche, catching at his breath as one in pain; "but this is death."

"Nay, don't be alarmed," said Jaffray. "Let me draw the curtains and open the window; and here is water—permit me."

Jaffray sprinkled water in Marie's face and raised her to a sitting position, so that the wind from the window might reach her.

"Perhaps it were well that you called Madame Laroche," said Jaffray.

"I will not leave her," said Laroche.

He bathed her lips and kissed them; and presently his tears fell heavily upon her face. He had not wept so long as he could remember.

"My darling, my child!—my cruel child! My child—judge who condemns me, who calls me wolf and coward—Marie, Dieu! what shall I do if she is dead?"

The wind sighed in at the window, and the curtain flapped against his face. He started as if the hand of death had touched him.

"Have mercy, Jesus!" he said. "Mother of God, forgive me! Marie, it is true I love you. But oh, why will you run into danger!"

"Why will you risk your life for your country's enemies? You know better, I know that, Marie! My own Marie! Mon Dieu! she moves. Thank heaven, she is not dead!"

Then, with a sickening feeling, he turned aside to ask himself, "What will she say when she knows what I have done this day?"

Madame and Jaffray, who had gone to fetch her, entered the room.

"She lives," said Laroche.

"Marie!" said Jaffray, as she opened her eyes.

"My dear," said madame, a thick-lipped, round-faced, genial French good-wife, "my dear, let me lift you to a chair. Now, a little *eau-de-vie*," producing a small phial and pouring a little into a glass of water and administering it with a gentle, if fat, square hand.

Marie sipped the liqueur, and looked around her with a vaguely inquiring expression in her eyes.

"You have been sick," said madame; "your father came upon you suddenly. He shouldn't, but he don't mean no harm; I know him. What has he been saying to you, my dear?"

"Nothing," said Marie, in a very low voice. "It is I who have been talking."

"Thank God, she is speaking!" said Laroche to himself. "But what will she say when she knows it all? I think I will go."

"You forgive me?" said Marie, looking at him.

"Yes," said Laroche; "it's the last time."

"The last time I will ever upbraid you? Yes, the very last."

"Whatever I do—or have done?"

"Yes," said Marie, "but—"

"No buts," said Laroche. "And this young man, does he desire to wed you?"

"I have asked her to permit me to speak to you upon the subject," said Jaffray.

"Not now; oh, not now," said Marie. "You did not know me then. Au revoir, Jaffray. I have a temper; it makes me mad, but come again to-morrow."

"As you wish, dear," said Jaffray, kissing her hand. "Bon jour, monsieur; bon jour, madame."

"Pardon, Citizen Elliott," said Laroche; "if Marie permits, I will meet you here to-morrow at this time. Shall it be so?"

"Yes, father," said Marie.

Jaffray bowed, and once more proceeded to take his leave.

## XXVII.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

"I WILL accompany you, citizen, my young friend," said Laroche. "I think we are walking the same way."

"To the Palais de Justice?"

"Yes," said Laroche, who saluted his wife and Marie, and followed Jaffray along the passage and down the staircase which Jaffray, on their first acquaintance, had traversed at a break-neck rate, that had not, however, saved him from the clutches of Simon the printer, now Simon no more, rival or Revolutionary, but a lump of clay bundled into a pit with many other lumps of useless flesh—sacrifices to a new tyranny that had risen up against an older despotism.

"Citizen," said Laroche, "friend I may call you, since you desire to become my son-in-law, do you think I have deserved my daughter's hard words?"

"She did not mean a ill she said."

"Do you think I deserved half she said?"

"Why, yes, I do; since you insist."

"Half?"

"I said half, Citizen Laroche; but I am sorry to condemn you."

"You condemn me?"

"I do."

"You are a foreigner; you don't know what it is to love France."

"I know what it is for men to make love of France an excuse for hatred of humanity."

"Duty is above all things," said Laroche, with compressed lips and his old sternness of manner.

"What is duty? To murder a man because he is not of your opinion?" said Jaffray, his frank face flushed as he turned upon the police official.

"If he is wrong and endangers the nation's safety it is not murder, Monsieur l'Anglais; it is justice."

"Very well," said Jaffray; "have it so. We shall never agree about that, Citizen Laroche, premier agent of the Revolutionary police."

"Have a care," said Laroche, suddenly laying his hand upon the young fellow's arm.

"And you think I deserved her hard words?"

"I have said what I think."

"Do you think I love her?"

"Yes; so far as you are capable of loving anything."

"You despise me," said Laroche, suddenly.

"Beware! A wild beast loves its offspring, but—"

"It's a wild beast all the same, eh?" said Jaffray, with a recklessness that was not altogether well-judged.



They were now within the grim shadow of the Palais de Justice. Laroche drew him aside, in a niche of the Pont Neuf, close by the broken statue of Henri IV.

"Have you heard my daughter speak of one Mathilde Louvet, the daughter of Citoyenne Louvet, *ci-devant* duchess? You don't answer. You think I want information. I will tell you more than you know; and all you know, I know. I love my daughter like a wild beast, you say—"

"I did not say that, monsieur," replied Jaffray.

"No matter; it amounted to that. Judge, then, how much I sacrifice to duty and to France. Yesterday I lodged at the Abbaye, the Citoyenne Mathilde Louvet, *ci-devant* Countess Fournier."

"What?" exclaimed Jaffray, starting back.

"They had been married two days before I arrested her and her husband."

"Fiend!" said Jaffray.

"Your friend, the *ci-devant* count, Citizen Fournier, is in charge of the concierge of the Palais de Justice."

Jaffray turned his face helplessly toward the grim towers of the great prison.

"Country first," said Laroche, his face lighting up with a glow of pride that almost made it handsome spite of his fanaticism; "wife and child, love and home next. It was so in the great days of ancient Rome; France to-day is rivaling ancient Rome."

"In her worst days," said Jaffray, sick at heart, as he kept his eyes fixed upon the stony face of the Concierge, that night will have had Dante's inscription at the gates of the Inferno written in letters of blood across its grim entrance.

"Au revoir, Citizen Elliott," said Laroche, still with something of the ecstasy of a hot fanaticism in the expression of his otherwise hard face. "We meet to-morrow; you will make my peace with Marie; your reward shall be my consent to her betrothal."

With no more words Laroche drew his cape about him, brushed the dust from his boots with the hush of his riding-whip, and with a firm and resolute gait walked toward the Palais de Justice.

Jaffray stood watching him with mingled feelings of indignation, sorrow, and amazement. His way to the Grimaldi bureau was by a street that passed round the back of the prison. He did not move until he had seen Laroche enter the gates leading to the Conciergerie, the sentinels on duty making way for him, and the crowd cheering him as his name was circulated among them—"the famous Laroche, of the Secret Police."

"Alas, poor de Fournier! unhappy countess!" said Jaffray, walking to his duties with bent head and tearful eyes. "It will break Marie's heart. I must see the count."

The thought of being able to render his secret friend some service quickened his footsteps.

(To be continued.)

## The American Consul in Paris.

SOME years ago it fell to my lot to witness a performance of "Mardi the Hunter" at Niblo's Garden Theatre in New York. It was one of those lurid melodramas so full of fascination to the gallery gaud, in which the killing of villains alternates with the eloquence of heroines and virtue finally stalks out triumphant amid the frantic applause of the saps in the background at a quarter of eight. The hero of the play was Frank Frayne, who took the part of *Mardi* and brought down the house on divers occasions by cleaving potatoes and sundry other vegetables placed on the head of a fair young girl, with a ball from his trusty Winchester. Even this feat, however, was put in the shade by his outbreak of intense Americanism in the presence of the Czar Alexander at the Winter Palace.

The Czar was a tall and florid actor with a distinctly Irish accent, who paced the stage with much assumption of dignity and usually addressed his courtiers as shave, dog, or varlet. *Mardi's* appearance excited his fiercest passion, for *Mardi* had come to demand the release of an imprisoned fellow-countryman pluming away in the dungeons of the Peter and Paul fortress. The Czar orders his interlocutor to depart, and even threatens to increase the severities of the prisoner's regimen. It is then that *Mardi* rises in his might, heaves his breast, and in an eloquent outburst warns the tyrant that if he "touch but one hair of the unfortunate man's head he (*Mardi*) will forthwith inform the American consul!" These words electrify the audience, and the house trembles with the violence of the applause. The effect on the Czar is still more pronounced, although in a different way. The ruthless potentate has been brought to his senses, his knees knock together with fear, and in quaking tones he begs *Mardi* to desist. Nay, impelled by a sense of the terrible conse-

quences that must ensue should America's representative be negotiated with the situation, he orders the immediate release of the pining prisoner, and the curtain goes down to the tune of "The Star-spangled Banner."

I have since visited many American consulates without finding anything to corroborate the exalted idea of a consul's power and dignity as elaborated by the author of "Mardi," and I was beginning to imagine that the latter held the exclusive monopoly to the same. A stay in Paris, however, involving occasional calls at our consulate on the Avenue de l'Opera satisfied me that he is, after all, not the only one to imagine a consul to be a sort of omnipotent being, capable of achieving most any result under the sun, providing, of course, the rights, liberties, or comforts of an American citizen are involved.

At the time of my visit, our consul in Paris was General Adam E. King, who was ably seconded by Vice-Consul Robert M. Hooper, an incumbent of the office for twenty years, and husband of the well-known writer, Lucy M. Hooper, since deceased. Both gentlemen are pictured in my illustration. In addition to attending to the legitimate duties of the office, they were constantly called upon to intervene in matters which concern them as little as the piercing of the Isthmus of Panama, and often of no importance whatever. On my very first visit I found an excited female in the consul-general's room, whom no argument could convince that it lay beyond that official's power to arrest and imprison her boarding-house keeper for retaining her trunk in conse-

quence to half the stories in town before he could get away!"

As the consul remained obdurate the lady decided to give up the fight as a bad job, but as a parting shot declared she would report the matter at Washington. The consul heaved a sigh of relief when the door slammed behind her, and turning to me, remarked: "You must not think this is an isolated case. During the summer months, when the tide of American travel sets in toward Paris, we are kept busy explaining to people that the American consul's duties consist mainly in executing deeds, wills, and other legal papers, and not in brow-beating hotel keepers, railway companies, and other concerns with whom our tourists may engage in disputes. Some of these people have lost their luggage and imagine that we will spend all our time and money hunting it up. Others again think we have a fund for the benefit of imperious Americans desirous of negotiating temporary loans, and feel highly aggrieved when they discover the contrary to be the case. Again, if a young blood from over the water finds himself a night lodger in the *chambre*, or lock-up, as the result of a noisy delirium, he is surprised to discover that his case must follow the usual course in the courts, and that a word from the consul will not throw open the doors of his cell."

However, it must not be concluded from the preceding remarks that a consulship is exactly a sinecure. While the American consul can neither make the Czar tremble, nor rule the French republic with an iron hand, he is a



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE, PARIS.

quence of a misunderstanding as to the price of her board. The lady had taken a room in a *pension*, and being dissatisfied with the French table had ordered extras in the shape of oatmeal and pie for breakfast, and *coffe au lait* at dinner, served simultaneously with the soup. When the day of reckoning arrived she found these little extras on the bill, and refused to pay for them, arguing that they should be included in the price of her board. The keeper of the *pension*, however, insisted on payment, and threatened to retain the trunk as security for same.

The woman was herself to blame, since ordinary knowledge of French usage would have prevented any misunderstanding, but she was very much put out by the consul's refusal to interfere in the matter. "What in heaven's name are you here for?" she remarked, finally, losing patience. "Doesn't our government pay you an enormous salary to protect us from the exactions of these cormorants?"

"Not at all," remarked the consul, calmly. "We have as little to do with such matters as the man in the moon."

"That is not so," replied the lady, sharply; "if you were half a man you would come with me and make that boarding-house keeper give up my trunk, or else see that he is sent to jail. The idea that he should charge me extra for my oatmeal under pretext that he had to send

very important official in his way. In London, if anything, he is overworked, but there he does not mind it in the least, for his fees aggregate fifty thousand dollars a year. The Paris consulship is worth far less. The consul's busy season in the French capital begins at the end of winter and summer, when the invoices for the spring and fall trade make their appearance. Then, for a few weeks, the offices are overrun with shippers and merchants' clerks.

In addition to this, another source of income is found in the consul's frequent appointment as commissioner by the American courts to take testimony in matters involving litigation in this country, especially in divorce cases. Thus at the time of my stay in Paris the consul was looking forward to being called upon to act as commissioner in the celebrated Deacon suit, which subsequently came to an abrupt ending by a decree of the French courts. The business of the Paris consulate is increasing year by year, the number of American summer visitors to the French capital having already attained the significant figure of fifty thousand, and what with our constantly improving methods of communication between the Old World and the New, the near future will probably see a veritable annual Yankee migration on a stupendous scale to the fair city on the banks of the Seine.

V. GRUBAYKOFF.

## People Talked About.

THE popular estimate of Hetty Green's fortune ranges from twenty million to one hundred million dollars, and probably the former figures are not far from the truth. Almost everything she has touched has turned into cash, but probably she has never made a luckier investment than when, in 1877, she foreclosed a mortgage for one hundred thousand dollars on some Chicago real estate. This property is now worth three million dollars at a conservative valuation. Nearly all the current stories of Mrs. Green's exceeding thrift have some basis of truth, though many are exaggerated. She once said, though, to a Brooklyn lady while passing Delmonico's: "Well, I've got my lunch in my pocket; where are you going to get yours?"

Now that her honeymoon has reached its fullness, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin-Riggs has come to New York and taken up her residence on one of the still eminently respectable streets that lead off of lower Fifth Avenue. Next to Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Riggs is probably the most popular woman in Maine, which was her early home. She still retains a quaint old-fashioned house in one of the country villages there, and continues to spend a part of the summer in it. While in New York she is busy with her duties in the Kindergarten Association, of which she is vice-president, and whenever she appears on the platform for a reading from her books it is before a most enthusiastic audience.

As a part of the current discussion about college men in literature, it is well to consider the achievements of Owen Wister, Charles F. Lummis, and Theodore Roosevelt, who are graduates of Harvard of the years 1882, 1881, and 1880 respectively, and who are all about thirty-five years old. Mr. Wister bids fair to become eminent through his tales of Western and Southwestern life. Mr. Lummis has done well on the outskirts of the same territory, and Mr. Roosevelt might have become a good historian if politics had not diverted his attention from literature. In an era of fewer printing-presses and less literary aspiration their work would have attracted much more attention than it has.

Every year that passes seems to add juvenility to Dr. Edward Eggleston, who looks younger now than he did in 1885. Dr. Eggleston lives in New York, at the Chelsea, during the winter, and his summer home is at Joshua's Rock, on Lake George, where he is known as an enthusiastic yachtsman. His pen is profitable, but it is his novels rather than his historical works that yield him the best returns, and he finds it necessary to drop the latter pursuit occasionally to write a romance. No other of them has ever enjoyed the popularity of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," which was the most hastily written of them all.

The people of Randolph, Massachusetts, where Mary E. Wilkins lives, are not wholly pleased with the portrait she has painted of the town in her stories. They regard their town, which has four thousand inhabitants, as lively and active enough in a business way and bustling to be regarded as a city rather than as a country hamlet. There are altogether only three tracts of land within the township which might be called farms, and on one of these Miss Wilkins lives and develops the photographs of New England life which the natives think are "touched up" too much to be faithful.

Zangwill is pictured as a man of the most charming personality. Outwardly he seems an ungainly man, homely, awkward, and careless in dress, but a more genial companion is rarely to be found. Although Mr. Zangwill's name has been familiar to the literary world for several years he is only thirty-two. An anecdote now going the rounds of the press, and based on his manner of signing his name—as "I. Zangwill"—relates the discomfort of a lady who asked him what his Christian name was and received the response, "I have none."

According to Bill Nye's autobiography, the humorist is forty-five years old, a native of Maine, and an adopted son of Wisconsin, Wyoming, and North Carolina, which have successively been his homes. He graduated from a farm into a law office, and subsequently into a newspaper office, where his success began with the development of the vein of humor that has been a very paying lead to him ever since.

Few literary men have the polish of manner or the courteous dignity that gives charm to the personality of Richard Malcolm Johnston. Mr. Johnston is seventy-three years old, but tall and straight and as excellent an example as exists of the old-time Southern gentleman. His home of recent years has been in Baltimore, but he is a native Georgian, and the inimitable "cracker" dialect of his stories is the speech of his boyhood.

The elevation of Monsignor Satoli to the cardinalate, measured by the ordinary rule of service, comes at a period somewhat in advance of the usual time, and is recognized as a mark of approbation and appreciation by the Pope of his services in this country.





"IT IS A SHOW OF PEOPLE AND A SHOW OF HORSES: THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTH

THE ELEVENTH NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS MARY





JUDGING A TEAM OF ROADSTERS.



OF THE FIRST FASHIONABLE GATHERING OF THE AUTUMN SEASON IN NEW YORK."

HOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

EXPRESSLY MADE FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



## The "Kaffir" Speculation.

THE so-called Kaffir gold-mining boom will become historical as an important feature of the world-wide liquidation which has been going on ever since the Baring crash. These mines, located in South Africa, have been utilized as the basis of the formation of stock companies without number, whose shares, listed on all the great European exchanges, have within a few months figured in the most extraordinary speculation of this century. In England especially has the craze for Kaffirs turned the attention of investors from other stocks and securities, and it has also perceptibly influenced the American stock market, resulting in a greatly diminished foreign demand for "Americans," and seriously weakening the local buying, in anticipation of a general breaking-down of the Kaffir movement. The rush to buy Kaffir stocks has been encouraged by their frequent and large fluctuations, never less than 2½ per cent., and sometimes as high as 12½ per cent. Besides this inducement to those given to speculation is that of over half a hundred mines and development companies which have paid dividends of from 6 to 150 per cent. Doubtless in many cases these dividends have not been earned. Even more convincing has been the sharing of the output of the mines, which in 1894 was 2,024,000 ounces; in 1893, 1,478,000 ounces; and in 1892, 1,210,000 ounces. Owing to the cheapening of methods of gold extraction, whereas but 50 per cent. of the gold in the ore could formerly be taken out, nowadays from 80 to 85 per cent. is possible; at this rate it was capable of proof that the production in 1894, worth £7,500,000, yielded a profit of over £2,500,000, of which £1,580,000 was paid in dividends, the rest going for development. These figures apply to the Witwatersrand district, the chief centre of operations.

In the face of such statistics the Kaffir promoters had little difficulty in floating companies to work the mines. It was here that the artificial character of the Kaffir boom showed itself. Mines were "exploited" which had never struck a vein of gold, and whose only asset was some machinery and the doubtful prospects due to their situation in the gold district. Mines that had never panned out an ounce of the yellow metal were "grouped" with others that had, and the "amalgamation" or "reconstruction" was newly capitalized, boomed, and the stock bid up in sympathy with the general upward tendency. These "groups" and "amalgamations" were rarely under large capitalization, a small capitalization and a correspondingly small share being favored in order to catch the small investor, the man or woman with savings; and the design was rewarded with great success, both in England and in France and Germany. So many Germans bought Kaffirs, in fact, that the government sent to South Africa Dr. Schmeisser, an expert, whose report on the future of the mines was exceptionally favorable. The mine manipulators launched their own newspapers, and in other ways advertised their properties, sending their literature broadcast among the classes with money. The London newspapers have all had to devote special articles covering the Kaffir boom and answering questions for anxious Kaffir speculators. The number of these companies can only be guessed at. Some of them have lived but for a day and were then swallowed up in some promising re-grouping. In many cases the market value of a stock has been at a premium of 500 per cent. The shares of the Rand Mines, Limited, one of the most important groups, were quoted one day at forty-three and a half times their face value. This inflation has characterized the entire list, so that the total capitalized value of £30,000,000 of all the South African companies swelled to a market valuation of £200,000,000, an average premium of 500 per cent.

The precarious character of all such investments seems not to have occurred to the purchasers of Kaffirs. Their feverish desire was not unlike that of the miner who has found his first nugget and works night and day, digging with the frenzied zeal that is born of the intoxication of new-found fortune. It mattered not that conservative English papers warned their readers that disaster was inevitable. In reply the Kaffir manipulators submitted the report on the mines of Mr. Hamilton Smith, an engineer whose conclusions were published in the *London Times*. He agreed with Dr. Schmeisser in estimating the value of the gold yet unmined at between three hundred million and three hundred and fifty million pounds. Other experts have put the figure even higher. The gold-bearing formations are believed to exist down to a depth of over twelve hundred feet; in some cases to twenty-five hundred feet. This is in keeping with the theory that the gold district was ages ago the bottom of a sea where gold was deposited as sediment, whose outcroppings extend in practically unbroken reefs of great auriferous richness. What are known as "deep-level" companies are at work exploring

these reefs at great depth, the belief of the promoters being that the deeper the level the richer the yield. It remains to be seen whether they will not, in these big holes in the ground, dig their own graves as well as those of their confiding English backers. Meanwhile there is a steady output all through the South African region; twenty-seven hundred stamps are merely crushing the rock, fifty thousand native and eight thousand European diggers are at work, and the Kaffir gold kings are bulging the European markets and trying to avert the growing tendency to bring the Kaffir stocks down to something like a reasonable asking price.

Of these Kaffir kings the most conspicuous, the richest, and in all respects the most interesting, is "Barney" Barnato. His fortune is estimated at from one hundred million dollars to two or even three times that figure. His career affords another conspicuous example of how, in this *fin de siècle* age, a combination of fortuitous circumstances makes some men successful far beyond either their deserts or their abilities. Barnato, now one of the ten richest men in the world, was in youth a Whitechapel street arab; later he was a dealer in second-hand clothing, a street fakir, a juggler in a circus, and not ten years ago he was a notable street feature of Kimberley, in the South African diamond fields. With thousands of other soldiers of fortune Barnato explored the diamond mines



MR. "BARNEY" BARNATO.

at that time. One day he struck a bonanza. Exploring some claims which the rest of the miners decided to have been worked out, he picked out a thirty-carat stone, pegged out all the neighboring claims in his own name, sold them piecemeal at enormous profit, and cleared, from this single discovery, over one million pounds. He is to-day one of the largest stockholders in the De Beers syndicate, which controls all the diamond mines.

In the Johannesburg gold district Barnato bought claims from miners who could not afford to work them; many of these were enormously profitable, and he rapidly came to the front as the luckiest mine-owner of the day. His rapid gains gave him a place among the Kaffir gold kings, of whom none is to-day any richer, not excepting Cecil Rhodes. The ex-Whitechapel Crusus arrived three years ago in London, and has figured as the leader in all the big operations which have characterized the recent speculation. Mining and development companies which he organized became known as "Barnato" companies; there were "Barnato stocks" and "Barnato groups," and finally a "Barnato bank," with a nominal capital of two million five hundred thousand pounds, and shares at one pound each. So powerful was the magic name of Barnato that these shares at the opening were within an hour bid up to three hundred and four hundred per cent. premium, and the rush to buy them was unprecedented. At the first "settlement" day, when there was doubt of the ability of stockholders to carry their shares, Barnato supported the market by announcing that

he would lend ten million pounds on stocks in which he was interested. Barnato is building a fine house in Piccadilly, and has social aspirations in spite of the fact that he has been black-balled in the London clubs.

## The Eleventh Horse Show.

EACH year the exhibition of the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden becomes more of an event. And its importance as a dual function advances on each of its sides alike. Now and again, because of the social importance of the show, writers for the press show an inclination to belittle its importance as a sporting event. But this attitude cannot be successfully maintained. Nor can the opposite view be successfully upheld, for it cannot be proved that it is a horse show pure and simple, and that the crowds that fill the Garden are attracted there by the horse alone. No; it is a show of people and a show of horses, and the bipeds and the quadrupeds assist each other in making the first fashionable gathering of the autumn season in New York. Indeed, it may be said with entire truth that the social season in New York opens with the horse show each November. When the days begin to shorten in September there are frequent inquiries by those who are in the country: "When do you go back to town?" "Oh, we shall go back in time for the horse show," is the very frequent response. Plans, therefore, plans involving the transference of great establishments from country to town, are made with reference to the opening of this attractive and very fashionable gathering.

These plans, however, do not, so far as the women are concerned, merely involve the ordering that one house shall be closed and another opened, but other serious preparations as to what these lovely creatures shall array themselves in, afternoon by afternoon and evening by evening. To simple folk, who have a new frock or two each season and who count that there are only two seasons in the year—winter and summer, all these vast preparations seem rather silly and unnecessary. But they are not; they are not even wasteful. On the contrary, what seems like extravagance, as a rule is a most beneficial transference of surplus wealth from a few overflowing pockets to the comparatively empty pockets of many working men and women. Cross and cynical persons scoff in disapproval of the fashionable gayeties which require great expense in raiment, in decorations, and in equipage. But they are not wise in their generation, and speak without knowledge of the good economic result of these festivities in the way above indicated.

So at the horse show a lady of fashion does not always wear during the afternoon her best walking-dress. Not at all. At one of the afternoon exhibitions she wears her best walking-dress, but at the other exhibitions she wears other dresses equally good. But she is pretty certain not to wear the same dress twice during the week. And in the evenings she goes in dinner-dress, and then exhibits as many luxurious wraps as she happens to have. Men also put on as brave a front as they know how, but it is difficult to get up any great interest in the togery of a man, save when he comes out in what is called the composite style of dressing, and mounts a high hat while wearing a coat without tails.

A visitor to the horse show must not make the mistake of believing that the people in the boxes are exclusively New York men and women. Such a supposition would be most erroneous. This is a national horse show, and it is not merely so in name; the people, too, are from the various parts of the country. New York quite naturally contributes the great majority of those present, just as the majority of the horses in the ring are from New York stables. But in the boxes, as in the ring, are representatives from Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, Rochester, and forty other places besides. The Philadelphia contingent is both large and important. One who is a skilled and well-informed observer does not need to be acquainted with the persons in a group from the Quaker City to be able to place them. He can pick out the men, and the women, too, by their appearance in the first place, and then, if he hears them speak, by what they say and their manner of saying it. In appearance they are different from New-Yorkers, not only in dress, but in their way of carrying themselves. The Philadelphia man, no matter how fashionable he may be, has a domestic appearance—he looks as though he lived at home and liked it; and the Philadelphia woman, let her dresses come from Paris or wherever, still has something of the Quakeress about her—a *sonjays*, at least. Now, it must not be said that these characteristics detract from either the Philadelphia man or woman. Not at all; they do honor to them, who live in the most distinctively American town of any of the great cities. But when a visitor hears a group of Philadelphians speak, then their town is proclaimed to

him unmistakably. Their voices are as yet uninfluenced by a craze for an English accent and intonation. Philadelphia may be as slow as tradition has declared it to be, but it must be an awfully pleasant place to live in, for it is still American to the core—it is unaffected, it is neighborly. And there is something distinctive about the Bostonians also—a something indeed which may well be called distinguished, even though from the New York standpoint it may appear a trifle provincial. So it has come about that among the frequenters of the horse shows in Madison Square Garden the whole country is represented by those who make in its chief cities the fashions and the social laws. In such a place every student of life will find that which is intensely interesting, and those who go to admire and those who go to sneer will both find abundant employment.

As to the horses that are to be seen in the ring, it may be said that they will be more numerous than ever before, as the entries exceed those of any other year. This year thirteen hundred have been entered, and they embrace the very best animals in the country, leaving out those in training for running and trotting races. The tandem and four-in-hand rings, always very popular because the skill of the drivers enters largely into the success of the exhibition, will be quite full. This may also be said of the roadsters. It matters not how much we run after foreign models, there is always in every genuine American heart a very soft spot for the American trotter, the ideal roadster, the perfection of a buggy horse. There will be exhibited a splendid lot of such animals, both in single and double harness. Last year the winners in these roadster classes were so blood-like in appearance that there was scarcely one of them which would not have been mistaken for a runner in training had the harness been replaced by a saddle with a jockey in it. The saddle-horses, too, are numerous, and their continued popularity will tend to contradict the frequent statement that the bicycle fad is throwing the saddle-horse out of favor. The jumpers have always supplied the sensational feature to these shows. This year there will be more of these than ever, and as there has been much more hunting than usual this autumn, it is natural to expect that we shall see some splendid performers over the hurdles and the timber.

As a social parade and as an equine exhibition the eleventh horse show is likely to eclipse all of its predecessors. And when it is over, the season of 1895 may be said to have begun and to have brought with it the usual rewards and disappointments—those uncertainties of fate which add spice to life as it is lived.

## Flowers at the Vanderbilt Wedding.

THERE has never, perhaps, been a more magnificent floral display at any wedding in this city than that which marked the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding at St. Thomas's Church. The interior of the edifice resembled a great garden of flowers and plants of every hue and variety. Forests of tropical plants were grouped at either side of the tall Gothic windows of the chancel; a floral arch thirty feet high, Gothic in design, spanned the opening of the chancel rail, which was itself filled in with a tangle of lilies of the valley and ferns, the opening having two gates of white orchids, which closed after the officiating clergymen entered it. The alcoves at the north and south sides of the chancel, in which the two great church organs are placed, were filled with tropical plants, one row rising above the other to the tops of the organs, almost concealing the organ-pipes. Growing, apparently, among this wealth of foliage were white and pink chrysanthemums, which also decorated the front of the stalls facing the pews. An immense palm stood in the pulpit, which was hung also with baskets of orchids. From the Gothic dome of the church, rising ninety-five feet above the chancel, seven ropes of asparagus plumosa and white and pink chrysanthemums and lilies were stretched to the crown at the rear of the chancel, to the tops of the organ alcoves, to the north and south transepts, and to the ends of the galleries. The columns near the organs were decorated with vines of white and pink chrysanthemums, climbing up from a thick growth of tropical plants at the bases of the columns, while the columns supporting the galleries were wound with floral ropes. Pendant from the outer edge of the galleries, all around the church, were baskets of white, mauve, green, and pink orchids, suspended by ropes of asparagus plumosa.

One of the most unique effects was obtained by placing at irregular intervals, at the pendentives of the main aisles, floral torches made of iron rods covered with asparagus in which roses were thickly entwined. The house decorations were on the same scale of regal magnificence as those here described.



# Prince of Entertainers.

(Continued from page 320.)

that men may, while laughing, think better of themselves and of one another.

Viewed as other than an optimistic humorist, the casual observer would be apt to say that nature had not been kind to Mr. Wilder; but this cannot be. Any man who has health and the saving grace of a sense of humor is most abundantly endowed; and if he also have energy he is apt to find that place in which lurks success. Success has been Mr. Wilder's portion in no uncommon degree, for now, at the age of thirty-six, after ten years' work as an "entertainer," he has achieved pre-eminence in his profession and laid by a store that makes him independent. He came from his native Rochester some fifteen years ago and entered an office in New York. He learned stenography with the idea that in such work he could earn his support. But the yeast which nature puts in every man of genius was working in him, and he learned that he could create laughter in others while laughing himself. So in a little while the "entertainer" was really made, and he began putting his powers to the touch by appearing for fifty cents an evening. In a little while his quips and cranks were so much appreciated that he could charge five dollars for an evening of mimicry and amusements. Within a short time past the famous Rothschild paid him fifty pounds for an evening's work. So it will be seen that Mr. Wilder has not wasted his talents in a napkin and laid them by for safe-keeping. He makes the most of the gifts with which he has been endowed, both for himself and the rest of mankind.

Few men are more business-like in their methods than Mr. Wilder is in his. He not only plans out his days, but the months and the years that are ahead of him; and he keeps so full and correct an account of each day that he passes, that, by referring to an index, he can recall all the happenings of ten years past. While looking over these orderly little books I could not help thinking that Mr. Wilder on the witness-stand would be a match for the most sagacious cross-examiner at the bar. He would be like the man who was asked how far he stood from the scene of the shooting. "Twenty-seven feet, nine inches and three-quarters," he answered, promptly. "How can you be so exact?" the questioning lawyer asked with a frown. "Oh, I thought some fool would ask me, so I measured it," was the calm reply.

For several years past Mr. Wilder has had a season in America and one in England. His home season lasts from September to May; the foreign season from May to August. We are so familiar with his work in this country that it probably will be best to devote what space remains to his ventures abroad. In London he is as well known as he is in New York—and that is saying a great deal, for it is likely that Mr. Wilder is as well known in New York as any other man in the metropolis. What is extremely odd, however, is how he managed to gain in England his great popularity; for the quality of his humor is essentially American in its subtlety, and it is a well-known fact that the gentility of English fail to comprehend our fun until they have had a chance to turn it over in their minds and work it out as one would a geometrical problem. Mr. Wilder is too polite, or too polite, to make this comment on his English friends, but he admits that on one occasion after he had spun a yarn in a London drawing-room, and Madame Nordica was in the midst of a thrilling aria, a noble duke burst into a great laugh. The point of Mr. Wilder's story had just penetrated the dual mind. But I have heard Mr. Wilder in London, and I think I now know how he does it. He gives them a lead, as they say in the hunting field, and so they know where to jump—they know where to expect the wit. Among those who have employed Mr. Wilder in England are the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, and several others of the royal family. This royal patronage has set the seal of fashionable approval on him, and each year he is more and more in demand in the English capital. Had he been merely a wit, merely a story-teller, he could never have won such a success in London. But he is much more than this—he is a very clever and observant man, a close and careful student of human nature. He finds out very quickly the kinds of things each audience does, and such things, from his almost exhausted stock, he gives. In this way, however unassuming the beginning may be, the end is always brilliant.

His rooms in the Alpine flats are most interesting, the walls being covered with the photographs of celebrities, all personal friends of the humorist. Out of the window hangs the American flag, at once an emblem of patriotism and a signal to his friends. "When the flag is at I am in; when I am out the flag is in," he says, in its message to those who pass long Broadway. PHILIP FORDREYER.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The Yale Foot-ball Team of 1895.

THERE is no reason to believe that Captain Thorne of the Yale team and his advisers will fail to pit against Princeton on November 23d, at Manhattan Field, New York City, a strong team, and quite up to the average of Yale eleven's of the past who have fought and conquered. In view of the graduation of a majority of last year's team, notably Frank Hinkey, John Greenway, Stillman, Hickok, McCrean, Beard, Butterworth, Armstrong, and Ades, this probable feat is worthy of more than passing comment.

The fact is that while most of the old men failed to return, they had all of them played a long time, some two, some three, and some four years. The tendency of this condition was to develop slowly yet surely a fine lot of "scrubs."

As instances of this, Harry Cross, who is the regular centre this year, played all of last season, without missing a day, against Stillman, which experience was invaluable to him at the start of the present season. Chadwick (guard), Rogers (tackle), and Bass (end) also had a rough time of it last year, but gained thereby much knowledge of the game.

"Clare" Fincke, at quarter-back, played the same position on the scrub last year, and learned so rapidly that he came, even then, within an ace of ousting George Ades from the position. Thus Fincke began the present season under highly favorable conditions. De Witt, at half-back, has also been playing scrub and 'varsity off and on for three years, while Letton and Mills (backs) went through last season hardly missing a practice-day.

So we see that the loss of so many old men did not amount to so much after all. In fact, many Yale men who follow the sport closely, and the work of Yale players more closely still, think that it was well that such players as Beard, Hickok, and McCrean were graduated, and for the simple reason that all three had come to loathe the game, and had to be driven by the coaches like slaves in order to get good work out of them.

With an influx of men just eaten up with the desire to play as regulars on the team, an enthusiasm sprung up; a snap and dash was infused into the eleven, they (the coaches) thought—and rightly, too—that the Yale team would prosper. From present indications they are prospering, and prospering fast.

On account of Harvard's unwillingness to play foot-ball with Yale this year—because the old rupture exists between the latter and the University of Pennsylvania—and for the reason that Cornell does not want to arrange a game until Yale signifies a willingness to meet her on the water, Yale has but one big game this year, and that the annual one with Princeton.

That the boys in blue chafe under this sad condition of affairs is none the less true than that they will not let down one moment in their training, nor leave one stone unturned to meet Princeton in condition fit to battle for a kingdom. Yale's policy, so far as this game is concerned, will be undoubtedly to defeat Princeton by as large a score as grim determination and an object in so doing can make possible. The object, of course, is to invite a comparison of her work against Princeton with Harvard's against Princeton, and subsequently Harvard's against Pennsylvania.

It was Frank Hinkey's opinion recently, say a week ago, that the Yale team was stronger than his team last year at the same time, and there is no reason to believe that he has changed this opinion, inasmuch as, under his careful coaching, the team has improved almost daily.

Not only, according to Hinkey, is the team stronger in defensive play, but many times stronger in attack. From this statement the fact may be gleaned that their aggressive play is stronger than their defensive play, which is a condition over which congratulations should rule, inasmuch as the aggressive game has always been harder to acquire at Yale than defensive play.

The players who contribute the most yards to the sum total of those gained during a game are Captain Thorne and De Witt, half-backs, Jerrens or Letton at full-back, and Rogers at tackle. Thorne's running, from the very start of the season, has been of the star order, and his fierce, determined play, both through the line and around right end, has been the admiration of those fortunate enough to see him. Since the days of Terry no half-back at Yale has shown the fire and the dash of Thorne, combined with superb defensive play.

De Witt is not the consistent performer Thorne is, but he is good, nevertheless, for many yards during a game. His running of end and tackle is very strong, and he has yet to be thrown by

an opponent with heels toward the enemy's goal-line. When tackled, De Witt launches forward with the force of a catapult, thus adding his length to the run from the point of tackle. De Witt's defense is good and reliable, but on catching punts he shows a weakness which time and practice cannot seem to wholly eradicate. De Witt is compactly built and very strong. He should carve a fine name for himself on the gridiron at Manhattan Field.

Now one of the bright particular stars of the Yale team is young "Clare" Fincke, of whom we hear little, but who puts up a game which, for consistency, reliability, and coolness, is the best a Yale quarter has done since the days of Harry Beecher. In his position, from a down Fincke handles the ball with neatness, sureness, and dispatch; gets into the interference well, and takes advantage of every opportunity for going through the line for a tackle or to topple over an interference. In the back field, when the ball is sailing toward him on high, he catches with accuracy, and effects a return play by run or kick equal to any half or full-back playing to-day.

But there are other qualifications which a star quarter-back must have, and these show in Fincke in his generalship in directing the play, and a natural ability to "size up" an unexpected situation on the moment, and then start the kind of play to best meet it successfully. Fincke is in direct line for the highest honors on the gridiron this fall, and when he shall have become a senior he will be found in the coveted birth of captain.

Murphy at right tackle is the veteran of the line men; also—when in condition—the star of the line. But good condition seems to be something very hard for Murphy to attain. He is so constituted as to give a trainer the greatest bother, and tangle the mind of the captain whether to give him more work or less work—more grub or special grub, and so forth. Murphy has been able to do little so far this year, though Trainer Mike Murphy has confidence in his ability to bring his man around fit and well by November 23d. Murphy has had a great deal of experience in the position, and at all times plays a reliable and heady game. The Yale line would be sadly weakened by his loss.

Neither Letton nor Mills is doing the work which one would have naturally looked for in view of their training last year. For Letton, poor condition may excuse indifferent and mediocre play, but Mills, in good physical condition, seems unable to play a progressive game. Letton played a small part of the Harvard game last year, and showed up so well that many were the predictions favorable to him for brilliant play this year. Perhaps Letton may turn out all right. Certainly improved condition will help him.

Harry Cross at centre is destined to put up a strong game, hardly second to Stillman. His aggressive work is fine, his activity much greater than Stillman's, and he is much more muscular. Cross is unquestionably a coming man. If the same good things could be said of the men trying for guard positions, the Yale centre trio would be a trio indeed. But neither Chadwick, nor "Pa" Cross, nor Sheldon, nor Leagnere are stars; neither do they approach such a luggish state. Still, it is the opinion of the coaches that Chadwick will finally turn out as good as, or better than, McCrean, and either of the other three but a shade worse than Hickok.

Louis Hinkey and Bass at end are good, and render Yale's ends strong, though not so much so as last year. Rogers at tackle has the good will of the coaches, who mean to keep the blonde-headed man from Andover Academy at tackle right along, and just make him play the position. In running with the ball Rogers shows up in form similar to that which distinguished "Wallie" Winter's tackle of two years ago.

Thus from a casual inspection we see that Yale is all right, as the saying goes, and that Princeton will have a tough nut to crack in their final game of the season.

#### ENTHUSIASM ON THE WANE.

Although numbers of students formerly went to the Yale field daily to see the team practice, it is easy to note a lack of the former spirit of enthusiasm. This condition of the undergraduate's mind is due undoubtedly to the fact that there will be no meeting with Harvard this year. The Springfield game was, to a majority of students, as well as to alumni scattered all over the country, the game of the year.

W. F. Buller

### Mrs. Georgia Powers-Carhart.

THE distinction which Mrs. Georgia Powers-Carhart, whose portrait is given herewith, is achieving as a vocalist and elocutionist, is due



GEORGIA POWERS-CARHART.

both to eminent talent and the force of a charming personality. Her first success as a singer was scored in Kansas City, where she has resided for some years. Since then she has appeared in several of our principal cities, and in every instance has won the popular favor by her excellent execution and attractive style. Her voice is of the mezzo-soprano order, has a wonderful range, and is remarkable for its sympathetic quality and sweetness.

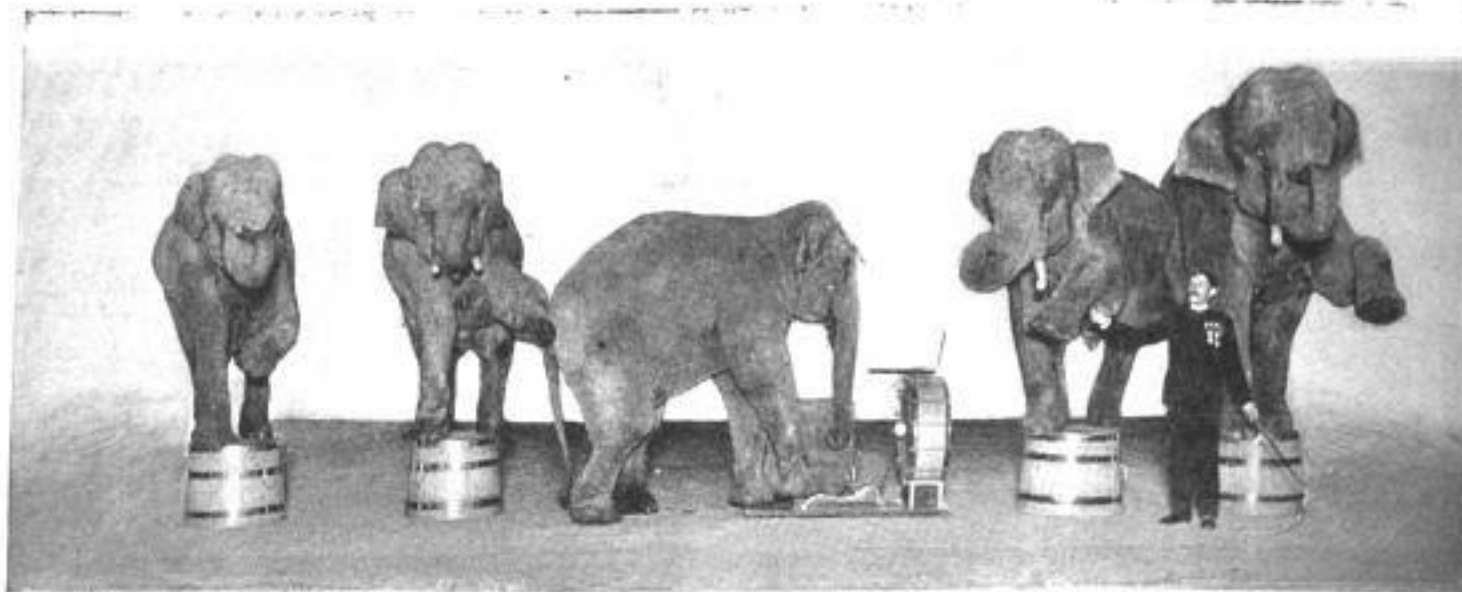
#### Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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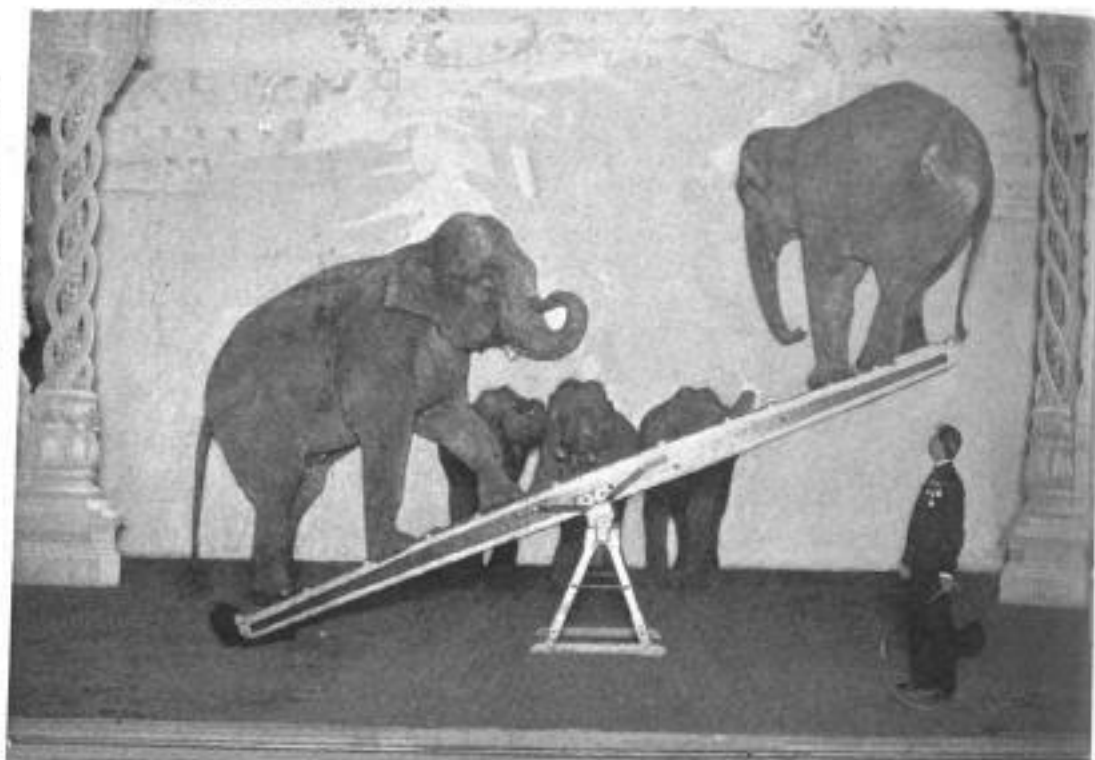




DANCING TO THE HAND-ORGAN.

### Performing Elephants.

EVER since we had amusements of the circus order, performing elephants have been a popular feature of such entertainments. What feats they did in ancient times we can learn from the old chroniclers. And in the old days the elephants did things that were regarded as wonderful. But it is not likely that such things would either amuse or interest an ordinary concert-hall audience of this *fin de siècle* time. Now we wish to be thrilled or to be made to laugh. And the elephants that we see on the concert-hall stage easily make us laugh. There is something inherently humorous in the gambols of these huge beasts, and besides this there can be no doubt that some elephants have a well-developed sense of humor and appreciate the fun that they provoke. Of trained elephants seen in New York, there has never been a more accomplished company than that recently appearing at Koster & Bial's. Mr. Sam Lockhart, the trainer, has five amazingly intelligent beasts to begin with, and



THE SEE-SAW ACT.

LOCKHART'S TRAINED ELEPHANTS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMEST.



MARSHALL P. WILDER.

he has developed their powers by patience and kindness, and by a systematic and invariable method of rewarding obedience and punishing stupidity. Elephants naturally are great feeders, and gourmands at that. Stopping off supplies and varying the quality of the food are potent arguments with them. Such methods have enabled Mr. Lockhart to teach his five elephants to do things with a neatness and dispatch that put to shame the ordinary trained monsters of the traveling circus. They even enact a little comedy with much finish and effect. These elephants won applause and secured favor at Koster & Bial's during many weeks. This means a great deal, for at this place of entertainment visitors have long been accustomed to see nothing less than the best; therefore second-rate things fall with a flatness which effectually mashes the mere pretenders who happen, by hook or by crook, to get a hearing.

### Prince of Entertainers and Entertainer of Princes.

AMONG those who are a part of the fashionable society of the great cities of England and America the merry little man who was called by Mr. Cleveland "the prince of entertainers" is well and most gratefully known. It has been my good fortune to see and hear him under very various circumstances. I have heard him in drawing-rooms both in New York and London; I have seen him on the professional stage where great actors and singers strove for the applause of the audience; I have met him in Bohemian gatherings and at what are called "chickens," and I have seen him appear before an audience composed almost entirely of capitalists, millionaires, and busy business men. In all of these various places he was always the same, yet always different. He was always the same because he was over the personification of merriment; he was always different because he never appeared to provoke laughter in exactly the same way that he did before. To be sure I have heard him tell the same story several times, but it was never quite the same story, as he always seems to add something to his little pieces or to take something from them so as to make them entirely appropriate for the occasion.

It must not be understood that Mr. Marshall P. Wilder—every one, of course, recognized at the outset that name but he could have won such a title from the President of the United States—needs to take anything away from any of his stories to fit them for our point, for he has no tale, no joke in his repertoire, which could not be told with entire propriety in either a ladies' boudoir or in a church. He is a man of a gentleman in mind and heart that it would be impossible for him to either harbor or give currency to nastiness. He is therefore a chaste in his anecdotes as Charles Lamb was in his essays, and he is still beyond reproach. And he is the most confirmed and persistent optimist in public life to-day, making the best of everything, thinking the best of everybody, and believing with all his heart and soul in the old idea that there is something good in every human being and an immense prospect of good in the great human family. If he is good, he maintains, can be good, and closed through the channel of his life. It is his business in life to be good.



THE LIBRARY OF MARSHALL P. WILDER, "THE PRINCE OF ENTERTAINERS."





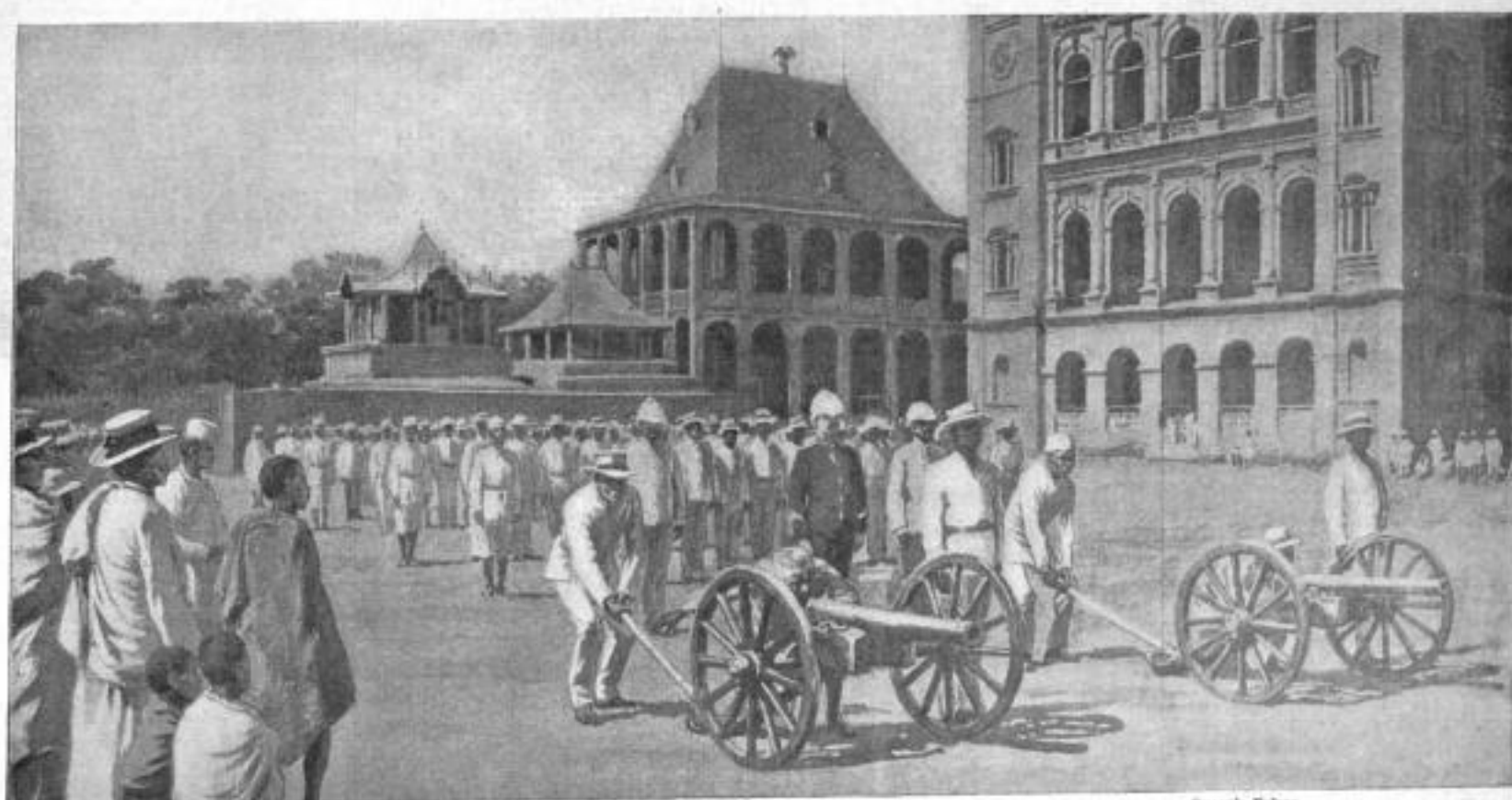
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS "JULIET," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.  
*The Sketch.*



A GOLD FEND IN BULUWAYO.



THE "KAFFIR" SPECULATION—SEARCHING TABLES AT THE DE BEERS DIAMOND-MINES, KIMBERLEY.—*The Sketch.*

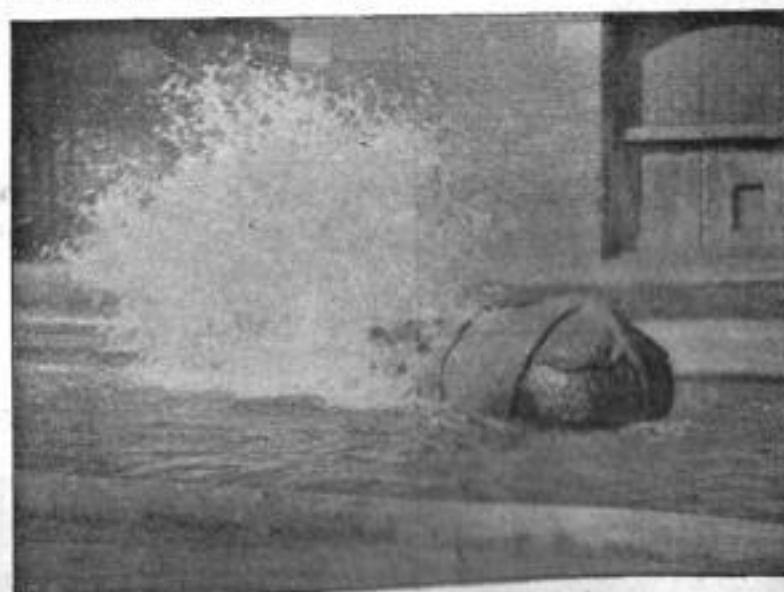


Temple of the Kings.

Silver Palace.

Queen's Palace.

THE RECENT WAR IN MADAGASCAR—DRILLING HOVA ARTILLERY IN FRONT OF THE QUEEN'S PALACE BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.—*London Graphic.*



INDOCHINA ILLUSTRATION "BOO" TAKES HIS MORNING BATH.—*The Sketch.*

AT BELL

FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



# A MEMORIAL QUILT.

CLOVERTOP—"Yer see that quilt, young man? Marthy Ann made it out of ragged pieces of pants."

Chappie—"Aw, may I ask where you got so many fine samples of twosongings?"

Clovertop—"Oh, Tige got 'em. He captured 'em from fellows what come ter see my darter Mary Ellen."—*Judge.*

ENGLAND probably wants to unite the Powers of Europe against the Monroe doctrine. So much the more the necessity for taking that Bull promptly by the horns.—*Judge.*

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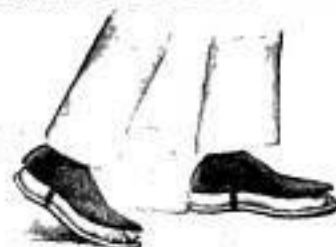
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But the woman who becomes the head of a household, or the woman who becomes the head of a school-room, or the woman who becomes a worthy worker in any department of service, is, through her ennobled character and abler intellectual power, and through the richer culture which she brings to her tasks, proving effectively the value of the training which she gets from her college.

### Give Us a Short Campaign.

It is to be hoped that the Republican National Committee will heed the wishes of the party press, and of the great business interests of the country, in its determination of the date of the convention for the nomination of a Presidential candidate. The apparent disposition of the committee to call an early convention is not at all in harmony with the best public opinion. In a party sense nothing will be gained by a long campaign, while the effect of a protracted canvass, with its excitements and withdrawal of individual energy from ordinary pursuits, would be immensely detrimental to the business of the country. All experience goes to show that our Presidential campaigns, under the best conditions, greatly disturb industry and trade, while at the same time they very often provoke contentions and antagonisms which, in the fact that they prevent sobriety of judgment in the electorate, are positively harmful to the interests of good government. A campaign of two months, or at the outside, of ninety days, will be quite long enough to awaken the voters to an appreciation of their duty and an understanding of the issues involved, and every consideration of national interest demands that this conviction should be respected by the committee charged with the responsibility of initiating the contest.

## MEN AND THINGS

"This passage over by sea and day, by day."

A FLICKER of mirth dispels the somberest thought, and a ridiculous idea will force even tragedy to hide behind the comic mask. I was standing the other night in Bleecker Street, wedged in among the breathless throng that was watching the fierce destruction of the bank buildings on Broadway. The flames were fairly riotous in their eagerness to outdo one another; leaping, grasping, and enveloping everything in tawny sheets. Millions of sparkling embers whirled overhead, set in dense masses of rolling smoke. Added to all this, the raucous puffing of the engines, the cries and shouts of men, the clangor and alarm of bells, acted upon the nerves in a depressing and fearful manner. Suspense hung heavy in the air, and it would have taken little for it to give way to terror. There was rumor of whole crews of devoted firemen engulfed in the flaming piles, and the crowd stood soundless, expectant, with a sense of horror slowly taking hold. I could feel the tension myself, and strained to break from it, though without avail, till like a flash a story I had heard but three nights before crowded across my mind, and I could have shouted. The story concerns a previous young Englishman who traveled over here last winter as secretary to his histrionic brother, and is so apropos of the conflagration that I tell it. Just before his departure for home, on being asked what had particularly struck him during his visit in America, this Yellow-Bookish young sprig replied, with an affectation that was nothing short of delightful, that he was particularly pleased with a gorgeous spectacle he had seen in Chicago: "An enormous building with most brilliant masses of flame bursting from every window. But just when it had come to the fullness of its beauty, with each tongue of fire changing with lightning rapidity from mad scarlet to purple, orange, violet, and sapphire, a lot of funny little men in rubber coats and big hats came along and got it out with water!" The thought of the supreme ridiculousness of this made me gay, even though the same "funny little men in rubber coats and big hats" were facing death before my eyes.

The sapient editor of one of our evening papers writes this in one of his recent editorials: "Of living writers, with the exception of George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling, it is hard to name one whose productions may be placed upon the book shelf with the assurance that they will never have to be weeded out." We should feel a certain measure of thankfulness to think that there is a newspaper editor who is alive to the claims that Meredith is certainly going to have on posterity, but surely we cannot forgive him for ignoring Thomas Hardy or Henry James, only less great than Meredith. Perhaps it was ignorance and not a slight, for he goes on to talk of Shorthouse's "John Inglesant" and Moore's "Esther Waters," estimable by all means, but not in the running with "Tess," or "The Portrait of a Lady," or any other of half a dozen by either author that are at my pen's point. After the Scotch dominies and the young English barristers, who monopolize

so much of our time to-day, have stepped quietly back into oblivion, Hardy and James, together with the master, Meredith, will be read and wondered at by the ever increasing "small but honorable minority."

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### Joseph Benson Foraker.

THE NEXT REPUBLICAN SENATOR FROM OHIO.

OHIO Republicans are in a tremor of delight. They have carried the State by over one hundred thousand majority, electing the gallant General Asa Bushnell Governor. That is one cause for joy.

But Ohio Republicans have done more. For nearly thirty years the selfishness of John Sherman and the apathy of his adherents have given him a Democratic colleague in the Senate of the United States. It has been a shameful fact that so strong a Republican State should at every other



HON. JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.  
Photograph by the Baker Art Gallery.

Senatorial election choose a Democrat, allowing Sherman full control of Senatorial patronage when the administration was of his party. This year the Ohio Republicans got mad. They served notice on Sherman and every other member of the party, high or low, that Ohio should have two Republican Senators, and that further party treachery should be squelched at the outset. The first step was taken at Zanesville, when for the first time in Ohio history a State convention expressed a choice for Senator. Ex-Governor Foraker was unanimously endorsed as the candidate.

The campaign was made on that proposition, coupled with the declaration that McKinley should be the Ohio candidate for President. The result is well known. Bushnell has a larger plurality for Governor than McKinley had in 1893. The Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican, and Foraker will be chosen Senator to succeed Calvin S. Brice.

The aged Sherman will find in Foraker a young, vigorous colleague—an orator, a skillful lawyer, a positive and practical politician who will bring fame to Ohio, and who may yet reach the White House, for his ambition is boundless.

Foraker, though widely known, will be a new figure in Washington. Fifteen years ago he was a judge of the Cincinnati courts, along with Judson Harman, the present Attorney-General. Thirteen years ago Foraker resigned from the Bench. He was unknown in the State, and at the age of thirty-five he began again the practice of law. A year later he was nominated for Governor of Ohio. Save one, he was the youngest man ever nominated for that office. The nomination came like a surprise. He was unknown and untried, but he made a magnificent campaign, though he lost the State.

In 1884, at the national convention, he made his debut in national politics. He was caught up in the Blaine whirlwind of enthusiasm, and became the Republican leader of Ohio. In 1885 he was elected Governor. In 1887 he was re-elected. In 1889 he was forced to take the nomination for a fourth time, and was defeated through Republican treachery. In 1892 he was bold enough to oppose Sherman for the Senate.

He is a man of magnificent appearance, not yet fifty, with a great heart, unrelenting in his political animosities, faithful to a fault in his dealings with friends—a man who never forgets and who can forgive.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

### Republican Victories.

In the State elections held on the 5th of November the Republicans won in every instance where they had anything like a chance, and in three of these States the Democrats for more than a generation have had safe and sure majorities. In New York, though in the metropolis the Republicans and reformers who united on a fusion ticket were defeated by the candidates of Tammany Hall, the State Republican ticket was elected by a plurality in the

neighborhood of one hundred thousand, and the Legislature is so safely Republican that there is no hope of a re-election to the United States Senate for Mr. David B. Hill. New Jersey was the only Northern State that remained Democratic all during the Civil War, and it has continued of that complexion till now, when the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. John W. Griggs, has been elected over his Democratic opponent, Chancellor Alexander T. McGill. Though Mr. McGill is a man of high character and marked ability, he could not stem the tide of disgust at the venal Democratic bosses who have recently controlled the State, so the normal Democratic plurality of fifteen thousand was transformed into a Republican plurality of twenty-seven thousand. Mr. Griggs is a man of clean record and excellent abilities, and was introduced to the readers of this paper when he was nominated, some weeks ago.

Maryland also has been in the hands of the Democrats for twenty-nine years past. For a greater part of this time Senator Gorman has been the Democratic boss. His autocratic dictatorship of late has not been pleasant to many of those within his party, and when he forced the nomination of Mr. Hurst for Governor last summer the banner of revolt was raised promptly and boldly. The Republican candidate, Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, was well calculated to raise Republican enthusiasm, while inviting Democratic support. He is a man of the highest character, and is prominent both in the social and commercial affairs of the State. His plurality was something like twenty thousand, and it looks very much as though Senator Gorman's sway in Maryland has met with a sudden and effectual end.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll is reported to have said that he would abandon his heresies when Kentucky went Republican. Now is the time for him to recant. The Republicans have elected their candidate for Governor by a plurality exceeding ten thousand, and though the Legislature on a joint ballot is close, probably a tie, Senator Joe Blackburn, who has held office during the whole of his manhood, and always been on the wrong side of every question, will surely be retired to private life. It was he who forced the free coinage of silver on his State as an issue. The Democratic convention which nominated Mr. Hardin for Governor declared against free coinage, but Hardin and Blackburn advocated it on the stump and alienated so many Democrats from their party that a normal majority of forty thousand for the Democrats was overcome by Colonel William O. Bradley, the Republican candidate. Colonel Bradley is about forty-five years old, and has long been prominent in Republican councils in his State. He has also been a member of various Republican National Conventions, and has represented his State on the National Committee. This is the first serious break in the solid South, though Mr. H. Clay Evans was elected in Tennessee last autumn and cheated out of the Governorship. Colonel Bradley is a "rough and ready" man, and of great popularity. So astute a politician as Mr. New, of Indiana, sees in Colonel Bradley an excellent candidate for Vice-President. Doubtless his name will be presented by his State for that office.

In Ohio the Democrats put up ex-Governor Campbell, who is credited with being the most popular man in his State. But the Republican candidate, General Asa S. Bushnell, was elected by more than one hundred thousand votes, and the Legislature, which is to elect a successor to Senator Brice, is, on joint ballot, overwhelmingly Republican. *Tell Brice.* This very signal victory in Ohio will without doubt strengthen the candidacy of Mr. McKinley for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. This nomination will be equivalent to an election if the Republican majority in the next House of Representatives is temperate and wise in its action. The discontent with the Democratic party is widespread, but the Republicans should bear in mind that discontented Democrats are not yet Republican partisans, but rather independents, who can only be counted on to go for the better cause when represented by the better men.



HON. LLOYD LOWNDES.  
Photograph by Benshaw.



WILLIAM O. BRADLEY.



HON. ASA S. BUSHNELL.  
Photograph by Caldwell.





HON. JOHN W. GRIGGS, NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNOR-ELECT.—DRAWN BY GREBAYEDOFF.

Mr. John W. Griggs, the Governor-elect of New Jersey, is the first Republican elected to that office since 1855. During the whole of this period the worst element of the Democratic party has been in control of the State. Mr. Griggs is a man of exceptional equipment for the position to which he has been elevated. He is one of the very ablest men of the State, of irreproachable character, and of great conscientiousness of purpose. He represents in a peculiar sense the best impulses of his party, and in the recent canvass stood distinctively for a thorough reform of the State administration.



THE HURDLE AND WATER AT MORRIS PARK.—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY HEMMERT.—(SEE PAGE 331.)





"I am Jaffray Elliott," was the reply.

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXVIII.

#### A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.



O-MORROW came. But it was not the to-morrow which Jaffray Elliott had looked for. It was to have given family indorsement to his engagement with Marie Bruyset. Laroche had invited himself to be present on the occasion. He could not have any hostile intention. Jaffray noticed that Laroche had asked permission to come with an unusual and strange submissiveness of manner. The proposed union had already the approval of Madame Laroche. He and Marie had loved each other from that first encounter when her garret had become, as he had since felt, the ante-room to his great good fortune.

To-morrow! Notwithstanding the agonizing news with which Laroche had loaded his heart, the young fellow had still looked forward to the to-morrow with a secret hope of happiness. At all events he would have more right than ever to console his

sweetheart, and surely his new position would enable him, in any fierce emergency, to help Marie's friends and patrons.

To-morrow! Well, it came; but it found Marie Bruyset out of humor for all considerations of self. Before Jaffray's arrival she had received her father without an upbraiding word, but there was a silent scornfulness in her manner that cut him deeper than words.

"It was my duty," he said, apologizing for his successful capture of de Fournier and Mathilde.

"No you say," Marie replied, her face pale, her eyes feverishly bright.

"I am not responsible for the orders of the Commune."

"No; you are not a member of the Municipality, nor is your Citizen Robespierre; he is not even a member of the Convention."

"That is true."

"Yet he wields the powers of both."

"He is a great man—a prophet."

"It is not, then, necessary to be a member of the Municipality to exercise a power of life and death," said Marie; "and

duty does not compel a free man to be a mere instrument of evil."

"It is no good discussing that, Marie."

"No, I suppose not. He that lives by the sword shall die by the sword; is not that a Scriptural ordinance?" she asked.

"Ordinance or prophecy," replied Laroche, "it is true, I dare say."

"Then have you no fear?"

"None."

"Has Grébauval no fear?"

"None, I should say."

"Does he think God sleeps?"

"No; he thinks God has awakened. If they die by the sword who live by it, there should be many just deaths before the year is out, and I fear there will be."

"And David slew Goliath with a sling and a stone," continued Marie, as if she had only partly heard her father's reply. "Do you think Robespierre and Marat, and Danton and Fouquier-Tinville, and the snake Grébauval will escape the sling of God's vengeance?"



"I think they will," said Laroche, somewhat satirically.

"We shall see," said Marie; "we shall see. You take pains to warn me; he warned yourself, father—for you are my father, God help me!"

Marie turned her bright eyes upon Laroche, with what seemed to him an almost unearthly expression, and passed where he stood to open the door to Jaffray.

"Bon jour, Citizen Ellicott," said Laroche, going to the window and drawing the curtain aside, that he might give his mind the freedom of a large outlook. The towers of the Palais de Justice stood out against the sky.

Jaffray kissed Marie's hand silently. He could see that she knew what had happened. She had not yet, however, felt the strange mysterious touch of greater calamities to come, a weird foreboding of some mysterious peril that pervaded all Paris; the kind of foreboding that might, perchance, have been felt in Pompeii before the eruption of the burning mountain.

"Marie is not well," said Laroche; "she grieves because she cannot stop the hand of Time."

"Not Time, father," Marie answered. "You call tyranny, persecution, assassination by every other name but their right ones. What has Time to do with the malice of Grébanval and the devilry of Marat? Time would register deeds of mercy just as surely as it will register your own deeds—of duty, father."

Every time Marie used the word father she emphasized it in a way that wounded Laroche, but only to stimulate his obstinate sense of his own self-sacrificing fulfillment of the duties of his office and his loyalty to France.

"Patience, dear friend," said Jaffray. "Madame Mathilde is patient, and she has more need of patience than we have."

"You have heard of her?"

"Yes; an hour ago. She is permitted the companionship of her maid. Her mother is also to have an interview with her."

"Yes!" said Marie. "Go on; you have more to tell."

"She is to be allowed a change of clothes and other luxuries."

"Luxuries!" said Marie, with a sigh.

"Yes, dear friend; these are luxuries hardly permitted to the king and queen."

"Pardon," said Laroche; "that is not so. The persons you call king and queen have all they desire, and are attended by their own servants."

"And mocked and scoffed at by yours," said Marie, without apparent anger, her manner calm, but every word clean cut and uttered by lips that in repose were pressed tightly together.

"They had mocked the people long enough."

"Do you know the sort of chamber they gave the king? I will tell you. 'You were used to gilt ceilings,' said the municipal guard; 'now see how we lodge the assassins of the people.' That is what you call this poor, mild, gentle king, who has not the heart to kill a fly, let alone the people he loves."

"Silence!" exclaimed Laroche. "Silence! you must not say these things."

"They showed him to a low room with a bed and three chairs, and the bed was infested with vermin."

"Silence, I say!" hissed Laroche, approaching Marie, who stood before him resolute and motionless.

"Yes," she went on, "there was more furniture; there were pictures. Yes, dear father, your colleagues who imprison kings appreciated the artistic taste of royalty, and they had decorated the walls with engravings, so filthy, so immoral, that the poor king removed them himself: 'I cannot allow such things to be seen by my daughter'—you see the king loves his daughter; patriots and agents of police are superior to such trivial humanities."

"Perhaps Capet's daughter cares for her father," said Laroche; "you never cared for me."

"Don't let us quarrel, dear Monsieur Laroche," said Jaffray, coming between father and daughter, with his hand raised in a conciliatory way. "Marie is much distressed. You have done your duty, no doubt, monsieur; that accomplished, you can use your good influences for your daughter's friends."

"I have done what I could."

"But you arrested them," said Marie.

"I made the way smooth for them," replied Laroche.

"But you hunted them down," said Marie.

"I was even thanked by Citizen Fournier for the consideration I showed him and his wife."

"But you were their captor; otherwise they might be free."

"Not so; others would have taken them, as others have taken the Bertins," said Laroche.

"The Bertins, too?" exclaimed Marie, her hand upon her heart.

"And as others will take the Leouvets," said Laroche, his face hardening; "and as others will take all the enemies of France that are

leagued with the foreign foe now marching upon Paris; yes, upon Paris."

"And the de Leouvets?" said Marie. "Did you say the de Leouvets?"

"You have said it," replied Laroche.

"Their friend, Monsieur de la Galettiere, too?" asked Marie.

"Yes, but no prisoner of mine."

"No; you had a higher ambition, I know," said Marie. "And you dare to say you love your daughter?"

"The time may come when that love will be swallowed up in the patriot's love of his country," replied Laroche, with a ferocity that brought the color into his inflexible countenance.

"For God's sake!" said Jaffray, "don't make it difficult for you to be reconciled. My dear Marie, oh, my friend, don't aggravate your father!"

"Bon soir," said Laroche, abruptly, "bon soir. If I am only an agent of police in my daughter's eyes, why, 'Ventre bleu!' I will stick to my trade. Bon soir!"

## XXIX.

### LAROCHE AT HOME.

"Bon soir," said Marie, after a pause, while she and Jaffray listened to the determined tread of Laroche's footsteps on the stairs. Jaffray noticed that they paused at his own floor. He had not gone straight away to the bureau of the secret police, as Jaffray had feared he would. If he cooled his anger at home there might be some hope of reconciliation.

"You will bring that young woman to the scaffold, among you," said Laroche to his wife.

"Bless me, why? The scaffold!" said his humble partner, with an iron in her hand, the heat of which she was testing at her fat, rosy cheek.

"What are you ironing?"

"Your shirts," said madame.

"Is it very hot—that iron?"

"Not too hot. What's the matter with you?"

"The iron of indignant Paris will go over the enemies of France with a heat that will consume them," said Laroche, flinging himself into a chair, "and not Robespierre himself can cool it; and yet she thinks I can control the furnace."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said madame, running the iron over Laroche's linen.

"You never do," said Laroche. "Put down your iron and give me some wine."

Madame placed the iron in the stove, rubbed her fat hands upon a towel, carried her buxom self to a sideboard, and brought forth a bottle of red wine, which she opened and handed to Laroche with the complaisance of a paid waitress.

"She is mad, that daughter of mine," he said, having emptied the goblet which his wife had filled.

"Your daughter is stubborn, like you," said Madame Laroche.

"Me stubborn?"

"Yes; obstinate as a winter cough compared with such as me."

"Compared with such as you?" said Laroche.

"You were made to iron clothes and cook omelettes, and you do both well; and—"

"Thank you. I suppose if I went into the streets, with a sword by my side and a cockade in my cap, and shouted myself hoarse yelling the Carmagnole, you would think something of me?"

"Sacré nom du diable! no, I shouldn't," exclaimed Laroche.

"But you want your daughter to run with your sansculotte crew?"

"No, I don't," said Laroche. "Mais Dieu, I can't have a traitor under my roof, can I? A reviler of the people? An enemy of the Revolution? An upholder of veto? Besides—"

He did not finish the sentence, but got up and tramped about the room. Madame filled his goblet again. He emptied it mechanically. Then she took from a shelf a clay pipe and filled it with tobacco and laid it on the arm of his chair.

"Besides," he said, after a pause, "she may slip through my fingers. If that man Simon, the printer, had lived, he would have denounced her. Do you think I could save her if she were brought before the committee? Not I, nor twenty Laroches. Do you think she would hold her tongue? Not she. Mon Dieu! she would talk her head off her shoulders; and what could I do? Nothing, nothing!"

"You don't go on like this before the committee yourself," said madame. "You keep your temper there."

"Dien! I have to. It does me good to let it speed at home."

"I don't matter, do I? They don't know you, the wise ones at the Palais. I do; you're like the rest. I saw your Marat and your Citizen Danton one day. Cowards both, cowards! Laroche, one day, if their turn comes—"

"Suzanne, are you mad, too?" exclaimed Laroche. "You are getting your opinions from Marie's garret. Yes, I see you are."

"No, I'm not; I get them from you," said madame, smiling with her large blue eyes. "You think I'm a fool, Laroche; I'm not. You tell me many things, but I get my opinions from what you don't say."

"Then listen to what I do say. Sit down. Have a drink. I've never been savage to you, have I?"

"No; considering what you are, you've been a good husband. And here's good fortune to you!"

Madame touched his cup with hers, and he added: "To you, also. Suzanne, I do believe you're the only true friend I have in the world."

"No other woman?" she said, laughing.

"No other woman," he said, without smiling; "and no man, either."

"Not Citizen Grébanval?" said madame; "not Citizen Robespierre?"

"Don't ask questions," Laroche replied, taking up his pipe, which she lighted for him.

"No," he said, after a whiff or two; "I can't smoke."

"What is it? Something's mortal wrong."

"Don't you feel it in the air?" he said. "I do. If they come to this house—a domiciliary visit—though you are my wife, be discreet. Warn our neighbors on every floor. And Marie. You like her. She is fond of you. A word, a look, a picture in the wrong place, a trifle may ruin her—ruin us all. Her heart is not with me, nor with you, nor with France. Mais, mon Dieu! she is my daughter, and I would not have her swept into La Force or the Abbaye, or carried to the Hôtel de Ville. Hold her back! Still her tongue. Danton, at the bar of the Convention, lighted the train. It is burning slowly but surely; and in the meantime the victims are being gathered in, sacrifices on the altar of France. Like the prophet of old, I am ready to offer up my own flesh and blood; but oh, mon Dieu! I pray for a substitute. You know me, Suzanne. I am putty in Marie's hands, but I can be adamant where duty is concerned. We have parted. I can do no more with her. You can. I leave her to you. I must go now."

"Laroche," said the woman who was only good enough to be a housekeeper, "you don't often give me your confidence; but you keep your devilleries, whatever they be, for others, so I'm content. I get my housekeeping money regular, and you ain't mean; so, seeing as it's uncommon to ask me to help you, why, of course, I'll do it; but couldn't you spare a word or two now and then for my own sake—just what they call a bit of domestic talk, husband and wife, and—"

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Suzanne. Give me a kiss and do what I tell you."

She suffered herself to be kissed. They were hard lips that touched hers, and Laroche's embrace was no less cold and formal, but it was an embrace; and when he had buttoned his coat and stuffed his pistols into his pocket he took her fat hand and bent over it with a respectful, if not a courtly air, and kissed it; saying, as he went out, "Suzanne, I like you more than you think."

"You may easily do that," she said to herself as she closed the door upon him.

## XXX.

### ON THE EVE OF THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER.

LAROCHE went straight to the Ministry of Justice. He was late. Robespierre, Danton, Grébanval, and the rest, however, needed no apology from their devoted agent of police.

Encouraged by the day before by shouts of "Vive la Commune!" excited by cries of "Vivent nos bons Commissaires!" from a thousand creaking throats, they had already framed the list of proscriptions; and Laroche was in time to accompany them to the Assembly, where Danton and his colleagues appeared to give an account of the measures taken to insure the public safety.

"A number of the people," said Danton, his voice and manner dominating the paralyzed legislature and delighting the galleries, "a number of the people has already set out for the frontiers; another is engaged in digging our intrenchments; the third, armed with pikes, will defend the interior of the city."

The galleries cheered, and shouted "Vive la Commune!"

"But this is not enough," went on the audacious communist. "You must send emissaries and couriers to rouse all France to imitate the example of the devoted capital; we must pass a decree by which every citizen shall be obliged, under pain of death, to serve in person against the common enemy."

He was still speaking when the tocsin startled the general ear, followed by discharges of artillery.

"It is not the sound of alarm that you hear," he said, his voice ringing out like a trumpet, defiant and powerful; "it is the signal to advance against your enemies; to conquer, to crush them! What is required?" he asked, looking round upon the Assembly with flashing and murderous eyes, and pronouncing the reply, which rings like a death-knell through every

history of the Revolution. "Boldness, boldness, boldness! And France is saved!" Not alone his words, but his thunderous voice "produced," to quote an eloquent record of the time, "the most appalling impression, and a decree of the Assembly was immediately claimed, announcing urgent danger to the commonwealth and commanding all the citizens to repair, armed, to their several posts as soon as the cannon of alarm should be heard, and appointing a committee of twelve, with absolute power, to concur with the executive, of which Danton was the head, in the measures necessary for the public safety."

Thus were the massacres of September the 31 inaugurated. The echoes of the din in the streets, the clash of the tocsin, the reverberations of cannon, penetrated the Conciergerie. Mathilde heard the clamor at the Abbaye. At the temple the king and queen wondered at it, and feared. But what impressed the prisoners in the jails more than the noise, was the anxious looks of their jailers, the hurried conferences of officials. At the Conciergerie knives were removed from the dinner-tables, and everything that could be used for defense or offense taken away from the cells.

At night, in the barred room of the Fourteen, the prisoners were conscious of a deathly stillness. Even the dogs in the court-yard ceased to bark. They howled piteously, as if they had seen some unnatural apparition. Now and then one of them would set up a wild yell, soon subsiding into a low growl.

The savage animals in the little yard beneath the window were regaled with the meat of half a dozen dishes of the day's dinner, and Daniel cooed to them in soft, soothing tones as he filed at the last bar. He had said, when he began work on this last night, "Friends, something tells me that if we are not out before the dawn we are doomed." By one o'clock every bar was removed and the way was open. An agreed signal was given to the friends who had kept watch on the quay and had slept in doorways and down by the river night after night, among them de la Galettiere's brave wife.

The last bar removed, the eight were distributed as weapons. Soon after dinner, and while there was plenty of light, the order of precedence in leaving had been settled by ballot. Each man knew his place. De Fournier was last in the rank, de la Galettiere first; but it was decided to give this position to Daniel because of his control over the dogs.

They had pushed a table beneath the window; only a chair added was necessary for them to reach the opening, from which the evening breeze now blew gratefully into the fetid room.

With breathless anxiety they watched Daniel disappear. They had no cause to fear the two sentinel dogs. The file which Daniel had been able to conceal about his person all through his imprisonment was a sharp-pointed tool, a knife as well as a file; the sort of implement that in after years Colonel Bowie, the American, selected for the weapon that is known by his name.

Fondling the first dog that answered his call, Daniel slew it with a deadly home-thrust; and quickly laid upon its carcass that of its fierce companion.

One after another, the men passed safely through the aperture; one after another, calmly and in perfect order, de Fournier awaiting his turn.

Simultaneously with these escapes the general beat, the tocsin sounded, the citizens began their march to the frontiers, and the city was thus left to the mercy of the Commune's band of assassins—three hundred demons in human shape assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, who were rendered more ferocious by libations of ardent spirits, their pockets filled with blood money. They, and the multitude that accompanied them, were addressed in wild words of encouragement by Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and Billaut-Marennès, while Grébanval and Laroche looked on. "À mort les aristocrates!" "À mort les prisonniers!" "Vive la Commune!" shouted the hired murderers, brandishing their weapons. "Magnanimous people," said Collot d'Herbois, "you march to glory!" "À l'Abbaye!" was the fierce response; "À la Conciergerie! À la Force! À l'Hôtel de Ville!" "First to the Abbaye," said a powerful ruffian as hideous as Marat himself. "Yes; to the Abbaye!" shouted the rest, and off they started, howling death to priests and prisoners, who encumbered the earth.

As if misfortune was still holding de Fournier with a deadly grip, no sooner did he mount the chair to quit the prison than, broken with the already heavy strain it had borne, it gave way, table and all, prostrating him upon the floor. He lay there for a few minutes, the dogs in the outer yard howling dismally. Perhaps they smelt the blood of their dead companions. Presently he gathered himself up and felt himself all over.

"No bones broken," he said; "no blood drawn. Thank God for that, at all events! I must reach the window if I crawl up the wall,"



and he began to feel for the chair; at which moment the bar of the door was stealthily drawn, and someone entered. Groggling for anything that could be used as a weapon, de Fournier found the leg of the chair.

"De Fournier," said some one, in a low whisper, "are you asleep?"

With a full knowledge of the massacre that was to take place early that morning in all the prisons of France, Robespierre, Danton, and other members of the Committee of Twelve issued private orders of release for certain persons whom they desired to save or had been bribed to protect, or for whom they might have felt some sense of pity—at least, they are entitled to this amount of human credit.

Jaffray, by means of an order surreptitiously obtained, and through personal influence with the jailer of the room in which de Fournier was confined, had come to remove him to safer quarters, and, if possible, to release him; though there were still difficulties in the way of this undertaking which would require skill and audacity to overcome.

"Do I know that voice?" said de Fournier, after a moment.

"I am Jaffray Elliott," was the reply, at the same time producing from beneath his coat a small lantern.

"God bless you!" said de Fournier, embracing him.

"Alone?" said Jaffray. "Alone?"

"Yes; the others have escaped. I have been unfortunate, you see," and Jaffray turned the light upon the broken chair.

"Quick, then!" said Jaffray; "that is your best way now; quick!" and in a few minutes it was possible for de Fournier to mount.

"And you?" he said.

"Don't mind me. I came to help. Begone, as fast as you may; you don't know the peril of this hour. Where shall you make for?"

"My own hotel," said de Fournier.

"No, no; not to-night."

"I know a safe way in, and a good hiding-place."

"Not to-night," said Jaffray. "Do you know the Rue de la Monnaie?"

"Yes."

"The third turning down, by the left, you will see a deep passage-way, with a lantern hung over the arch."

"Yes; I can find it."

"Enter; on the right there is a dark entry; wait me there. Here are pistols; I will join you. Every scoundrel in Paris will be too busy about the prisons and in the richer quarters to disturb you; wait for me. Hush! Shall you know this whistle?"

Jaffray gave a low, peculiar whistle.

"Yes."

"In half an hour you shall hear it, under the archway with the lantern."

"Au revoir!" said de Fournier, and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

## The Royal Household of Spain.

THE governments of Europe are watching the progress of the revolution in Cuba with the greatest interest, and most of the European monarchs look at the event with much alarm. It is not merely a question as to whether Spain will retain the island. Europe would care little about that; but for them the main question is: "Will the monarchical government of Spain remain in power, or will a revolution break out, the queen be overthrown, and a republic established?" It cannot be doubted for a moment that should the Spanish armies in Cuba be defeated, or be compelled to abandon the struggle for any reason, the whole peninsula from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar will witness a storm of human passion, rage, and *ferveur* which will sweep away the government.

On the other hand, supposing that Marshal Martinez Campos succeeds in crushing the revolution, the expedition will cost Spain millions of dollars and the lives of thousands of soldiers. This means more taxes for a people taxed to the utmost, and a public debt, the interest of which no taxing will be able to meet. Yet a victory in Cuba would undoubtedly strengthen the government of the queen regent and assure its stability for many years.

It is not the first time that Queen Christine has had to deal with difficulties which seem insurmountable. When, ten years ago, King Alfonso XII. of Spain suddenly died, leaving the regency of the kingdom to the young queen, the condition of affairs in Spain was as bad as could be. The government was nearly bankrupt and confronted with the greatest difficulties—financial, social, political, and international. The republicans, strong and well organized, seemed at the point of overthrowing the monarchy; and the burden of facing all these difficulties was falling upon a woman, young, without experience, a stranger in the country, the mother of two charming little girls. She was not popular, and the only fact

that she is an Austrian princess will explain this unpopularity.

Spanish pride cannot stand the idea of being ruled by a foreigner. So, from one end of Europe to the other, every one exclaimed: "The poor queen! She will not remain in Spain a single month. She will have to give it up, else her government will be overthrown through some bloody revolution. Surely a republic will be established in Spain within a few weeks, unless Don Carlos de Bourbon, pretender to the throne of Spain, should manage to fish in troubled waters." And those who are interested in European politics anxiously awaited the terrible event. Ten years have elapsed—they are still waiting.

I would not like to be accused of partiality to monarchical ideas. Yet I must recognize that the work accomplished in Spain during the past five years by the royal ministers is admirable; that the queen is now most popular, and that monarchy is undoubtedly stronger than it had been for a long period. People say it is a miracle; true, a miracle accomplished by the queen.

When, at the death of the king, she became regent of the kingdom the Spanish people, who objected to being governed by a foreign princess, thought: "If there were only a boy—a future king! As she is a good mother, a remarkably intelligent woman, she would make a brilliant prince—a man—of him and it would be better, perhaps, than to go again through a revolution and anarchy." Just then it was learned that the queen expected a third child, and, strange to say, every one waited, before beginning the fight, to see whether it would be a girl or a boy. It was a boy. "Viva el Rey!" shouted the nation at large; and for a time all political contentions ceased. Many royalists who were thinking of joining the cause of the would-be king, Prince Don Carlos, rather than to obey a foreigner, changed their minds and stayed by their future king, while the Spanish people at large began to take the greatest interest in the mother and child, and the general feeling seemed to be: "Why! give her a chance to raise that boy and make a great king of him."

The queen understood it, felt it, and finding her protection and strength behind the cradle which hid so many hopes, she took the government in hand, and for ten years has conducted it in such a way as to gain not only the admiration of all the world, but even that of her most bitter foes. Spain has had some frightful crises to go through. At home, the socialists, the anarchists, the awful condition of the finances, poverty and misery, strikes of every kind, calamities of every description; abroad, difficulties with Germany, France, and Morocco—yet she has passed through all this in a wonderfully quiet way, and every difficulty seems to have strengthened the situation of the queen.

The happy selection she made of her ministers, her unquestionable patriotic standing in all international questions, her energy at home, the quiet, simple, economical manner in which she lives, surrounded by her children, the integrity and high morality which prevail at her court—all have contributed to win for her the love and admiration of the people and the respect of her political adversaries.

It is useless to add that the queen takes the keenest interest in all political questions and presides herself over the cabinet. But what more could I say in praise of her wonderful ability than to recall the words of Castelar, the great Spanish republican, who, after all these years of fighting, says: "I shall oppose this government no more; it has given Spain all a republic could give her." No better or greater appellation of the queen's efforts could possibly be desired.

There is nothing gay about the court of Spain. All the time she does not give to the government business, the queen spends with her children. There is very little going on at the royal palace—one of the largest, handsomest, and richest in Europe; from time to time a very private concert or musicale, by distinguished artists. Her Majesty seldom, if ever, grants private audiences; there are no drawing-rooms, as at St. James's, and only twice a year is the diplomatic corps given a reception, and no other foreigners but the diplomats attend it.

The queen, however, very kindly accepted my invitation to listen to an illustrated lecture on the United States of America. Everything was speedily arranged, thanks to the efforts of the Duke de Sotomayor, Grand Maître de la Cour, and of the inspector-general of the palace. The lecture was fixed for half-past nine in the red salon next to the throne-room. I was talking with the Duke de Medina-Sidonia and the Duke de Sotomayor, both in court uniforms, covered with orders and decorations, when a chamberlain at the door announced "La Reina," and the queen regent came in, followed by a dozen ladies and as many officers. She looked younger and much more charming than I expected, even after hearing so much about her. She has also the reputation of dressing most beautifully and tastefully. Her Majesty very

kindly left aside all questions of etiquette, anxious to have the entertainment *en famille et sans étiquette*. She quickly came to me and in the kindest and most charming manner asked me questions about my travels in Asia and in Africa. She was quite anxious to know how the views would be shown, as a stereoscopic such as we have in the States had never been seen in Spain, where, by the way, it created quite a sensation. The custom-house would not at first let the gas-cylinders go through, fearing they were some infernal machines, and I an anarchist anxious to blow up Madrid!

The queen spoke first in English, and very fluently, but requested me to give the lecture in French, as every one present understood that language better. She also asked me to stay right near her, as she did not want to lose one word. It was doubtless the most attentive and appreciative audience I ever had. I thought the lecture would last about an hour, but her Majesty was so interested and asked so many questions that it lasted two and a half hours. I had views of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Niagara, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, New Orleans, etc. The ones which seemed to create the most interest were the elevated railroad, the New York Central "dye," the magnificent cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the high buildings of Chicago, the wonderful scenery of the Yosemite, and the Capitol in Washington. When the picture of Mrs. Cleveland came upon the screen the queen exclaimed: "*Cousine elle est jolie!*" The last picture was a fine photograph of the United States cruiser *New York*.

During the entertainment the queen exclaimed again and again, charmed by the beautiful pictures: "*Cousine c'est intéressant!*" At the close she expressed her satisfaction in the warmest possible terms, talking in a charming manner, and for nearly an hour, of all she had seen. She told me she had spent many hours listening to the narrative of the Infanta Eulalia's experiences in America, after the princess had returned to Spain.

Her Majesty expressed the warmest admiration for the United States, and said there is not a country she would like so much to visit. These friendly feelings toward our country I noticed everywhere in Spain, and all the State ministers and high officials had but the most agreeable and flattering things to say of Americans. The writers who, of late, have claimed that the Spanish government is unfriendly to the United States are very much mistaken, I think. Spain has reason to be grieved and provoked at the tone of many of our newspapers regarding the Cuban revolution. It is natural that this country should sympathize with Cuba, but also very natural that Spain should look at the matter in a different light. "What would you do," asked a Spaniard some time ago, "should Texas or California, or any of your States, decide to become independent of the Federal government, and proclaim itself an independent republic? Do all in your power, I am sure, to crush such a movement. Well, we consider Cuba as much a part of Spain as Texas or California is a part of the federation of the United States."

To return to the evening I spent at the royal palace of Madrid, I will mention a rather amusing incident. I had been requested to bring with me some photographs of Japan, Corea, China, and other Asiatic countries. Among them was a photograph of myself, in the costume of a Corsican general. "What strange and wonderful clothes!" exclaimed the queen. "I never saw anything like it!" I had anticipated her surprise, and brought along the costume, which created much amusement and made every one laugh heartily. The little pink silk coat with wide sleeves, the big socks padded with cotton, the wonderful hat with peacock feathers and all kinds of ornaments, were much enjoyed, but it remained for the trousers to create a real sensation. They are enormous—so big that I can disappear entirely in one of the legs. While every one was laughing at them, the Duke de Medina-Sidonia whispered in my ear, "On! on! put them on"; and, following his suggestion, I put them on, and also the rest of the costume, to the great amusement of all. Soon after the queen retired, and when she had disappeared, followed by the other ladies, the duke came to me, and in the most serious manner said: "Sir, you can boast of having done what no other man ever did." "What is it, your excellency?" "Boast, sir, of being the only man who ever did put on and take off his trousers before her Majesty the Queen of Spain and the ladies of the court!"

A. B. DE GIERVILLE.

## Steeple-chasing at Morris Park.

As a spectacle there is no form of racing more exciting and popular than steeple-chasing. Fifteen years ago it was deemed necessary

to have a steeple-chase on the programme of each day's racing. It was thought that such contests or exhibitions brought many persons to the tracks who otherwise would have stayed at home. But the steeple-chases after a while became mere exhibitions, and the rascally owners and jockeys arranged each race before it was started. Indeed, it became so scandalous that a fair race was looked upon as impossible. Therefore the best jockey clubs struck them from their programmes, and for ten years past we have had practically no steeple-chasing in America, except that which was purely amateur.

When an inhibition of book-making and pool-selling was inserted in the constitution of New York State a party of gentlemen organized a steeple-chase association, and arranged to hold a spring and an autumn meeting at Morris Park. These gentlemen so hedged themselves about with strict rules and reserved to themselves such arbitrary powers that they felt that they could have such contests without frauds. And they have done so. No scandal marred the success of either meeting. Though the number of gentlemen jockeys who rode in the races was small, still the sport as it was conducted at Morris Park was essentially the sport of gentlemen, and it was highly appreciated by the same class of people who used to gather in front of the clubhouse at Jerome Park, and who now make of the horse show in Madison Square Garden a great fashionable event of each year.

## People Talked About.

—It is likely that when Louise Michel visits the United States the actual sight of her on the platform will displace much of the halo of romance that surrounds her as viewed by socialist eyes across three thousand miles of perspective. She is a most unattractive woman physically—tall, masculine, and raw-boned, and even the charm of youth is absent, for she is sixty-six. An American reporter who tried to find her for an interview six years ago in Paris had a curious experience. The anarchist was then living shabbily in the Rue Victor Hugo, outside the fortifications of Paris. The reporter sought her in the aristocratic Avenue Victor Hugo, and was disconcerted when the servant at the mistaken address slammed the door in his face at mention of her name, rattled the chain-bolt within, and exhibited other signs of alarm.

—It gives one an idea of the extent of Borovno, the estate of Jean and Edouard de Reszké, in Poland, to learn that it embraces sixteen thousand acres. It is a magnificent domain, with a palace dating back to the times of Louis X., and it may be a matter of interest to the thousands of opera-goers who incidentally contribute to its support to know that the estate is kept in apple-pie order. An American visitor there found evidences of business thrift in the great singlers in the vast fields of growing potatoes which are raised to be manufactured into Russian brandy. The de Reszkés are popular with their neighbors, not only because of their generous use of their wealth, but also because of their interest in manly sports, from cross-country riding to horse-racing.

—The latest American writer to achieve success in England is Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who went to London eighteen months ago for a brief residence there, and now finds her work and herself sufficiently popular to justify a prolonged stay. The two books she has published in that time have been favorably received, and she has been welcomed in the literary society of the metropolis. Mrs. Atherton has a greater share of good looks than most literary ladies possess. She is pretty, and a blonde, and still on the sunny side of forty. She has outgrown her Amelie Rives days, and her stories have more substantial claims to recognition than formerly.

—What may be called a Kingsley revival appears to be now in progress. There is an increasing demand at the libraries for the canon's books; his brother's romances are out in a new edition and gaining on this side of the Atlantic some of the recognition they have always had on the other; his niece is penetrating the wilds of Africa to secure specimens for the British Museum, and incidentally doing very hazardous exploring, while his daughter is soon to lecture to us. It is in the veins of the niece that hereditary signs of Charles Kingsley's spirit of adventure are to be found, for this young woman's daring desire to explore the Cameroons amazed the authorities.

—Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is one of the few women writers of the day whose names are to be found on the publishers' lists of thirty years ago. Other names that were with hers then have disappeared, and their books gone out of print, but her own still adorn newly-printed title-pages. Mrs. Barr is now sixty-four years old, but she has not begun to diminish in productivity, and she is said to be one of the best paid of contemporary novelists. She lives nowadays at Cornwall, on the Hudson.





MISS MABEL LOVE AS "BLANCA."

MISS ALICE BARNETT  
AS "DAME HECLA."MR. CAIRNS JAMES  
AS THE "GOVERNOR."MR. JOHN LE HAY  
AS "MATH MUNCK."

MISS NANCY MCINTOSH AS "CHRISTINA."



MISS NANCY MCINTOSH AND JULIUS STEGER AS "THE PRINCE REGENT."



MR. JOHN LE HAY AS "THE SYNDIC."



MISS GERTRUDE ATWOOD AS "NANNA."



MISS KALLALINE TERRISS AS "THORA."

# "HIS EXCELLENCY."





MISS MAUD E. BREMOND.



MISS ROSINE MAILLOT.



MRS. WALTER BREMOND.



MISS MAMIE E. NORTH.



MISS ANNIE HUNTER.



MISS MAMIE MALONEY.



MRS. LEWIS HANCOCK.



MRS. A. W. TERRELL.



MISS LOUISE SHELLEY.



MISS IDA MAY ARCHER.



MISS IRENE PALM.



MRS. E. M. HOUSE.



MISS HELEN BEALL.



MISS ATHALIE L. NORTH.



MISS BESSIE BEALL.



MISS BESSIE HECTOR.

TYPES OF SOUTHERN BEAUTIES—PROMINENT SOCIETY WOMEN OF AUSTIN, TEXAS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOURNEY.—[SEE PAGE 830.]





## THE BLACK CAT.

A UNIQUE PARIS CAFÉ AND THEATRE.



way convinced that they know the flavor of the modern Babylon.

The fact is, underneath that crust there lurk all manner of things—some good, some bad, but united in a mélange as unwholesome, mentally and morally speaking, as our famous but much maligned pies are said to be physically. The latter are described as "dyspepsia above, dyspepsia below, and untold horrors between." In certain moods one is ready to transfer this description to Paris, especially as regards the "between." In other words, however, one accepts it gayly as one accepts the Thanksgiving mince-pie, because it tastes uncommonly good and because, as one inwardly argues, apples and meat and raisins and so on are, after all, perfectly harmless. Sweet sophistry!

The Paris pie owes a good deal of its seasoning to the artists and the students. The artists are scattered in groups all over the city, but the quarter to which they give perhaps the most individuality is that in the vicinity of the Boulevard Clichy. As for the students, everybody knows about the Latin Quarter, which, if it were not the students' quarter would be that of the artists, so many of them dwell within its borders.

It sometimes seems strange that so many tourists are content to go the same old round of sightseeing—the Madeleine, the Louvre, Notre

Perhaps it is a homely comparison, but Paris is certainly like a mince-pie, and most travelers taste only the crust thereof. They find it to their liking, or they do not, as the case may be, and they go their

Perhaps he had expected to see Bonheur and Puvis de Chavannes (there's a droll association of names!) and Carolus Duran and Rosa Bonheur, and all the galaxy of celebrated French artists, sitting in rows and drinking absinthe. The inexperienced foreigner thinks everybody in Paris drinks absinthe. If he expected this he was certainly royally disappointed. The successful artists contribute precious little to the picturesque of Paris. It is the young and struggling ones—sometimes the old and struggling ones—who furnish this element. But you will not find many of them at the Chat Noir. This Black Cat is a sleek but hungry animal, which would swallow a poverty-stricken artist in short order.

The café and theatre of the Chat Noir occupy a small three-story building in a narrow street near the Boulevard Clichy. It is known from one end of Paris to the other, although it is so small and is frequented by a comparatively limited circle. Say "Au Chat Noir" to any Paris coachman and he will take you there without further instructions. The entrance is

at one side of the front and is surmounted by an enormous head of a black cat, carved from wood and painted realistically. The door always stands open, and from the outside one has a confused vision of narrow, winding stairs just within, with great palms on the platforms and the walls lined with pictures, large and small. If you turn in at this door and mount half a dozen steps you will find a door at your left. This is the entrance to the café, a long, large room, of which the entire front is stained glass, while the rear is lighted by a skylight. Here again there are pictures everywhere; pen-and-ink sketches, pencil drawings, water-colors, oils, pastels, all framed simply and hung in solid rows from the height of the tables to the ceiling. Each sketch is signed, many of them with the name of some one of the leading men of the younger generation of artists, Raffaelli, Henri Rivière, Louis Morin, Caran d'Ache, Chéret, Forain, and scores of others more or less well known.

Salis, the proprietor of the Chat Noir, is a genius in his way. When he opened his café he encouraged the young artists to come there. When their bills had mounted to a considerable height he would tell his impecunious but talented debtors to make him a few sketches and commence over again. In this way he acquired a collection which is worth a fortune. He also gained a reputation and the good-will of the artists, who, as they grew more successful and were able to pay their reckoning in regular legal tender, did not desert their friend Salis. He now has a chateau outside of Paris, and could buy out a good many of his patrons, but he remains the same old Salis. He is almost always present in the evening, when he furnishes a considerable part of the entertainment.

The café by day is dim and quiet. The tables and chairs are of heavy wood and the floor is sanded. Altogether there is an air of quaint Mediævalism about it by

day. At night it is brilliant enough, but not until after midnight is it very gay. The Chat Noir, like other animals of its kind, has a fondness for late hours. The theatre on the third floor does not open until half-past nine or even later. To call it a theatre, by the way, is to give a wrong impression of it. There is one room, perhaps twenty-five feet square, with a small extension at one end of about twelve feet square. In the middle of one side of the larger room there is an opening about thirty-five by forty-five inches in size. It is outlined by a gilt picture-frame, and when not in use is closed by a dark red curtain. Around the four sides of the room runs a frieze of large panels, each panel inclosing one of the famous Chéret *affiches*, or posters. Below this frieze the walls are covered with framed sketches, as in the restaurant down-stairs.

At one side of the room there is a big fireplace. Black cats, carved from wood, perch everywhere. They glare from the corners, arch themselves from the chimney-piece, curl them-

by figures cut out of zinc. Each "piece" is composed, and all the groups and figures for it are designed and cut, by some well-known artist. They are a succession of pictures in silhouette, but with accessories of light and shade and color which are astonishing. In "The Prodigal Son," a piece which Henri Rivière produced last winter, one had the yellow, sandy Southern landscape, with occasional palm-trees and caravans which appeared in the distance and came nearer and nearer, the figures increasing in size as they approached. The sky was blue, there were occasional fleecy clouds which grew rosy at sunset. The twilight fell with a subtle gradation of shade which was wonderful.

Most of the pieces are accompanied by music composed expressly for the occasion by such men as Georges Fragerolle. Between the acts, that is to say, between the different pieces, three of which are generally given in an evening, there are the usual songs and *recits* of the café concert. But at the Chat Noir there is more artistic execution and more artistic appreciation than elsewhere. Many of the things given are, from the American point of view, decidedly off color, but they do not have the blatant coarseness of the average café concert. The men who sing their own verses are real poets; the others who recite subtly indecent anecdotes are artists. So much the worse, to be sure! Ever-so-much the worse!



## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Princeton Defeats Harvard by the Score 12-4.

PRINCETON defeated Harvard at foot-ball on the afternoon of November 21 at Princeton, New Jersey. The result of the game was a surprise to a majority of foot-ball men who had followed the work of the teams during the early season. Princeton, however, made rapid strides in the perfection of her game during the last week prior to November 21, and appeared against Harvard a better team by fifty per cent. than her admirers and coaches thought possible a few weeks before.

From beginning to end the game abounded in kicking plays, and the thousands of spectators present were for once satisfied. Instead of the continuous masses of tangled players pushing and hauling and tugging which characterized the game last year, and to a much greater extent in 1902, the ball was conspicuous by its flight through space every little while. This kind of play was what the public had long clamored for, and when they were finally treated to it they showed their appreciation in no uncertain way. Any one present that day who had seen the big games of six to eight years ago were carried back in memory in a most pleasing and satisfying manner.

At the conclusion of the first half Harvard had the advantage. Not only had Charley Brewer outkicked his rival, Baird, Princeton's full-back, but the Harvard backs showed greater ground-gaining abilities. Neither side scored in this half, though Harvard had the ball at one time on her opponent's five-yard line, and was fast "sailing" for a touchdown, when a fumble gave the ball to Princeton's quarter-back, Suter, who, by a brilliant run of eighty yards or so, placed in jeopardy in a few seconds the Harvard goal. This play of young Suter's will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to have seen it. When the ball was fumbled Suter was on the run for the line to get into the play which was coming for the left of his line. The ball bounded right in front of him, and in the twinkling of an eye he had gathered it in and continued up the field. Of all the Harvard men Charley Brewer was alone capable of immediate action, for which he must receive honorable mention, inasmuch as the history of such chance plays in other big games has shown a general state of paralyzed action, thus allowing the runner to run at will.

Down the field both ran at top speed, the little Suter and the pursuing and athletically-built Brewer.

When Suter reached centre field Brewer was fifteen yards away, but the latter was slowly but surely picking up his "chase." On Harvard's twenty-yard line, Brewer, judging the critical moment at hand, threw his body forward with the last and perhaps the greatest effort of his life. In the brief moment which followed, all was hushed—then a pealing shout arose from every side as his crimson jerseyed arms encircled the thighs of the flying Suter, who came to earth as the tree in the path of a cyclone.

Then the play was resumed with Harvard from a brief moment of great advantage to one on the defensive, and in dangerous proximity



Dame, les Invalides—without making an effort to see something of the real spirit of the life of Paris. They visit the monuments and the shops, but they know absolutely nothing of the people. Certainly there are two little pilgrimages which the average tourist could easily make and which will take him deeper in the life of Paris than would twenty trips through the sewers. These pilgrimages are to the *Chat Noir* and to the *Soleil d'Or*; or, as they would be in England, the Black Cat and the Golden Sun. The Black Cat is a more unusual variety of café than the Golden Sun. In fact, it is unique. On the other hand it is better known, has a more mixed clientele, and is so much the less characteristic of the real life of Paris.

Occasional tourists find their way to the Chat Noir. Sometimes either because they are unable to appreciate its picturesqueness, or because they think it is the proper thing to appear *blond*, they speak of it patronizingly and seem to intimate that it isn't all it might be. One American who was "writing up" Paris on short acquaintance, disposed of the Chat Noir in a few lines as the resort of bourgeois mammas and their daughters. Of course he was wrong, but at the same time he undoubtedly had some ground for disappointment.



to her goal line. But of these twenty-two players there was one who had lost heavily by that wild dash down the slippery field. Not Suter, the pursued, but Brewer it was who had lost, and oh, so much! That run had been a killing one for him, and until the game was concluded he was never again the brilliant player who started the game so well and strong.

In the second half Princeton scored three touchdowns and Harvard one. Two of Princeton's were due—the one to a blocked kick directly, and one to a failure on Brewer's part to kick when called upon. The third was scored by Princeton upon a trick play, Suter running some twenty yards. Harvard's only score was due to a blocked kick, Baird being obliged to kick from "in goal."

Princeton scored first, then Harvard tied the score. This all occurred in the first ten minutes of the second half. Thereafter, Princeton began to play an aggressive game, which in short order completely disorganized the Harvard team.

Brewer was unable to kick, having three kicks blocked in succession. Harvard's line seemed incapable of holding the opposing Tigers, except briefly at infrequent intervals. During the last fifteen minutes the Harvard team was not in the game in any way; and had the game continued, say another half-hour, Princeton would have scored touchdowns upon touchdown. In brief, Harvard had lost her nerve completely, and, like a whipped dog, took a sound thrashing with tail between her legs.

It cannot be said that the game was a great one—there was too much fumbling for that, as also too little science shown in drop-kicking and place-kicks for goal.

The well-planned and systematic defense of both teams was the most praiseworthy feature of the play, while Brewer in the first half gave an excellent exhibition of accurate and long-distance punting.

Although Captain Len of the Princeton team was forced to retire in the second half, Tyler, who substituted, did apparently quite as able work. Indeed, the substitutions which Princeton was forced to make—the others being Wentz for Riggs at guard, and Barnard for Armstrong at half-back—turned out so well as to greatly surprise the Princeton coaches.

The result of the game shows in no uncertain way that it is unsafe to back a team which on paper, before the game, looks to be the better, and for the simple reason that too many situations which cannot be foretold come up to change entirely the complexion of the game.

Now, before this game in point, it was figured out that while Princeton's defense was likely to prove stronger than Harvard's, her attack would be weaker. Hence, assuming that the difference in the defensive play of the two teams could not be pronounced, Harvard, with her brilliant trio of backs, ought to win. The fact was taken into consideration, too, that while Charley Brewer, Wrightington, and Fairchild could kick well, Princeton apparently had no kicker of merit.

Baird, the kicking full-back, like Quarter-back Suter, came up in the "stretch," as it were, and changed the entire complexion of the game.

The history of Harvard-Princeton foot-ball shows that in all Princeton has won nine games and Harvard three.

On November 31, 1877, the first game was played on the St. George's Cricket Grounds, Hoboken. Harvard won by two touchdowns to one. In 1878 Princeton won by one touchdown. The feature which struck the followers of the game, then in its infancy, most was the fact that quite one thousand people turned out to see the play. Again, in 1879, Princeton won, McNair doing the trick by kicking a fine goal from the field. Foot-ball kickers of to-day will please note this fact.

In 1880 Princeton met Harvard on the Polo Grounds at One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York, and won after a desperate contest, wherein both sides suffered in the first half, and the game remained a tie until a few moments before time for the game was called. The game in the following year resulted in a draw. Harvard won a protested victory in 1882. Princeton turned the tables on her foe in 1883 to the tune of twenty-seven to six, Moffat for Princeton doing some wonderful drop-kicking.

In 1884 Harvard was again snowed under by the score of thirty-four to six. In 1885 there was no game, but in 1886, at Princeton, the Tigers won still another game, twelve to nothing. Harvard managed finally to win the following year by twelve to nothing, but could not keep up her good work in 1888, when the Tigers won by nineteen to six. The drop kick figured in this game, as in most of the others.

The last game for a period of six years took place in 1890. It was played on Jarvis Field, Cambridge. At the end of the first interval of play the score was fifteen to ten in Harvard's favor. The Tigers went in after intermission and rolled up their score to forty-one, while Harvard could not increase hers by a point. There were many unpleasant features, and the game from start to finish abounded in unnecessary rough play.

Harvard broke off all pleasant relations with Princeton after the game, and naturally took the initiative this fall to renew athletic relations. Princeton quickly accepted her challenge. The game was played at Princeton—the last having been played at Cambridge. In contrast to the 1890 game, the game this year was as clean and as free from disagreeable features as well might be imagined or desired. No disputes arose, and not a foul was declared for unnecessary rough play. There was apparently the friendliest of feeling between the players of the rival teams, and after the game was over and the victory won by Princeton by the score of twelve to four, the latter team escorted their guests to the railroad station and sent them home with cheers and kind words.

The result of the game was no less pleasing to Princeton than Yale men, for it gave at one stroke that prominence and importance to the annual match between the two, which for obvious reasons the Harvard-Pennsylvania game scheduled for the same day—November 23d—would otherwise have had.

At New Haven, on account of no Harvard game to look forward to, and because of the distressing and disagreeable incidents connected with such a result, a generally apathetic feeling was prevalent. Interest in the game was apparently at a low ebb.

When the news of Princeton's victory was flashed over the wires, however, joy and the pleasures of anticipation of the game of the year replaced these dismal feelings, while a new life was imparted to the laborers for Yale, and for her continued supremacy on the foot-ball field.

*W.T. Ball.*

## OUR PLAYERS

### "His Excellency."

In these days, we have to take our Gilbert and Sullivan separately, and each with an ad-

honor takes this questionable form because he feels that in the *fin-de-siècle* period in which he



MISS ALICE BARNETT.

lives, mere verbal quips and cranks are played out, and all witticisms are back numbers. As he expresses it:

"Quisite is his enterprise, and hopeless his adventure is,  
Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet been said  
The world has joked incessantly for over fifty centuries,  
And every joke that's possible has long ago been made."

The gubernatorial position, however, offers gigantic possibilities for pleasantness of the so-called practical kind; and these opportunities his Excellency does not fail to improve. On his string are the court sculptor and a doctor, suitors for his daughter's hands; a strolling player and a street ballad-singer; a formidable *Deuse Ex Machina*, whose views are matrimonial; and, finally, the Prince Regent of the Kingdom, which is sombre Denmark. These personages

The company which is presenting "His Excellency" at the Broadway Theatre is uniformly good, and embraces quite a number of distinguished popular favorites, some of whom have previously appeared here in Gilbertian opera, while others whose fame has preceded them from England come as debutantes. Thus, Miss Nancy McIntosh, in her original role of *Clorinda*, the ballad-singer, has not been heard in New York before, though she is an American by birth. Miss Mabel Love, the *danceuse*, is also a new-comer who justifies her European reputation. The part of the jking Governor is played by Cairns James, a well-known English singer; and Julius Steger, the baritone, is the *Prince Regent*. Miss Edaline Teeris (*Thou*), Miss Gertrude Aylward (*Deuse Ex Machina*), and Miss Alice Barnett (*Deuse Ex Machina*), are no strangers here, and both are at their best in their present respective parts. Miss Barnett, in particular, finds in *Deuse Ex Machina* a character quite in the line of those with which her name has been pleasantly associated in nearly all the favorite Gilbert and Sullivan operas. In an interview with a representative of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, he said, reminiscently: "Yes, I was the original *Deuse Ex Machina* in 'Patience,' and played it nineteen months without break, during the run of the piece in London. I also 'created' *Deuse Ex Machina* in 'Princess Ida,' *Ruth* in 'The Pirates of Penzance,' and the *Queen of the Fairies* in 'Iolanthe.' *Kotisha* in 'The Mikado' isn't one of my roles in the sense of having been written to fit me, though I have played it a good deal. *Deuse Ex Machina*? No, that was not made to order, neither; but I was specially engaged to create the part in London, after two other actresses had 'chucked' it up. How do I like America? Oh, that is as old as one of his Excellency's cast-off jokes. The question is, how is America going to like me in my new role? Let us hope it will be a matter of mutual admiration."

## Something New in the Line of Sport.

THE new game of push-ball, which has lately been introduced and played at Harvard, has some of the essential features of foot-ball, but possesses many original points. The ball itself is a great curiosity. It is constructed in much the same manner as a foot-ball—a rubber bladder covered with strips of leather—only it is perfectly round. When inflated it is six feet, three inches in diameter, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. It can be moved with very slight pressure—indeed, a good wind will send it rolling across the field at a lively rate.

Push-ball is played by two teams of eight men each. The main purpose of the game is, as in foot-ball, to advance the ball into the opponents' territory and finally across the goal-line, and this is done by the concerted shoulder-pushing of the players. The game is played on a regulation foot-ball field, but only forty yards of the "gridiron's" length is used. The ball is placed on the centre line and the players group themselves on either side of it. The centre-plays directly behind the ball, with a guard and tackle on each side of him. Two forwards play "off-side" to brush the opposing players away from the ball, and the captain, or full-back, stands at some distance behind his men, directing the play by a code of signals.

The pushing is done with the shoulder entirely, and advances are made by scientific twisting from side to side. Owing to the rapidity of the game, which requires much the same exertion as a tug of war, the periods of play are usually not more than two minutes in length. When time is called the side having advanced the ball into the other's territory scores one or more points. One point is scored if a five-yard advance has been made, two points if a ten-yard advance, and so on, until finally, if a twenty-yard advance has been made, thus carrying the ball across the goal line, it counts five points. Team play and scientific manipulations are the great requisites for push-ball.

The only push-ball in existence is the one now in use at Harvard. It is owned by Mr. M. G. Crane, of Newton, Massachusetts, the inventor of the game, and was constructed at a cost of two hundred dollars.



THE NEW GAME OF PUSH-BALL.

mixture of foreign collaboration. Thus, in "The Chieftain," we have enjoyed Sir Arthur's music, albeit hitched to a rather cumbersome Barnard book. Now comes "His Excellency," a true Gilbert libretto of the first water, but with a musical setting by Dr. Osmond Carr, a distinguished Oxonian. It is not necessarily in disparagement of Dr. Carr to say that he is not the musical twin of the composer of "Patience." He seems to bear a high reputation of his own in England; and musical critics here agree that he has a distinctive style, as well as a masterly cleverness in instrumentation. He is now to us, that is all—and Sullivan is difficult to replace. The complications of the plot, in Mr. Gilbert's libretto, turn upon the pranks of his excellency the Governor of Elsinore, who is an inveterate practical joker. The Governor's

become entangled in a nightmare of misapprehensions, and in the end the Governor's jocular masterpiece comes home to him with boomerang force.

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PLAZA AND MONUMENT OF COLUMBUS.



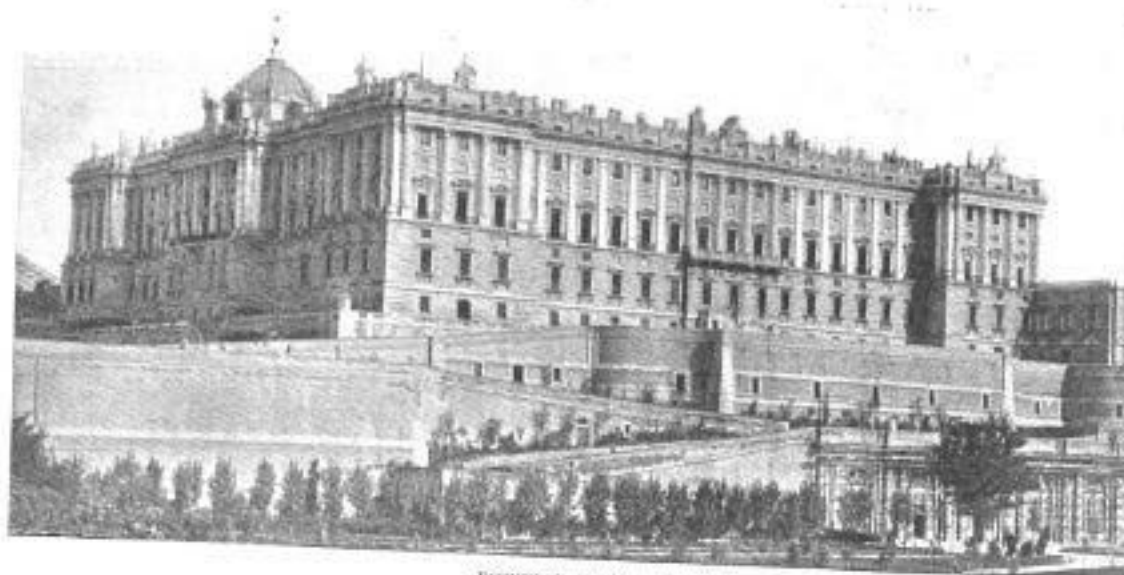
HANNIS TAYLOR, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN



R. M. THE KING OF SPAIN, ALFONSO XIII.



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ESCORTAL (ROYAL PALACE).



SEÑOR CASTELAR.



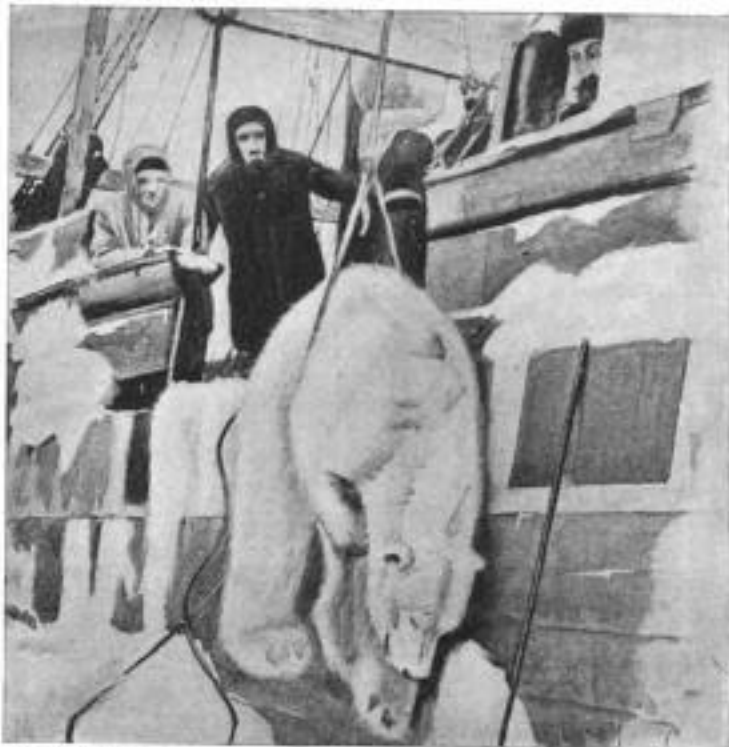
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PLAZA DEL SOL, MADRID.

THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD OF SPAIN.  
[SEE PAGE 331.]

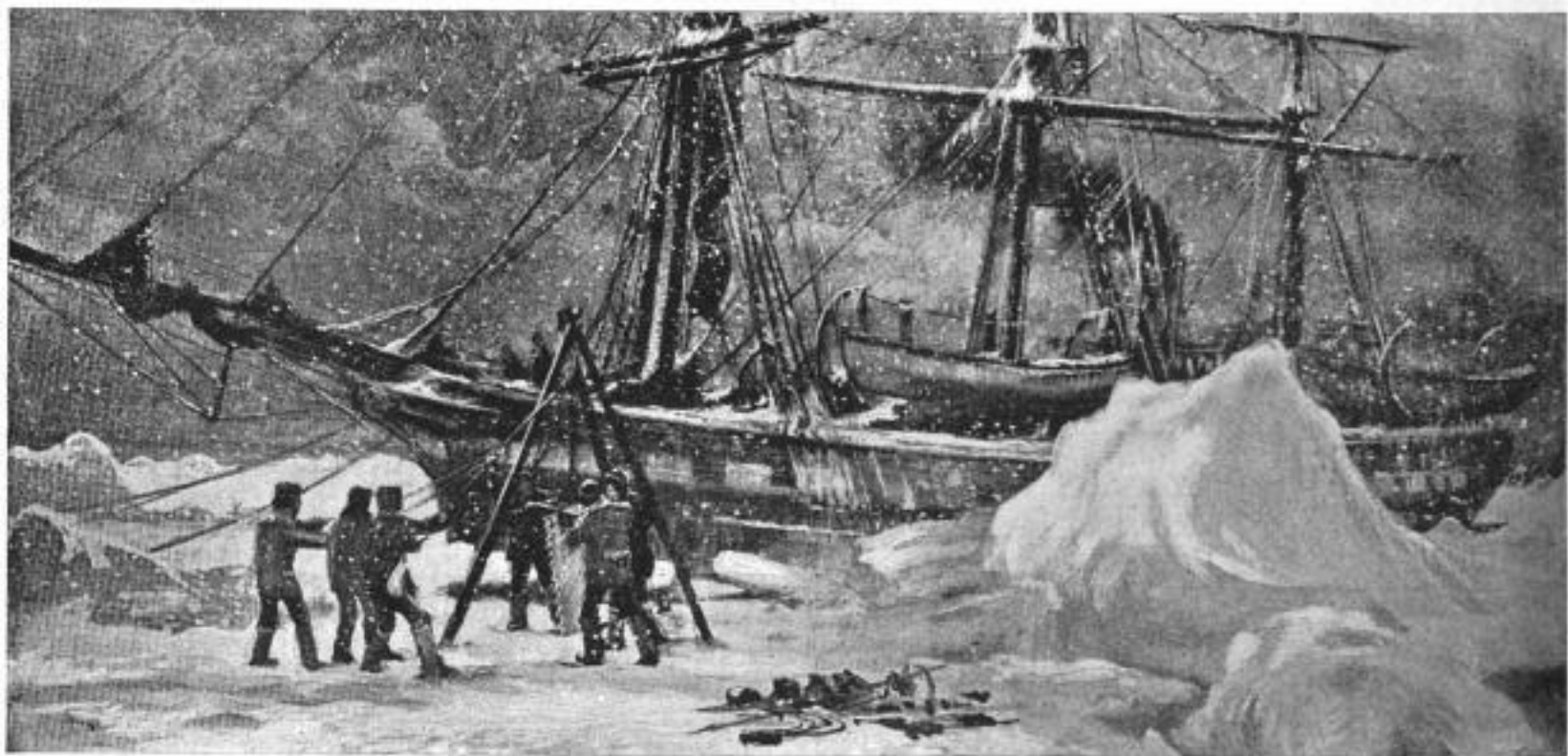




ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE—CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE EXPLORING PARTY.—*Illustrated London News*



A REMARKABLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN PARIS.—*From L'Illustration.*



"The Windward, after leaving Franz Josef Land, had a very severe struggle to break through the ice barrier which stretched across her southward course. After sixty-five days of battling with giants and gunpowder and saw, she passed through and reached the open sea."

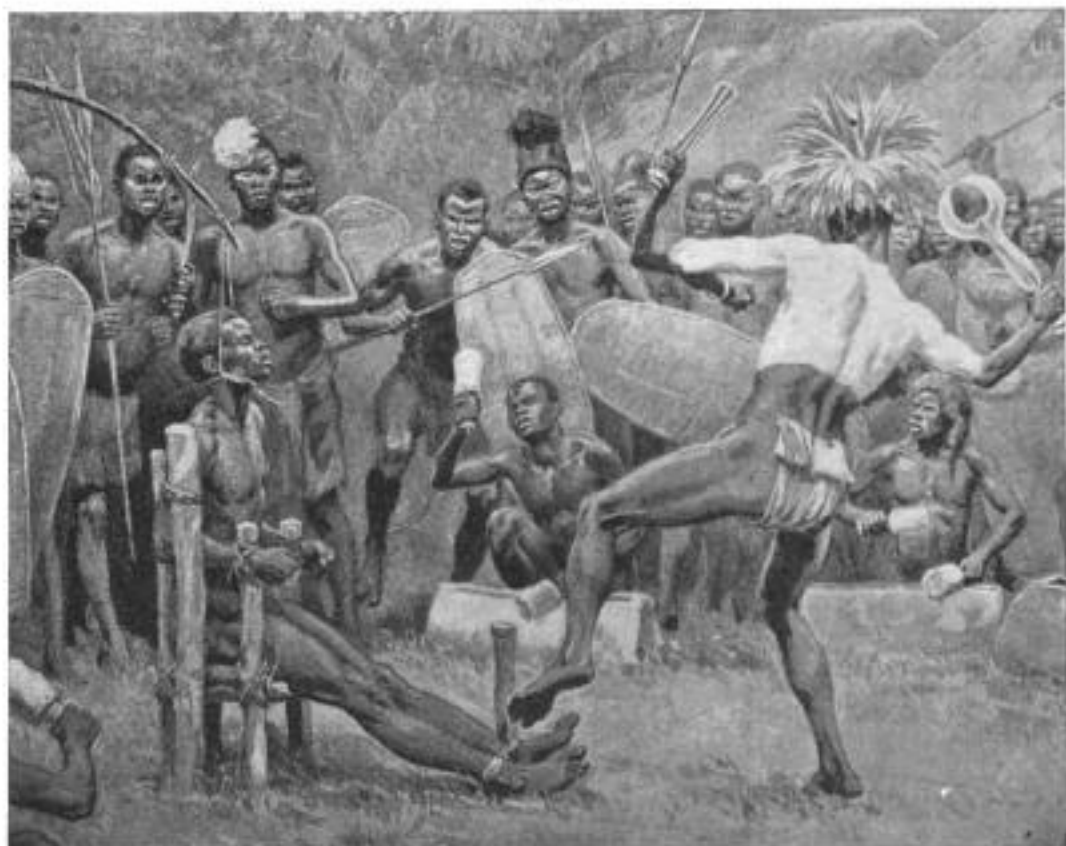
THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.—*The Graphic.*



THE MURDERED QUEEN OF COREA.



KING OF COREA.—*L'Illustration.*



NATIVE "JUSTICE" IN THE CONGO STATE—THE EXECUTION OF A SLAVE.—*The Graphic.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



SOME fine burglaries have been accomplished recently, and the French have taken Madagascar. —Judge.

#### AN AWFUL SUFFERER.

If there is any disease which is awful in its effects upon the sufferer, that disease is asthma. Suffocating, gasping for air, and sitting up, perhaps for weeks, in an agony of despair, weariness, and helplessness, such is the life of one who is afflicted with asthma in the worst form. An explorer on the Congo River, in darkest Africa, recently discovered a never-failing cure for asthma in the wonderful Kola Plant. And now all over Europe, physicians are endorsing and prescribing the Kola Plant as the only sure constitutional cure for asthma. There are seven thousand recorded cures within three months. So sure are the supporters of Kola of the fact that it cannot fail to cure, that they are sending out large trial cases free, to any sufferer from asthma who makes the request. For the benefit of our readers who may be afflicted, we cheerfully give the address of the Importing Company who have given this boon to humanity. Address: Kola Importing Company, 1041 Broadway, New York, and they will send you a large trial case free, by mail, and prepaid. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

THE attention of our readers is called to the announcement of Mr. George Huber in this number. Mr. Huber advertises a hair tonic which is what it is represented to be. The remedy is some two hundred years old, and has been used by many of his friends with excellent results.

#### THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS, ALSO FISHING, OF THE SOUTH.

UPON the above pleasing title the Southern Railway has in press a beautiful and comprehensive book appertaining to the hunting and fishing of the States through which that system extends. This, issue 4, comprises the entire South, including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, as throughout these States the Southern Railway has its own lines. The book is written in the happiest style of Mr. William Bruce Leffingwell, of Chicago, and the illustrations are simple and are especially prepared for this particular volume. This is the first time that such a publication has been attempted, exhibiting in such an attractive manner the almost innumerable resorts for sportsmen in the South. The publication will be issued prior to November 1st, 1905, and can be obtained through any of the agents of the Southern Railway system.

We recommend the use of Anestheria Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.

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There is no time in the year when the mountain, valley, and lake scenery is so entrancing as it is in the autumn. The picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad has no superior in the varied grandeur of the scenery along its lines. Comfortable and commodious parlor and sleeping-cars and day coaches are run on all through trains between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago via Niagara Falls. Send four cents in stamps to Charles B. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, for illustrated pamphlets describing this route.

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MIKE—"Faith, Pat, an' she's more stroikin' than lookin'!"



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Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."  
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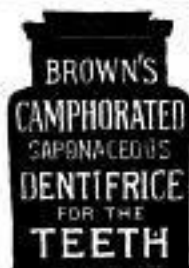
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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

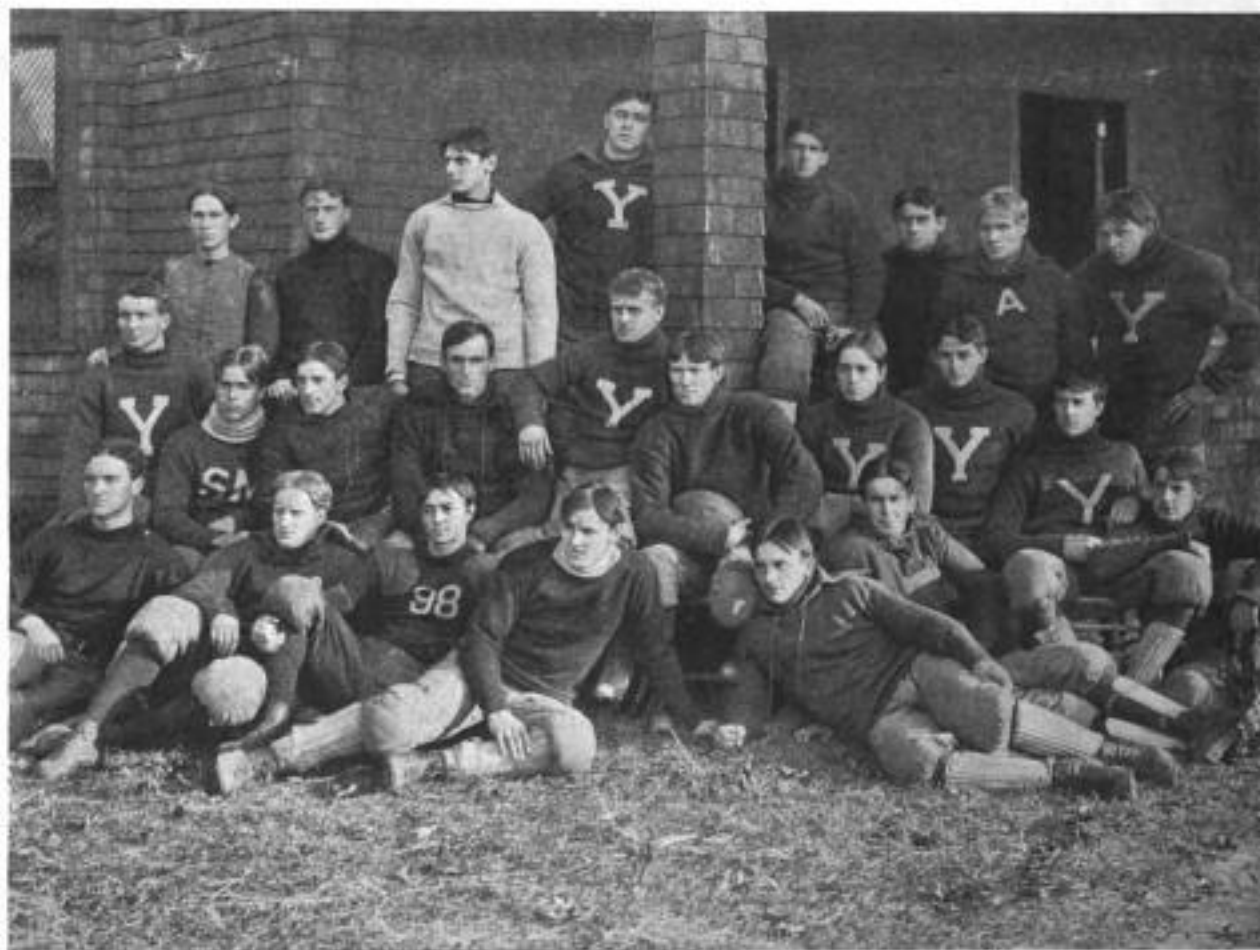
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CAPTAIN S. B. THORNE OF YALE.



THE YALE TEAM.



THE PRINCETON TEAM.



CAPTAIN LANGDON LEA OF PRINCETON.

## THE FOOT-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE ANNUAL YALE-PRINCETON MATCH AT MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 23d.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.  
[SEE ARTICLE BY W. T. HULL ON PAGE 351.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

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Table address—"JUDGEMANT."

## About Tariff Revision.

THE overwhelming Republican victories achieved in the recent State elections are interpreted in various quarters as a popular command to enact legislation which will restore the industrial conditions existing at the time the Democracy "reformed" the tariff. Undoubtedly the industrial prostration and general business depression caused by the passage of the Wilson bill had very much to do with the Democratic overthrow of this year and the year before, and it is true also that the people desire the re-establishment of a policy which will at once afford sufficient revenue for the government and secure adequate protection to our great productive interests. At the same time we do not see how the Republican party can, under present conditions, accomplish this result. While it has a large majority in the House of Representatives, it cannot, as matters stand, pass any comprehensive tariff measure, framed on Republican lines, through the Senate, and even if it could, the hostility of the President to the protective principle would prevent such a measure becoming a law. It can, and it unquestionably ought to, indicate its sympathy with the popular demand by proposing modifications of the existing law as to certain industries which have been most injuriously affected by the Democratic revision, and it should put upon the Democrats of the Senate the responsibility of rejecting them, but to attempt anything beyond this would be of doubtful propriety.

There is a sense in which nothing will be really lost by the party's inability to effect at once all it would like to accomplish in the direction of tariff readjustment. The effects of the Wilson bill will become more and more apparent with the lapse of time, and the work of enacting necessary legislation, when all branches of the government pass into our control, will be rendered all the easier and more complete by the clearer exhibition of the tendencies of that pernicious law. With the House in Republican hands, the danger of bad legislation is effectually removed, and the country must be content for the present with the measure of relief thus afforded.

## Mr. Bayard's Offense.



AMBASSADOR BAYARD'S latest offense against the proprieties of his position greatly exceeds in gravity all the infractions of decorum which had preceded it. That an American ambassador, standing on a foreign platform, should declare Americans incapable of self-government, and assailed with partisan vehemence the one conspicuous policy which, from the foundation of the government, has contributed to make the country what it is industrially and commercially, is an outrage upon decency so unprecedented and unmannered that it must provoke the amazement and indignation of every right-minded citizen.

Mr. Bayard has been nearly all his life-time identified with public affairs. He has been a leader of his party in the Senate, and as a Cabinet minister has had direction of the foreign policy of the government. In all these relations he maintained, as he had a right to do, the principles and policies of his party. He labored, earnestly and consistently, to perpetuate the supremacy of that party in the nation. Nobody could complain that in these capacities he was faithful to partisan obligations. But in the position he now holds as our representative at a foreign court, he speaks, not for a party, but for the whole people. He has nothing to do with party politics, or the rumors, jealousies, and animosities growing out of party struggles. It is his business to defend American interests and champion American institutions whenever and wherever assailed. This is the supreme and universally admitted function of the ambassadorial office. But this is precisely what Mr. Bayard has not done. On the contrary, he has chosen to be the assailant of his own country and people. In his Edinburgh address he portrayed American political life as a foul pool

of corruption and the American people as degenerate, and declared "the American system," which was founded by the fathers of the Republic, and has commanded the support of many of our ablest statesmen all through our history, to be a system of plunder and oppression. "It"—the system of protection—"has done more," he declared, "to corrupt public life, to banish men of independent mind from public councils, and to lower the tone of national representation, than any other single cause. It has sapped the popular conscience, and thrown legislation into the political market, where jobbers and chaffers take the place of statesmen." No partisan demagogue on any platform has ever indulged in a perversion of history more outrageous than Mr. Bayard embodies in these two sentences.

It is safe to say that no accredited representative of any other Power would be capable of such a coarse harangue.

Imagine Sir Julian Pauncefote denouncing to an American audience, in his capacity as British ambassador, the system of English free trade, or criticising the home-rule policy of Mr. Gladstone's administration, or arraigning the national policy in Egypt as a system of plunder and outrage! Or think of the French minister at Berlin condemning before a German audience the policy of France as to Alsace-Lorraine, or the German minister at St. Petersburg denouncing any feature of German policy either as to domestic or foreign affairs—how long, in either case, would it be before an outburst of national indignation would compel the recall of the offender? It is just because such an offense on the part of any ambassador of any Power in the world is utterly inconceivable that the offense of Mr. Bayard reflects unutterable disgrace upon our diplomacy and becomes inexpressibly odious in the sight of every true-hearted American.

It is said that Mr. Cleveland will seek, in his annual message, to propitiate public favor by a vigorous assertion of the Monroe doctrine, and that this will be followed by a decisive foreign policy. This may or may not be the fact. But no mere paper declarations on these subjects can do one-half as much to strengthen Mr. Cleveland with the country as the instant removal of Mr. Bayard from the position he disgraces; and if the President desires to be regarded as sincere in his purpose to vindicate the American character abroad, he will take that step without any more delay than may be involved in the preparation of a cable dispatch.

## Patriotism and Horse-flesh.



PERHAPS it is the hull of exhaustion following the battle against trucks in the New York streets that has prevented captions criticism of the occupancy of half a public street for the convenience of private exhibitors at the recent much-talked-of horse show. Nobody has cared to be disagreeable, for the horse show is an institution, and New-Yorkers have grown to love their well-established spectacles as dearly as a certain proportion of the population seem to love a lord—provided his name is not Dunraven. We do not care to take up the possible case of the truck-owners against the owners of fine horses, save to point out that the former are provided with a very pretty argument. Furthermore, the former vote on election day, and the latter, in a large majority of cases, spend the day out of town, preferring horses or other amusements to their civic duties.

The horse show has become a convenient peg whereon to hang all manner of discourses upon manners and customs as well as horse-flesh, and it has assumed the largest social importance as an exhibition, not of horses, but of moneyed folk who don fine raiment in order to be stared at and to stare. That this is one of the social necessities of the day we may leave unquestioned, but it is possible to doubt whether men whose lives rarely rise above this level are of much value to their fellow-citizens or the State. Within fifteen years New York Society—to use the respectful capital of the newspaper *Jenkins*—has been very largely reconstructed, and its new image appears to the modest on-looker to be that of the golden calf. Money working indirectly by way of Washington, London, and Newport, seems to obtain a more grandiose apotheosis in New York than elsewhere, and for certain of the spectacular effects there is reason to be properly grateful. Curiously enough, however, the spectacles, which, after all, have a sameness, and the eating and the drinking, the dancing and the imposing Anglo-American weddings, seem to be the only products of this gilded society; whereas, society in European capitals affords diplomats versed in their culling, statesmen whose opinions carry weight throughout Europe, officers who have led honorable and useful lives, and even men of letters and artists who have earned distinction. Our own chief product has been Ward McAllister. We venture this allusion more in a spirit of inquiry than of fault finding.

The horse show is an exhibition of men who have the advantages due to wealth. Their opportunities are great, but even the most exuberant *Jenkins* who describes the glories of the occasion would shrink from dwelling upon their intellectual or political or philanthropic achievements,

For them life seems a repetition of material amusements not distinguished by originality or wit. Possibly this means a reaction from desperate efforts to accumulate fortunes a generation or two back. Perhaps these efforts have exhausted the nerves and weakened the stock. The interest of these men in the welfare of the city and country is a vital one, but experience teaches that a large proportion of the class most in evidence at the horse show could have been found on election day among the forty thousand who declined to vote, and thus gave the victory to Tammany. Better are the material joys of horse-flesh than the less palpable rewards of civic patriotism—a sentiment which found wide acceptance in the Rome of the decadence. Let us eat and drink and be merry at horse shows by all means, but is it to be said that anything more than this is beyond the capacity of Society as constructed by *Jenkins* in New York?

## Our Minister to Turkey.

It is gratifying to observe that our minister at Constantinople, A. W. Terrell, is asserting himself actively and vigorously for the protection of American missionaries and all American citizens in that country against Turkish outrage and oppression. Recently he is reported to have notified the minister of foreign affairs in plain words that "Turkey would be held responsible if so much as the hair upon the head of an American citizen should be touched." In some instances he seems to have succeeded in compelling instant attention to his demands on the part of the authorities. Rev. H. O. Dwight, who is especially charged with the oversight of the interests of our missionaries, testifies in an official circular that Mr. Terrell has manifested continuous and anxious solicitude "for the safety of American citizens in Turkey during all the dangerous vicissitudes of the present year. He has used for this end all the means which have suggested themselves to his mind, and has labored early and late to make effective the measures which he has adopted."

We are among those who have criticized Mr. Terrell's course, on the basis of reports which were apparently true, worthy, and we are glad to know that, instead of censure, he is entitled to commendation for a faithful performance of duty under peculiarly difficult circumstances. Minister Terrell, it may be added, as illustrative of the terrible condition of affairs in the Turkish dominions, gives it as his opinion that ten thousand Armenians had been massacred up to the middle of the present month. Within the last few days reports have been received of further wholesale outrages at various points, so that in all probability the total number of victims greatly exceeds the figure used by our minister. The fact that the English, French, and Russian squadrons, comprising sixty vessels in all, together with the entire commissioned naval force of Italy, are cruising in Turkish waters, indicates pretty plainly that the Powers do not propose to tolerate much longer the atrocities to which that unfortunate people are exposed at the hands of the merciless Mussulman. Our own government is represented to be in accord with the Powers, and will, it is understood, have their assistance in protecting our missionaries and other citizens of the United States in the Sultan's possessions. Two vessels have been ordered to the Syrian coast for such service as the exigencies of the case may demand.

## The Late Eugene Field.

IN a mighty maelstrom of people and business, such as characterizes Chicago, when the death of a man—and that man almost a recluse, as to person—disturbs the monstrous whirl, then he must be a man of mark. This occurred when Eugene Field died.

Field was, in many respects, a remarkably contradictory character. He was a great, over-grown boy, and he was a strong and dignified man; he wrote ballads and torrid things in verse, and he wrote abstruse and scholarly things in prose. He also wrote classic poetry and flippant paragraphs.

Because of his songs for and about children, it is generally understood that he was exceedingly fond of the little ones. Yet there are those who were familiar with him who say he was not a lover of children, except his own, and that he wrote "children's poetry" for grown folks to read. Let that be as it may, he caught the children just the same, and they worshiped him from near and afar.

Besides, if one with such genius as his desires to write for children there is inspiration enough in his own. Through them he can see them all.

Field was "born to the purple," but he threw away his patrimony in bohemianism at the outset. He went to Europe, but not alone. He took with him a congenial friend who was not so fortunately endowed with ducts, and he paid, impartially, the expenses of both. Then he came back and hitched himself to the car of journalism, and trod that tramway at a vigorous step.

It was in the between times that Field did his things for the world of letters that won him a begrudged fame, as well as the necessities and many of the luxuries of life.

Eugene Field's forty-sixth year and his death would have found him further advanced, and more easily, withal, had he lived more of the years, when making his fame, nearer to the centres of culture and publication, and



especially in Chicago, where he was honored in his life and in his ashes.

Nevertheless, it came to be seen, when he was dead, that



ADMIRERS OF THE POET.

he had a world of admirers. Wealth crowded about his bier and whelmed it with bloom. His humbler friends did all they could to show their love, and with tear-bathed eyes they looked into his dead face, and with trembling lips said, whispering, "Good-bye."

His eulogists said he was the friend of all mankind; but those who knew Eugene Field best knew also that he had no sort of patience with the faithless, the hypocrite, the beater of dumb animals, the pretender of any kind, the inherent wrong-doer; and, "pity 'tis, 'tis true," a large portion of humanity—or inhumanity—are these.

The taking-off of this man was untimely, for he had much yet to do.

Besides, it was a poignant and deep grief to those who loved him, and whom he loved. But the shock was relieved by the sweetness of his death, for "he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams." He awoke to walk the God-lit hills of Eternity.

He will meet kindred souls in Elysium, and will hold sweet converse with them. He will meet the Davids who sang, the Joshuas who fought, and all the great ones who wrote. For surely such souls do not die.

Those things that make the souls of great men in love and thought and song are of the entity of the Eternal.

WILL. L. VISSCHER.

#### EUGENE FIELD.

The world is the poorer for Eugene Field's death, for he was the poet of the children's commonwealth. With the rollicking fun and the deep compassion of a Tom Hood, together with the book-lure of a Maraulay, he had a deep insight into child-nature such as is given to few scholars and authors. His humorous sketches, his jokes, and even his imitable stories, would have been forgotten in a brief space, had he not possessed that remarkable child-nature which permitted him, bookworm as he was, to think as a child, to sing as a child, and to laugh as a child. As the

only immortal spirit of this life is love, and as the big heart of Eugene Field was full and running over with the purest and most unselfish of all human affection, the love of childhood, his writings became imbued with this love, and now shine with the halo of immortality.

It is not a little curious that this man, in the midst of a constant whirl of business, in the smoke and din of the great, bustling, selfish market of Chicago, should have been able, while conducting an editorial column in a daily paper, to build up a well-earned reputation for scholarly tastes, and for that gentle, childlike nature of which the Man of Nazareth was the pattern. Eugene Field not only loved children, but was a child himself—a big, generous, loving boy with the same love of nature, of animals, and of all things lovely, that any honest boy has. He was no politician, for he hated scheming; he was no soldier, for he could not hurt a fellow mortal; no business man, for he knew not the value of money. He devoured books in the same way as did the young Walter Scott, and like him got out of them all that was beautiful and good. He ransacked the folk-lore of all countries for tales to tell to his "Little Boy Blue," his "Pittypat," and "Tippytot," and to that larger family of his, the young knights and ladies of his Table Round. He has been called the Shakespeare of childhood. Rather call him the American Hans Christian Andersen, if we must link his name with another; but better, I think, call him as we used to do—just Eugene Field.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

#### Lord Dunraven's Slanderous Charges.



C. OLIVER ISELIN, MANAGING OWNER OF THE "DEFENDER."

It is gratifying to observe that the leading English newspapers manifest no sympathy at all with the slanderous attacks on the *Defender* syndicate made by Lord Dunraven, in his recently published pamphlet. The indignations in which the card indulges are so

easily refutable that their publication can only be regarded as the act of a man who has utterly lost his head in the chagrin of defeat. He not only renews his charges concerning the obstruction of the course during the races for the America's Cup, which were amply disproved; the time, but he makes the deliberate statement that Mr. Iselin, the responsible manager of the *Defender*, fiddled the lead water-line length of the American yacht for the purpose of obtaining an illegitimate advantage, and that the regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club actually winked at this disreputable trick. Such a charge is so

than disastrous. Already it has developed a hostile feeling among sportsmen on both sides of the ocean which it will require years to allay. Undoubtedly the withdrawal of

the challenge of Mr. Rose was due to the influence of Dunraven and his supporters, and the exasperation caused here and abroad by his later publication will make future racing practically impossible. Our own conviction is that it was Dunraven's deliberate purpose to accomplish this end, and that the mutterings in which he indulged before his departure from our shores were designed to prepare the way for his later charges. LESLIE'S WEEKLY of September 26th referred to certain rumors then afloat which pointed to some such purpose on his part, and printed the distinct prophecy that future developments would confirm that suspicion.

Miss Susan Strong.

If the wonderful debut of this last, greatest American singer could but have been made in New York, then would the triumph, considered purely as a national matter of historic and artistic importance, have been complete.

An eye-witness of that sixteenth of October presentation of "Die Walküre" in Covent Garden Theatre, London, writes: "Just fancy a debut in a Wagner opera—and in such a role as *Niegluh*! And then think of making it a tremendous success! Miss Strong may well be proud of her conception and execution of that exacting part. Even in her greatest moments and situations she was absolutely convincing."

Her relatives and friends in the audience waited with intense anxiety for the opening vocal when *Niegluh's* voice rang out from the back of the stage, but the moment they heard it—the moment their eyes fell upon the beautiful,



MISS SUSAN STRONG.

GOD BLESS OUR HOME



The Willow Nursery - Sunday evening, Oct 6, 1895.

"Oh, my love, baby sweet, baby!"

Go to sleep, and don't you squall." E. F.

ONE OF FIELD'S SKETCHES.

utterly infamous and unworthy of a gentleman sportsman that it is not at all surprising it has provoked universal indignation in this country. The feeling among members of the New York club is especially intense, and they do not hesitate to denounce Dunraven as a deliberate liar and blackguard. The members of the *Defender* syndicate are all honorable men, who are utterly incapable of resorting to any trick or device to achieve a triumph. Besides, they were so well assured of the superiority of their boat that there never was an hour when they felt any doubt as to the final result; so that no reason whatever existed for fabrications of measurements, or for a resort to any other improper method of securing success.

The effect of this extraordinary action on international yachting cannot be otherwise

white-robed girl, so completely absorbed in her dramatic and vocal work as to be utterly oblivious to all else, they knew it was exactly as she had predicted: "I shall know nothing more of Susan Strong until the curtain falls."

After the first act the boxes rose to their feet and filled the house with their plaudits, calling the young prima donna out time after time.

Her devoted master, Francis Korbay, to whom Miss Strong ascribes her quick and immense success, declared the occasion to be the proudest and happiest of his life, and well he might, for his pupil stands before the world to-day as the most gifted and promising artist on the musical horizon.

Born an American, educated right here in New York City, beautiful in face, form, and soul; first with a holy ambition to attain the highest in the art she loves for itself, and beginning her career where others have been proud to finish theirs, what cannot be expected from the future of this "Melba with a soul," as a London critic calls her?

C. W. ROCKWOOD.





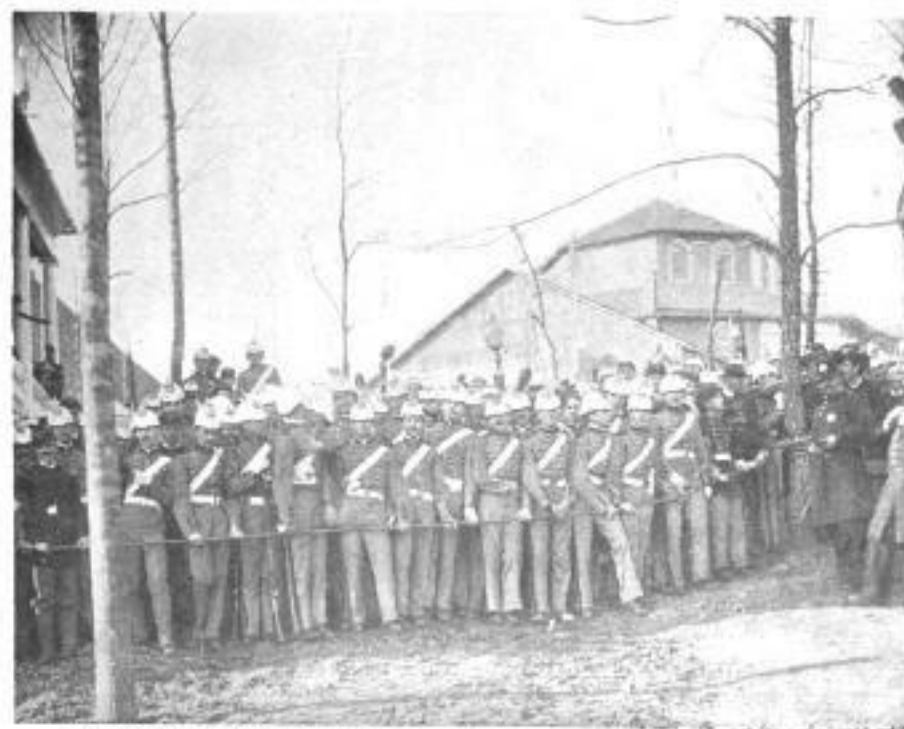
COLONELS Candler of the Fifth Georgia, and Henry F. Turner of the First Illinois Regiment.



THE ILLINOIS BUILDING ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.



DRILL PARADE OF THE FIRST ILLINOIS REGIMENT ON THE PLAZA OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.



THE ILLINOIS REGIMENT WAITING DINNER—"HURRY UP THAT BRUNSWICK STEW."



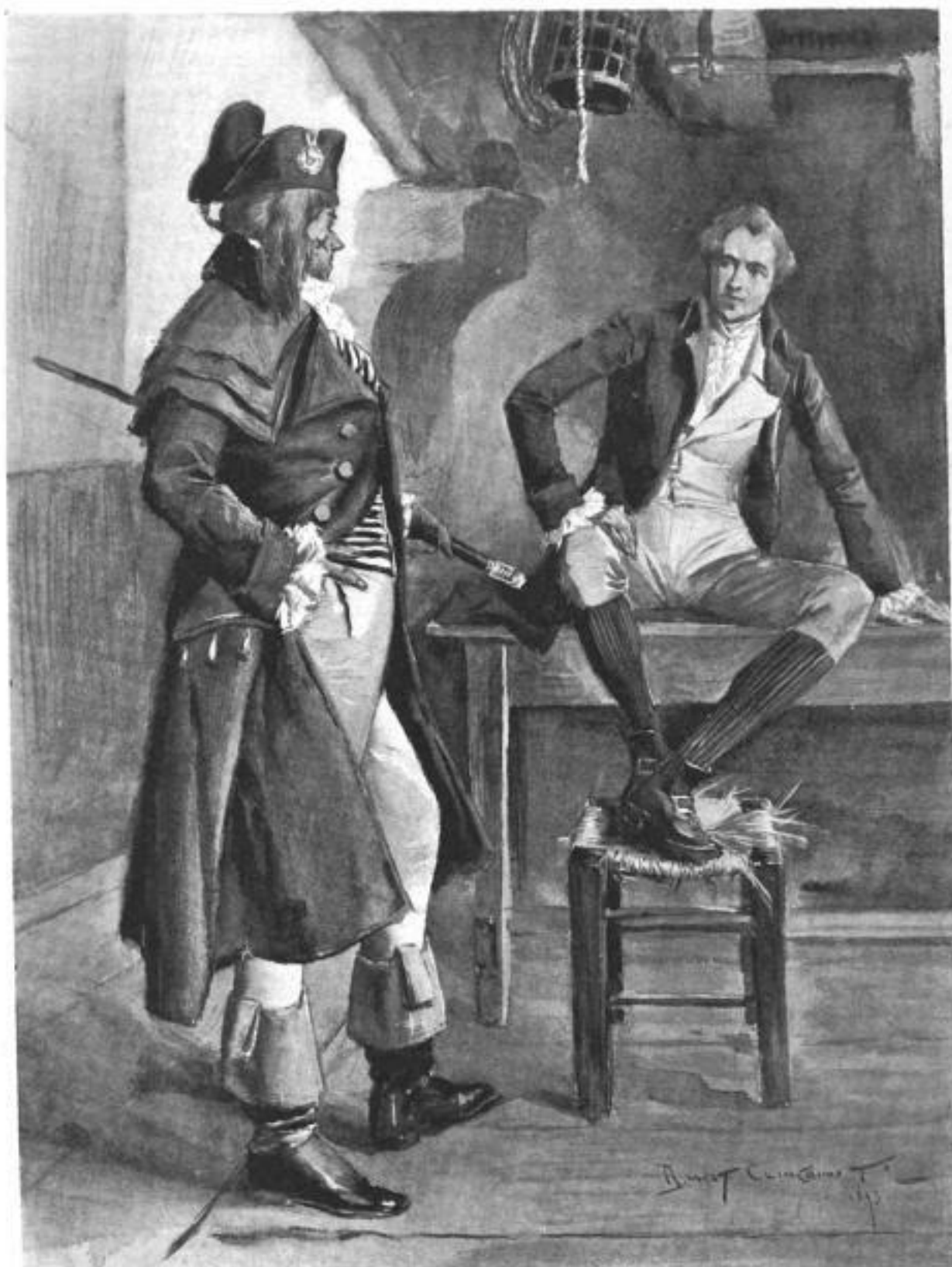
THE FIRST ILLINOIS ENTERTAINED AT A BARBECUE.

Chicago day at the Atlanta exposition (November 15th) was one of the most notable in the series of special festival days which have marked the progress of that great enterprise. Illinois was represented on this occasion by the State officials, by the First Regiment of militia, by the mayor and other dignitaries of Chicago, and by a multitude of citizens of the State, who reached the city by special trains. In the parade to the exposition grounds the First Illinois Regiment and the Fifth Georgia Regiment shared the honors, and at the exposition auditorium there was a feast of oratory in which representatives of both States participated.

### CHICAGO DAY AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWE.





"Jafray for a moment hardly knew de Fournier in the new suit which had been provided him."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXXI. MIDNIGHT VISITORS AT THE ABBAYE.



"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mathilde's waiting-woman. Mathilde had been immured in a cell on an upper floor of the Abbaye, overlooking the inner court of the prison. Her waiting-woman was permitted to sleep with her. The cell was more than ordinarily large. It was, however, furnished in the most meagre way, though the jailer had more than once called the

Citoyenne Louvet's attention to the sumptuous manner in which she was lodged.

"There is a messenger to see you," said the jailer. "Get up and dress."

"Who is he? Why is he here at this time?" asked Mathilde.

"You are to be removed," the jailer replied.

"We prefer to remain where we are until it is daylight," said Mathilde.

"And if you do," said a second voice, as another man entered and closed the door, "your sleep will only be interrupted once, for evermore."

"Mon Dieu! Have mercy!" said the waiting-woman, slipping from her bed and huddling on part of her clothes in a corner where the lantern cast no light.

"You mean that we are to be murdered?" said Mathilde, with all the courage she could command.

"I have a carriage awaiting you, and can secure your safe departure from the Abbaye. Get up and dress."

"I know your voice," said Mathilde.

"I am Laroche," replied the man.

"Laroche the spy, the police agent, the—"

"Spare your words and your time," said Laroche. "I am here to save you."

"From what?"

"Listen!"

A distant murmur was heard, with sharp cries above the lower tones.

"What is it?"

"Listen," said Laroche, going to the window, unfastening the latch, and swinging it free of the iron bars.

The sound came nearer. It was the voice of the raging multitude.

"It will stop in a few minutes at the outer gates. They are bringing the priests from the Hôtel de Ville."

"Madame, get up and dress," said the jailer. "Citizen Laroche alone can save you from the fate of these unhappy men. I am no assassin myself, only a jailer, and you have paid me well for such service as I have rendered you. Get up, madame. Mon Dieu! if you do not I will make you, for your own sake, though your death is no affair of mine."



"Do, dear madame, get up, if you please," said the waiting-woman. "I am already dressed."

"Then leave us," said Mathilde.

"It is best that one of us remain," said Laroche. "Take the lantern; I will stand by the window."

"And I will wait without," said the warder, placing himself in the corridor.

Mathilde still hesitated.

"Nay, madame," said Laroche; "the person you call queen has to make her toilet in presence of a national guard; I am the father of Marie."

Mathilde made no further reply, but arose, with the help of her waiting-woman dressed herself, and in a few minutes said she was at monsieur's command.

"You have some things you wish to take away, eh?"

"Yes, yes," said the waiting-woman.

"Pack them up quickly. We have already wasted precious minutes. Listen!"

The murmurs had become groans, the sharper tones yells and howls such as wolves might make; but they were men's voices, and mingled with the screams and laughter of women. The commotion no longer moved. It no longer marched—it was stationary.

Then there was a crashing of doors, a wild hooting, penetrated by the cries of men in despair, and a sudden burst of people into the courtyard beneath the barred window of Mathilde's cell; a bellowing, fighting, cursing, yelling mob, with torches and pikes and swords, and among them a company of priests, who were being murdered with every kind of barbarity.

Every minute fresh victims were dragged into the courtyard from the carriages in which the prisoners had been brought from their miserable den in the Hôtel de Ville.

Mathilde had crept to the window. The phantasmagoria of savagery for a moment seemed to blind her. It was a hideous dance of death. Angélique was conducting the music of it with her flag. The music was a yapping like the howl of bloodhounds, a screech, a yell, a growl, and a shout of bellicious laughter, with a dissonance of lament and despair—a wailing undertone to the fiendish chorus. Fascinated and horrified, Mathilde gripped Laroche's arm. She tried to turn her head away from the scene, but her eyes held to the awful vision. Her heart beat violently. Laroche compressed his thin lips and stood stiffly up. Happily for the waiting-woman, she had busied herself with packing a small valise which she had been allowed to bring into the prison, and the jailer had returned to take it and to say, "Mon Dieu! be quick; the entire prison is to be searched."

"Come," said Laroche, "come."

"I cannot move," said Mathilde. "Lead me, monsieur; hold me up."

Laroche took her by the arm. She leaned against him for support.

"I shall be better presently."

"Permit me," said Laroche, and he encircled her waist with his left arm. "Have no fear."

"Are you ready?" the jailer asked.

"Yes," said Laroche, and the cell door swung to, the prisoners and their guides being now in the corridor. Here the noise was terrible, increased by the yells with groans and cries of terror. Mathilde recovered her strength as Laroche drew her along, and by the time they had descended a few steps and were in another corridor, she could almost walk alone. In a few minutes a door opened and they were in the fresh air. Mathilde breathed freely now, and Laroche withdrew his arm.

"Thank you," she said; "I can walk alone. I thought I had more courage."

"You need be either an angel or a demon to bear such a sight as that," said Laroche.

They entered what was once the monastery garden, used as such before the Abbaye was converted into a prison. The jailer led the way to a spot that was overgrown by creepers and trailing plants. Thrusting his lantern into the darkness, he pushed back the foliage and unbarred a door. He closed it behind him, and bolted it on the outer side. Passing along a corridor, that might have been a crypt, they came to a strong oak gate.

"Rest here a moment," said the jailer, "while I reconnoitre."

He unlocked the gate, opened it cautiously, and peered out.

"Hist! Lestoc, are you there?"

"Yes," came the answer, in a loud whisper.

"Come," said Laroche, leading the way into the road.

"Adieu," said the jailer, "and good fortune."

In the dim light Mathilde saw a carriage, drawn by two horses, with a soldier on the box next to the driver, and several troopers on either side.

"You will find your mother in the coach," said Laroche, opening the door for Mathilde and her maid. The moment he had closed it he mounted a led-horse, and the party moved rapidly away, while the scene of carnage continued within the Abbaye.

## XXXII.

## TO WHAT END?

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed the duchess, as Mathilde crept into the carriage, assisted by her waiting-woman. "Oh, my dear, how I have prayed for this moment!"

"My dear mother!" said Mathilde, embracing her, as the carriage provided by the Deputy Grébaud rattled through the streets.

It might be that Mathilde was only saved from death at the Abbaye for what she might regard as a worse fate elsewhere. How that may be, probably depends upon the warmth still remaining in the spark of love that once was bright in Grébaud's heart; whether the fire of lust had absorbed it in its coarser flame, not to mention the desire for vengeance and the other passions that turned men into demons under the influence of an all-absorbing ambition of power.

"Alas! your father is a prisoner," said the duchess, in reply to Mathilde's inquiries.

"Where?" asked Mathilde.

"And Joseph, too; and Alphonse, the cook, and the butler; also my maid, and, indeed, every servant who did not escape to the woods. All, my dear—all. Your father drew his rapier upon the guard and wounded one of them. Oh, my love! would it not have been better to pretend we were of the people, than to have their rough hands upon us, their poniards at our throats?"

"My dear father?" said Mathilde. "And poor Joseph?"

"And the Bertins," said the duchess, "every one of them—and we might all have got away immediately after the affair at Versailles. Oh, it is shocking to think of! And you, my own, you will never know how much I love you. Oh, my child, my only child!"

The duchess was beside herself with grief. Mathilde embraced her silently, her heart bleeding for her father, for the Bertins, and for the old faithful servants, men and women, at the château.

"But for our dear friend, Citizen Grébaud, you would not have twenty-four hours to live. It is he who saves you."

"Mother," said Mathilde, laying her head upon her shoulder. "where are we going now? To an official prison, or to some other?"

"To your husband's house," said the duchess, a tone of triumph in her voice.

"To my husband's house?" said Mathilde.

"To the Hôtel de Fournier."

"By the Rue St. Honoré?" said Mathilde, more for the sake of saying something than by way of question.

If her mother had said, "To Monsieur Grébaud's," she would have known how to reply; but to her husband's own house was a strange destination to have been selected by the Citizen Grébaud.

"Intimation of your coming has been given to the steward; he and one or two other servants have remained faithful, and are still allowed their freedom. Dear Grébaud has been more than kind to me. I had always told him that persecuting Henri was not the way to win my daughter."

Arrived at de Fournier's house, that stood back, behind heavy gates, in a courtyard near the lower part of the Rue St. Honoré, the driver was challenged by a national guard on duty. Regular response being made, the gates were opened and the carriage entered. Inside the courtyard other soldiers were posted.

The house was under government surveillance and protection. It was a noble mansion of the sixteenth century, and in the days of de Fournier's father was eminent as a resort of the wit and fashion of Paris. De Fournier, the heir, had found the estate too impoverished to maintain the magnificent reputation of the house; but he had managed, by economy, to keep it in the family, and to entertain, on a modest scale, a few devoted friends and a staff of faithful servants.

Mathilde wandered through the suite of rooms set apart for her with strange emotions. From the dark cell of a prison to the home of her husband; but, alas! by favor of her husband's enemy and the man who might still "look, if not for love, at least for respectful treatment,"—to quote the duchess's words.

## XXXIII.

## THE WHITE BUTTONS.

WITHIN AN HOUR of his parting with Jaffray Elliott at the Conciergerie, de Fournier was at the trysting-place.

A low whistle. The signal agreed upon. De Fournier responded. Jaffray entered the passage beneath the archway.

"Any difficulty in getting here?" the young fellow asked, in a low whisper.

"None," said de Fournier. "A patrol passed me; I crept into a doorway."

"You are fortunate in the darkness of the night."

"Yes," said de Fournier.

"Why, you are wet through!" exclaimed Jaffray, below his breath.

"I swam the Seine."

"Why?"

"There were men upon the Pont Neuf. A sentinel was talking beneath the lantern at the corner. I thought they had made some inconvenient discovery, and I slipped into the river."

"And your pistols?"

"I stuck them in the collar of my coat."

"Very well," said Jaffray. "Follow me. There is a pass-word. Hush! Step back. It is the patrol. They are coming along the street; they will pass the archway—at least, I hope so."

They did. When the echo of their tramp had died away Jaffray once more bade his friend follow him.

"The pass-word is 'Fidélité.'"

Jaffray groped his way along a narrow passage, de Fournier by his side. They made a sudden detour to the right and entered a small courtyard. A swinging lantern disclosed two stairways that led to upper stories of a rambling building that might have been a large workshop. Wooden balconies stretched along the front. Jaffray kept close to the building, in the shadow of stairways and balcony. In the farther corner of the courtyard he paused. He tapped twice upon what seemed to be the coping-stone of an abutment of the building. Then he waited a while, and struck another part of the stone once, followed, after a brief interval, with three rapid knocks; none of his signals loud, but very distinct. He placed his ear to the stone.

"The reply should be my whistle-signal; remember that, should you come here alone," said Jaffray; "and your response, three slow, distinct blows beneath the pediment—so."

While he spoke the wall opened sufficiently for them, by stooping very low, to enter. The aperture closed with a slow, heavy thud. They were in total darkness.

"Fidélité!" said Jaffray.

"Fidélité!" repeated de Fournier.

"Fidélité!" said the inner-guard of the club. Advance by your right."

A few yards, and they entered a low, small room, dimly lighted.

"Jaffray Elliott and the Count de Fournier, his friend," said Jaffray to a man who was sitting by a lamp and smoking a long pipe.

The man laid down his pipe, gave three knocks upon an inner door, a wicket of which was opened.

"Jaffray Elliott and the Count de Fournier, his friend," said the janitor, whereupon the door opened upon a well-furnished apartment, in which a number of men were assembled.

"Ah!" said the giant-like Daniel, of the Conciergerie, seizing de Fournier's hand; "my congratulations. You were last on the list. My fears were true. Ere this, the massacre has begun."

"Our friend requires change of raiment," said Jaffray, "and refreshment."

"First the oath," said a gray-headed, official-looking person, rising from a table where he and three others were playing cards, to whom he apologized for interrupting the game.

"What is it?" asked de Fournier, his eyes becoming accustomed to the light of the apartment, which was of an ecclesiastical character; a large, open fire-place, a stone bench at the other end of the room, and the remains of two Gothic windows, blocked outside, as if they had been buried. A few chairs, an old oak seat with a high back, a few small tables, a rug or two, and several rush mats on the stone floor; a side-board with bottles, jugs, and decanters, and a huge iron pot, simmering over the embers of a wood fire, completed the furnishing of the place. The occupants numbered about twenty, young and old; some in the characteristic attire of the noblesse, but most of them soberly clad, with cropped hair, and wearing the Republican colors. These were the more cautious members of the club, royalists all the same. Their more reckless friends were of the Duke de Louvet type, who were just as much extremists in their defiance of the new régime as in an opposite direction were their compatriots who had fled from France at the first sign of danger.

Daniel, the dog-fancier, as a confederate of the Conciergerie called him, was dressed in the garb of a merchant, very much after the fashion of de Fournier, except that, whereas the latter wore riding-boots, Daniel wore breeches, woolen hose, and plain buckled shoes. He was powerfully built, above the ordinary height, and a picture of good humor; a round blonde face, cleanly shaven (for even in jail he had been regularly attended by the barber), curly brown hair, and full gray eyes. He had been a horse-dealer; had supplied the king with hacks and the army with cavalry-horses; but had come to political grief for certain strong expressions against the Municipality, reported by discharged servants. He was one of the first members of the White Button Club, and to him was accorded the duty of the new oath—"We swear allegiance to each other and the throne; individually and collectively we swear to obey the orders of the Committee of Three, duly

elected or re-elected on the first of every month; and each and severally undertake, wherever and soever opportunity may present itself, with-in the frontiers or beyond, to execute and kill any member proved guilty of such breach of this oath as shall be deemed punishable with death; the which, as in all other things, we do for the honor and glory of France, as provided for by the royal and duly constituted authorities."

"Do you subscribe to this?"

"It is a trifle vague," said de Fournier; "at which there was a general silence. "What, for instance, are the present orders of your Committee of Three?"

"That you shall know when you take the oath."

"I give you my word of honor that your secret is safe with me," said de Fournier; "but I subscribe to nothing until I know how your committee is elected and what is the present command."

After a brief murmur of surprise several members held a conference, in which Jaffray took part.

"We consent to your conditions," said the official-looking person who had first spoken. "They are evidence of your earnestness and honor. Our committee is elected by ballot on the first of every month; and the order of the day is the rescue of the king and queen and dauphin, and other members of the royal family, or either of them, from the Temple."

"Good," said de Fournier.

"Our plans are complete; you shall be made acquainted with them."

"I accept your oath," said de Fournier.

It was put to him in due form; and on full confirmation thereof he was presented with a white button, to be worn on special occasions as a decoration—in a general way to be used as a cravat brooch. It was a small block of mother-of-pearl, embossed with the initials of the club, and set in a rich circle of dead gold.

"If we give our brother a dry coat, the tall-man will look more ornamental, and be none the less talismanic," said Daniel, with a laugh. "Permit me, monsieur, to introduce you to the club's *salet de chambre*."

De Fournier followed Daniel, and at the same time an attendant laid supper for two. The service of the club was undertaken in turns by its members. The idea might be an excellent one in the present day. The Boutons Blancs, however, had a view to the maintenance of their secrets, rather than service or ideas of equality, in organizing their association upon principles of self-help.

Jaffray, for a moment, hardly knew de Fournier in the new suit with which his fellow-club-man had provided him. A miscellaneous and extensive wardrobe was a feature of the appointments of the Cercle des Boutons Blancs. De Fournier might have been a brave of the faubourgs. The Boutons Blancs were accustomed to changes of costume and manners in their fellows. They played a game of peril, and it was common enough, during the Revolution, for the hunters and the hunted to masquerade in borrowed plumes.

"And what do you think of the bludgeon?" said de Fournier. "Daniel tells me it is his chief weapon, and the most effective. A cavalry officer, he says, can play it like a sword; with this advantage over a sword, that it is always ready drawn."

"That is so," said Daniel, sitting by the supper-table and urging de Fournier to fall to. "Drawing a sword is a signal for others; lifting a club is a surprise. It is like an enemy in ambush; its work is sudden and deadly. And now, Citizen Renner, as you are to be known so long as you wear Renner's clothes, au revoir. We shall meet anon."

"At the Abbaye, perhaps," said de Fournier.

"Yes, at the Abbaye," Daniel replied, "but not in the Abbaye; mind that. At present our motto must be 'Death rather than capture.'"

"And now," said Jaffray, "that we have time to say a few words to each other, let me tell you what I know concerning the friends most dear to you. It is late, and a sad moment, to congratulate you on your marriage; but it is in good time to tell you that your wife is spared the massacre of the prisons which is going on, probably, at this moment. Whither she has been removed I do not know; but by this time she is no longer at the Abbaye. You may spare yourself the peril of reconnoitring the Abbaye; and you would be well-advised to seek some permanent hiding-place. As for me, I must now return to Grébaud's. I may have to explain my absence; Grébaud requested me not to leave all night. Your disguise is safe, and you have the Robespierre pass-word, as well as the Buttons. Have a care; any person abroad after midnight is liable to arrest."

"An revoir," said de Fournier; and they separated beneath the arch with the lantern.

"Nevertheless, I am for the Abbaye," said de Fournier to himself; "with a tri-color, a well-filled purse, and a bludgeon, I am well armed."

The red and gray streaks of an early dawn



were in the sky as he made his way, by the most unfrequented routes, to the monastic building so sadly misused in its latter days.

Nearing the Abbaye, he heard the hum of the crowd. Many persons were in the neighborhood as lookers-on.

De Fournier, in the shelter of a doorway, paused to see what was going on. He had secretly well concealed himself when a roaring band of ruffians, with gory garments and pikes reeking with the tokens of their frightful business, passed him, crying, "À la Contergerie!" They were followed by others at intervals, several of them with ghastly heads upon their pikes.

Presently there was close by him a sudden halt of men, who were quarreling among themselves.

"Kill him for an aristocrat!" shouted one.

"Cut his throat!" yelled another.

Then there was a scuffle; and de Fournier ventured a foot or two from his shelter. As he did so the brawl waxed hot.

"A spy!" "Kill him!" "Death to the white cockade!" and other angry cries developed into a fight. In the midst of the fray de Fournier saw Daniel, whose bludgeon swung right and left, breaking a head at every swing of the strong arm. Daniel was seconded by two comrades of the Buttons whom de Fournier recognized; and the next moment another bludgeon joined the fray with deadly effect.

"Death to the assassins!" shouted de Fournier, with reckless daring; and in a moment, almost, he had cleared a space around him. The pikes gave way at every turn. De Fournier put all his woe and griefs into his bludgeon, and Daniel and his two other comrades dealt upon their assailants with redoubled fury. Within five minutes they had laid a dozen *hors de combat*, how many of them falling to be removed with more honorable dead at the Abbaye was never known.

The ground cleared. "Fly!" said Daniel. "Each a different way."

A reinforcement of assassins arrived pell-mell, to pause and wonder for a moment what had happened, and the next to follow their leader, who was yelling, "À la Petite Force! À la Bicoëtre!"

(To be continued.)

## Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON had strong men for her ancestors. She was born at Johnstown, New York, November 12th, 1815, the year her father, Daniel Cady, a judge of New York, was elected to Congress. She says she has sometimes wondered if the excitement of the political campaign, in which her mother took the deepest interest, may have had an influence on her prenatal life and given her a strong desire to participate in the rights and duties of government, which desire she had always felt.

Mrs. Stanton's mother was a self-reliant woman—at ease in all places. She was the daughter of Colonel James Livingstone, who took an active part in the Revolution. He was stationed at West Point when Arnold made an attempt to betray that stronghold into the hands of the enemy. He was complimented by General Washington for his action at that time.

From all we can learn of Mrs. Stanton she was a thoughtful but rebellious little girl. She despised Puritan ways, and did not feel afraid to express her beliefs, to the horror of all her family. This spirit has always characterized her. The writer has seen it over and over again in Mrs. Stanton's addresses at the conventions of the National Suffrage Association. She is fearless and is ready to announce any belief to the public. She belongs to the age of agitation.

When she was eleven years old her only brother died. Although his daughters were dear to him, Judge Cady had a greater feeling of pride and hope in his boy. As he sat by his dead, little Elizabeth crept into the room and, getting on to his knee, laid her head against his beating heart and waited till he spoke. Presently he said, "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy." Throwing her arms around his neck, she said, "I will try to do all my brother did." And she kept her word: she studied, she won prizes in Greek, stood at the head of her classes in the academy, expecting to fill her brother's place in her father's heart. The father, watching her, at last told her that she should have been a boy, thinking that would be a compliment enough. Then it was that she realized that the world at that day did not look upon talent or merit *per se*, but asked whether it was found in a boy or girl, and she rebelled at that injustice, and has never ceased doing so.

Until she was fifteen she was a faithful student at the academy, being the only girl in a class of boys in mathematics and languages. She spent many of her leisure hours in her father's office, and here she used to hear the old Scotch women narrate their woes; for their husbands had brought from the old world the feudal ideas of women and property. She used

to beg her father to help them, and he would take down the book and show her the laws. The students in the office, seeing her discomfort, would point out the worst of these laws, till she would cry with grief and mortification.

She began reading these laws for herself, marking each one as she read, and thus increased her abhorrence of their injustice. Her father told her that when she was grown up she could go down to Albany, tell the legislators about the sufferings of these Scotch women, get them to pass new laws, and then these would be dead. He told her this as he would have told a fairy tale, and yet he foreshadowed the dream of her life and outlined that which to her, later, seemed her line of duty.

Many years after, when his fairy tale had become a real truth, he was the greatest opposer to her public career. Many women can stand for principle when the men of the family help to hold up their hands, but few have bravery enough to fight out the principle in their own homes.

Elizabeth Cady's childish home was one of luxury; there were plenty of servants, plenty of gowns, chances for travel and visits, all the books she could read, governess, and nurse. She had a champion in her brother-in-law, Edward Byard, who petted her as a little child and helped her as an older one. Her family was connected with many of the famous New

York families, and her father friendly with many famous men of the day; so she had chances to listen to great arguments on great questions.

It was seven years after she left school before she married, and this time was spent as the lives of most young ladies were spent. Nothing is more interesting than to hear Mrs. Stanton recount the events of that part of her life. She visited often at Peterboro, and here she met Henry B. Stanton, one of the most eloquent and impassioned orators of the day. These lovers were most loving and tender, and of course the match was not approved of by the friends, because of Mr. Stanton's anti-slavery principles. It is needless to say that did not alter the young woman's mind, and she became Mrs. Stanton in 1840, going to England on her wedding journey. This was at the time of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention. Henry B. Stanton was a delegate. It will be remembered that some of the American societies sent women delegates, and that they were rejected. It will also be remembered that because of this action William Lloyd Garrison, who had the cause of anti-slavery more at heart than any delegate present, refused to take his seat in the convention. It seems useless to say that Mr. Stanton voted for the seating of the women. The action at this convention so aroused Mrs. Stanton and Lucretia Mott that they determined to hold a woman's rights convention upon their return to America. Various bills and petitions had been circulated with reference to the civil rights of women and had been under discussion twelve years previous. In 1848 they called the first convention at Seneca Falls, which was followed by others in various parts of the country.

Despite the fact that Mrs. Stanton has written on scientific subjects beside her specialty, and has been the one woman to frame resolutions, call conventions, address political conventions, and the like, the writer believes the best thing she ever wrote was her chapter on "Babies" in her "Reminiscences," which was published a few years ago in the *Woman's Tribune*. Mrs. Stanton has had seven children, and this article shows that clever women

make clever mothers. No study, no occupation, disturbs the mother-love.

Mrs. Stanton has had a life-long champion in Susan B. Anthony. These two seemed to form a peculiar partnership. In their more active days one wrote and was the philosopher of the association; the other spoke and was the executive officer. Each lost herself in the cause and neither seemed to stand in the other's way. To attack one was to attack both. The utmost frankness exists between them. They may disagree as to methods, but never as to intention.

Mrs. Stanton is a great joker, and it seems as if she never laughed harder or enjoyed any joke more than one of which Miss Anthony was the victim. This summer, when Miss Anthony fainted and Mrs. Stanton had learned that there was nothing serious about it, she wrote her a rollicking letter, saying, "How funny for you to faint. Did you do it gracefully, and did you happen to fall into the arms of a son of Adam?"

The birthday reception given to Mrs. Stanton at the Metropolitan Opera-House on the 12th instant by the National Council of Women of the United States was in every way a deserved and notable tribute to a woman who ranks among the foremost champions of human progress and the emancipation of her sex from unjust disabilities.

HARRIET TAYLOR TITON.



TEST OF THE CABLE SYSTEM IN CANAL-BOAT PROPULSION.

## Electricity on the Canals.

THE recent test on the Erie Canal, in Tonawanda, New York, of the cable or traction system of propulsion of canal-boats seems to have been in every way successful. The experimental line was 1.23 miles long, and the motor towed a large canal-boat, heavily laden with invited guests, up the canal, against wind and current, at the rate of three and three-fifths miles per hour. In the run down five loaded boats were towed at the rate of four and seven-tenths miles per hour. The general opinion is that the cable system is much superior to the trolley method.

It will be remembered that the Cataract General Electric Company some time ago entered into a contract with the Erie Canal Traction Company to apply and operate the towing-line at a cost not to exceed three million dollars, which amount was subscribed. All the tests so far made have been had for the purpose of developing a system satisfactory to the State Board of Public Works, whose approval is necessary to the adoption of any specific system. It is said that at the maximum rate permissible, under the company's charter, horse and mule boatmen will save eighty-two per cent. of the present cost of tonnage, and steam canal-boatmen will save fifty-five per cent. on present cost if electrical power displaces horse, mule and steam. It now costs twelve cents per mile per horse or mule boat propulsion in the Erie Canal, or forty-two dollars and twenty-four cents per boat for the three hundred and fifty-two miles from Buffalo to Albany. Allowing a rate not to exceed two miles an hour, in the present canal, the cost of electrical power will not exceed seven dollars and ninety-seven cents per boat from Buffalo to Albany. It costs not less than five cents a mile per boat at present by steam power, or seventeen dollars and sixty cents from Buffalo to Albany, as compared with seven dollars and ninety-seven cents by electricity. This is estimated on twenty horse-power per boat, which was the amount required to tow the six Cleveland steel

canal-boats at the rate of three miles an hour, and, moreover, it is stated that an electrical horse-power is about thirty-three per cent. stronger than a steam horse-power.

The voters of the State having approved in the recent election the bill to improve the canals, three miles an hour will be practicable in the Erie Canal, and with even less horse-power than is now required. Making no reduction in the present required horse-power, however, the cost per boat will then be thirty-three per cent. less than at present, or but five dollars and thirty-one cents from Buffalo to Albany. This will effect a saving of eighty-eight per cent. to horse and mule boatmen, and seventy per cent. to steam boatmen, below present cost. It is more than likely that light boats can be moved from Albany to Buffalo at the rate of six miles an hour, and with no more power than is now required, and for only half the time, thus effecting a still further saving, in the improved canal, of fifty per cent., or making it possible to tow a light boat from Albany to Buffalo for two dollars and sixty-six cents.

The effect upon canal transportation that such savings will accomplish is inconceivable. It will not only revolutionize canal transportation methods, but will effect enormous reductions and afford such an increase of trips as to probably belittle any prediction as to benefits which may at this time be made.

HARRIET TAYLOR TITON.

Should it be decided to apply this system to the canal, as is now understood will be the case, all boats now in use can use it without the slightest alteration in their construction, and they will gain for freight purposes the space now occupied by their mules and horses, and also save the cost of their keep.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

## A Colonial Thanksgiving.

MINE Ancestor Josiah  
(If family tales be true)  
Within his heart felt keen the smart  
Of love for Mistress True,  
And yet, and yet, the pouting pet,  
Ah! she was shy and coy;  
But Ancestor Josiah,  
He was a wily boy!

'Twas on Thanksgiving morning,  
The hour was that of prayer,  
The sky was bright, the earth was white,  
And tingling was the air;  
And Ancestor Josiah,  
His Bible under arm,  
In spruce array took solemn way  
Toward Prue—her father's farm.

He paused not at the gateway,  
Nor at the good-house door,  
And by her side, grave, reverent-eyed,  
He knelt him on the floor,  
O, wonder wide and marvel-wide  
All eyes were opened there!  
Yet was there heard no greeting word  
Except the father's prayer.

But when from long devotion  
Were raised the heads low bowed,  
"Why, sir, so rude, dare you intrude?"  
The stern old threshold lord  
Then Ancestor Josiah,  
With penitential look—  
"I do obey," they heard him say,  
"The mandate of this book."

And, debt of hand, his Bible  
He opened the covers of,  
And clear one verse he did rehearse—  
"Thou shalt thy neighbor love!"  
O, what a smile there spread the while  
He turned his lips to woo!  
Then Ancestor Josiah,  
Woe fair Ancestress Prue,  
CLINTON SOULARD.

CLINTON SOULARD.





THE POET ARRANGING CURIOS IN HIS "DEN," WHERE HE DIED.



THE SABINE FAIRM, BUENA PARK, CHICAGO, MR. FIELD'S HOME.



THE POET'S DOLL.



MR. FIELD READING ONE OF HIS STORIES.

THE LATE EUGENE FIELD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL.—(SEE PAGE 342.)

## EUGENE FIELD:

PHILIP THE DREAMER.

PHILIP the Dreamer is dead, is dead!  
He is lying now in a narrower bed  
Than ever should yield such a leader rest—  
For Philip the Dreamer should have the best;  
Purple trappings and cloth-of-gold  
Only should Philip the Dreamer hold.

Yes, he should be lying in garb of  
state,  
And pale-faced mutes by his bier should  
wait.  
A kingdom he gained, but an empire  
sought;  
Strong was his hand in the things he  
wrought,  
But open the hand that his bounty shed—  
And Philip the Dreamer is dead, is dead!

Dreamer of doings beyond his time,  
Dreamer of fellowship's utmost prime;  
There should all grace to the dead be  
done,  
With moaning music and minute-gun  
And wet-lashed eyelids of those who  
knew  
Of the life that was daring and strong  
and true.

He had his dreams of a better life,  
Of generous deeds and of lack of strife  
Save that strife only to see who can



THE LATE EUGENE FIELD.

By courtesy of Etching Publishing Company, Chicago.

Do what is best for the other man.  
This was his thought, in his vast soul bred—  
But Philip the Dreamer is dead, is dead!

Philip the Dreamer a man was made;  
Philip the Dreamer was daft at trade;  
The clink of money was naught to  
him,  
The prate of the changers a chatter  
dim;  
Pence-getters all, by a nose-ring led—  
But Philip the Dreamer is dead, is dead!

Philip the Dreamer had noblest mark,  
But Philip the Dreamer is lying stark!  
A dead one great of a brotherhood  
Generous, fighting for what is good,  
Only the good, in a bad thing's stead—  
But Philip the Dreamer is dead, is dead!

Philip the Dreamer knew what was  
soul;  
Philip the Dreamer knew what was  
whole;  
Philip the Dreamer by God was led—  
But Philip the Dreamer is dead, is  
dead!

God help us when such as our Philip  
dies!

God help us in all helpful enterprise!  
STANLEY WATERLOO.





ELIZABETH CADY STANTON AND SUSAN B. ANTHONY.  
From a copyright photograph by J. H. Kent.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.  
Copyright photograph by Rockwood.



AT THE AGE OF FIFTY.  
By permission of Fowler & Wells



AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY.  
Photograph by Decker.



RECEPTION IN HONOR OF MRS. STANTON AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.  
From a photograph taken on the stage by J. C. Hemment, expressly for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, immediately before the reception.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

[SEE PAGE 347.]



# TURKEY AND ITS CAPITAL.

## THE FIGHTING RESOURCES OF THE EMPIRE.

Will the Turks remain in Constantinople? is a question which for years past has been discussed in nearly all the countries of the world. Again and again, since the Turko-Russian war of 1878, it has been announced that Russia was musing her troops and was ready to march upon Constantinople. Nearly eighteen years have passed, and the Turks are still in possession and are likely to remain so for many years to come. Not that it would be a very hard task for the great Powers of Europe, allied together, to conquer the old capital of the Byzantine empire, but, once in possession of it, they could never agree as to who should hold it, and the complications which would then arise would undoubtedly lead to a general European war.

Leaving aside for the present the Armenian question, it may be said that Constantinople is one of the most interesting and picturesque of cities. No one who has been fortunate enough to see it, from a distance, on a beautiful, sunny day, with its great marble palaces, its glorious mosques and picturesque minarets, will ever be able to forget what many claim to be the grandest sight in the world. I, for one, shall always remember it as the one sight which in my travels perhaps impressed me the most.

It would not be possible to understand a description of the entrance to Constantinople without having first a clear idea of the configuration of the city. The steamer being in the Bosphorus, the narrow water-way which separates Asia from Europe and unites the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, we had to our right the Asiatic shore, and to our left the European. In this last, between two hills, is a wide opening, a port, having the shape of a horn, and called the Golden Horn. On one side of this, just where Byzance used to be, rises on seven hills Stamboul, the Turkish city, and opposite it, Pera and Galata, the Frank cities, while on the hills of the Asiatic shores stands a fourth city, Scutari. Thus Constantinople is made up of four great cities as near to each other as Brooklyn, Jersey City, and New York. And these many hills are covered with marble palaces and beautiful gardens, above which tower gigantic mosques with their great domes of lead and obelisks of gold. There is the Mosque of Ahmed, with its seven minarets; that of Soliman, with ten domes; the Mosque of the Sultan Valide and that of Mahomet II.; then the Mosque de Selim, the great tower of Galata, Saint Sophia, grander and more beautiful a hundred times than St. Peter's of Rome, and above all this the white tower of Séraskier, dominating the continents of Europe and Asia, from the Dardanelles to the Black Sea.

It was Théophile Gautier, I believe, who said, that to see the finest sight in the world one ought to come and look at Constantinople from the ship's deck, but never to land, under penalty of seeing the worst sight in the universe. This is, of course, an exaggeration, for there are things of great beauty in Constantinople; but it is a fact, however, that upon landing one is greatly disappointed. The first trouble comes at the custom-house. Ah, what recollections! Those who dare to complain of the customs officials here had better go to Constantinople, and I am willing to wager my life that they will return with the claim that our officers are the kindest and most polite in the world. Those in Constantinople are rude and impolite in the extreme. In addition to this the traveler is annoyed by the most stupid and ridiculous laws one can imagine. For instance, one is not allowed to take a single book into Constantinople. Your novels, guide-books, your prayer-book, if you happen to have one, will be confiscated. When one leaves the city again by sea the books can be claimed just before embarking, but should one be obliged to go by rail they are lost. I had in my valise a small volume of Lord Chesterfield's letters, and "Les Américaines" of Claretie. These were probably considered dangerous literature for the safety of the Ottoman empire, for they were seized by the officials.

Since the fighting between Armenians and Turks, and the reports sent abroad of the massacres of Christians, nearly all the newspapers have been abusing the Sultan unreservedly. He has been accused by some of being the most cruel, bloodthirsty, ignorant, barbaric monarch in the world. Nothing could be more unjust. With no thought at all of attempting an apology for the policy of Turkey in Armenia, or in its dealings with the Powers of the world, it seems to me that the Sultan himself has been represented for what he is not. In fact, the great trouble now is that the Turks themselves find him too kind, too lenient, too anxious to do right.

Those who have met Abdul Hamid II. and are acquainted with the condition of affairs in the East, the foreign diplomats who have resided at Constantinople, all know that he is not a cruel barbarian, but, on the contrary, the most enlightened Sultan Turkey ever had, and that he has done his utmost for the advancement and development of his empire. In many lines his influence has been shown. Among other things he has always taken the greatest interest in the building of railroads, believing that it would help much toward developing the economical resources of the empire, and at



MAVROYENI BEY, TURKISH MINISTER.

least double its strength from a military point of view. Under his reign twenty different lines of railroad have been built, or are now being constructed, covering in all a distance of 3,500 kilometres. If it is to-day possible for a traveler to go direct by rail from Paris to Constantinople, clear across Europe, in less than four days, it is due to the efforts of the Sultan, who insisted upon the railroads of Roumelia joining those of Europe. He did not encourage the building of railroads only in Turkey in Europe, but also in Asia—as, for instance, the lines between Haidar Pacha to Ismit, Smyrna to Aiden; Smyrna to Cassaba; Beyroot, Damascus, Hauran, and Jaffa to Jerusalem.

It cannot be doubted that the Turkish government was sincere in its wish to open the country to commerce and progress. These railroads have also done much to develop agriculture.

In 1891 the Sultan granted a concession for the building of quays and the construction of docks along the Golden Horn. The news was received with joy by the whole population, as

resources of the empire, where natives and foreign merchants will be able to obtain valuable information as to the nature and value of these products.

The old and well-known industrial establishments, such as the manufactory of military clothes at Feshane, the superb workshops of the Grande Maîtrise of artillery, and others, have always been pushed by the Sultan, while many new manufactories owe their establishment to his solicitude. Among these are the manufactory of tobacco at Stamboul, which employs fifteen hundred workers, of both sexes, and has a production of over three million Turkish pounds annually; the manufactory of cement at Kiretch-Burnon; the gas works; the glass works at Tchelouchen, etc.

In the last few years many improvements have been made in Constantinople. Gardens and parks have been opened to the public, together with a zoological and botanical garden. Water-works, gas-works, tramways, and a dozen other improvements have been made. In his desire to do much for Constantinople and the large cities the Sultan, however, did not overlook the interests of the suburban and country people. The cotton-mills and the cultivation of silk-worms have been much encouraged by him, but the greatest service he rendered to the peasants was to free them from the claws of the usurers by the foundation of the Agricultural Bank. This bank lends money at six per cent. from the smallest sum to one hundred and fifty pounds, for a time extending from three to ten years. It also receives deposits, on which it pays four per cent. interest. The central administration of the Agricultural Bank is at Constantinople, and it has agencies in the smallest towns and villages of the empire. Each of these agencies obtains its resources from the contributions of agriculturists in its radius, and lends to none but these.

Since 1891 four agricultural schools have been opened on the crown domain, a model farm being attached to each, so that practical instruction goes together with theoretical instruction.

Two other things must be placed to the credit of the Sultan: his efforts to improve the condition of Turkish women, and that of the children in the public schools. Formerly, instruction of Muslims in Turkey was entirely concentrated in the mosque. It is quite different to-day, and public instruction is divided into two categories—public schools, the administration of which belongs exclusively to the state; and private schools, founded and carried on by individuals or committees, but which remain under the supervision of the government.

In view of the serious condition of affairs in Turkey, and of the report that some Powers are ready to interfere, a few words on the Turkish army may prove of interest.

Even the most bitter enemies of the Turk, who are ever ready to reproach him with every crime, would not think of characterizing him as a coward. If there is one thing universally

recognized it is undoubtedly the courage of the soldiery. The Turks, ever since the day they left the high plateaux and great plains of Asia and swept over Europe like furnished wolves, have always been great soldiers and great fighters. It is only necessary to recall the Turko-Russian war of 1878 to be assured of this fact.

The Turks may be all wrong on the Armenian question, but one thing is certain, if they have to fight they will do it, whether there is one or a dozen Powers against them. Their army is now modeled after the German army, and is composed of the army of actual service, that of the reserve, and the territorial army.

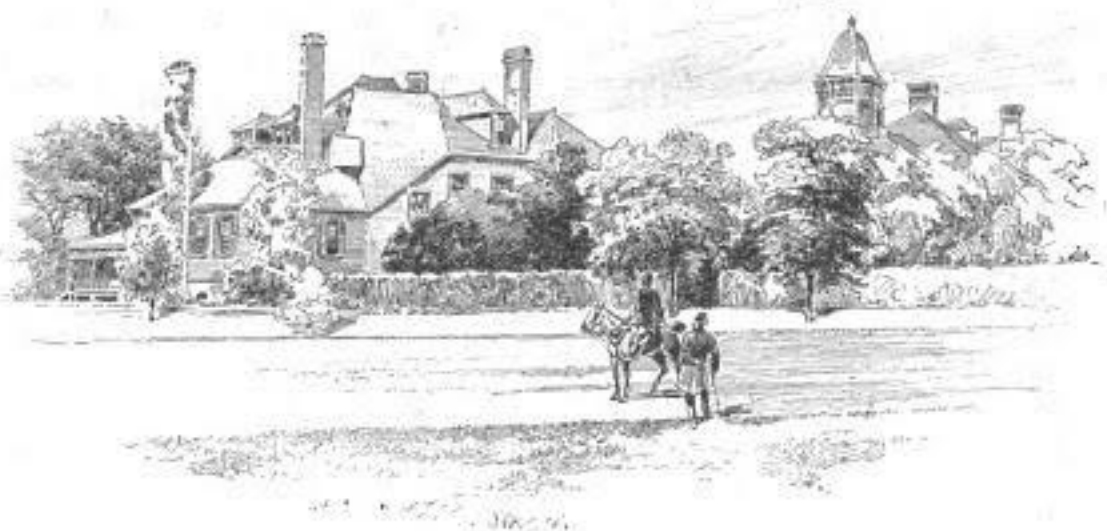
The active army has 350,000 men; the reserve army, 450,000 men; the territorial army, 300,000 men, a grand total of 1,000,000 men, with an artillery of 1,619 campaign pieces and 330 mountain pieces. The Ottoman infantry has from all time been renowned for its power of resistance and impetuosity in attacks. In an assault they are like a human avalanche, and in defending a place, firm as a rock. The cavalry, which is composed of thirty-five regiments of five squadrons, is admirable. The Ottoman navy cannot be compared to the army. It is composed of: 1st, *Ironclads*—Seven frigates, three imperial yachts, three punants, twenty-one torpedo-boats, two submarine boats, measuring in all 69,097 tons, with 30,946 nominal horse-power and carrying 360 guns. 2d, *Wooden Ships*—Three frigates, seven corvettes, twelve armed coast-guards, eighteen schooners, measuring 40,912 tons, with 1,913 nominal horse-power and 318 guns. 3d, *Sailing Vessels*—One training-ship, one schooner, one cruiser, and thirty transports, in all of 8,275 tons.

These ships are manned and fought by 18,000 men and 1,500 officers.

Since the beginning of the Armenian troubles the busiest man in Washington has undoubtedly been the Turkish minister, Mavroyeni Bey. His Excellency, who has been many years in this country and has a host of friends and admirers at the capital, in New York, and other cities, is considered a shrewd and *fin* diplomat, and up to the present time has certainly handled this very difficult matter with great success. He is a great admirer of the United States, and he will surely do his utmost to see that, no matter what happens in Europe, the most friendly relations are maintained between our country and the Sublime Porte. A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

## The Marlborough Honeymoon.

WHEN the wedding breakfast was finished, after the marriage of the Duke of Marlborough to Miss Vanderbilt, the young couple took a special train for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's Long Island residence, Idle Hour. This splendid estate is about fifty miles from New York, and consists of about two thousand acres, between Islip and Sayville, and fronting on the Great South Bay. The house is a frame structure, and is thoroughly artistic. The duke and duchess stayed a week or so at Idle Hour before returning to New York. When the train reached Oakdale, the station on the railway nearest to Idle Hour, there was a great crowd of country people gathered there to see the young couple. These crowded about them so closely that they could hardly move as they walked on to meet the family carriage, and it was with difficulty that they at last escaped the annoying attentions of the eager Long Islanders. The curiosity of the country-folk, it may be remarked in passing, was nothing in comparison with that of the society people of New York, who, on the occasion of the visit of the duke and his bride to the horse show, crowded



IDLE HOUR, WHERE THE MARLBOROUGH HONEYMOON WAS SPENT.

Constantinople, placed at the intersection of the routes leading from the Occident to the Orient, has been destined by nature to be a great commercial centre. The profits and advantages derived by these new constructions ought to be very great.

The commerce of the Ottoman empire has also much profited by the establishment at Constantinople, since 1884, of a chamber of commerce, with one hundred and twenty-three branches in the most important cities. As an annex to this chamber of commerce an imperial *lexode*, bearing the date of December 30th, 1890, decreed the establishment of the Ottoman Commercial Museum, which is also destined to help the expansion of commerce and industry. This institution is a permanent exposition of all specimens of the agricultural and industrial

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about their box in such a crushing, tumultuous mob as to endanger life and limb. A more disgraceful spectacle was never witnessed in New York. The incident shows that, with all our democratic professions, we have a host of folk of a certain sort who are utter flunkies and toadies—as absolute worshippers of rank and title as can be found in any monarchical society of the world.

The duke seems to have found time during his honeymoon for out-door pastimes, for, having taken his bicycle to Idle Hour, he rode over the neighborhood when the skies were fair. During all of their stay they appeared to be constantly watched by the society reporters of the daily papers, which seemed to have no notion of the propriety of respecting the privacy which was so earnestly desired.



# AMATEUR ATHLETICS

## The Yale-Princeton Game.

THE annual Yale-Princeton foot-ball match passes into history upon the afternoon of Saturday, November 23d, at Manhattan Field, New York City. It is the nineteenth struggle which the two have engaged in since Rugby foot-ball became an intercollegiate sport, and from a glance at the records for the past twelve years, from which time dates the present system of scoring, it will be observed that Yale has much the better of the argument, both as to games won and total number of points scored. (See table.)

The fact that Harvard was defeated on November 23d at Princeton by 12 to 4, and will on the 25d play Pennsylvania at Cambridge, lends much additional interest to this historic struggle. Had Princeton lost, the Yale team would have had little incentive to play, and popular interest would have been sadly divided. Now, however, it is safe to say that the Yale-Princeton match is looked upon as the match of the year. Surely the thousands who will attend may do so without the indifferent feelings which must predominate among the partisans who view the Harvard-Pennsylvania game. On the one hand, the Harvard followers will see a defeated team striving not to fall still lower in the scale, while the Quaker adherents will muster no great amount of enthusiasm to see their team endeavor to defeat a team which has already lost at the very hands of their bitterest rival—Princeton.

In the following table it will be observed that the teams have been so arranged that one may readily compare the opposing pairs of players without having to glance first at the top then at the bottom of the two line-ups, as is usual.

Yale	Position	Age	Weight	Princeton	Position	Age	Weight
L. Hinkey.	Right end.	20	165	166	Left end.	21	165
Murphy.	Right tackle.	22	170	182	Left tackle.	20	170
Chapwick.	Right guard.	19	165	216	Left guard.	20	165
Cross.	Centre.	20	165	195	Centre.	25	165
W. Cross.	Left guard.	20	205	201	Right guard.	19	165
Holgers.	Left tackle.	21	175	285	Right tackle.	21	175
Bass.	Left end.	19	158	152	Right end.	19	158
Pucke.	Quarter back.	21	163	144	Quarter back.	25	163
De Witt.	Right half.	21	167	162	Left half.	20	167
Thorne.	Left half.	21	165	184	Right half.	19	165
Jerrems.	Full back.	20	158	155	Full back.	18	158
Referee	Average	20 plus	170 plus	177 plus	Average	20 plus	170 plus
L. Hinkey.	Referee	.....	McInnes, Lehigh	.....	Referee	.....	McInnes, Lehigh
Murphy.	Umpire	.....	Duchel, Lehigh	.....	Umpire	.....	Duchel, Lehigh
Thorne.	Line-striker	.....	Not announced.	.....	Line-striker	.....	Not announced.
Jerrems.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Past records of the rival teams since the present system of scoring was adopted.

1885—Yale 0.....Princeton 0	1891—Yale 12.....Princeton 0
1886—Yale 0.....Princeton 4	1892—Yale 12.....Princeton 0
1887—Yale 0.....Princeton 0	1893—Yale 12.....Princeton 0
1888—Yale 4.....Princeton 0	1894—Yale 0.....Princeton 6
1889—Yale 12.....Princeton 0	1895—Yale 21.....Princeton 0
1890—Yale 0.....Princeton 0	Total points—Yale 105.....Princeton 25.

### CHANGED CONDITIONS THIS YEAR.

The metal of the Tiger team this year is well known, although for several years past Princeton has been an unknown quantity from the fact that no big game has been participated in by them prior to the Yale game. In fact, the conditions are just reversed this year, for whereas Harvard has met Princeton, Yale has had no big game for the first time in several years. It is safe to say, however, that while Yale's strength is for the once an unknown quantity, she is, in the opinion of her coaches, in a position to give Princeton a good argument.

### YALE'S WEAKER DEFENSE.

There will be many Yale men, however, who will feel more or less shaky about the result, and for the reason that in her different games of the season about to close she has shown an undeniable weakness which has seemed to defy a remedy. This weakness is at guard and tackle, the latter of which is a fatal one if really and truly unsteady. The fact that Yale has been scored upon an unprecedented number of times and escaped defeat several times by the narrowest of margins, serves to emphasize this weakness. So far as defensive play goes, Princeton does not show any such weakness; on the contrary, her defense has proved to be a veritable stone wall, and perfectly balanced. Adherents of Princeton would argue, and argue well, that the defense of their team was superior to any which Yale can show, and it is to be presumed that many followers of the blue would agree likewise. But if Princeton's defense is stronger than Yale's her aggressive game is weaker. In other words, the Yale backs are considered a stronger lot than those of Prince-

ton. I should say that were the two to exchange lines, Thorne, De Witt, and Jerrems playing behind the Tiger forwards, Princeton would, barring flukes, be a sure and decisive winner.

### IT WILL LIKELY BE A KICKING GAME.

But such an exchange is an impossibility, and as the facts stand, the question arises first of all, will the superior defense of the Princeton team vitiate any superiority of the Yale attack? I should say, unhesitatingly, yes. On the other hand, Yale's weaker defense will be called upon to meet an aggressive game which is admittedly not brilliant and by no means as strong as the team of 1893, though stronger than last year. Hence the Princeton gains should be as small as Yale's. This is looking at the subject broadly, without taking into the account many unlooked-for situations which have the habit of developing during actual play, or are hatched during intermission, when, as it often happens, a weakness in the enemy is noted by the coaches on the side lines, and an impromptu attack made up on the moment. I believe, however, that the game will to a great extent develop into a kicking contest, wherein Princeton will, even with an inferior kicker, come out ahead, unless the Yale team show more method and strength in blocking off to protect the kicker. This statement is not made haphazard, but from indisputable data at hand. For instance, both Thorne and Letton can kick well, and the former is easily good for fifty yards at any time; while Baird, Princeton's only kicker of the trio of which Armstrong and Rosengarten are the half-backs, covers on an average less than forty yards. But any advantage which Yale may have in this respect may be wholly dissipated by the right kind of ag-

gressive play on the part of the Princeton forwards, who will hurry the kick and block the half, perhaps, quite as fatally as in the Harvard-Princeton game.

During the last few days preceding the Princeton-Yale contest, the former team made an unprecedented advance in her game; and the result of the Yale-Orange game of Saturday, November 16th, showed conclusively that the Yale team had all of a sudden taken a bound upward. The supposed weak points in the line were by no means manifest. W. Cross, the giant crew man, playing a reliable and aggressive game at guard, and Rodgers a strong tackle.

## The Keely Motor Redivivus.

THE announcement is made in the public prints that John Jacob Astor, the head of the Astor family in the United States, and the titular manager of their millions, has taken an interest in the Keely motor. Whatever that interest may prove to be, whether sympathetic or pecuniary, its publication has served to revive very generally, if only temporarily, the discussion which has been going on for a quarter of a century about this mechanical mystery. Whether Keely has discovered a new force, or has only succeeded for twenty-odd years in

conveying a gigantic imposture, he remains a notable personage. A motor is something that moves itself or imparts motion to other things. The Keely motor has been known to the scientific world for many years as a machine which is moved, or moves itself, and which its inventor has always declared would eventually move other apparatus. The motive power utilized is the so-called "unknown force." We are all familiar with such manifestations of energy as result from compressed air, hydraulic pressure, steam, and electricity. These are forces, as the term goes. Mr. John Ernest Worrall Keely has maintained for a generation that he has discovered a new force, the practical application of which to machinery would at an infinitesimal cost draw heavy loads, raise enormous weights, evolve heat and light, and supplant steam, that most indispensable of all the active instrumentalities known to mankind. This practical application Mr. Keely has never been able to demonstrate; he promises now that there will be ample and public demonstration early in the year 1896.

Probably three thousand machines, engines, forms of apparatus, working engines, provisional engines, and the like, have been made for Keely, and in some cases, perhaps by Keely, upon which to test his new force. No one of them has ever been patented, because Mr. Keely says he is unwilling to make known the means by which he develops this novel energy until he has sufficiently mastered it to enable him to protect himself and the Keely Motor Company against infringement. Three hundred and odd thousand dollars have been spent, up to now, on Mr. Keely and his motor by his friends and the stockholders in the company formed twenty-odd years ago to promote and patent his discoveries. The stockholders are to-day as much in the dark as they ever were as to the exact nature of the discovery which they have promoted, and the means by which it may be made useful to mankind.

Were Keely, who is an old man, past sixty, to die at this writing, there would be nobody left who could pick up and carry on and utilize his discoveries—assuming that they do exist. And if they do not exist, how are we to account for Keely's success in preventing candid exposure and summary denunciation in all these years?



KEELY AND HIS MOTOR.

main motionless or sink slowly and at even speed back to the bottom of the jar, were musical notes given on a tuning-fork, and repeated and re-enforced from a musical apparatus near by, which looked like a classical lyre boxed in on three sides. Every mass has its musical chord, it seems, in this new philosophy, which may be struck or set to vibrating. If these vibrations reach more than forty thousand in a second, the force of gravity or the inertia of the mass is at once overcome, and the weight, for example, becomes obedient to the influences of the musical note.

The resultant manifestation of force is said to have been, in some of Keely's experiments, so powerful that scientific men have said that it might well be applied to all the every-day uses of life. As heat and light are only forms of energy, the citizen of the future might bolt a Keely motor, so to speak, to the side of his house and warm it, light it, and keep the kitchen range ready for the cook, all by pressing a button.

Keely says he has tapped the etheric current, the polar stream, which is negative and positive in its attributes, and may be reached by and made to work for mankind by "sympathetic vibration." There it is in a nut-shell, and people who don't like it can let it alone. Ridicule, however, has never disproven anything. Emerson said: "Hitch your wagon to a star," not intimating by any means that the star in its course would draw the wagon along after it, to the music of the wondering spheres, but just to work the mind up to a high standard of thought. Keely says he has hitched his motor to the polar stream—whatever that may be—and he does expect to get practical traction. For example, the Keely push-engine may, it is asserted, be bolted to the front of a street-car, (Continued on page 355.)

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## An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1104 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing. \*

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

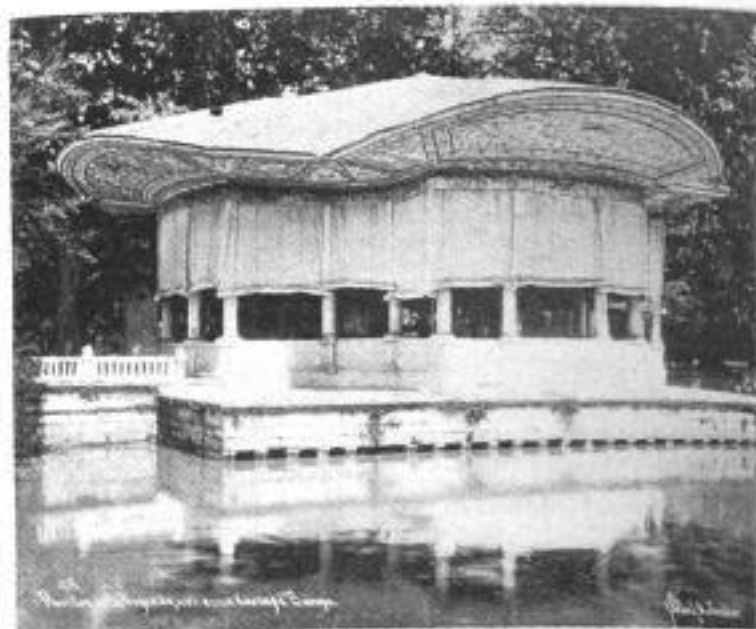
# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE





THE BRIDGE OF GALATA.



A ROYAL PAVILION.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

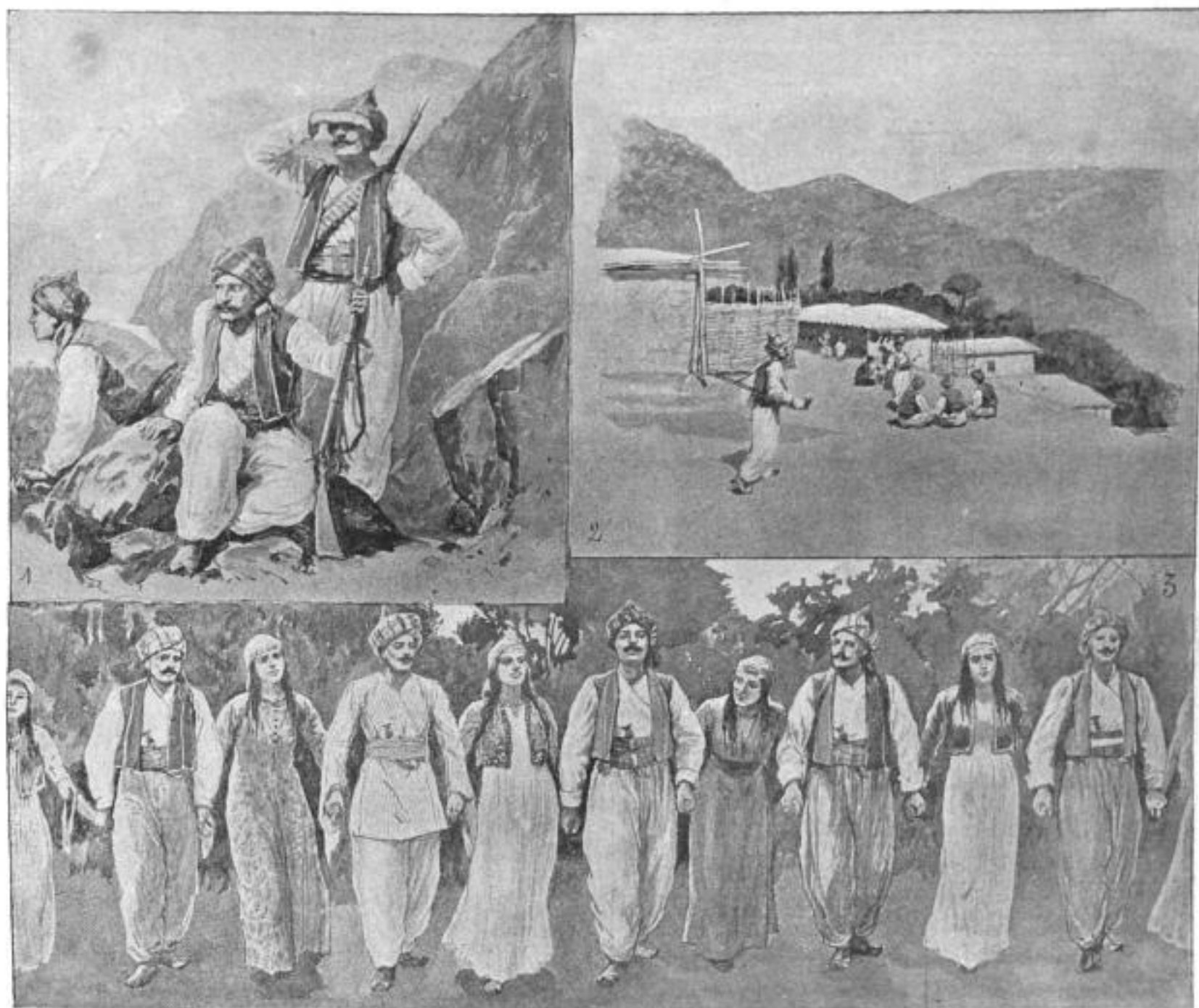


A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

## THE CRISIS IN TURKEY.

SCENES IN AND AROUND THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 850.]





1. Kurdish mountaineers of Serdash. 2. Zarnow-u-Sifa, Kurdistan. 3. Kurds dancing.  
THE KURDS AND THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN ARMENIA.—*Illustrated London News*.



Battalion of Spanish troops defiling before the palace of the Governor-general, Havana.



The "New Squadron of Commerce" passing before the Theatre Fayet in Havana.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.—*Illustracion Espanola y Americana*.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## THE BEST OF TOILET POWDERS.

In spite of all that moralists can say, or have said, from the beginning of time until now, lovely women will always strive, by every device in her power, to increase her beauty; and why should she not, when such a safe and reliable means as Menmen's Toilet Powder is within her reach? A beautiful complexion is of all beauties the most desired and the most difficult to obtain and retain. No doubt attention to general health is the best complexion powder, but it will not prevent tan, sunburn, prickly heat, and chafed skin, nor always blotches and pimples. For the removal of these Menmen's Toilet Powder is unsurpassed, and has received the approval of the highest medical authorities. For infants it is quite as desirable as for the grown-ups. A fine sample can be obtained by addressing the Gerhard Menmen Company, Newark, New Jersey.

## THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS, ALSO FISHING, OF THE SOUTH.

UNDER the above pleasing title the Southern Railway has in press a beautiful and comprehensive book pertaining to the hunting and fishing of the States through which that system extends.

This, in fact, comprises nearly the entire South, including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, as throughout these States the Southern Railway has its own lines.

The book is written in the happiest style of Mr. William Bruce Lott, of Chicago, and the illustrations are ample and are especially prepared for this particular volume.

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The publication will be issued prior to November 1st, 1905, and can be obtained through any of the agents of the Southern Railway system.

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It leads the world of travel in all things—In comfort, safety, luxury, and speed; It introduces block signals, and all else tending to give, with safety, quickest time; The vestibule, electric lighting, baths, Ladies maids, barbers, stock reports, buffets, Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited." It gives to all seating privacy, Comfortable cars equipped for excellence. It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines From North and East to South and West. Hours from New York to Chicago, 31; Cincinnati, 24; St. Louis, 29. Others may emulate, but equal none, THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

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## The Keely Motor Redivivus.

(Continued from page 331.)

and, once the chord of the mass is struck, and vibrations set to going the right number of times a minute, the street car will start off as fast as you please, no gearing or wire connection of any kind being necessary between the push-engine and the wheels of the car. The disintegration of three drops of water, by means of his new force, furnishes Keely with power enough to push the car along for no end of time.

An eye-witness of recent experiments in the Keely laboratory says that by this force a steel shell weighing several tons was raised from the floor to the top of a tripod six feet above the floor, there being no mechanical apparatus in view but a small box, of the push-engine variety, connected by a wire with the steel shell. The push-engine is described as being cylindrical in shape, "not unlike a silk hat," one witness says—let us hope he was not talking through his—and eighteen by ten inches in dimensions.

Mr. Keely's laboratory is at 1422 North Twentieth Street, Philadelphia. He denies vigorously that he has ever been a spiritualist. He is a man of huge, impressive presence, and if what he says is true he will go down to history as a benefactor of the human race.

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Without  
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OLD sea-stories tell us how sailors stricken with scurvy were taken ashore and buried in the ground up to the neck.

This was a sure cure for the disease.

The same principle has made the mud-bath treatment so famous for its wonderful cures.

The union and concentrated action of the electrical currents that were formed by chemical action as the body came into contact with the earth wrought the cure.

How was it? The problem is simple enough.

The mineral properties of the mud and the earth act chemically upon the body, and produce a galvanic discharge.

Then the difference of potentials between the body and the earth produces a static discharge from the body to the earth.

The natural magnetic action of the earth upon the body produces a magnetic effect.

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1895.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
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"Madame Calvé never before appeared in New York in so bright a light as she did on the occasion of her reappearance here in the character of *Carmen*. There was an indescribable lusciousness in her voice, and her phrasing and declamation were such as to make the ordinary terms of praise seem like an impertinence. As for her impersonation of the character, from the beginning it challenged amazement because of its freedom from conventionality, its vitality, its freshness, and spontaneity."—*New York Tribune*.

## MADAME EMMA CALVÉ AS "CARMEN."

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES L. BREENE.—[SEE PAGE 506.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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Literary and Art Staff: John T. Brantall, H. Westerland.

DECEMBER 5, 1892.

## Money in Elections.



THE certificates of expenses filed by candidates in the recent election in this city and State are very suggestive and significant. They reveal a condition of affairs, especially as to judicial and legislative offices, which is full of menace to the highest public interests. We understand perfectly well that elections involve expenditures of money, and we see no reason why party candidates should not make reasonable contributions to the support of the party campaign. But these contributions should in all cases be voluntary, and should always be confined to the legitimate necessities of the canvass. No candidate should permit himself to contribute, under duress or otherwise, to any general fund capable of being applied to other uses than the payment of the actual expenses of printing, poll-watching, and the like.

The sworn statements filed with the Secretary of State reveal the fact that in hundreds of cases contributions were made by candidates vastly in excess of any real necessity. One candidate for a supreme court judgeship paid out \$4,000, another paid \$2,150, still another expended \$4,113; a candidate for justice of the City Court gave \$1,000 to Tammany Hall, and expended nearly one thousand dollars on his own account; and a Fusion candidate for the same office paid \$2,047. There is no conceivable justification for any of these payments. If there is any one office to which the lavish expenditure of money is wholly inadmissible it is the judicial. That, of all positions of trust and responsibility, should be beyond the reach of any man whose perception of its dignity is so low that he is capable of trying to buy it. The same thing precisely is true of expenditures for seats in the Legislature. One candidate for Senator swears that he spent \$2,263 to secure the office. Timothy D. Sullivan places his expenditures as a candidate for the same office at \$4,000. Still another candidate for Senator, who was defeated, spent \$1,500. Various candidates for Assembly swear to having expended sums ranging from five hundred to one thousand dollars each. These expenditures were in nearly every case illegitimate. Why should any man so covet a place in the Senate or Assembly of New York as to be willing to pay four thousand dollars, or even five hundred dollars, to secure it? It goes without saying that the motive in any such case is a mercenary one—that the money is spent as an investment on which a large return is expected in the form of "bribe." Very much of the debauchery in legislation, the blackmailing of corporations, and the betrayal of the rights and interests of the people, which have made Albany notorious, finds its taproot in the greed which buys its way into the Legislative office in the manner here disclosed.

The law requiring publication of the expenses of candidates has done something, it may be, to abate the evil complained of, but the result has not in any real sense fulfilled the expectations of its framers, and it is obvious that the mischievous practice must be dealt with in some more drastic fashion if it is ever to be appreciably arrested. The question as to how this is to be done is not easily answered, but certainly the problem is not insoluble, and we may hope that some effective method will yet be devised for limiting the use of money by candidates consistently at once with their personal rights and the true interests of community.

## The Trail of "Trilby."

MR. DU MAURIER'S book continues to excite the public interest, and the play that has been made from it fills the stage each evening in half a dozen cities at once. This popularity, this "boom," as he calls it, astonishes the author and makes him feel rather humble than proud, he has told us. Thackeray, whose serious profession it was to write, and who was the best master of English who ever modelled, never had a "boom," and this fact makes Mr. Du Maurier, who admires the creator of Henry Esmond and Colonel Newcome, as all men of cultivation do, wonder whether there is not a monstrous something in his novel to have won so immediate a success. This modesty on Mr. Du Maurier's part shows wisdom of the kind that young men never achieve; he has passed the forty-year limit, and with his grizzled locks has come a serenity which prevents him from taking himself and his work too seriously, from making of himself a hero which the judgment of time perhaps will not justify. But in the meantime "Trilby" the book and "Trilby" the play each holds its own, and an enthusiastic world says that each is great.

In the current *Ficure*, the number for December, Mr. Albert D. Vandam, the entertaining author of that lively

book of "faked" reminiscences, "An Englishman in Paris," makes the latest contribution to the "Trilby" discussion. In his own lively way Mr. Vandam takes his reader around Paris with Little Billie, the Laird, and Tuffy, and affirms that the creator of these engaging characters had resuscitated the youth of Vandam, who made his own first acquaintance with the Latin Quarter of Paris in the late 'fifties, when Du Maurier was a student there. But the most interesting thing Mr. Vandam tells us is that hypnotism is no new thing among the students at the "Beaux Arts," where, out of sheer fun, the pupils often do at private drawing-rooms what Syngali did in such terrible earnestness. He says that models are peculiarly susceptible to hypnotic influence, and that he has known half a dozen Trilbys, all alike in essentials, but differing from the heroine of Du Maurier and from each other in accidentals. Of models he says:

"At all times chooses the model poses for four hours, with ten minutes' interval between each forty minutes, provided the attitude required be a fairly normal one, and the term 'fairly normal' as understood by the schools is very elastic. The most casual observer cannot but conclude that the model during that time must suffer cruelly from his or her enforced immobility. I say enforced immobility, but the expression is not altogether correct. If we watch the model a little more closely than usual we soon become aware of a certain oscillation of her whole body, a swaying from right to left or from left to right, an almost imperceptible but nevertheless real backward or forward movement. There is nothing graceful or light about the shake; it is heavy and mechanical, and reminds one of a statue of a tall house tottering on its base, precious to its fall. In fact, the watcher himself unconsciously imitates it; he has fear lest the model should come down at full length and head foremost off the platform. That fear, however, is groundless. The model is as safe as a sleep-walker on the ledge of a roof. A few moments after she has got into the right posture she begins to stare vacantly into space, her limbs become rigid, and she scarcely hears what is being said to her. Though her eyes are wide open, she is peacefully asleep, and that by her own will."

He tells also of a student who had attended the lectures of Dr. Charcot, and by constant practice had developed considerable power, which he exerted indiscriminately on models and fellow-workers alike. He says:

"One of the latter provided the comic element of the entertainments by doing the most outrageous and grotesque things, until, one day, having a perilous acrobatic feat suggested to him by the operator, he split his skull on the edge of the model platform and had to be taken to the hospital. The affair was hushed up, and it ought to have been a warning, but it was not; our amateur Charcot continued to experiment, and finally selected for his subject a girl of great plastic beauty; perhaps one of the most perfect specimens of the human form the world has ever seen—the well-known Elise Duval, the favorite model of MM. Gérôme and Benjamin Constant. Of a highly-strung, nervous temperament and very playful disposition, Elise Duval showed even a greater tendency to become 'sport' for the hypnotizer, whether amateur or professional, than the majority of her sister models, and one day, at the beginning of a seance, she was thrown into a trance which lasted for four hours, at the end of which time she was awakened more dead than alive. She was suffering from a violent headache, her legs refused to carry her, every one of her limbs felt sore, and she had to be carried home and put to bed. But the hypnotizers still refused to relinquish their favorite amusement, and they got Elise Duval once more under the spell, of course with equally distressing results. Then there was an outcry and a scandal, and the atelier of M. Gérôme, which, like the studios of many of his eminent colleagues, had been transferred from the Quarter Latin to the neighborhood of Montmartre, was closed for a month, although the real reason for its closure was scarcely divulged."

Then Mr. Vandam tells us the most astonishing thing in his article. He says:

"The moment I glanced at the portrait of the Irish Scotch girl in the gray capote of the *placage*, with her feet in the rosy slippers and her hair combed over her forehead—a portrait, we must remember, drawn by the author himself—the moment I glanced at that portrait I said to myself: 'This is a portrait of Elise Duval'; for I had not the faintest idea of the period in which the story was laid. I had not got very far into the book, though, before I found that Trilby, if she be not a creature of the author's imagination—which I am loath to believe—must have flourished at least a score of years before the well-known model of MM. Gérôme and Constant; hence the likeness remains to all intents and purposes unexplained. That the likeness does exist, and is not a mere fancy on my part, it would not be difficult to prove."

In his book, "An Englishman in Paris," Mr. Vandam, in a most entertaining fashion, told with the manner of verity of things that never happened before he was born, but still within his personal knowledge; and now, working probably on the same principle, he wishes to make us believe that he knows more about Trilby than the modest and gentle man who created her from his imagination and inspired her with life by his genius.

## Mr. Whitney not in It.

MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY has been quite generally regarded as a Presidential possibility, being especially in favor among Democrats of the Cleveland persuasion and Independents who desire the maintenance of a sound money policy. It has been believed by many that in the event of Mr. Cleveland's declination of a third-term nomination Mr. Whitney would consent to lead his party in the coming national contest. But this, if we are to believe his own statements, is not the fact. He has repeatedly declared within the last few weeks that "he is not a candidate for the nomination, that he must not be considered a candidate," and that he will not "accept the candidacy under any consideration." The emphasis with which these declarations are made would seem to leave no doubt as to their sincerity.

It is not difficult to understand the considerations which influence Mr. Whitney in this declination. He is loyal to Mr. Cleveland, and he probably believes that the latter is the logical party candidate. At the same time he realizes that Democratic success in the next election is impossible. He has no desire to lead a forlorn hope. Later on, possibly the tide may turn, and then the prize now beyond his reach

may be worth striving for. This, no doubt, is the feeling which determines his attitude. The sentiment in favor of Mr. Cleveland is undoubtedly growing in certain quarters, and it looks as if he is personally desirous of nomination. He will be earnestly supported by all the old class and by a considerable body of "old-fashioned" Democrats, but he can only be nominated at the risk of a party rupture which will indefinitely postpone a recovery of power in the nation. Such a possibility may not be so apparent to Mr. Cleveland, but to every unprejudiced observer it is as plain and clear as daylight.

## Women and Social Reform.



IT is such passing days that arouse some new and striking proof of the changed spirit of our times. The National Party Congress, which met recently in the city of Baltimore to discuss the reformations of society, sounds one of these definite notes of change. This conference

of which by far the greater and most active portion were women, may be said to have constituted the feminine expression upon questions of sexual rights and relations. The candor of these noble-minded and earnest workers, in the handling of a subject that so richly concerns their welfare, secures a noteworthy advance over the lines of traditional ideas that have so long compelled their silence.

One of the practical key-notes of this organization, found in the utterance of revolt against a discriminatory moral standard, that grants so much larger a license of conduct to man than to woman. It is apparent that modern womanhood intends to insist on the adoption of the code of chastity by those with whom it will consent to share its intimate association of matrimonial life. In the establishment of this purpose dwell the brighter symptoms of a social regeneration.

That women have been too easily induced in the past to condone the laxity of conduct of the opposite sex has perhaps furnished one of the strongest factors in support of masculine obliquity. This disposition is still distinctly manifest in the higher fashionable phases of our society, where women are too prone to view with equanimity the most flagrant departures from chaste living among its male members, the merit of distinction and place giving sufficient excuse for the greater plenary indulgence. This tolerance has reached a significance that seriously threatens the foundations of our social life, and provokes a reposition of our country's moral tone with the defunct ideas of European capitals.

Whatever value the action of this congress may have as a contribution to the discussion concerning the best methods of dealing with the social evil in our great cities, it is to be hoped, its appeal may help to awaken the inert woman of the world to a sense of her responsibility and the need of her co-operation in the uplifting of the standards of society.

## The "Despotism" of Speaker Reed.

THE fact that Mr. Reed, of Maine, is to be the next speaker of the House of Representatives is so well recognized that it is reported that the one-time "czar" is preparing a list of committee chairmen in advance of the meeting of Congress. This should expedite the business of the session materially, for the selection of the committees is usually a work which consumes a month. Mr. Reed, we can work with greater intelligence before he goes to Washington than he can in the midst of the influences which will surround him there. Not party or public good, but personal ambition, has the greater influence on the minds of those who aspire to places on important committees; and sometimes members are able to bring such political pressure to bear that the speaker is disposed to grant what they ask, though it be against his better judgment. It is quite likely that Mr. Reed will leave much of the detail of selecting committee members to be adjusted when he reaches Washington; for the membership of the House has undergone such a decided change that he can hardly hope to appreciate the availability of all the candidates for committee places until he has consulted with them or with members of their State delegations. But the heads of the great committees—the committees on Appropriations, on Ways and Means, on Coinage, Weights and Measures, and so on—will be named by Mr. Reed before he says good-bye to Portland and takes up his quarters in Washington for the winter.

Undoubtedly Mr. Reed will select some of these chairmen, if not all of them, with a view to strengthening his party and carrying out what he conceives to be the best party policy. With this idea in mind, no doubt he will appoint a neutral Republican to the chairmanship of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, and a pro-Unionist of not too extreme a type to the chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means. He will realize that, in view of the coming convention and the approaching national election, extension on any great public question will be harmful to his party with a certain class of voters.



And as Mr. Reed himself is an openly recognized candidate for the Presidency, he will try very naturally to conserve the favor of all classes of Republicans as well as of independent voters.

Occupying a position where he can conciliate many interests, Mr. Reed will have a decided advantage of his competitors for the Republican nomination. Through promises made to members who are sitting under his gavel, he will be able to make friends and propagandists in almost every part of the country. At the same time he will be in so conspicuous a position that he will be advertised most liberally at the expenditure of little effort.

Although the title of "czar" was applied to Mr. Reed in impotent anger, it was not inappropriate, and it might have been applied with equal justice to any of his predecessors, or to the man who succeeded him in the chair. The speaker of the House of Representatives is quite as despotic in his little legislative kingdom as is the Czar in the Russian empire. It lies in his discretion to constitute a committee so that its members will report any measure in the form which meets his approval. Or he may fail or refuse to recognize a member who wishes to call up for consideration a measure which he wants to suppress. Or, finally, as the member of the Committee on Rules, having the casting vote between the two parties, he may refuse to bring in an order under which a measure may be taken up, or he may force on the House an order to consider it. Add to this the moral suasion which the speaker can exercise through the dependence members must place in him for recognition and advancement, both with the public and with their constituents, and you have as despotic a power as has been intrusted to one man, perhaps, at any time in the world's history. It is a power of limited range, but of almost perfect absolutism within its limits.

Sometimes a speaker is forced to bow to the force of public opinion as voiced through the newspaper press or represented by his fellow-members of the House. But the Czar himself often does what is contrary to his personal policy because he sees the necessity of doing it to prevent a revolution. Public opinion has some weight with even the greatest despot.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

## MEN AND THINGS

"This passage goes by year and day, by day."

I HAVE always taken a special interest in that department of the post office which has to do with the deciphering of enigmatic addresses. Instances of the cleverness of the clerks in this department are numerous and marvelous, too; but I think the following, related to a group of men in Boston the other night by Lord Playfair, a sometime British postmaster-general, shows an intuition that almost amounted to genius. The department in England is called the blind man's department—a peculiarly British appellation, it seems to me. Any other nation would call it the department of the eagle eye—and not very long ago a letter with the following cryptographic address was sent there to be put on the right track: John Jones, I. C. S., Orleans. It was immediately turned over to the blindest man in the office, who made this out of it: John Jones, *Hog-wan or checker*? But there was still an indefiniteness about John Jones's whereabouts, so recourse was had to the marine directory—another British institution—and it was found that there was a John Jones, able-bodied seaman, on H. M. S. *Trafalgar*, stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, to whom the letter was forwarded, and, as turned out afterward, correctly. Now, this may be a tale of Lord Playfair's to show the special efficiency of the British post office under his administration, but it sounds impossible enough to be true.

Collectors of the pictorial poster in this country are, as a general thing, unfamiliar with the work of the "Brothers Beggarstaff," as Phil May has dubbed them, and very little of their work has been seen here. Their posters for Irving's *Don Quixote* and *Becket* (this last has never been used), and the one of *Hamlet* for an English provincial company, have never been equaled save by Steinlen or Lautrec, and are poster masterpieces. With their great solid masses of color, simplicity of line, and absolute absence of detail, they are tremendously effective. I and W. Beggarstaff is only the *nom d'artiste*, if I may so call it, of two young Englishmen, I. Pryde and W. C. P. Nicholson, who have combined their talents with such unusual results. A curious collaboration, undoubtedly, but very suggestive, it should be to other artists. If, by stretch of the imagination, you could conceive of an artist admitting that he painted but *pretty well*, and could then persuade him to join with another of like random (I'm keeping up the impossibilities, they would undoubtedly do *twice* pretty well, which *should* be very good; and then their fortunes would be made, somewhere else than in New York, though.) The Beggarstaffs, however, must be *both* very good, and I advise all discriminating collectors to hunt up some of their work.

A certain group of members in the Grolier Club are trying an interesting co-operative experiment, the outcome of which will be watched with interest. They have formed

an association, to be known as the Club Bindery, for the improvement and stimulus of the art of book-binding. There are two hundred shares in the association at fifty dollars each, to be subscribed for only by members of the Grolier Club. The work is to be of the highest grade and at a cost based on the actual wages of the workmen and the cost of the materials used. Ten per cent. of all profits is to be put aside for division among employes who have been employed continuously during the year, and the balance goes to the share-holders. There is no reason why, with careful management, the Bindery should not be a success. Enough work crosses the ocean every year, to such men as Zarnsdorf, Cobb-Sanderson, and Riviere, to keep it more than busy. The standard of work must be as high as theirs, though, and the artistic quality of the binding unexceptional.

Mr. Pinero has added a fourth to the number of his plays, which in time to come will have an important place in the English drama of this century. Mr. William Archer says of this last play: "The Benefit of the Doubt" is the truest, firmest, finest thing Mr. Pinero has yet done," and Mr. Bernard Shaw, always somewhat captious and finicky, but nevertheless an acute and valuable critic, confesses that he has no fault to find—negative praise, but full of meaning to those who are familiar with his mental attitude. The play is another of Pinero's social studies, and from what I can learn he trends on firmer ground than he did in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and treats of phases of life of which his knowledge is more certain. There is some prospect, I believe, of its production here this winter, and it would certainly relieve the strain put upon us by the efforts of some of our native playwrights this season.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### The Cleveland Disaster.

THE recent disaster at Cleveland, Ohio, the scene of which is shown on this page, was one of the most remarkable of recent years.

A street-car filled with passengers plunged one hundred and one feet from the Central street draw of the Central railroad into the waters of the Cuyahoga River, and nineteen persons lost their lives. The danger-lights were displayed at the time, and the disaster appears to have been due to criminal and unexplainable carelessness.

### Paderewski.

"Music is a higher revelation than wisdom and philosophy," said Beethoven; and when I think of how Paderewski played, the other night, I believe he said truly. Yes, the Polish idol of the American public has come back at last—shorn of an inch or two of yellow hair, but of none of his colossal artistic attainments. This grave-looking man, with the modest, direct walk, holds his audience in just the same delightful thrall as of yore.

Despite the attacks of nervous prostration he has gained both in technique and tonal power; witness the superb tempo of the terrific Liszt concerto—the fiery, tempestuous spirit with which he swept through the finale and brought it to a triumphant close! The playing of his Polish Fantasia for piano and orchestra attested to the same fact.

As a composer for piano Paderewski has not his peer in any one living; he is the real successor of Liszt and Rubinstein. . . . All the fire, the ardor, and the romance—all the truth and purity of his knightly soul shine forth in his works as in his playing. He is truly great.

JEANIE BENSON.

### Ex-Senator Thurman.

It is a striking illustration of the old law of "Out of sight, out of mind"—of the ease and rapidity, in other words, with which the people forget the most distinguished public service—that the serious illness of ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman has awakened comparatively little interest in the country at large. No man of his time identified with the Democratic party deserved or enjoyed a higher place in the public regard on the score of integrity of character and conscientiousness of service than Mr. Thurman. While a partisan of the most pronounced type, his partisanship was always inspired by honest motives and a solicitude for the public interests, and not by the mere lust for the spoils of



ALLEN G. THURMAN.

office, which is so largely the dominating idea with the ordinary politician. As a legislator he was a constructive, rather than an iconoclastic force. Moreover, amid all the temptations of public life he kept his name unspotted, and



THE DRAW OVER WHICH THE CAR PLUNGED INTO THE CUYAHOGA RIVER.—Photo. by John H. Ryker.

this fact gave him a commanding influence among his peers. That such a man, so conspicuously and honorably identified for a quarter of a century or more with the national service, should pass into the eclipse of popular forgetfulness is, indeed, a pitiful commentary upon the ingratitude of republics and the transitoriness of human fame.



PADEREWSKI.





ADOLPHE WALLNOFER, TENOR.



FRANCES SAVILLE, SOPRANO.



MLLE. ROSA OLIZKA AS "CARMEN."



GIUSEPPE CREMONINI, TENOR, IN "MANON LESCAUT."



MARIE PREMA, CONTRALTO.



MLLE. MARIE ENGLE, SOPRANO.



ALBERT LUBERT, TENOR.



CLARA HUNT, CONTRALTO.



EGONOR ARMONDI, BASS.



LOLA BEETH, SOPRANO.

NEW FACES IN GRAND OPERA.

[P. 367.]





"He crept stealthily along to the Pont Notre Dame."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXXIV.

#### AFTER THE ADVENTURE OF THE WHITE BUTTONS.



HE Buttons had disappeared as if by magic.

De Fournier made a dash for the Hôtel Dieu. His first idea was to keep clear of the Conciergerie. His next was to seek for shelter in his own house. This might be madness; but there was method in it. There was more than one entrance open to him. He carried a master-key to most of the doors.

He could hear the shouts of the mob making its way to the Palais de Justice.

The streets running east were free from tumult. At the Hôtel Dieu everything was quiet. He crept stealthily along to the Pont Notre Dame. The towers of the church seemed to touch the early morning sky. Day was rapidly breaking. The Seine was lapping its shelving banks. A few boats were moored almost in mid-stream.

From the Pont Notre Dame, across the Rue St. Denis and the Rue St. Martin, into the Rue St. Honoré, de Fournier found Paris still and calm; but it was the calmness of a city that might have been stricken with the plague.

When de Fournier, skirting the Palais Royal, and with a view to reconnoitring his hotel from various points, arrived at the outer gates giving upon the Rue St. Honoré, he saw a carriage and pair drive from the court-yard. The gates were held open by his butler. A gendarme sat on the box with the driver. Before the gates were closed he observed that the windows in the grand façade were illuminated.

What could this mean? Had the Municipality taken possession of his property? Had confiscation already begun? Who was going to occupy it? What was the meaning of his butler being in attendance? And on whom?

What could he do? The sun was beginning to rise. It would hardly be discreet to remain out-of-doors. His disguise was complete, to be sure. But the affair near the Abbaye might lead to his arrest as Rennier, of the Button Club, which might turn out as ill as if he were taken in his true character. He

knew an *estaminet* near the Halle aux Blés, the haunt, as Daniel had informed him, of some of their brethren, kept by a pretended insurgent of the most obtrusively murderous type, and as safe a place for a meal as any in Paris.

"The Ortolan" had already opened its doors; if, indeed, they had been closed all night. Citizen Yonne and his buxom wife were busy, even now, serving early guests with coffee and cognac, and other refreshments. Cooking was going on in a room behind what might be called the bar, with its counter, its stove, and its assortment of bottles and mugs.

De Fournier noticed among the company the quiet official of the Buttons. He was listening to a young fellow of the working class, who was detailing some of the scenes at the Abbaye.

A third joined in, with news from the Conciergerie. While they were talking a pair of ruffians entered, their smocks bloody, and with pikes in their hands.

They saluted Citizen Yonne with a peremptory order for *cou-de-vie*.

"And some meat, Yonne," said one of the two; "we are hungry."



"And tired with hard work."

"Yes; done while you lazy folk have been sleeping."

"I couldn't have believed that killing was such hard labor," said a third, who had now joined the other two. "I shall pity butchers, of all toilers, in future."

"May I wash, citizen?" said de Fournier. "I, too, have been at work. It's all right while it lasts, but I don't like the smell of it after."

"You are proud, comrade," said one of the three.

"Proud of my work, yes; but I am a confectioner by trade, and cleanliness is a habit."

"Where did you work with your pike?" asked the other, crediting de Fournier with a weapon that was standing by the wall near him.

"I did my bit of business," said de Fournier, "at the Abbaye."

"Good luck to you!" responded the man who pitied butchers, taking his glass of *conscience* at a gulp.

"If you really would like a wash," said Youne to de Fournier, "being, as you say, a bit squeamish—though I hold no man should be squeamish over the blood of priests and aristocrats—why, come this way; anything to oblige a true patriot."

Youné opened a door behind the bar. De Fournier followed him.

"Madame Youne," said the inn-keeper, "some water and a towel."

As madame came forward from the kitchen, where two other women were busy over the fire, Youne whispered to his wife; and as he passed de Fournier he said: "Is it *Fidèle*?"

"Yes," said de Fournier.

"Then let us call the counter-word *Conceal*," said Youne, whose voice the next moment was heard denouncing the enemies of France, and prophesying good times for all, so soon as the people should have slain their enemies, Parisian and foreign.

"Has madame a bedroom where a tired man might rest?" asked de Fournier, as she poured a bowl of water for him and placed in his hands a piece of soap.

"Yes," said madame. "Observe the door on your right: it leads to the yard; outside, there is a gangway to the upper rooms on the left. Say nothing; when you have washed, disappear. Take the first room. Youne will come to you."

De Fournier washed. He carefully removed the plaster over his imaginary scar. If he had been really seen sufficiently for detection in the affray near the Abbaye his pretended wound might have been the means of his identification.

Presently he acted upon Madame Youne's instructions and found himself in a small chamber, not ill-furnished, and with a comfortable bed.

He fastened the outer door. There were two heavy bolts upon it; and he had barely done so when another door opened near the bed and Youne entered.

"You may rest here, monsieur, and in safety. Take your fill of a good bed while you may. I have brought you a bottle of wine, some bread, and a small cheese; make your breakfast and go to sleep. A man's no good who has had no rest; and you look overdone, *triste*, broken."

"Thank you," said de Fournier; "you are very good."

"Tremble is your only equality," said Youne. "Eat, drink, and sleep. I must leave you now. I will give you five hours' rest. Five hours, mark you; five hours of safety, five hours of repose; not a minute more or less. And, by the saints! I'll lock you in until the time is up."

### XXXV.

#### GRÉBAUVAL'S GAME OF LOVE.

"CITIZEN the Deputy Grébaud," said a servant, announcing an early visitor at the Hôtel de Fournier.

Mathilde and her mother were in the small salon overlooking the inner court-yard, with its tubs of ornamental and flowering shrubs and its circular grass-plot.

The duchess had prepared Mathilde for Grébaud's visit, though she was as little expert as Mathilde of the melancholy mission which the deputy had undertaken.

He arrived in a sober costume of brown, but in admirable taste and with every token of careful grooming; his face cleanly shaven, his hair well dressed, silver buckles in his shoes, a leech in his high cravat, a gold-mounted cane in his hand, and a rapier by his side. His likeness to the count, her husband, struck Mathilde, and she shivered at the thought of it.

"I have to congratulate you, madame," said Grébaud, "on your escape from the Abbaye."

Mathilde bowed.

"Thanks to your generosity, my dear friend," said the duchess.

"Rather to the dexterity of Citizen Laroché," said Grébaud.

"It is like you to say so," the duchess replied.

"I only say what is true, my dear madame."

I fear you do not quite realize what has happened at the Abbaye, and what has occurred at the other prisons in Paris."

"Oh, yes, we do," said the duchess. "My daughter was a witness of the deaths of several of the unhappy priests."

"Is that so, indeed, madame?" said Grébaud, addressing Mathilde.

"Yes," said Mathilde; "a terrible sight."

"The people have taken into their own hands the punishment of the Tribunal's prisoners," said Grébaud. "It is deeply to be deplored, but the executive is powerless, as the troops are marching to the frontier."

"It is not to give us this information that you have done us the honor to make an early call, Monsieur Grébaud?" said Mathilde, sustaining, with a bad grace, the effort of a civil conversation with Grébaud, even though she owed her life to his good offices.

"You have a penetrating judgment, madame," said Grébaud; "and I am not much of a diplomatist. I have a sad mission to you."

"Everything is said, it seems to me, in these days; but, finding myself in my husband's house, I have encouraged myself to hope that my mother's predictions of a change of fortune might be coming to us."

"Ah, my love," said the duchess, "I said that our friend, the Deputy Grébaud, would not let his kindness rest at your release from the Abbaye."

"Madame, your mother only does me justice. I have been anxious, and am desirous of serving you; but I am only a subordinate in the government. I hold a very humble position in the councils of the Municipality and the Convention. I have powerful friends, it is true; but there are privileges, there are concessions, which even Citizen Robespierre has to forego."

"And your mission?" asked Mathilde.

"A band of patriots, believing that they do their duty in ridding France of enemies within the city, while their allies are marching upon us, have taken the law into their own hands. They have borne down the guards of the Conciergerie and slain many of the prisoners."

Mathilde, pale to the lips, pressed her hands upon the arms of the chair in which she was sitting and rose to her feet. Grébaud stood motionless before her. The duchess looked anxiously from one to the other.

"I am at your mercy," said Mathilde.

"It is with the deepest regret that I have to inform you of the death of your husband, the Citizen de Fournier."

Mathilde uttered no cry. She stood supporting herself by the chair.

"Dead?" exclaimed the duchess. "Henri dead?"

"Alas! yes," said Grébaud; "with many others who were awaiting their trial. The affair was too sudden for any resistance from the officials."

"And the duke?" said the duchess; "the duke?"

"I have no report as to the duke, madame. I believe he lives."

"What proof have you," asked Mathilde, slowly, the words falling from her white lips, "that my husband is among the martyrs to France?"

"The list of those who fell, and notification of his burial."

Mathilde covered her face with her hands.

"Then you have a list of the victims?" said the duchess.

"It is here, madame," replied Grébaud, handing a paper to the duchess. "I fear you will find there the names of several of your servants." Then, turning to Mathilde, he continued: "If it is possible for me to assuage your grief, in which I share, believe me, I am at your command. The count would have been safe but for his rash conduct in the attack upon a government escort, for I had made dispositions to help him. Madame the duchess knows I speak the truth."

"I believe you," the duchess said. "Oh, Mother of God! what shall we do? If we had not been so obstinate! And he was so brave! I shall never live through all these horrors. What is to become of us? Oh, my dear child, my poor Mathilde! I shall go distracted," went on the duchess, her grief finding relief in volubility of words; while Mathilde stood balancing herself against the chair, her mind for the moment quite unhinged, but making mental pictures of the massacre she had seen at the Abbaye, and with Henri as one of the victims.

"I know how impossible it is at such a moment, and for me in particular, to offer you one word of consolation. I can only say that the Revolution has passed out of the hands of those who began it, and threatens to overwhelm its present directors. As for me—"

Suddenly the duchess sat up and looked around her.

"Is it true, Grébaud? You are not frightening us for some good purpose?"

"Alas! no," replied Grébaud. "Madame, your daughter is a widow."

Something in the tone of Grébaud's voice,

and the manner in which he suggested that she was free to marry again, struck Mathilde as if it were a blow. It brought the color to her cheeks for a moment, stiffened her nerves, saved her from the fainting fit that threatened her.

"And if it be so," she said, hoarsely, "I shall die a widow."

"Pardon me. I have fulfilled my painful mission," said Grébaud. "Unless I can be of any service to you I will take my leave. I came in sympathy; I leave deploring what has occurred, both for your sakes, madame, and for France. It is but for the state when vengeance takes the place of justice; but, moved by the appeals of the duchess, I had exerted all my influence for her friends."

The duchess lapsed once more into the volubility of her grief, rocking herself as before, but at last finding a relief in an outburst of tears and sobs.

Mathilde dropped upon her knees at her mother's feet, and buried her face upon her knees.

Grébaud paused a moment as if in doubt what to do, and then quietly withdrew.

### XXXVI.

#### ROBESPIERRE'S GAME OF CHESS.

FROM the Hôtel de Fournier Grébaud walked to the Café de la Régence, where Robespierre might occasionally be seen playing a quiet game of chess, his only recreation. Another visitor, now and then to be seen at the same resort, was young Bonaparte.

Grébaud found Robespierre intent upon a game at chess with an old *habitué* of the café, known there as Monsieur Melville, and to the reader as the official person of the *Cercle des Boutons Blancs*. At the café he was in a different kind of dress from that in which we made his acquaintance. Here he was, nevertheless, still the same quiet, self-reliant, distinguished-looking citizen. It was generally understood that he was a contributor to Marat's paper, in which, of course, there was no truth whatever.

The *domestique* at the Café de la Régence was the rival in beauty of the lady at the adjacent Café-Foy, of whom the Duc d'Orléans was enamored.

The popular deputy and friend of Robespierre glanced at himself in a mirror and approved of the set of his cravat and collar, as he paid madame a compliment on the fashion of her cap and its tricolor cockade, and passed on to take his coffee in a corner, where, on the pretense of reading "L'Ami du Peuple," he could quietly observe Robespierre, and hold himself ready to join the inextinguishable one so soon as he should have finished his game.

"Check," said Melville, taking a silver box from the pocket of his capacious waistcoat and refreshing himself with a pinch of the lightest of golden-looking dust, part of which he brushed with a white hand from his broad coat-collar.

"Kings will get into trouble," said Robespierre with a cynical smile. "Can't move but by virtue of an ecclesiastical diversion. Well, we must humor him," and he brought a bishop to his majesty's relief.

"Check," again said Melville, taking the bishop with his knight.

"And the church is a broken reed, eh?" said Robespierre. "Well, then the queen shall help him," and he moved his queen.

"Check," said Melville, taking the queen.

"What?" said Robespierre. "Lay your sacrilegious hand upon the queen? Nay, Monsieur Melville; I had you down in my list as a loyal man."

"And you are right, citizen. Loyal to France."

"But you take my queen?"

"To check the king."

"And you think that is wise? Perhaps you are right. It would have been better for Louis if he had had no queen at all."

"Better for Louis if he had had no throne," said Melville. "Check."

"And for the people," said Robespierre, his face bent upon the board, his mind evidently far away.

"Better for some of us if we had never been born," remarked Melville, his hand upon a pawn.

"Death makes compensation; faith requires martyrs," said Robespierre.

"Checkmate," said Melville.

"And with a pawn?" remarked Robespierre, a sneer showing his canine tooth. "With a mere pawn. Poor, weak, nondescript king!"

Then, turning to his opponent, he said: "Thank you, citizen, for a lesson in strategy. I must now go home and resume that other game in which kings and queens are taken, but not so easily put away as these counterfeits," whom the victorious player was now dropping, one by one, into a box by his side.

"These can be restored, monsieur," said the other.

"My own thought," said Robespierre. "In

that respect your king lives to fight again. It was not so when Charles of England fell to the Brewer's pawns."

"But they made a new one," was the bantering reply.

"Royalty will die with Capet, and have no succession."

Then, turning to Grébaud, Robespierre walked aside with his friend, and they left the café together.

"Vive Robespierre!" said one or two timid voices as the master of affairs and his friend passed along the street in the direction of Robespierre's humble lodging.

"Not one of them should escape," Robespierre was saying to Grébaud as they neared his abode. "Marat is right. Until every aristocratic head has fallen, the country is in danger."

"A monstrous contribution to that end was made this morning," said Grébaud.

"And will go on from day to day, but with less expedition. There must be trials, Citizen Grébaud; trials and judgments, in proper order."

"It was of the Citizen Louvet that I desired to speak with you," said Grébaud.

"He remains for judgment," said Robespierre. "I had your message about him; he was taken into the governor's office, and by this time has been restored to his cell."

"You are a master of detail," said Grébaud.

"My Abbaye reports are carefully made; I am thought to take special delight in this historic prison. My only interest, as you know, lies in clearing the ground of vipers that lie by in holes and corners, ready to sting should the enemy ever swarm through the gates of Paris."

They entered a poor-looking house and climbed a plain stairway to Robespierre's apartments, the domestic economy of which was presided over by his sister.

The room in which he lived and conducted most of his business was the apartment of a man whose personal vanity was a strange incongruity, considered with his principles, his austere life, and his savage thirst for blood.

On the walls, and hanging over his desk, were several portraits of himself—one a miniature by Marie Brisset, presented by Laroché. Whichever way he turned, a mirror reflected his form and figure. He was dressed with an almost affected fastidiousness, which characterized his attire during the entire sanguinary period of his reign. He wore a delicate muslin waistcoat, lined with rose-colored silk, and a blue coat of the softest cloth; his linen was of the whitest, his sword-hilt and scabbard ornately decorated.

Compared with Grébaud, Robespierre was, physically, a poor creature. The ancient blood of the de Fourniers made itself apparent in the well-poised head, the strong, dominating face, and the haughty spring of Grébaud's gait. The swarthy face was pale, but not with the livid hue of Robespierre's thin cheeks. It was of an olive hue, but with indications of the healthful blood beneath; and when Grébaud spoke you felt his voice had something of the ring of de Fournier's when the count was most in earnest.

They were a curious pair, these two men of the Revolution—Grébaud the friendly worshiper and lion's provider; Robespierre, the Satan of the time, with his Megasthenean agents, Danton, Marat, and St. Just.

Grébaud, moved by his passion for Mathilde, was anxious to control the fate of the Duke de Louvet, but Robespierre would not rise to either his hints or his proposals; had other business; wanted to know all about England; asked for Grébaud's *papiers* of the latest dispatches; was in no mood to consider even the smallest concession of mercy or policy, though Grébaud reminded him that both Danton and St. Just had appraised many persons of the coming executions, and had saved the lives of others who had been able to personally petition them.

"All the worse for Danton and St. Just," said Robespierre. "The men whom you save are the men whose poniards, sooner or later, seek your life."

"I have proved my devotion to France," said Grébaud.

"And you fondled the righteous instruments of justice last night with an inimitable ecstasy," said Robespierre.

"My life is my country's."

"And your country your mistress's, eh?" Robespierre replied with his threatening smile.

"Your recreation is chess," said Grébaud.

"I permit myself to be in love."

"I, too, have been repressed. Go to, man," was the quick reply. "And when the time comes I will not buy her with the life of her father."

"And do you think d'Orléans will fall into your hands?"

"As surely as the Duc de Louvet is doomed."

"Is he doomed?"

"You are a judge, and don't know that?" said Robespierre.

"Perhaps, being a judge, I do."



"Otherwise you would sacrifice Fratee to your mistress?"

"I believe I would let him go."

"Under similar circumstances I would not save my own father," Robespierre replied.

"The name of father represents nothing to me," said Grébaud.

"Then say mother, sister, brother—what you will. I am indebted to my sister for every little domestic comfort of these humble apartments. I would not spare her if she rebelled against the government of the people. No, by God, I would not!"

There was something so ferocious in the expression of Robespierre's face, livid with the intensity of the thought that he might have to sacrifice his sister, and would do so without a murmur, that Grébaud changed the subject abruptly, and presently took his departure.

(To be continued.)

## The Meaning of the Atlanta Exposition.

THE wonderful thing about the Atlanta exposition is, that it exists. When we remember that thirty years ago the city lay in ashes, and that the shells of Sherman's army were hurrying over the Piedmont Hills, where the exposition now stands, we cannot but be amazed at the energy which has evolved and carried out successfully this great enterprise. It is in every sense a remarkable object-lesson of Southern progress. It sets forth the industrial, educational, scientific, and social development of the people, and proclaims their purposes and aspirations. It affords an illustration of the recuperative energy of the American character, which is in itself a prophecy of coming dominion. Its effect upon the future of the South will be immense, but its effect upon the nation at large will be even greater. Its immediate effect will be to dissipate misconceptions of conditions at the South which have operated to its hurt. It shows so conclusively that the cotton States have accepted modern ideas and are determined to make the most of their opportunities and resources, that capital must inevitably flow in, and the general prosperity of the country be vastly increased, as the result of growing concord in the prosecution of enterprises of mutual interest.

Fourteen States in all are more or less prominently represented in the exposition. Three of these have buildings for exhibition purposes, and four others have structures designed for the entertainment of visitors, and for the representation in a minor way of their peculiar interests. The chief interest of the exposition as an embodiment of the wonderful progress of the South lies in the exhibits of the States of Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Arkansas, and Florida. Georgia, in the nature of the case, holds the van. The great building of the Georgia Manufacturers' Association is a revelation of what has been accomplished in that State during the last twenty-five years, which must astonish every visitor. Every article exhibited in the building is the product of Georgian skill or of Georgian soil. Of course the exhibit of cotton manufacturers forms a peculiar attraction. It shows in a wonderful way how rapidly these manufacturers are advancing in that State. One could spend a week in this building alone in studying the results of Georgia enterprise and industry without exhausting the subject. But it is not merely in cotton and woolen fabrics that one finds very much to surprise him. Practically everything that is necessary to the prosecution of the various forms of industry and to the comfort and convenience of society is made or grown in this State. All forms of machinery, some of it of the most delicate construction, saw-mill machinery, flour and corn-mill machinery, pumps, gins and cotton presses, leather belting, furniture of every kind, cotton-seed oil and by-products, fertilizers, stoves, shoes, pottery, brick and tile, with many other lines of manufactured products—all the variety of articles, in fact, which enter into use and consumption are on exhibition. And one, contemplating the exhibit, easily realizes the justice of the claim that Georgia is now, and is bound to be in the future, the empire State of the South.

The exhibition has a peculiar value as revealing the resources and possibilities of States about which the people of the North know little or nothing. Take, for instance, the exhibit of Arkansas. We seldom hear of this State except in connection with a lynching-fee or some eruption of prize-fighters. The general idea is that society is disordered, that lawlessness is prevalent, and that the State is making little progress. But in some respects the exhibit of this State is even more remarkable than that of Georgia, especially as illustrative of agricultural development. The fruit display, for instance, is a revelation to horticulturalists. There are nearly seventy varieties of apples, all native seedlings, and some of great size and exquisite flavor; pears, grapes, and many other varieties of fruit which are grown in the State

in great profusion. It is not generally known that Arkansas is pre-eminently a peach country, having produced in 1890 a total of 3,001,125 bushels. Agriculturally the State is equally rich, growing as it does all the products of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas. The exposition exhibit includes fifty-one varieties of corn, vegetables of every sort and description, and of marvelous size, dairy products, etc. There are, besides, fine samples of the mineral wealth of the State. Arkansas has a coal-field area of twelve thousand square miles; it abounds in iron ores, has large deposits of manganese and antimony, zinc ore in great quantities, lead, gypsum, marls, chalks, marble, nitre and paint beds, with other mineral riches, whose development must contribute immensely to the prosperity of the State.

Another State which challenges attention by its exposition exhibit is Louisiana. Here is a State which is associated in our minds with election frauds, outrages upon person and property, and with a general decay, social and industrial. But as Louisiana presents herself in this exposition, she is making a real and substantial progress along definite and positive lines. Among her exhibits are sugars, rice in all its forms, sugar-cane, tobacco, eighty varieties of corn, ramie and jute, salt of all sorts, samples of sulphur from mines recently discovered, cypress and other valuable woods, in all of which the State is especially rich. New Orleans alone makes over one hundred exhibits covering nearly every line of products.

The fruit exhibition of Alabama, while not nearly so comprehensive as those of Arkansas and Florida, is also eminently suggestive as illustrating the possibilities of fruit culture in that State. Colonies from the North are finding that Alabama offers peculiar advantages in this direction, just as manufacturers have learned to appreciate its great mineral resources—represented in this exhibition by exhibits of coal, iron, and the like.

There is another aspect of this exposition which has a peculiarly national interest. In a sense, there is no more interesting exhibit within the inclosure than that made in the Negro building, in which fourteen States are represented. It is, of course, representative only of the more advanced class of blacks, but it is suggestive of possibilities of growth and development which are most hopeful and encouraging. The educational exhibits of the principal colored schools and colleges of the South are especially notable. Those of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute and the school at Tuskegee have first place in point of merit and variety, but there are several others which show conclusively that the negro is moving forward at a pace which, considering the disabilities under which he has rested and the limitations which character and environment still impose, gives assurance that he will become a really valuable factor in the work of the future.

What is the real significance of these facts as to the more salient features of this exposition? What does it mean to the country that these States, so long scourged and paralyzed by slavery, and a little while ago desolated by war, have been able to create this magnificent exhibition of industrial progress?

It means, as it seems to us, very much more than some have supposed. It means the industrial independence of the South. That is a fact which the North must look squarely in the face. We shall not much longer, as we did before the Civil War, supply practically everything needed by the South in the way of manufactured goods. Nor will we, now that the South has learned to diversify its crops, find there hereafter the market once enjoyed. But the development of the New South means more than this. It may mean, as to the cotton manufactures, a transfer of supremacy. It certainly ought to mean a cheapening of some forms of manufactured products. It means, too, a betterment of conditions for the great mass of the Southern population, and an increase in the national wealth measured only by our capacity of production and ability to compete in the markets of the world.

It is well that as a people we should take account of the forces which are thus transforming the Southern States and ushering in a new era of national enlargement and achievement. The dead past is buried with its dead. We front a future full of glorious possibilities. There will be, in the days to come, differences as to policies, economic and otherwise; the spirit of sectionalism may here and there manifest itself in the determination of these policies, but the fact remains that the Confederates of the 'sixties are loyal Americans in the 'nineties; men who are full of the American spirit, alert of purpose, eager to use their opportunities; and that out of the ashes of that dream of empire which had its fateful waking at Appomattox

they are addressing themselves with masterful energy to the work of giving this nation, industrially, commercially, and politically, its rightful and regnant place among the powers of the world.

JOHN Y. POSTER.

## The Austin Regatta.

THE international rowing regatta which took place at Austin, Texas, on the Colorado River, early in November, was an event of great interest. The Englishmen captured everything of value in sight. The four-oared race was over a three-mile course with turn, for the championship of the world and a purse of \$1,500. The English crew, which won the race in 17 minutes, 30 seconds, consisted of George Buebear, ex-champion of England, W. Barry of Cambridge, W. Haines and John Wingate of London. The winner of the ladies' mile-and-a-half straight-away single scull race was Miss



MISS ROSA MOSENTHORN.

Rosa Mosenthorn of St. Louis; time, 15 minutes, 17 seconds.

The double-scull race for the world's championship and a purse of \$1,000 was the event of the regatta, and was the greatest race of its class in the history of rowing. Barry and Buebear won in 17 minutes, 40 seconds, lowering the world's record by 22 seconds. The result in the four-oared event was a keen disappointment to the American sports, as individually the American oarsmen were far superior in weight and skill to their English opponents. They had rowed together but a few times, however, and the English crew had rowed together for three years past. The work of the American crew was terribly rugged, and they were evidently outclassed from the start. J. D. WHELFLEY.

## People Talked About.

—FRANK L. STANTON, the poet of the South, has been persuaded by a lecture bureau to go



WINNERS IN THE FOUR-OARED RACE AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

upon the platform as the reader and interpreter of his own poems. Of course he will succeed. Mr. Stanton is a hard worker, having charge of a special department of the *Atlanta Constitution*, to which he contributes daily, and the wonder is that he is able to maintain so high a standard of excellence in all he does. His poems more than those of any other writer have the flavor of the Southern soil, and their popularity in that section is unbounded. Mr. Stanton is a gentleman of great charm of manner, in full

sympathy with the modern literary spirit, and a firm believer in the coming industrial supremacy of the New South.

—Readers of "The Prisoner of Zenda" who flatter themselves that they are familiar with some of the local color in that entertaining romance, will be edified to know that Anthony Hope had no particular spot in Europe in view when he sketched the scenes of the story. Likewise, he never visited South America, though readers of his "Man of Mark" might think otherwise from the descriptions therein. Mr. Hawkins journeys but little out of London, where he lives with his father, the vicar of St. Bride's, in Fleet Street. His den is a gloomy second-story room in an old house in Buckingham Street. He was beaten for Parliament in 1892, but notwithstanding that, and his subsequent success in literature, he still aspires to become a law-maker.

—The wedding of Miss Vantine to Mr. Gilbert Parker of London will take place in this city on the 5th of December. Mr. Parker is one of the youngest, best known, most successful, and most promising of English novelists, and is well acquainted in this part of the world, where he has spent several winters and where many of his books and stories have been published and are much appreciated. His last novel, "When Valmond Came to Pontian," has proved to be a very successful book. Miss Vantine, who is well known to New York society, is a daughter of the late A. A. Vantine, who made a very large fortune importing Japanese, Chinese, and Indian works of art.

—The Colorado poet, Cy Warman, was living quietly in Denver three years ago, earning a precarious livelihood as correspondent of several New York newspapers. Previous to that he was a railroad engineer on the Colorado Midland. Warman wrote the words of "Sweet Marie," and his share of the profits on that famous song was sixteen thousand dollars. Then he came to New York, accepted a position on the staff of *McClure's Magazine*, and visited Europe for that period. Now it is announced that the Scribners will soon issue a volume of Mr. Warman's sketches of railroad life, embracing both prose and verse.

—The pronounced views of Bishop Doane on the excommunication have attracted attention anew to his unique personality. He is one of the most celebrated of New York's Episcopal divines, and Albany has long been familiar with his shaven hat, knee-breeches, and ultra-English tendencies. There is a story that when he was in England traveling he used to sign himself on the hotel registers as "William, Bishop of Albany." Bishop Doane loves well-bred dogs and fast horses, and in the pulpit he is a man of considerable eloquence. His memory of faces and names is phenomenal.

—The most notable absentee from the recent reunion of Balaklava survivors in London, always an important event, was Miss Florence Nightingale, who now, at the age of seventy-five, is feeble physically, though mentally bright and alert. It is forty-one years since she established her heroic colony of nurses, nearly a hundred of them in all, at Scutari, and a greater sentimental interest continues to attach to her than to any other woman in England.

—Alfred Austin, the prospective poet laureate of England, has had a varied and interesting career as lawyer, journalist, novelist, and magazine editor, but his fame has been very faint outside of his native land. His first poem was published in 1884, when he was a youth of nineteen. Mr. Austin will be sixty this winter. His pictures represent him as smoothly shaven, except for a heavy dragon mustache, but no detailed description of his personality has as yet come across the water.





## A COMEDY PANTOMIME.

Mlle. Jane May in "Miss Pygmalion," at Daly's Theatre, New York.—From a photo-drawing made expressly for "Leslie's Weekly."—[See Page 366.]





OUR YOUNGEST LEADING LADY.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS, WHO HAS SCORED HER LATEST SUCCESS IN "CHRISTOPHER, JR."—FROM A PHOTO-DRAWING MADE EXPRESSLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."  
[SEE ARTICLE BY MISS KATE JORDAN ON PAGE 366.]



# OUR PLAYERS

## Our Youngest Leading Lady.

THE curtain fell upon the last act of "Christopher, Jr.," hiding the colorful interior of the Indian bungalow, the warm, blue haze seen beyond the big windows, and the figures of the reunited lovers.

What a pretty story had scintillated there in a dreamy, opulent setting that might well make the cynic in the audience dream of love and sigh for youth. And what a rare, lovable girl Maude Adams had portrayed with delicacy and passion, fun and spirit!

"A brick!" I heard a man behind me say. "A regular brick of a girl—the sort men love. The way she tied that chap's tie and mended his coat and sent the other fellow about his business—and then the way she let all her heart speak in that haunting song of Tosti's—what a brick!"

Nothing could have been truer. By the subtlest touches, flashes of unguessed force, bits of brilliant comedy, and a delicate, volatile beauty, the young, American actress had created an ideal girl in the best sense—not saintly, nor overdone, with a penchant for epigrammatic moralizing—but just a girl, full of alluring perversities; after all, a "brick" is the very word.

I went to see her behind the scenes. It was rather a shock to an unprepared imagination to find the bungalow vanished quite, the place in possession of scene-shifters, the piano, from which the sad, languorous notes of Tosti's "Good-bye" had been struck, pushed flat against a painted flap that had only a few moments earlier been the impressive, blue atmosphere I mentioned before.

Would *Dora* be as changed? Would she be something quite different from the fascinating contradiction of one afternoon's acquaintance?



MAUDE ADAMS AS "NELL" IN "THE LOST PARADISE."

But she wasn't. As Miss Adams came toward me under the raw gaslight, she was in manner, smile and style the girl of the play, save that Indian mull was replaced by a walking-gown suitable for cold weather. Even the easy, swinging step was the same. And, by the way, one of the best and strongest points about Maude Adams is her way of moving about the stage.

She enters a room and leaves it—naturally; no pausing in the stereotyped way on the threshold with a backward glance before an "exit," no effective "entrance" in a manner to insinuate the appropriateness of slow music. She comes in and goes out just as any graceful Miss Jones or Robinson in real life might do. Often her words as she disappears are spoken with her face completely from the audience, and in emphasizing some word, without turning to extend a hand or fling up her head, she gives an impetuous, backward motion with her arm.

In appearance and dress she might stand as a type of the well-bred American girl—dainty of feature, pale, with composed, direct, unchallenging eyes, clear blue and wide apart; her figure is all supple slenderness and grace, head superbly poised, and she is no more able to keep gentle self-reliance from speaking in every look and tone than a Spaniard can quench the melancholy in his eyes.

She is sensibly fashionable, and has the well-groomed touch which long and profitable subjection to the labors of a good maid alone can give a woman—the complete daintiness more insinuated than displayed by the sheen of the braided hair, the correctness in every detail of dress, from whisper of hidden silk to the glisten on a little boot.

"Come into my room and we'll have a chat," she said, and soon we were seated in a room impossible not to grow confidential in—it was so very small.

It was a very fastidiously arranged little place, though less confessedly theatrical than any dressing-room I had ever seen. Stage cos-

metics were hidden in silver boxes—you could scarcely believe they were really there; the stage gowns were curtained discreetly somewhere, and the big bunch of long-stemmed daisies *Dora* carries in her arms against the white chiffon of her ball-gown made a snowy, yellow-dotted curtain for the marble basin they drooped languidly over.

"You want me to talk of myself?"

"If you will."

"How very trying,"—with a puzzled, pretty smile. "It's like asking a person to be witty, or to smile, when they have a toothache. Let me see—what shall I say?" and she dropped her hands in real perplexity.

"Well, to begin, I've made up my mind you are an American girl. Aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. I was born in Salt Lake City in 1872."

"Were you stage-struck very early?"

"Well, really, it was always a foregone conclusion that I should go upon the stage. My mother, whose stage name is Adams, was leading woman of a stock company in the principal theatre of Salt Lake City. My father's name was Kiskadden."

"Aren't you very happy, having made such a success so young?"

At the question a flicker of sadness came into Miss Adams's frank, intensely earnest eyes, more expressive of a thoughtful nature than the weightiest words.

"Should I be?" she questioned, softly, as if addressing herself. "Is it always well, do you think? It seems to me early success in anything gives one such a tremendous burden to sustain. You must not falter nor rest; you may not dream. The public, so kind to success, is intolerant when disappointed. Isn't it so? Having once achieved approval to a happy degree, you must be continually reaching beyond the best you have done."

"But to an ambitious heart this is delightful."

"So it is"—and the contralto voice had a rich, acute note in it—"if only the little fear of one's self did not creep in that sometime, somehow, a false note might be struck and discord be the result."

"Don't you think this little fear may be the chief ingredient in greatness?"

"Yes, that is true. I suppose self-satisfaction is the surest weapon against achievement. Don't fancy, from what I say, I consider I have accomplished much," Miss Adams interposed, hastily, her eyes glowing. "I have been so fortunate, have had such generous praise for what I have done—but what tremendous possibilities I want to fulfill, and how I mean to work!"

Her whole attitude was eloquent of strenuous purpose.

"You like the part of *Dora*, don't you?"

"Oh, very much. I almost feared once I would be impossible in comedy. I played so many tearful heroines. Oh, I was so tired crying, and I longed to try to sparkle. Yes, I love this part. There is such a gamut of emotions from grave to gay in it, from the confession she makes to herself of her love for *Christopher* to the broad comedy of the situation where she has to feign hysteria, seize *Gilby* by the arm and cry: 'Were you ever in Trinidad?'"

"This play gives you a chance to wear pretty clothes, too."



MAUDE ADAMS AS "DORA" IN "THE MIDNIGHT BELL."

"I don't care a pin about pretty clothes!" was the impetuous interruption. "I mean they don't enhance the value of a part to me at all. Indeed, I'd rather appear in rags. I did once, as *Nell*, in 'The Lost Paradise.' I liked myself as that forlorn, consumptive little bread-earner. I seemed to get thousands of miles away from my own personality then—I was so uninterestingly comfortable and well-fed, you see."

"What part do you long some day to play? You must have one. Every actress does."

"Then I am an exception. I have never

vowed to myself that one day I would be a *Juliet* or a *Lady Macbeth*—still—and she hesitated, a laugh breaking over her face—"I must be perfectly truthful and confess to a longing which fulfills the old line, 'The hills are green that are far away.' I have a dormant longing to play something tragic—something with—er—daggers in it, you know," and she made an ineffectual thrust with her little fist at the air; "something fierce—with daggers—yes, I want to play that sometime."

"You love being an actress, I suppose?"

"I do love it. I love the work. It is what I was meant to be, I am sure, for I cannot fancy myself following another profession."

There was an interesting professional history in the sound of the names of the plays which left her lips when I asked her what parts she had played in. New-Yorkers remember her well as *Dot* in "The Midnight Bell"—the part of a school-girl, played by one who was scarcely more in looks and age.

Since then she has created the parts of *Erangeline* in "All the Comforts of Home," *Dora* in "Men and Women," *Dora* in "Diplomacy," *Nell* in "The Lost Paradise," *Suzanne* in "The Masked Ball," *Miriam* in "The Butterflies," *Jessie Keber* in "The Bauble Shop," *Marian* in "That Imprudent Young Couple."

Besides these she has played in some one-act plays for benefits—"A Pair of Lunatics," "Chums," "Sweet Will," and *Lady Varr* in Gilbert's "Broken Hearts."

As *Suzanne* in "The Masked Ball" she made her first emphatic success; it was not an easy part—not easy in the most conspicuous incident—to show a young Frenchwoman pretending intoxication, without giving it more than a suggestion of coarseness. Yet a many-minded public, metropolitan, sophisticated, decided that, while the portrayal was realistic, there was nothing in it to offend; rather it was pathetic as the ruse of an unhappy wife to punish an unreasonable husband.

In many ways Miss Adams suggests Ellen Terry: they are both buoyant, spiritual, forceful as light is forceful, nothing robust in accent, glance, expression, yet their fragility embalming a heart-stirring strength.

As I said good-bye to her at the stage-door she reminded me of a story I had heard a traveler tell. He had chanced upon a flower in Africa whose petals are as bodiless as cobwebs, but the fine, glistening fibres which run through the moonlight texture are as strong as fish-hooks, and with the force of iron weld the blossom to the stem.

KATE JORDAN.

## The First Week of Grand Opera.

THE season of grand opera in New York opened on the 18th instant with peculiar *clat*. There was not only a great audience, but intense enthusiasm, awakened by the admirable performance of "Romeo et Juliette." There were three new artists in the cast, Madame Frances Saville, as *Juliette*, being the most prominent. Madame Saville is an American by birth, and her welcome lost nothing of heartiness on that account. She made a charming *Juliette*, and it is quite safe to predict that her popularity will increase with our opera-goers during her stay in New York, which, it is understood, will be comparatively brief, as she is engaged to sing at the Opera Comique, Paris, in March next. It is almost needless to say that Jean de Reszke sang the part of *Romeo* as only a great artist can sing it; and the same is true of Edouard de Reszke as the *Frère*.

The welcome to Madame Calvé, as *Carmen*, at the second performance of the week, was such as might have been expected from this great artiste—enthusiastic in the last degree. Madame Calvé is the same fascinating cigarette girl who won the hearts of Don José, Escamillo, and her audience two years ago, and her voice is more beautiful than ever. Madame Calvé is accompanied on this American engagement by Guy d'Hardelet (Mrs. Rhodes), an Englishwoman who has written some charming songs, and it is said that Madame Calvé will give some song recitals of this clever woman's compositions. At this second performance Monsieur Lubert, from the Opera in Paris, was very well received. It is no easy matter for a tenor to sing the part of *Don José* successfully—or, rather, acceptably—to the admirers of Jean de Reszke, and Monsieur Lubert has every reason to be encouraged with the impression he made in that rôle.

The other artist upon whom much interest was centred was Monsieur Maurel as *Escamillo*; his appearance was decidedly picturesque, and in the final duet with *Carmen* his artistic nature revealed itself fully. Monsieur Maurel is to give a number of song recitals at Chickering Hall during the season.

At the performance of "Lohengrin," on a subsequent evening, the two important events were the reappearance of Madame Nordica as *Elsa*—whose lovely impersonation of this char-

acter last season has not been forgotten—and of Herr Anton Seidl as conductor. Madame Nordica's *Elsa* alone would have made her the favorite she is without anything else. The season the entire musical public of New York is on the *qui vive* for the first performance of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" in German, with Jean de Reszke and Madame Nordica in the title rôles, Edouard de Reszke as *Kluge*, Marie Brenna as *Brangäne*, and Fritz Kaschmann as *Kornwall*, Anton Seidl as con-



MADAME NORDICA AS "ELSA."

ductor. Madame Nordica has been studying the part of *Isolde* with Frau Cosima Wagner, with whom she also studied the rôle of *Elsa*, her singing of which a few seasons ago, at her death placed her among the first of the Wagnerian sopranos. Madame Nordica has studied the German language in order to sing the rôle in the original, and the work has been doubly trying in the part of *Elsa*, as it had not been studied in the Italian language.

Among the new singers this season is Yse Sophie Traubmann, who has been rehearsing the part of *Mikolka* in "Carmen." Mrs. Traubmann will be remembered as having appeared here during the last German opera season as one of the Rhine daughters, both in the "Eisengold" and the "Götterdämmerung," as well as singing the "bird" music in "Siegfried." Mrs. Traubmann is an American girl.

Mme. Helena von Jannschowsky, in private life Mrs. Adolph Neuenhoffer, is an example of what perseverance and high purpose can do. Madame Jannschowsky began her musical career by singing comic operas both in English and German. Hers was the first representation of the rôle of *Soubrette* in the "Cagliostro Rusticanna" in this city, when that opera was given at Amberg's Theatre some three years ago in German. Since that time Madame Jannschowsky has been singing Wagner rôles in the Vienna Imperial Opera House.

Mlle. Marie Brenna, who sang with the Jannschowsky company last season, is a member of the Metropolitan Opera-house Company this year.

In January next Madame Mella rejoins the opera company, but her stay may possibly not be a very long one, as she is to sing *Mosca* at the Opera Comique in Paris next May, and will sing in London for the season of June and July.

## A Comedy Pantomime.

THE pantomime with the lively Pierrot as the central figure has long been firmly fixed in the favor of the French. There have been efforts to popularize this form of entertainment in America, and a year or so ago, at Joly's Theatre in New York, a French company gave one of the most artistic performances of the kind ever seen anywhere. Persons of quick, subtle, and refined imagination enjoyed this performance immensely, but it was too quiet, too illusive, for the average theatre-goer. Now there is another effort at the same theatre and in the same direction, but this time the familiar subject of Pygmalion has been chosen for the comedy, and Mademoiselle Jane May takes that part as well as that of the devil-may-care Pierrot. She is graceful, she is merry, she is refined; but the same causes which prevented the former venture in this direction from achieving popular success have prevailed in this instance. In each audience, however, there has always been an appreciative minority which has applauded the silent actress abundantly. It is likely that the French pantomime can only win a place in this country by being given in small installments—that is, in one-act sketches. Pantomime artists as skillful and accomplished as Mademoiselle May could not fail in short pieces—say of half an hour's duration—in thoroughly pleasing any American audience provided always the audience was so instructed by the programme that there could be little doubt of what was being represented.



## A Chat with "John Oliver Hobbes."

I KNOCKED twice at the door of Mrs. Craigie's apartments in the Waldorf before I heard a very soft, low voice bid me enter. A rather fragile woman rose from an arm-chair, and the same soft voice said: "I am Mrs. Craigie." I took the friendly hand which was held out to me, and then "John Oliver Hobbes" presented me to her aunt, Mrs. Clarke, by whom she is companioned, and who was present throughout the interview.

The famous author is somewhat under the average height, and her physique is the reverse of robust. She is white-throated and delicate-handed. Some deep-red roses stood in vases about the room, and there were paler ones in Mrs. Craigie's cheeks; her skin is clear, her coloring exquisite. The expression of her face—"outable as the sea"—indicates a tremulous sensibility. Her entire manner, which has the charm of perfect spontaneity, is that of a woman whom adulation has left unspoiled. She is reposeful to a degree, and rarely emphasizes a word with a gesture. This repose is typical of her mental attitude, which is eminently calm and sane. Being but a brutal man, I shall not attempt to follow precedent by describing the gown which Mrs. Craigie wore; but this I

"Zangwill says that three men—Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Zola—have the ear of Europe to-day—that is, as teachers. Do you agree with him?"

"I beg Mr. Zangwill's pardon, but I do not consider Zola a teacher at all—simply a storyteller. I do not consider him a realist. Why? Because, while his details are true to life, the development of the characters is not. He tells you what his people do—how they sit down or walk or eat, and sometimes what they feel, but never what they think. They have sensations, that is all. There is no psychology in Zola. Nor do I rank Tolstoi as a teacher—at least, when he tried to teach no one would listen to him."

"Some one—I think it is George Meredith—has said that the novelist of the future will dispense with descriptions; that the whole thing will be done in dialogue. What say you?"

"You never could have a dialogue novel! People don't even read the magnificent dialogues in *Molière*; they find them tiresome. No, no; I think there will be not more, but less dialogue in the novel of the twentieth century."

"Do you think that London offers a better market for the novelist's wares than New York?"

"To my mind there is no choice."

"Have you much work under way?"

"Enough to keep me busy for the next four years."

"Books and plays?"

"Books and plays. My next work will be a play."

"A serious play, may I ask?"

"Oh, yes; a tragedy—an historical tragedy, mark you!"

—and Mrs. Craigie smiled as one who says, "Now, I know you are laughing at me."

When I ventured to tell her that somehow I could not fancy so young and charming a woman writing an historical tragedy, Mrs. Craigie smiled again, but in a different way, and the "natural ruby of her cheek" deepened visibly.

"For whom are you writing this tragedy?"

"Ah, that is a secret!"

"You are an American, are you not, Mrs. Craigie?"

"Yes, and so were my ancestors for several generations. My great-grandfather found-

ed the Auburn seminary for Presbyterian ministers. I myself am a Roman Catholic."

"One last question," I said, as I rose to go, "and that a time hallowed one. Who is your favorite novelist?"

And what was the answer of this fine flower of nineteenth-century civilization? Why, "Homer." ROBERT STODART.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Yale 20, Princeton 10.

YALE, by defeating Princeton decisively, and Harvard, whom the latter defeated, having practically outplayed the University of Pennsylvania team, although the latter won by the bare margin of three points, is the undisputed champion of 1903.

Princeton lost the game because her men were not so skilled in the science of a kicking game, and she possessed no particular star like Thorne of Yale. Her game, however, was a commendable one all through. It was their misfortune to have to meet a better team.

From the call of play in the beginning, to the close of the second half, the game abounded in soul-stirring plays, and because the play was so open, because the ball was to be seen sailing majestically in the air every now and then, because half-backs ran alone and not concealed by a lot of interfering players, the forty thousand odd persons who viewed the game were pleased, nay, more than pleased—simply intoxicated with delight. These are no idle words. The fact is, in a nutshell, the game was played as it should be played, and that is all that is necessary to arouse any one; for, constituted as

it is, it requires the punt and the drop, the open play, the free running, to display its beauties. We have only to turn back to last year and the two or three preceding years to remember how disgracefully the tangled masses of players affected us. Thorne, Fincke, Murphy, Jerrens, and Bess were most noticeable in the play of the Yale team, and the former simply covered himself with glory by some excellent kicking, superb tackling, and brilliant running. One run in particular which netted him a touchdown was made through the entire Princeton team. His path of some forty-five yards might be described as a zigzag flash of lightning. Thorne, by his great play, easily won the laurel wreath of all the players of the year, and according to experts he stands as the best all-round half-back ever to stand behind a Yale line. Fincke, the best quarter of the year, was most noticeable in back field in the catching of punts.

### WHAT THE FOOT-BALL SEASON JUST PAST TEACHES US.

The grand and pleasing game to which Yale and Princeton trusted their myriads of patrons cannot fail to do much to atone for the past, which has been so replete with aggravating situations, as squabbles between teams, discourteous acts in arbitrarily canceling games, failure to play as agreed, and the general mess over playing rules. When, however, the excitement of this last game wears away, and we turn back in calm review of the season's play, we cannot fail to note the signs of much danger to the well-being of the game, unless the future is made to tell a far different story.

To my mind the most far-reaching movement, and one which would be productive of the most good, would be a meeting of all the prominent foot-ball representatives of at least six of the colleges who have had teams of the most prominence in the field the past season, with two objects in view. First, to appoint a rules committee which shall have power to formulate a standard playing-code which, unlike the present rules, shall be so clear, intelligent, and complete that a school-boy may interpret them, and officials may never have grounds for indecision in ruling upon any play possible to take place on the gridiron.

Secondly, to bring about the establishment of an intercollegiate foot-ball association composed of not less than four, and possibly as many as six teams, which shall play for the championship.

I firmly believe that if such an event should come to pass the popularity of the game would be vastly increased, and the at present lukewarm feelings of many would be increased in temperature to fever heat. Of course there would be many details connected with the proper formation of a new association, and not

the least of these would be the defining of eligibility of players, and then making it so that the amateur rule could neither be broken nor become the subject of dispute.

### THE NEW YORK A. C. TAKES ISSUE AGAINST THE A. A. U.

In 1887 and 1888 the New York Athletic Club and the now defunct Manhattan Athletic Club, which was then the mainstay of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, popularly known as the "Four A's," engaged in a bitter war for supremacy in athletic supervision.

Both wanted to rule, but both could not rule, and it was war to the knife. Each refused to recognize the rules of the other, and while a New York athlete was repudiated by the Manhattan, the reverse ruled when a Manhattan athlete was in question.

While the Manhattan Athletic Club fought to uphold the "Four A's," the New Yorks pushed steadily to the fore the Amateur Athletic Union, which they had organized, and which indeed was the direct cause for precipitating the fight.

Finally the New York Athletic Club, at the time an organization growing in power daily, won the fight, and from the dying tracks of the National Association the Manhattan Athletic Club men flocked to the protecting wing of the Amateur Athletic Union.

To-day history repeats itself, for the New York Athletic Club, having become dissatisfied with the management of the union, and finally aroused to action by a quarrel over the representation, have withdrawn, with the intention, it is believed, of starting a movement which shall either result in a new organization for the government of amateur athletics, or a complete overhauling of the Amateur Athletic Union.

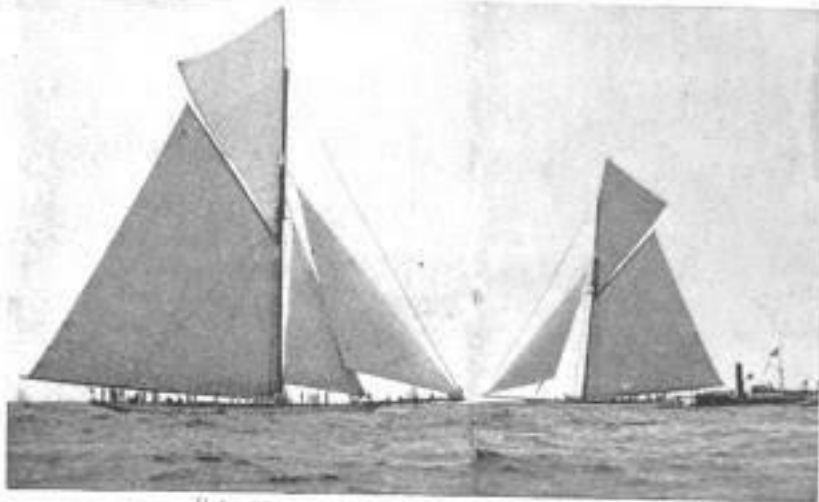
The New York Athletic Club to-day stands as the most powerful athletic organization of the country, and that they will win in their fight with the Amateur Athletic Union as they did with the Manhattan Athletic Club, no one doubts.

But before the fight ends much good may come to amateur sport. The subject of professionalism in the amateur ranks is bound to

(Continued on page 370.)

## Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1104 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.\*



### On the Yacht Race.

The Valkyrie has sailed o'er the waters, and failed, And the sportsmen and crews all the errors bewailed, The Defender has gained the proud goblet of gold,

While Vinolia has long held the medal, As Defender now holds the famed goblet of gold, So Vinolia will long hold the medal.

Toilet Vinolia Soap, 35 cents. Floral Vinolia Soap, 20 cents. C. N. CRITTENTON CO.,

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"STREETS OF CAIRO" ON THE MIDWAY.

# THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY B. A. ATWATER.—[SEE PAGE 968.]





A PORT-MOTOR SCREW BOAT, RECENTLY INVENTED IN GERMANY.  
*Illustrierte Zeitung.*



EMBARKATION AT MONTEVIDEO OF SPANISH VOLUNTEERS FOR CUBA.  
*La Ilustración Española y Americana.*



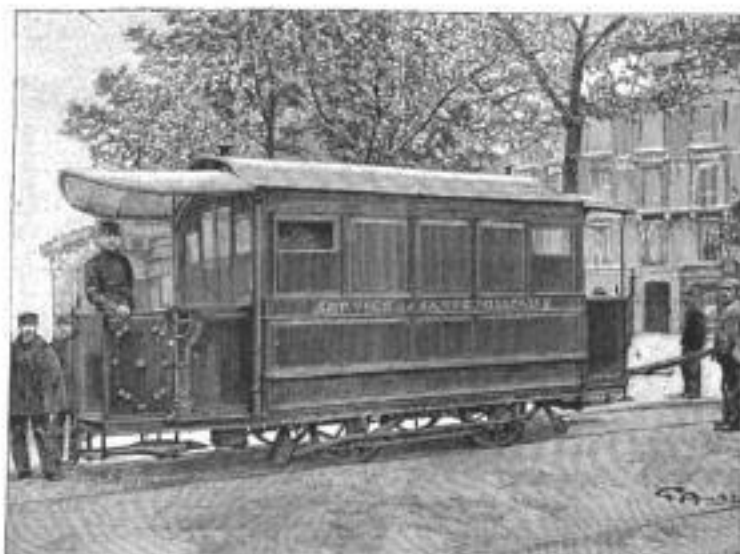
A FUNERAL IN THE ISLAND OF CORSECA.  
*Illustrierte Zeitung.*



INTERIOR OF PARIS TRAMWAY AMBULANCE.



THE CYCLE IN ENGLAND—A REUNION AT BATTERSEA PARK, LONDON.—*Le Monde Illustré.*



EXTERIOR OF A TRAMWAY AMBULANCE IN USE IN PARIS.  
*L'Illustration.*



THE FAMOUS DINING-TABLE OF LONDON "PUNCH," AT WHICH THE POLICY OF THE PAPER IS SETTLED WEEKLY.—*London Graphic.*

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



## Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 367.)

receive no end of attention, and ultimately iron-clad rules may be formulated to purify a situation which is acknowledged sadly in need of such. Already charges have been made against certain members of the New York Athletic Club team which defeated the London Athletic Club team, and a host of charges from every quarter is expected to fall in every direction. When the smoke of action clears away, and the clouds permit the glad and pure sunshine, the field of amateur sport may take on a more dignified and rosy hue. At least we all hope so.

*W. F. Bull*

## AN ART-GALLERY OF GLASS

OLD MASTERS REPRODUCED ON CRISTAL BY A NEW AND INTERESTING PROCESS.

DEPICTIONS pictures are not new to this country. The really artistic and beautiful creations which have been brought over from Germany by the Glimme & Hoppel Company threaten to usurp the old window-sill favorite. These reproductions are an invention of the fatherland, and like most of its inventions, they are thoroughly beautiful and artistic.

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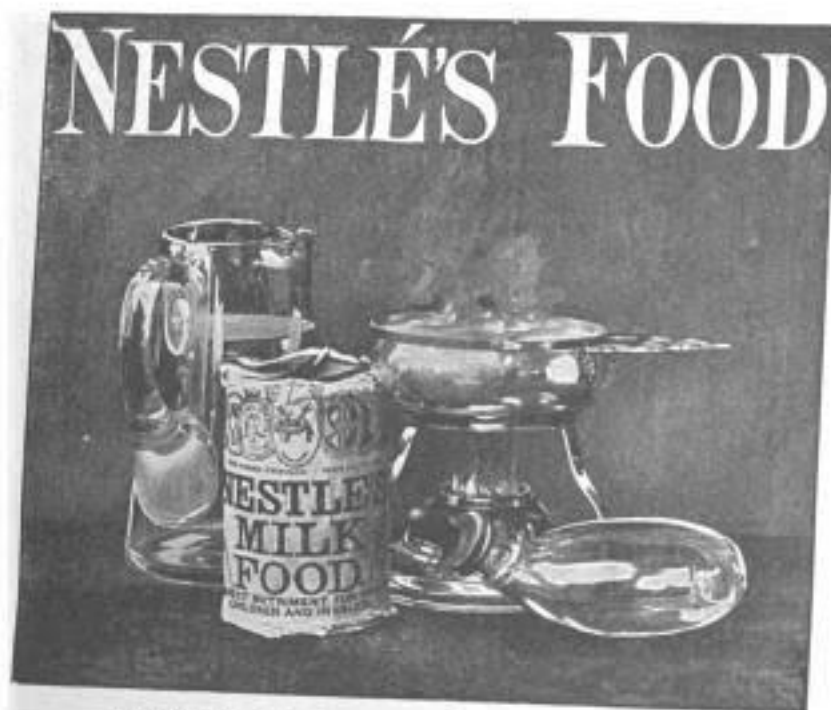
ASSETS,	\$17,664,000
SURPLUS,	2,472,000

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JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

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## FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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ARKELL WEEKLY CO., Proprietors.

New York, April 4, 1894.

Mr. J. HARPER BONNELL,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

On March 17th, 1892, we printed the following:

"Mr. J. Harper Bonnell has furnished all the ink for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for many years, to the entire satisfaction of the publishers, and since the formation of his new company he has excelled himself. The inks made by the J. Harper Bonnell Company are specially adapted for fine engraving and half-tone printing. This week's paper is a sample of the kind of work these inks can do, and give us the utmost satisfaction."

We can repeat same in stronger words, if possible.

Yours very truly,

W. J. ARKELL.

## HARPER & BROTHERS.

FRANKLIN SQUARE,

New York, April 9, 1894.

J. HARPER BONNELL CO.  
Gentlemen:

In response to your favor of the 7th inst. we have pleasure in saying that we are now using your various inks on our periodicals and miscellaneous books, and that such inks are, in general, highly satisfactory. We can, therefore, unhesitatingly commend their use to the trade generally and to such, in particular, as aim at art work from the printer's standpoint.

Yours very truly,

HARPER & BROTHERS.



A WARNING THAT WAS AMPLE.

Mrs. COON—"For pity's sake lie still, children! Here comes the man who's waiting your father."

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Any lady will appreciate such a useful and beautiful gift as our

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## Pozzoni's Celebrated Complexion Powder

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RECOMMENDED AND  
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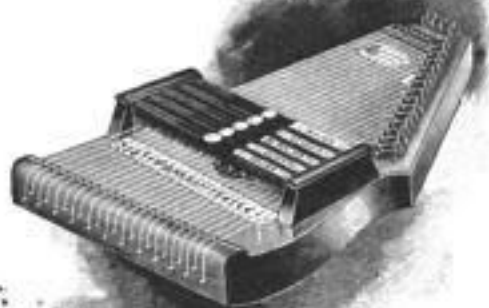
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No. 256. Made of one  
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Taking Years to Perfect and Ripen.

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Gold Seal Extra.—Medium Dry.

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All at less than half the cost  
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WHY PAY MORE?

A full line of well-ripened Sweet and Dry Catawbas, Ports, Etc.  
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LADIES' NIGHT AT A FAMOUS NEW YORK CLUB.

ETHEL (to her escort)—"I never drank champagne before, George, but as this is the Pleasant Valley Wine Company's 'Great Western,' and I am a loyal American girl, I will go you just one for luck."

**ADVANTAGES:** Noiseless—wears like leather—clings to the pedals—nonconductor of heat or cold—soft and easy to the feet. The only shoe that has flexibility exactly where it is wanted, viz: on the ball of the foot. Fits perfectly. THE SOLE IS WATERPROOF. It's a "Clinger" because it's "felt."

Ask your dealer for the **Clingerfelt**, if they don't keep them, write for information to **Wilbur H. Davis & Co., 95 Summer Street, BOSTON.**

**Here's the Story**  
Men's and Women's Black or Tan Biks and Oxfords, made with a middle sole of leather, on top of which is sewed a sole of **Fine Felt** one-quarter inch in thickness, to prevent pedal slippage.

**SUCH A BRIGHT CHRISTMAS GIFT**

THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY HEADLIGHT

AND IF THE WIND DOOTH BLOW OR THE ROAD BE ROUGH AND YOU SEE THE LESSER LIGHTS GO OUT ONE BY ONE UNTIL ONLY ONE BIG LIGHT REMAINS THATS THE SAME

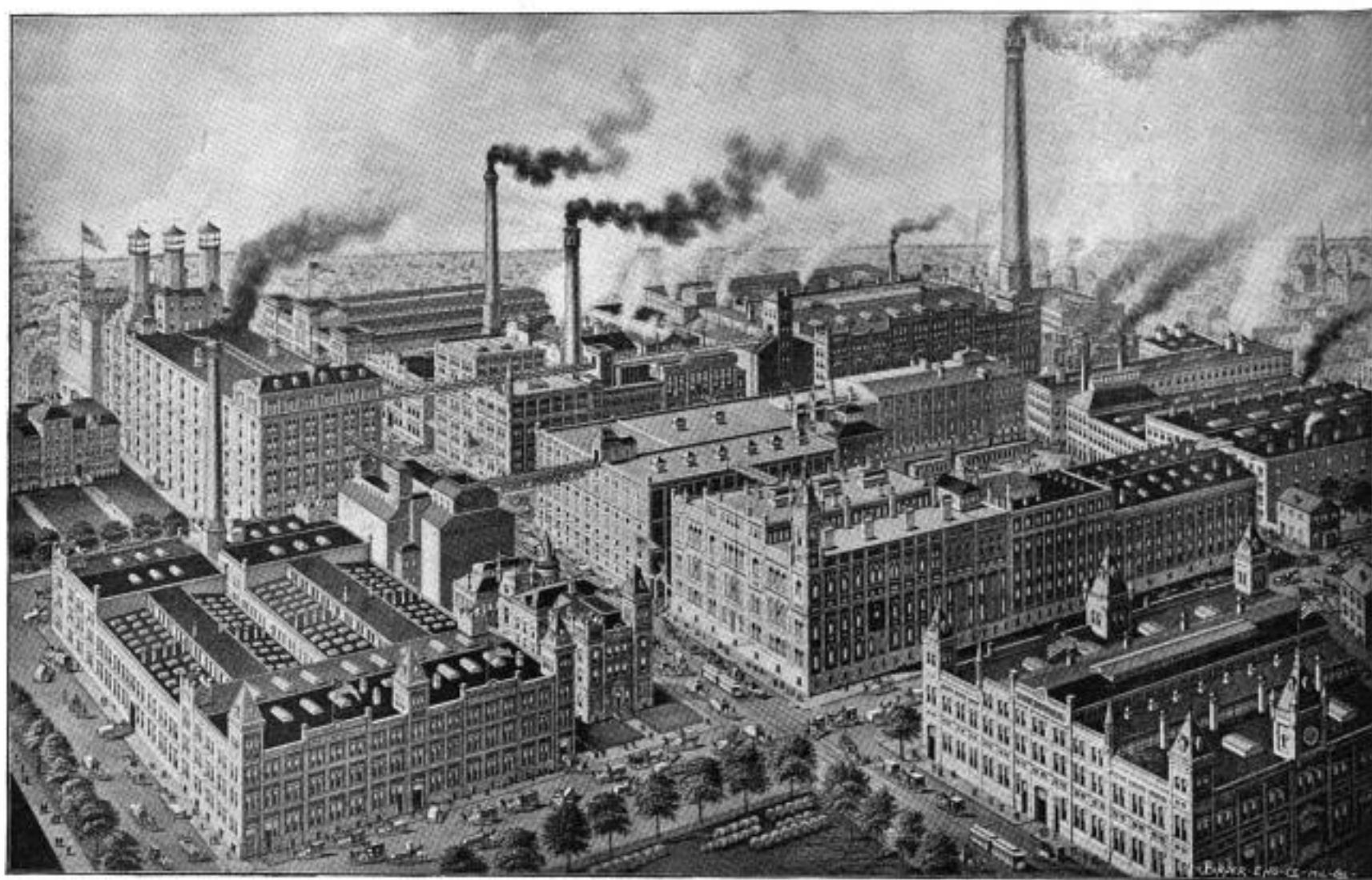
**THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY HEADLIGHT**

**Locomotive Reflector.**  
Burns Kerosene. Keeps Lighted.  
Aluminum (6 oz.) \$6.00.  
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THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY HEADLIGHT ON WHEELS

**AN AFTER-DARK NECESSITY FOR ALL BICYCLISTS**





THE LARGEST BREWERY IN THE WORLD.

## “PABST-MILWAUKEE.”

An artist traveling abroad went to Germany to find the artistic side of the brewing industry. Upon his return he declared that after diligent search he had been “unable to find a brewery.” From common report, he had been led to believe that Germany was supreme in the production of a beverage which is as characteristically Teutonic as pulque is Mexican. A traveler in England determined to see Burton. He found a large collection of small, dingy buildings, a series of long sheds, a network of railroad tracks, large quantities of empty barrels, and withal an aggregation of enormous business enterprise, but without coherence and without the immensity of the establishment making itself apparent. It is indisputable, popular impression notwithstanding, that the brewing business, as conducted in America, is incomparably in advance of anything which the old countries can show, and there is not another country in which can be found a collection of massive, imposing, practical, and elegant buildings equal to those illustrated in the bird's-eye view of the Pabst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee. We of America are modern; we have seized every scientific attainment of the century, put it to practical use, and have developed a perfection in the art of brewing born of the experience of all the ages which have passed.

Contrary again to the very general impression, in the brewing industry to-day there is most absolute and scrupulous cleanliness. Cleanliness has become a scientific necessity. A malt-house to-day has become a mechanical triumph; it is one complete machine where even the air is washed and filtered before it is permitted to touch the sprouting grain. The yeast, with which the housewife used to be familiar, is grown from the single, microscopic, selected germ found by experiment to be perfect, grown in sterilized apparatus as a pure culture, and is the production of as intricate and delicate scientific investigations as are necessary in the determination of a trace of organic matter in the crystalline water of a living spring. Even the cold, which is “manufactured,” that the silent storage casks containing the amber product may remain at the proper

temperature the year through, is produced by a mechanism of ice-machines so exceedingly intricate in their development, it seems as though the mechanical engineer and the physical scientist had been blessed by the god of invention.

Think of a single business institution which uses the product of a hundred thousand acres of barley annually; which uses nearly two million pounds of hops; which consumes a hundred thousand tons of coal; which ships daily to all parts of the world an average of seventy-five car-loads of lager beer; an institution whose empty packages, if packed into cars, would form a train one hundred and sixty miles long; an institution whose production is so enormous that, although but twelve per cent. is bottled, it makes over forty million separate packages, mostly quarts. Such an institution is the Pabst Brewing Company.

Fifty years ago, when the Pabst Brewing Company was founded, their product amounted to approximately three hundred barrels per year, none of which was bottled, and all of which was consumed locally, most of it in one small garden. To-day the product is three hundred barrels per hour. It is useless to go into the details of enterprise, of intelligent application and business development, into the personality of Fred. Pabst, which has made this business what it is, because it is simply a record of progress which is characteristic of every great industry which America can show to-day; a record of the seizure of every new idea, applying experimentally every theory of progress, holding to that which is good; and a record of broad-minded, generous enterprise which is bound in this country to bring its reward in success.

It is a curious fact that a beer which becomes popular usually takes to itself the name of the town in which it is brewed, and the case of Milwaukee is an illustration. Almost every one who knows of the perfection to which the art of brewing has been brought in Milwaukee asks for Milwaukee beer as naturally as they inquire for Java coffee. There is a cause for this, but one not generally understood. The water used by the city of Milwaukee is taken from a point in Lake Michigan over a hundred feet

below the surface, and at this point contains certain ingredients which are peculiarly adapted for brewing, especially for the production of light-colored beers of exceptional brilliancy and flavor. It therefore ceases to be a coincidence that the largest brewery in the world should be located in Milwaukee, but is the natural sequence of cause and effect, made possible by an intelligent appreciation by the brewers themselves of the advantages which the location offered.

It is the Pabst Brewing Company which has made Milwaukee beer famous, and while there are other brewing companies there which have followed in the wake of the larger institution, the Pabst Brewing Company has not only maintained its prestige as regards magnitude, but stands at the front in quality also—a fact which is conceded by connoisseurs. It is owing to this fact that the knowing ones usually designate their preference by saying Pabst-Milwaukee instead of merely asking for Milwaukee beer; for there seems to be an irresistible temptation on the part of certain retail dealers in this product to substitute any other Milwaukee beer, or even a beer brewed in quite a different city, for the original product, unless the consumer sees to it that the name of Pabst is on the label. It is curious that the law provides no defense for a city's reputation. In fact, there is in a Colorado city a brewery named the Milwaukee Brewing Company. It is simply trading upon the reputation of Milwaukee, and is a fraud on its very face, but the public is not sufficiently apprised of the imposition which is being practiced upon them. Any one who is really desirous of finding out what Milwaukee beer is, can do so by asking for a bottle of Pabst, with its round, characteristic trade-mark, and insisting that it shall be served to them. They may find some difficulty, but persistence will win.

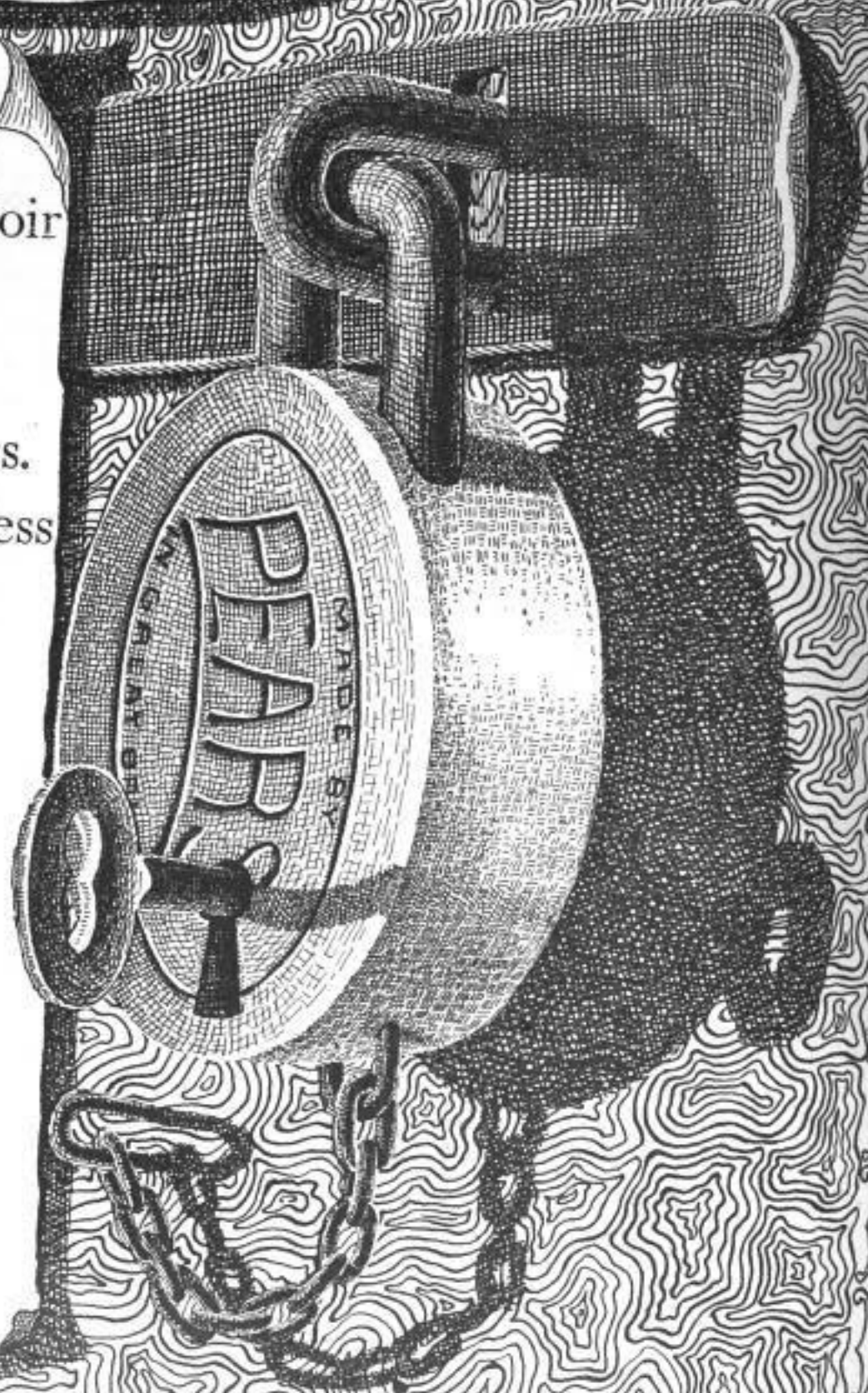
The illustration published herewith gives some indication of what brewing has come to be, and when it is stated that over thirty-two thousand persons are dependent upon the Pabst Brewing Company, directly and indirectly, for their livelihood, it is some indication of a magnitude which is little understood.



# Pears'

## Soap

Safely locks  
the lady's Boudoir  
against paints,  
powders and  
other cosmetics.  
Perfect cleanliness  
by means of a  
pure soap  
(Pears' Soap)  
is the best  
way to keep  
the skin soft  
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There's no  
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# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Vol. LXXXI.—No. 210.  
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1895.

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Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office



"They sat there with the pulsing stillness of the forest upon them."

## A FOREST ORCHID

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

AUTHOR OF "THE CUTTEN' OUT OF BART WENN," "THE TAKEN"  
IN OF OLD MRS. LANE," ETC.

"I don't like the looks of him," said Mrs. Sumas Brown. "I bet he's got the big head. I never see anybody come out here from Lawston that didn't have it. They all git it took off of 'em in a hurry, though, I notice. What does such a high-an'-mighty want of a shingle-mill an' loggin'-camp, I'd like to know! Here, Sidonie, let's hull these strawberries."

She sat down and took a pan of berries on her lap. She had the generous pink flesh and the comfortable look generally that come to a woman at fifty if she has not fretted her health away over small cares. There was another Mrs. Brown at the logging-camp, and, as initials were not in high favor, they were known as Mrs. "Soomas" Brown and Mrs. Goshen Brown, from the towns in which they had formerly dwelt.

"I liked him," said Sidonie, sitting down and taking a strawberry in her pale, delicate fingers. "I didn't think he was so bad. He has good eyes, and they are such a beautiful brown."

Sidonie was very different from her mother. She was slender, almost to fragility. Her figure was round and perfectly poised. She had much brown hair with gold streaks glancing loosely through it. Her eyes were large and earnest and gray. There were blue veins in her temples; but with all her delicacy she had a look of deep strength and self-reliance.

She wore a lawn dress that had faded to a light green that was very becoming to her pale, clear complexion.

"O' course yuh'd like him if I didn't," complained Mrs.

Sumas Brown. "It w'dn't be yuh if yuh c'dn't disagree with a body! I ain't a-goin' to put on any lugs for him, anyways, if he has bought the mill an' the whole loggin'-camp. He can take what the rest of the boarders take. Yuh needn't think I'm a-goin' to have my best napkins used up for him either. I see yuh a-puttin' one 't his plate."

"Mrs. Goshen Brown gives her boarders napkins," said Sidonie, with quiet diplomacy.

"She does?" Mrs. Sumas Brown closed her lips in a scornful expression. "Well, then, Mr. Ethelbert Gilder or Mr. Anybody Else can have a napkin a meal here, if he wants, or six napkins a meal. Mis' Goshen Brown 'll have to get up before the chickens if she expects to git ahead of this old hen. There! Yuh go out an' ring the dinner-bell—the whistle's jist blow."

The Ryneason shingle-mill had been set upon a creek in a little clearing in the heart of a dense fir and cedar forest. It was a full mile from the Nooksack River; but it was indifferent to rivers. Two narrow steel rails went shining along the edge of the forest, and two others curved gracefully down to the mill itself.

The clearing was not large. Around it circled the dark forest wall, with the railroad cleaving a narrow avenue through on one side and the skid-road on the other; while a wavering line of silver-dappled alders pointed out the way that the creek went.

The Ryneason mill had recently become the Gilder mill, but the men liked the name as little as they liked the new owner.



The Sumas Brown residence was what is known as a "shack." It was larger than most shacks, however, having three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a dining-room. It was made of "shakes," which gave it a picturesque look. It was lined and ceiled with strong, white muslin to prevent the entrance of saw-dust.

When Mr. Gilder entered the dining-room his glance went to the neatly-laid table with a bowl of eggplant in the centre; from that to the white walls with wild "hanging-basket" vine trained over them from the little painted cans in which it grew; to the pale drifts of maidenhair fern growing in corners; the wild hop-vines climbing over the open windows. There was a vase full of scarlet columbine, and another of wild, rose-colored clover.

Then his eyes came with sudden surprise to Sidonie—and went no farther.

After supper that evening Mr. Gilder walked around the clearing aimlessly. He had his hands in his pockets and was smoking a cigar. There were at least seventy-five men in the camp, and not one with whom he could have a thought in common. They were assembled in various shacks, playing cards and drinking whisky.

He walked down to the creek and sat on the bridge, and asked himself if he could endure a year in such a hole, even for the fortune he expected to make. He walked a little way out the skid-road, but the skids were greasy; so he turned and went back in a terrible disgust.

He told himself that he would go to his shack and write to Constance—he expected to marry Constance—and describe the place he was in. She was a sweet and tender woman. She would sympathize with him.

On his way to the shack he passed the sheds, open on one side, where the huge bulls used on the skid-road were resting in their stalls. He paused to look at them.

Something light in the dusk of one of the stalls attracted his glance. It moved and came toward him.

It was Sidonie, in a short, full skirt and high boots.

"I've been in to see the bulls," she said, simply. "I come every night. They all know me, but old Blue's my favorite."

Gilder would have laughed, but something in her voice kept him silent. She stooped and patted the bull gently. He turned his head, breathing heavily, and licked her hand. "His breath is sweet," she said, leaning upon him. "He likes to have me sit on him. I keep this dress just to wear out here. The bull-puncher tells me"—she laughed softly—"that if I miss coming one night they're so cranky all next day he can't do anything with them."

She came out and stood beside Gilder. The sun was going down over the tops of the trees; it set a fire of reddish gold in the girl's magnificent coils of hair. She stood silently looking at the bulls.

"How do you endure this life?" asked Gilder, suddenly recognizing that the girl was above her surroundings and her people. The girl turned her cool, gray eyes steadily upon him.

"I teach school," she said. "In a funny little log-house on the bank of the Nooksack. It's quite a mile. It's a lovely path—like a narrow gray ribbon—through the deep forest. Then I help mother Saturdays, and I have Sundays and evenings to myself."

"And these Sundays and evenings? What do you do with them?"

She turned her head with a slow, easy movement; it struck him that it was set upon her slender, beautiful throat like a lily. "I read and study. And there's always the forest."

"It must be very lonely," said Gilder. He was leaning on the bars, looking down on her. His eyes were full of her compelling beauty.

She smiled. "One can't be lonely with the forest at one's door," she said. "Of course the mill and the whole clearing are—"

She stopped, laughing. Gilder's glance followed hers over the unpainted shacks, the ugly mill, the tall, dusty brakes, and the great charred stumps lifting their black forms everywhere to the sunset. Not one thing of beauty—except the one to which his eyes returned with a thrill of pleasure.

"But fifty yards in any direction," she went on, bringing her glance back to his, "and you are in the forest. I don't believe you know what our forests are like. They're so deep and dim and still. The moss is like a pale-green velvet carpet, and the great trees go up, so straight and close together, two hundred, three hundred feet—"

"That is one of your 'boom' stories," he interrupted, with an amused smile.

"It's a true one," she replied, smiling, too, but breathing stilly. "And the sunlight only gets through enough to lie on the moss in tiny, gold shapes. The firs are clocks—they drop a cone for every minute; and when it rains you can hear it sinking into the earth. Pn is not dead!" she exclaimed, in a sudden burst of tumultuous passion, striking her palms together. Then a swift, deep color came upon her face, and she was silent.

Gilder would have been amused had he not been so touched. A man who is both touched and amused is interested.

He walked with her to her door. All the windows shone out like brass. The dusty ferns took on a sudden quivering glory of color. Amethyst clouds were breaking apart in the tall tops of the trees. He followed her into the dining-room.

"I'm coming in to see your books," he said.

She hesitated. It was a real blush that came now. "I've not very many," she said; she still stood hesitating. Then she lifted her head with a movement that would have been haughty in any other woman, and walked to a door at one end of the room, he following her, and flung it open.

"This is my study," she said, with the air of a queen. "No one has ever been in here. It's not in order for visitors; but you may come in."

"Thank you," he replied, entering.

It was a tiny room, not more than eight feet square. The floor was covered with blue-striped matting. There was one small window, curtained with some thin blue stuff. Delicate vines were outlined against it. The walls were lined with books. In the centre of the room was a small home-made table, painted white. A wooden chair, also painted white, was drawn close to it.

Gilder walked about the room, looking at the books. They were all good, but some of them amazed him. He had expected to find Longfellow and Whittier; but he was unprepared for Rossetti, Tennyson, Dante, Milton, Hugo, Eliot, and translations of Virgil and Goethe.

Sidonie sat down and rested her elbows on the table, sinking her chin in her palms. She looked at him steadily as he went about the room; there were burning questions in her eyes. Presently he brought a chair from the dining-room and sat down opposite her.

The table was littered with magazines. A book lay open, with the leaves pressed down.

"You have read all these books?" he asked.

"Many times."

He took another look at the shelves.

"You have read more deeply than most college women. What, of all these books, is your favorite?"

She laid her hand, palm downward, on the open book. It was the Bible. It was open at the fourth chapter of Solomon's Song.

"I thought you would name Tennyson or Longfellow," he said, after a surprised silence. "Or, perhaps, Rossetti. I certainly expected that you would name a poet."

"There is no poetry like that," she leaned toward him, pressing her hand on the book. There was a fire in her eyes. "There never will be any poets like the men who wrote it. They were not afraid."

He was conscious of a deep thrill of exaltation; a sudden shakiness of low ambitions and a rising to a clearer, higher atmosphere.

He looked intently into her eyes. "Who taught you to feel that?"

"I've felt it ever since I could read. Don't imagine I believe all the Bible! I don't. One must sift and sift to get the gold. You can hear God's voice all through the Bible, if you listen—just as you can hear it when the wind blows through the grass, or the sea comes up the beach. But you have to listen—listen for yourself! You mustn't trust anybody's ears but your own."

Gilder sat for some moments playing with a pencil and looking at the girl. He was lost in deep thought. At last he said, slowly, half smiling: "I want to ask you one more question. I will promise to ask no more to-night. You have read widely, and formed your own opinions. College women and university women parrot out the opinions and criticisms of their professors as if they were their own. But you have had to rely solely upon yourself. Of all the women you have read about, what one would you rather have been?"

She was silent; her eyes grew larger and darker. Her face was eloquent with rapid and varied thought. Her deep, noiseless breathing spoke of repressed passion—passions, rather—springing to an old and familiar struggle. When she spoke her voice was calm; but he saw that her throat was throbbing.

"Sappho"—her color came and went; "Cleopatra"—the throbbing in her throat quickened; she hesitated; a beautiful shining came upon her face; she uttered softly, "Ruth. Most of all, Mary, the mother of Christ. After her"—there was a light on her face now that made Gilder look at her as one looks at the far, high lights of dawn—rapt, exalted, feeling God behind them—"after her, the Mary Magdalen."

"The Mary Magdalen!" he breathed.

"Yes; oh, yes. She is to all women what Christ is to all the world. She is the greatest woman the world has had."

For a little while Mr. Ethelbert Gilder sat speechless before this country girl whom he had offered to teach, and who served her mother's boarders as coolly and as gracefully as she would have given a cup of tea to a visitor; this girl who went nightly to caress a dozen tired bulls in their stalls, and to examine their sides, lest they might have been prodded too deeply during some hard, up-hill pull.

"Now you must go," she said, smiling. "It's ten o'clock."

He went out into the sweet June night. The moon was moving in slow majesty through the trees. The little clearing was beautiful in the soft light. Somehow the place did not seem so unendurable to Gilder as he sat on his front steps, smoking, far into the night, and thinking of the girl whose light shone out through the vines that climbed over her window.

The following day was Sunday. Every one else had breakfasted when Gilder reached the dining-room. He was conscious of a feeling of disappointment when his breakfast was brought in by Mrs. Sumas Brown, instead of Sidonie.

In a few minutes the girl came in. Her face was glowing; her bright hair was damp with dew and fog.

"I expected to find oceans of flowers in the forest this morning," she said. "But I came upon this one beautiful orchid, and then I desired no others. Beside it all other flowers seem pale and not worth carrying home."

She held toward him a most beautiful specimen of the *Calypta borealis*, an orchid found in deep, damp places in the Washington forests. It was of a rich, rosy purple. Its fragrance was at once ravishing and elusive.

Gilder examined it with delight.

"I found it three miles from here," went on Sidonie, gleefully as a child. "It grows in a dim glen, shut in by dark, old trees, with a golden-green moss all over their trunks and over the earth; and long, silver moss hangs from all the branches. There is not a sound in there; even the birds come and look at you and do not sing. Don't you want to go with me some Sunday?"

Mrs. Sumas Brown opened the door.

"Well, good grief!" she exclaimed. "Where yuh b'en? It's high time you come! D'yuh git any licorish root? I bet yuh fooled the whole mornin' away an' never oinct thought o' licorish root!"

"I did forget," said the girl, slowly. The glow went out of her face. She took the orchid from Gilder and went into her room. He heard the door close between them.

"I never see her beat!" grumbled Mrs. Sumas Brown. "Always a-gittin' her feelin's hurt over nothin'."

Then Gilder fell to thinking seriously of the girl and of her life.

"She is like the orchid," he thought, "that has sprung up

in the deep, dark forest and wastes its delicate beauty and fragrance."

Two weeks later Gilder was leaving the dining-room one morning when Sidonie came in like a whirlwind. She was breathing swiftly with excitement.

"Oh, come!" she exclaimed. "There's just time! They're coming! They're bringing up old Ginger!"

She was gone like a flash. Gilder followed her. He had not the faintest surmise as to what or who old Ginger was—it was sufficient for him to know that the girl bade him come.

She sped before him down the skid-road until she reached a curve at the top of a long hill. There she poised on a skid, in a quiver of excitement, and looked back, signaling him to hasten.

He reached her side breathless with his run.

"What is it?"

"It's old Ginger!" she panted. "I've been so afraid I should not be here when they brought him! Oh, look! Isn't it grand! Isn't it worth coming miles to see?"

Gilder looked. Twelve splendid bulls were straining up the sloping incline, dragging behind them an immense tree—larger than anything he had ever imagined in the tree line. Several men—hook-tenders, bull-punchers, skid-grossers—ran behind it, goading the skids, goading the bulls, pushing here and pulling there with cant-hooks. There was much shouting, much creaking of chains, much straining of noble animals and swelling of hot nostrils. The muscles stood out in their backs and sides like ropes; their eyes rolled, their feet slipped and clung and stumbled to new footholds. The blood spouted under sharp, and often cruel, pricks from the steel goads. The huge cedar bulk slid, groaning and creaking, up the skids. The greaser ran ahead of the bulls, stooping constantly to drop splashes of grease on the skids from long wooden paddles.

"They're a-comin'!" he yelled to Sidonie. "Better git out o' the way! Look-ee out there! That end'll fly around an' hit yuh. Hey, miss! Look-ee out there!"

But Sidonie pressed recklessly near until Gilder, in whose veins some of the girl's enthusiasm was commencing to burn, took a firm hold of her arm and drew her aside. She was trembling with excitement. "Oh, see old Blue!" she cried. "He's the off-wheeler! Isn't he noble!" And she waved her kerchief proudly as the panting brute struggled by.

With a final, triumphant effort and plunge the tree was borne to its destination and lay motionless on the skids.

The trembling went suddenly out of the girl. The fire died out of her face. "What a pity!" she said, looking down gravely at the fallen cedar. "Oh, what a pity! And we have been enjoying it! Let us go back."

As they walked along she looked back regretfully. "Poor old Ginger! He was the king of the forest all these years. Two men lost their lives bringing him down from the skies."

"Ah!" said Gilder, with unconscious condescension. "One doesn't think of a place like this having its tragedies."

"Oh, doesn't one?" flashed out the girl, instantly, with a great scorn. "I know what you think. You think we are clods. You think we are in a groove! Let me tell you that you are in a groove, too—a groove so narrow and so deep that you'll never get out! You have no joy in nature; you have no joy in yourself; you have no joy in God! You look at a flower or a weed, and you say it's beautiful or ugly, as you think; you look at a noble animal, or a great forest, or a scarlet sunset, and you see nothing but the thing itself! You don't see God in anything; you have no religion. You belong to some church, probably, because your father does, or your mother does, or your great-grandmother did before you were born, and if you were asked what you believe, or what your church believes, you couldn't tell!" Gilder winced. "You have no joy in yourself," went on the girl, passionately. "You can't be alone an hour without being bored. You have to be amused—like a child!"

She sprang up the steps, but Gilder caught her hand and held it, compelling her to turn. She looked down on him under frowning brows. Her face glowed; her eyes flamed with a blue fire. She was most beautiful.

Gilder smiled at her with that tenderness that comes to a man's face when he is beginning to love unconsciously. "You're a bigot," he said, thrilling deliciously as her hand struggled to release itself. "You're very, very terrible, and I'm afraid of you."

Then he let her go. She gave him a fierce look and flashed into the house. He went away, still smiling. "She's perfect now," he said. "That little spurt of temper has made her perfect."

Mrs. Sumas Brown came into the dining-room and sat down. She was beating butter and sugar together. Sidonie was arranging the table for dinner.

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed her mother. "What a little dab o' pickles! 'S that all yuh're a-goin' to put on? 'Sh-h-h! There goes Mis' Goshen Brown by. I wonder what ails'er. She looked in here sour's swill. I guess she's lost a boarder, an' 's lookin' in here to see 'f we've got him."

It was September. Gilder had not only endured three months in the heart of a Washington forest, but had found them to be the happiest months of his life. He was in love with Sidonie.

Constance was his cousin, and she had promised to marry him. It was a kind of family arrangement. They had a mild, comfortable affection for each other—most comfortable. Gilder, for instance, had never felt murder in his heart while watching Constance waltzing in the arms of some other man. That is the surest test of love. When a man can be indifferent to that, either his love or his nature is of the milk-and-water sort. Gilder, considering waltzing a bore, was grateful to every man who took Constance off his hands at a ball.

He went to see her regularly; and kissed her dutifully, with much calmness and a certain pleasure. She was a pretty woman, dainty and patrician. But all her kisses distilled income-kiss could not have sent the delicious fire rolling along his veins like one touch of Sidonie's small, firm hand.

When he had left Boston to make his fortune in cedar shingles there had been the understanding between them that he was to remain a year and then return and marry Constance.



and he was absolutely sure that she was the kind of girl to hold him to his promise.

Now he knew what love was. On Puget Sound the summer nights are long, purple twilights that soon after midnight silver into dawn. At one o'clock the birds utter their first drowsy notes, and dawn is felt, rather than seen, coming up the east. Night after night, as the summer went on, Gilder had sat with Sidonie in her tiny study till midnight. There was no society here; no one to suggest impropriety and steal the pure sweetness out of their intercourse.

Gilder had taught the girl much; but she had taught him more. He had drawn from her the sublimity and the exaltation of love, life, and thought. He felt himself rising, a stronger and a better man, out of his old self. He had the sublime exultation of one who mounts into clearer and higher air; who climbs to great and lonely heights, and finds the world well lost for the passionate, still rapture of being alone with God and of seeing with new vision the beauty and the majesty of His smallest work.

And the girl who had led him up these heights—he loved her so he trembled when he went into her presence. He worshiped her. Often he could not lift his eyes for what was in them—what he dared not let her see. Often he could not speak—for what he dared not let her hear. He had not forgotten Constance.

The thought of her, and of his allegiance to her, tortured him. He could put it from him during business hours and cares, and during the sweet, delicious hours he spent with Sidonie; but when he was alone it became almost unendurable. Constance—after having known Sidonie! A pale, odorless lily—after having found a rare and fragrant orchid in the lonely place where God himself had set it! Who would go back and dwell with the many in the valley, after having dwelt alone with one other on the heights?

As Mrs. Sumas Brown spoke, Gilder passed the door on his way to his shack. She saw him, and cast a shrewd, curious look at Sidonie. "Yuh needn't blush so."

The girl went on arranging the table.

"I say I needn't blush so! There's no call fer blushin' so ev'ry time yuh set eyes on him. Yuh'll have the whole camp a-notice'n it. Your face 's like fire. It 'ud be different 'f he'd spoke up. But he ain't yet. Has he?"

The girl was silent.

"I say, has he? Why don't yuh answer me? Aigh?"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed the girl in sheer bitterness of soul. "If you ever ask me that again I'll go away and never come back."

"Oh, yuh will, aigh?" Mrs. Brown had a frightened look; but she kept right on nagging. "That's a pretty way to talk to your mother. I'd like to know 'f I ain't a right to find out his intentions. I can't open my mouth but yuh go to flar'n' up like a sulphur match. He's so 'n love with yuh he can't keep his eyes off o' yuh, an' I don't see why he don't speak up. I don't go much on men that make love an' make love, an' never speak up. First thing yuh know he'll up an' leave an' go back East, an' the Goshen Browns 'll go round a-tee-hee'n' b'cause yuh let him slip through your fingers—"

Sidonie's face turned white. She went suddenly out of the room. Her respect for her mother was beautiful, and her patience great; but this was unbearable.

After an early supper that evening Gilder went into the little study.

"The summer is going," he said, "and you have never taken me to the place where the orchids grow. Let us go to-night. The moon rises at nine."

She rose instantly. "It's just the night to go," she said, putting on her hat. "We will go down the skid-road. The men are still at work. They've been falling all day. If we hurry we may see the last tree come down."

They walked as rapidly as the greased skids would permit, and were soon down in the forest. Presently they heard shouting as if in warning. A voice yelled, "All right. Go it!" Then there was silence, broken only by an axe beating through the heart of a tree in regular, rhythmic strokes.

"We're just in time," cried Sidonie, joyfully, springing around a curve. A mighty fir was ready to fall. Already there was a toppling movement among its highest boughs. The men had all withdrawn from the place where it was expected to fall, save the one who was giving it its last blow. They were roughly-clad men. Their flannel shirts were rolled back from their brown, hairy breasts. Each stood with knotted hands on his hips, resting one knee, like a horse. They breathed grandly, with swelling throats and chests. They wore their rude clothing with strong, unconscious grace.

Every man took off his hat as Sidonie flashed into view, with a gleam of sudden pleasure in his eyes. Two or three beat down the tall brakes with their feet to make a place for her. She glided into it smiling. Gilder stood close beside her. Then all eyes were turned upon the tree.

There was a last blow, a warning shout, and the chopper sprang backward. There was intense stillness as the slim top started downward; then a soft noise, like the far-off shivering of the sea as it comes up the tide-lands, swelling gradually louder and louder, as the tree cut its way swiftly through the air and the tops of other trees. At the last it was like the roar of surf on rocky cliffs. It reached the earth with a crash of thunder that went echoing away in long waves of sound through miles of forest, and laid its beautiful tip three hundred and fifty feet from the spot where it had stood for a thousand years, with the sap throbbing out of its severed veins.

Shouting and jesting, two or three men leaped upon the prostrate body, and soon the saws went rasping through the bark, feeling their way roughly to the wood underneath.

"Let us go on," said Gilder. They turned into a narrow path or trail that led into the deeper forest. They were followed by the clear ring of an axe beating its way into another tree. But soon this sound, and all others, grew fainter, until they ceased altogether. The early sunset was upon them, and already the sweet coolness of evening had sprung up about them.

It was midnight. For three hours they had been lost in the forest, wandering aimlessly. Now they had passed in a dim

glen, into which the moonbeams struggled faintly. Their feet were in a carpet of soft velvet moss. They were surrounded by great trees, from whose branches long fragments of moss drooped. Here and there glimmered a dappled, ghostly alder.

"It is like the place," said the girl, with a troubled sigh; "but not it. We may as well rest a while. I am very tired."

Gilder trembled. "It is a beautiful place," he said, "but I think we ought to go on. Lean on me, and we will walk slowly."

"But what good will it do?" she said. She leaned on him like a child, and they walked a little way. "We may only wander farther from home. It will be better to sit down and rest till daylight. I'm so tired."

"We ought to go on," said Gilder, uncertainly.

"You're afraid they will be uneasy about us," she said, earnestly. "They won't. Mother never worries about me. Once I was lost all night and she didn't worry; so, of course, she won't when you're with me."

Gilder was silent. She felt his strong, deep breathing.

"Let us sit down," she insisted, gently. "The moss is so soft, and I'm so tired."

He took off his coat and spread it on the moss. He sunk upon it and drew her down beside him, keeping her hands in his warm palms.

"You are cold," she said; "you are trembling."

"I am not cold," he answered her.

Then they were both silent. The night was very sweet. After a little she said, low:

"I am afraid. I've never been afraid before."

"Lean upon me," said Gilder. His voice shook with tenderness. "I will take care of you."

"I know," she whispered. She knelt up, leaning her soft shoulder upon his breast and turning her face from him. "How sweet it is!"

"Aye," said Gilder, "it is sweet."

He pushed her sleeve to her elbow and stroked her arm as a tender father might have done—protectingly.

"You are trembling," she repeated.

He had loved her passionately for three months, yet had scarcely touched her hand. It was small wonder, he thought, that he should tremble.

They sat then with the pulsing stillness of the forest upon them. Neither spoke. He pressed his hand, still with that caressing movement, upon her arm. His lips were sunken in silent, deep ecstasy in her fragrant hair.

Sometimes there arises a moment of great and exalted passion that changes a whole life.

Only the day before Gilder had decided finally that he must leave the girl he loved. A letter had come from Constance. He had laid it away unopened. When he answered it he would tell her he was coming home to marry her. But first he would have a few short hours of happiness—a few short hours with Sidonie. Only to be near her, to look at her, to feel her gown touch him as she passed—that was all he asked. He had foreseen nothing of this exquisite contact that was to send drops of delicious fire thrilling along his veins. She was a child, and he was her protector; she was an angel, and he revered her;—but she was a woman, too, and he loved her.

"Do you hear something—some soft sound?" she whispered, presently.

"I hear the fir-needles falling," he answered her.

She sighed and moved a little, but not farther away.

After a few moments she said: "Do you hear something like a step?"

"It is Pan passing," he said. "We will hear his horn presently."

There was another sweet silence. Then she whispered: "Do you hear something breathing—or some one?"

"Only you," he said. His voice shook. He put his arm around her in a swift, uncontrollable rush of passionate tenderness. She sank closer to him, innocently.

"You are still trembling," she said. "I know you are cold."

"No, I am not cold."

"Then why do you tremble? Are you afraid?"

"Yes, I am afraid."

"Of what?"

"Of love! Sidonie—"

She turned quickly upon his breast.

"I love you; I love you," he breathed. His lips were upon hers. "Sidonie—"

"I know." Her arms went in sweet abandon about his throat. Her words were like the notes of a love-bird when it is alone with its mate. "And I love you."

Oh, the deep silences of the midnight forest! In those deeps there are silences in sound. Everything speaks; the trees to the violet heaven that stoops to them, the grasses to the wind that lays its cool length upon them. In marsh places the tall, green swords of the tules clash softly together. The broad palms of the vine-maple clasp and cling together; the velvet tops of the firs move rhythmically to and fro; the pines whisper. The murmuring of countless insects swells into one harmonious choir—but all so soft, so far away! It is all sound, and it is all silence. One hears the fall of the tiniest needle on the grass, the caressing pressure of one leaf upon another, the curve of each blade of grass—if one knows how to hear God's divinest music.

After a long time Gilder spoke. His tone was that of a man who stands, rapt and exalted, lifted out of himself, on some noble mountain height—the world, with its little fevers and passions, its petty hopes and ambitions, beneath his feet.

"Dearest," he said, "we are in Arcadia; but we must go out from it."

"We cannot," she answered. "It is ours forever."

"Dearest, dearest! You break my heart! How can I tell you now?"

"You can tell me anything—now."

He pressed her to him with passionate, despairing tenderness.

"Dearest"—his voice trembled—"I have tried to keep away from this hour; I knew it could not last."

"It will last," she said.

"Sidonie, Sidonie! I cannot marry you." The words struggled from him.

"I knew that," said the girl, simply. "I have felt it all the summer. But it does not matter. It cannot take this hour from us! It cannot take our love from us! What can we ask that would be greater than only to have loved each other? It is our hearts and our souls that love; the world cannot separate them. Wherever we go, this hour shall go with us. There is nothing we may not endure now."

He leaned his mouth down upon hers, and pressed it there, motionless, and prayed silently—with a choke in his throat that must have shaken the very angels.

So they sat until presently there came a white glimmer along the tops of the trees.

"It is the dawn," breathed the girl, stirring happily, as a bird does in its nest. "Now, I can find the way. I know where the east is."

There followed a wretched week for Gilder. He kept away from Sidonie. He watched her going quietly on with her work, pale but serene. There was an unfortunate girl with a young child in a shack near by. Her parents had cast her off, and no woman would go near her. No woman save the one Gilder loved! She went constantly, day and night, to care for her and the child. Meeting her sometimes on these errands of divine mercy, Gilder was struck by the new look of austerity on her face. At such times he could have fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her gown. She reminded him so keenly of the woman she had most wished to be—the mother of Christ.

At last a night came when he nerved himself to write to Constance. It was a warm, purple autumn night. The sun had gone down in a crimson haze, the twilight had deepened to dusk. He sat on his doorstep watching the light in Sidonie's window, over which the vines were still green.

Crickets chirped in the new growth of ferns that had sprung up since the late rain. A night-hawk sunk upon the air, uttering its mournful, musical note. It was Saturday night, and all the unmarried men had gone to Whatcom to spear salmon; every one else had retired. Only that one little path of light glimmered across the darkness, leading, Gilder thought, to heaven—the heaven from which he was shut out forever!

He rose suddenly and went in, closing the door. His lamp was lighted. He flung himself into a chair and seized his pen. His lips were set together, hard.

Then his eyes fell upon Constance's letter that had lain, unopened, a week on his table. He opened it mechanically—

Ten minutes later he was groping like a blind man to Sidonie's door. Before he reached it she came out, on her way to the mother and child. As he met her he took her in his arms and drew her close—close.

"Let me go," she said, sweetly and gravely. "The child needs me."

"I need you, too," he whispered, in a shaken voice. "Let me go with you. I have the right. There is no reason now why I should not go with you to life's end."

He felt the quick, responsive pressure of her hands then.

"Is there not?" she said.

"Dearest, trust me. I do not choose to tell you what was between us. There is nothing now. Will you trust me without knowing more than that?"

She sunk upon his breast in her sweet, childish way.

"Why not?" she said. "It is so foolish to wish to know little things. That is for little natures. I wish to know only great things—and the greatest of all I already know—that we love each other."

Then fell upon them one of the silences that God loves—because there is nothing like them outside of heaven.

## THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

As Christmas Day approaches there are evidences of a coming festival on every side; evidences which almost a blind man can see. On the day before Christmas these evidences are so general that he is a marked man who has not a bundle or so under his arm and whose pockets do not bulge with mysterious packages. As for the women, there are none such so distinguished; every one of them, no matter what her condition of life, has with her a tell-tale parcel, a branch of holly, or a sprig of mistletoe. A female who makes no preparation for the great social and religious festival is not really a woman; fortunately there are so few of them that we need not bother to invent a name under which to classify them. In the streets, in the shops, on the horse-cars and the cable-cars these bustling men and women may be seen intent upon the business of the season. But it is in the elevated cars that the most interesting of them are to be encountered. When a person lives so far from the shopping district that an elevated train must be taken, then you may be pretty sure that that person will do all the buying possible on each venture from home. Therefore when they go back they are laden with all their gathered spoils—laden as at no other season of the year.

And so it has been on such a train that our artist has chosen his Christmas picture. In his selection he showed discriminating knowledge. He would have been luckier, however, if he had made his sketches on the train that went before or the one that followed the one represented, for then he would have been sure to have seen a real typical elevated railroad-train load on the day before Christmas. On his train there is too much room, even though not all the passengers have seats. On the two other trains mentioned the reader may be confident that there was not even standing-room remaining. It is a curious thing about elevated-railway travel that every now and again a train will pass by comparatively empty. This is probably due to the fact that sometimes one train follows another so closely that the waiting platforms emptied by the first train will not have had time to fill up before the second comes along. So the passengers in the first are crowded unduly, while those in the second train are in comparative comfort. It was in such a train as the second, no doubt, that the artist made the sketches for his picture. But the train following this would again surely be crowded, for there would have been a longer interval, in all probability, before it came along, and the waiting platforms would have had time to fill up.





CHRISTMAS BRINGS JOY TO THE HOME OF POVERTY.

DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.





CHRISTMAS TREASURES IN THE ABODE OF LUXURY.

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINE.





"He thought it were a shame to let him go dead that a-way, when he wuz fightin' for his rights an' weren't to blame. So the Great Spirit come in a rainbox."

# OMALEEMA'S WHISTLE

by Chas. McIlwaine

AUTHOR OF "A LEGEND OF POLECAT HOLLOW," "THE GHOST OF AARON'S PRONG,"  
"THE WAIFS OF FIGHTING ROCKS," ETC

OFTEN when wild sounds came from the mountains, when the wind whistled and roared and fumed at the narrow passes woven in and out with rocky ridges pointing skyward like the roof combs of an ancient city buried to its eaves, old Sol Peters, standing at his entán door, used to put his hand behind his ear and look away over spread of meadow and up wooded ravines toward the steeples, peaks, and gables of the Yew Pine Mountains, and then, with face settled to weather-wisdom and prophecy, say:

"That's Omaleema's Whistle. Ther's a storm a-brewin'. Ther'll be a tide in Elk River sich ez we hain't seed this munny a day." Or when snow was driving, and the cabin corners caught the winter's blasts to turn them into weird music as they rushed through the projecting logs; or when the fire cracked and snapped and blazed in the great stone fire-place, in savage zeal to warm and comfort the group gathered at its front, old Sol Peters would say: "I heerd the wind songhin' through Omaleema's Whistle last night. I knowed a storm wuz comin'. Then ole Injin speirts up in the mount'in never has no rest; an' it sarves 'em right. Murderin' an' stealin' an' killin' while they wuz livin', they hez to have a hun' in all the cold an' lightnin' an' damage thet's golu' now they're dead.

old hunters shunned the Whistle as a place where other influences were at work than active muscles and cunning instinct to rob them of their game. So, strong in this belief, they christened the uncanny place anew—"The Devil's Swallow."

But trout loved its dark and shaded pools. Spray-beaded mosses, rich growth of swinging vines and fanning ferns, studded and draped its crevices. Lithe-limbed spruces roofed it; towering hemlocks and mighty oaks projected their knotted roots from its rugged edges for mountain-laurel to twist among and make ever given its wild ungoverned beauty and lovely solitudes, for leap of fish and dance of waterfall.

Its old name was a mystery to me—Omaleema's Whistle, Indian surely, and full of meaning and legend. Old Sol Peters could explain it, but to get at the truth about it old Sol must be taken in one of his talking moods into which his wonderful powers of invention did not enter; for his yarns hung together like the strands of a rope, and unwound from him without flaw or snap, even though not a single fibre of truth ran through their length from one end to the other. Like an old fox leaving its string of scent for hunting hounds to follow, he ran on and on, chuckling at his following, well knowing that the hunt for a lie in his stories was hot and earnest, but that

An' they has to stan' out in it, too. Sarves 'em right. They spend the'r off time in the place they say is a mile furdert' other side uv hell—thet's bet the hottest. Sarves 'em right, the varmints!"

Many a time chase of deer or search for trout had led me into the wild, dark mountain pass which bore the name of Omaleema's Whistle. Leap of ravine or double on rocky ledge had so often given breathing chance or saved the life of surprised and panting game in such mysterious ways that even brave

he would never be caught. Yet when his ninety years of life were parading their memories and were visioning to him faces and scenes of long ago, old Sol Peters could be relied upon for the truth, glittering, as the tears sometimes did in his eyes as he told it, with emotions roused from long-forgotten life.

One winter's night, as old Sol sat by the open fire in his high-backed hickory chair, his pipe had finished its comforting duty and was taking the rest upon the mantel-shelf it seldom got; his long legs were thrusting his stocking feet to within almost roasting distance of the coals; his shirt-collar spread away, open and unbuttoned from about his scrawny neck; his coat off and hanging where it generally did—on a peg; his eyes, far back in his head, now picturing in the blue some attractive to them beyond even winking relief to their steady gaze; his bony hand moved from his knee involuntarily and felt its way into the soft masses of brown hair curling about the head of his little granddaughter, Unis, who nestled at his side, where it rested as if in the clasp of some one he loved. All these signs pointed to a truth-telling condition of Sol Peters far beyond and above yarn-spinning. I thought it a good time to manoeuvre him into relating to me what he knew of Omaleema's Whistle. If Sol was once set alongside of his subject he stuck to it manfully, but, as with most old men, the trouble was to get him where he was wanted before he went scampering off after some alluring reminiscence popping up on the road to it. Long experience on fish and hunt with him, or such quiet times as this by his fireside, had taught me how to manage him. He was pliable now, so I said:

"I ran that buck into the Devil's Swallow to-day before I shot him. If I had not known the tricks of it I would have lost him. That place is well named the Devil's Swallow, Sol."

I knew that would start him on a wrong scent, but one that would bring him around to where I wanted him. He drew his shoeless feet a little farther from the coals, pressed Unis closer to him, and with his eyes still on the fire, said in a tone so slow and deep that there was no room for me to doubt his sincerity:

"My frien', thet's not the name uv it—the Devil's Swallow. The time used to be when them that hunted deer didn't hev to blame the devil for bad trailin' or poor sightin'. Then thet give thet place the name uv the Devil's Swallow hed best put by the'r rifles an' stop huntin', an' jine hoin' corn for a livin'. They're no shots—they're wobblers. The keerect name uv thet place you're speakin' of is Omaleema's Whistle. He's a name thet's older than the oldest tree on the Yew Pine Mount'in. I mind hearin' my fuyther tell on't when he wuz 'n ole man an' I wuz a chunk uv a boy, an' sayin' it wuz give to it long afore his time. An' ole Granny Doane—I mind her tellin' 'bout it—she were powerful good at rememberin' about names an' times uv the year, an' the ins and outs uv kinfolk, an' them things you call legends—hit wuz one uv them things thet give it its name. I wuz way back thar in fuyther an' Granny Doane's



time—thinkin' an' turnin' over the old times, like—when you spoke to me jist now. I'll jist stay thar an' tell you 'bout it, nigh or I kin, how ole Granny Doane telled 'bout Omaleema's Whistle; an' I'll put in fayther's sayin's that he used to put in to keep the old woman steady when she were tellin' it. Unis, honey, fill up my pipe an' put a coal on ter it, and come set nigh me ag'in; you're warm'n to me, honey—like your gran'-mom allus wuz."

Unis quietly left her nestle at this well-known request, clambered up a chair to get his pipe and a handful of leaves from off the mantel-shelf, crumbled the crisp tobacco in her tiny hand by earnest pokes and busy rubbings, then dipped the pipe-bowl among the hot ashes on the hearth until a coal glowed and balanced upon its rich brown contents, then handed it carefully to her grandfather, whose eyes watched each movement of his pet with loving pleasure. Soon the blue smoke was capering about the room in graceful waftings with whiffs of wind stealing in through much-daubed crevices for a merry dance in the firelight glow; or, swooping to the chimney-place in hastening flight, it curved to the draught and off with sparks and blaze up the flue and away.

Old Sol took Unis in his lap and, as intervals between vigorous puffs permitted, went on with his promised story. "I mind it wuz in the December month uv the year—the time I fust heerd Granny Doane tell uv it—as it wuz the night after Christmas. We wuz all uv us sittin' round this same chimney-corner—fayther an' mother an' us young uns, an' the neighborin' folks hed gathered in fer an apple-peelin' that wuz goin' on yere, an' a dance arterward. There wuz laughin' an' talkin' an' good feelin' goin' all aroun', like ther ought to be at that time uv the year. An' I mind takin' notice that the old man—pop—wuz right smart peeter than I'd seed him fer many a day—more full uv laughin' like an' jokin'; an' mom, I mind, wuz kinder thinkin' 'bout somethin' that wuzn't thar, an' smilin' to herself ez of somethin' pleased her powerful. All the folks' mouths wuz goin' townust, an' they wuz makin' more clatter than a flock uv skinned geese. The boys wuz peelin' the apples with the'r huntin'-knives an' chuckin' them into the gals' laps, to core 'em an' chip 'em up fer sase; an' the gals 'ud snip 'em up lively to show the'r smartness. When a feller 'd git a whole peelin' he'd stan' up an' swing it round his head three times an' throw it over his left shoulder to see it make the fust letter uv his sweetheart's name when it fell to the floor, an' all uv 'em 'ud look on an' the gals 'ud giggle. You could tell the way his feelin' wuz pertain' by the letter he'd say it 'peared like to him; an' the colorin' up uv the gal that hed a front letter to her name like he made uv it. When the dug-out tubs an' all the belers an' pans an' baskits wuz done filled, the gals 'ud jine to an' red up the floor an' put the cheers an' benches to one side; an' Nob Gunter, he'd cutie his ole fiddle out his wiper an' give her a scrape that 'ud set 'em all choosin' their partners an' bowin' an' scrapin' like ducks on a spring mornin'. An' then Nob 'ud kinder double up, an' his foot 'ud jine thumple on the floor, an' he'd make the ole fiddle talk—jist pintedly talk—an' sich fiddlin' an' dancin' I haint seed sence. Ther's no sich now'days."

"My sister Cass—that's short fer Cascinder in these parts—wuz older than me. She wuz goin' on eighteen, an' counted the purtiest gal an' best dancer in these parts. She wuz light ez a leaf playin' with the wind on a molder. She wuz tall an' slim—takin' after fayther—but wuz round an' sleek as a panther, with a supple way uv goin' an' a quiet way uv tendin' to things about the cabin an' us children, that wuz a power uv help to mom an' right smart comfort to pop; fer they wuz both agin'."

"Cass hed a sweetheart—Neil Carpenter by name; he come from the Carpenters that made the fust settlement in these parts; but fayther, he didn't favor him. Fayther an' him hed a fallin'-out about Injins herin' souls. Neil, he said they hed, an' fayther, he said they hedn't nary bit uv a soul, no more nor a skunk; an' so they fell out an' fayther forbade him the house."

"Thet went hard agin Cass's feelin's, fer she wuz one uv the lovin' kind, an' took it to heart. Many's the time I've fuded her leanin' over the garden fence with her apron to her eyes, or seen her crouchin' over her sewin', or spinnin', or cryin'—quiet like—so's no one 'ud mind her. I wuz kittle then, an' could stan' under whar the tears wuz an' see 'em. Pop were a sot man when he got sot—powerful. I've heard mom talk fer Neil to him, an' argue with him; but 't weren't no use no way. He'd jist say: 'Mom, I 'lows no man to argue with me 'bout Injins. I've shot 'em an' knifed 'em, an' nigh cut 'em up, an' I never seed no more souls in 'em than at a hog-killin'. They haint got none, ner no place fer 'em. No saplin' uv a boy shell stan' up an' argue me 'bout Injins—puttin' his knowin' an' pinosin agin mine—an' come round here sparkin' my darter. Ef Injins bez souls I'd jist like to hev 'em in my grip; I'd squeeze 'em past all eternity—the red-skinned varmints.' An' then he'd make much uv Cass, an' tell her to take up with some feller that hed some sense; fer fayther wuz soft-hearted if he wuz sot."

"Thet night uv the apple-peelin' that I'm tellin' you about, Neil Carpenter wuz yere 'long with the rest; an' all the folks wuz a wonderin' how he come to git an invite, an' ef he an' the ole man wuz agoin' to make up an' be fr'en's. I mind well when he come in that cabin door, thar. He were ez fine a lookin' stout young feller ez you'd see in a day's journey—straight ez an arry an' sound ez hickory. He come in lookin' ez red ez a chunk uv keel, an' said all the folks 'Howdee' to wunst. He didn't shake han's all round, ez wuz common. Fayther, he took no more notice uv him nor a coon dog would uv a chipmunk. Mother, she set him a cheer, kinder backward like, an' Cass she got white an' red in the face ez quick ez you kin flop a griddle-cake. Neil come an' stood on this hearth an' looked steady into the fire ez ef it wuz comfortin' to him. He were uneasy. Hit 'peared like he didn't know what to do with hisself, but he kept edgin' round in the direction uv Cass, an' blasey he sot squar' down 'long side uv her an' jined peelin' apples with his knife, ez fast ez one uv them new-fangled machines fer peelin' with a hand an' a whirligig."

"I mind he laid the apples in Cass's lap slow an' keerful, like he wuz afraid he'd hurt her ef he chucked 'em at her; an' it 'peared like to me that he teched her han' every time."

Nayther uv 'em said nothin' to the other, an' I didn't see 'em look up onest."

"When the dancin' went on, Neil was thar on the floor with Cass, an' doin' his sheer uv dancin'—so wuz Cass; an' how they got thar, how he axed her an' how she knowed he axed her, I don't jist now remember; but, my fr'en, they danced—now mind I'm tellin' ye."

"Arter the fust dance wuz over, an' the folks hed to think a bit 'bout the'r next partners, they hauled the cheers an' benches out an' sot down round the fire, an' pop an' mom went off—quiet like—an' I knowed by the gluggetty-glug I heered outside uv the cabin that they wuz gittin' cider out uv a bar'l. An' then they come in all kivered over with snow; an' jist ez I 'spiced, thar in the'r han's wuz jugs jist frothin' over with cider."

"Laugh! My fr'en, you jist oughter heerd 'em laugh an' drink an' jabber. Them ole times—thar's nothin' like 'em now."

"Well, I'm not gittin' 'long with my tellin'—but them wuz powerful good times. Unis, honey, my pipe's out. Give me a coal, dear."

"My fr'en—Look, what comfortin' thar is in Unis an' a pipe!—Well, ez I wuz sayin', the apples wuz peeled an' the cider wuz goin', an' the dancin' wuz done over fer a bit, an' all gathered round the fire, an' us young uns wuz puttin' coals on the pipes fer them that smoked; an' all uv 'em, 'cept Cass an' Neil, wuz ez cheep ez kingfishers."

"Jist then the wind jined risin', an' purty soon it wuz blowin' like mighty, an' you couldn't her held yer finger-nails on outside the cabin door; an' it got so cold that the ole cabin seemed a-shiverin' its ownself. Outside I heerd the fallin' uv limbs an' the crackin' uv trees an' the rushin' an' howlin' goin' past, till it wuz jist past goin' out to see what it wuz. The boys piled wood on the fire, an' all uv 'em hitched the'r cheeks so close—near together like—to the fire that it wuz hard tellin' which wuz the gals' aggin' an' which wuz the boys', fer the moosehins wuz stickin' so close together you couldn't tell 'tother from which. Ez I telled ye, the wind wuz howlin'. The wild sounds wuz comin' from the mount'ins an' ketchin' on the cabin corners till I thought it 'ud hit it up. But I didn't mind thet, fer I knowed that my fayther hed lived in it fer many a year an' it hedn't blowed away yit. Jist then—the time I'm tellin' ye about—come a wild sound from the mount'ins, an' kep' on comin', an' it 'peared like to me it wuz the blowin' uv a shell horn."

"Ole Granny Doane, she spoke up, an' sez she, 'The speerits uv the red devils, an' maybe the'r carcasses, is out to-night on the mount'ins an' is dancin' the'r war-dance with Omaleema up in the Whistle. I've heerd it afore, an' I know. Hit 'll be a white Christmas yit; fer the snow 'll come thick afore mornin'. Thar's a storm allus treewin' or fallin' weather is comin' when Omaleema sets a-blowin' his whistle.'"

"The ole man—fayther—he sed, 'Hit's the wind, granny. The speerits or carcasses uv them red varmints 'ud never be 'lowed to be out sich weather ez this.' You mind, my fr'en, what fayther hed to mind from Injins—killin' two uv us young uns an' burnin' his fust cabin, an' how I hev toke you mom hed her har lifted by 'em—scalped, you calls it. The ole man hated an Injin wuz than he did a— Unis, honey, put a coal on my pipe. Thanks, dear."

"Well, fayther sed that the'rason they wouldn't be left out wuz because they'd git cooled off. He sed they'd be kep' bet red, ez they ought to be, an' they'd only git out uv the burnin' place to git a touch uv lightnin' or somethin' scorchin' uv the'r nature."

"I've seed 'em," sez Granny Doane sartin like—in solemn earnest—"I've seed 'em goin' from the ole Injin mound out yander, whar a pile uv the'r carcasses is layin', goin' up the Whistle way, when it wuz colder an' blowin' wuz nor this. I've seed the'r shoulders slippin' along under the trees when the moon wuz at its full, an' I've seed 'em times when the lightnin' wuz flashin', an' I've heerd uv 'em bein' seed by them that wuzn't skeery nor lyin'. I've heerd the Injins tell about it the'r ownelves—the live uns."

"Then fayther, he sed, 'Tell us how you've heerd it, granny. Hit don't make no differ; fer it's a lie anyway—what an Injin tells. Ther's nothin' that an Injin sez that haint a lie; ther borned with lyin' in 'em every time.'"

"Granny Doane jist looked at him—sorrowin' like—an' sez she: 'I haint wonderin', Sol, thet you hev hard feelin's agin 'em. I mind well the time when the ole cabin wuz burnt, an' the two kittle children uv yours inter it, an' Betsy left fer dead; an' you goin' on like you wuz mad, an' startin' arter the murderin' gang while the cabin was a blazin' yit.'"

"Hit's past b'tevin'," sez fayther, "thet them that murdered my lile uns an' fired my cabin kin git out fer cool from the hot place I sent 'em to. If I hed keer uv 'em I'd tend the fire ragler.'"

"Thet wuz what fayther said. Granny Doane jined talkin' agin, an' sez she, 'An ole Injin woman telled me. She said that away back yander, afore the acorns wuz made fer the trees that wuz growin' then on the Yew Pine Mount'ins, thar wuz big fightin' goin' on atween the Injins that lived over on Ganley River an' them that lived yere on Elk River; an' chance times they'd hev neighborin' gangs to help 'em do bigger fightin'. In the Yew Pine Mount'ins an' all 'long down yere in the river bottoms, the fightin' wuz goin' on. Them mounds you see yereabouts is whar the Injins 'ud put the carcasses uv them that wuz killed arter the fight wuz done over.'"

"Thar wuz a head man uv the Injins on the Ganley side that they called Omaleema. He wuz a master-hand in a fight, ez at huntin' or speakin' or anything. I disremember the name uv the head man uv the Elk gang, but it hed the meenin' uv 'The Panther in the Bush,' or somethin' like thet. Somethin' sneakin', anyway."

"One day, way back in them times, Omaleema wuz chasin' an elk upon the divide atween the head waters uv the two rivers, yander, an' he wuz all by hisself. He wuz a-chasin' the elk so fast that when the beast come to the branch we call the Whistle in these times, he hed no way to git off from him but to jump the holler from one side to 'tother. Jist ez he wuz jumpin' over, Omaleema he let go an arry at him, an' it hit him, an' it stuck in jist ahind his fore-leg that wuz down-stream

like; an' the elk fell down in the holler, dead. Omaleema hed to go down-stream a bit to hunt a way to git to whar it wuz layin', an' when he got thar, thar wuz the head man—chief they calls him—uv the Elk fellers—Injins—standin' with his stone huntin'-knife ready to cut the creeper's throat; an' he looked black ez a kittle when he seed Omaleema comin'. Omaleema jist kep' on walkin' up with his stone knife out ready to cut the creeper's throat, too; an' thar they stood face to face lookin' at each other—mad like—an' no love lost etween 'em."

"'Stan' back,' sez the Panther in the Bush—I can't fetch his 'tother name—the creeper's mine; thar's my arry that killed him.' An' sure enough, thar wuz an arry stickin' in the elk on the side that wuz up the Branch, jist pintedly in the same place, ahind the fore-leg, thet Omaleema's arry wuz; 'cept his'n wuz in the side down the Branch."

"'Stan' back your own self,' sez Omaleema. 'The creeper's mine. Thar's my arry'—an' he pintoed to his'n—an' my arry hitted fust, fer I seed the creeper turn his head up the Branch when my arry hit him jist ez he wuz goin' through the air—ez if he were tryin' to ketch a foothold on nothin' to turn away from the wound an' the one that wounded him. Ef your arry hed hit fust he'd turned his head down stream, away from it.' With that they jawed back'ard an' for'ed, an' both uv 'em got big head, an' madder an' madder, an' then they hauled the'r stone tomahawks an' went at it—fightin'. The hatchitin' an' knifin' an' cuttin' wuz ter'ble. They fit an' fit over the carcass till they fell down from wounds an' bleedin', an' wuz so nigh done out that they couldn't fite no longer. Thar they laid, with all the'r senses done gone out uv 'em. Omaleema wuz dyin'. The Great Spirit uv the Injins seed how 't was. He knowed that Omaleema's arry hit fust, an' he thought it were a shame to let him go dead thet away, when he wuz fightin' fer his rights an' weren't to blame. So the Great Spirit come in a rainbow across the mist on the fallin' water, an' sez he: 'Omaleema, the creeper's yours. Yer bow shot the death shot, an' your arry hit him fust. I'll stan' by you an' see you righted, an' give you power over your enemy.'"

"Jist then 'long come the darter uv the Panther in the Bush. She wuz so purty—the ole Injin woman telled me—that the birds uv the air an' the wild hawks 'ud fly down to look at her; an' so good that the posies an' wood-flowers allus opened an' spread out when she axed 'em."

"Fayther he wuz listenin' to granny tellin' 'bout it, an' he laughed right out, an' sez he: 'Hold on, granny; you're smotherin' her too sick. I've seed Injin squaws, young an' old, but I never seed one like thet. They haint made thet way nary time. Ther allus ready to see the bucks inter all kinds uv divilment, an' take a han' in the fightin'. Ther up to all kinds uv meanness. I never laid my eyes on a squaw that could hold a candle to our Cass fer looks, an' ef a posie opened when one uv 'em wuz about, hit did it in the natural way, an' lik ez not went shut agin when it sot the fust look on her.'"

"Well, thet's what the Injin woman telled me, jist ez I'm tellin' you, Sol," said ole granny—fer Sol wuz my fayther's name afore me. 'I haint sayin' it myself no time. She telled me thet her given name wuz Missennanna, with a meenin' uv yaller homeysuckle. Ez I wuz tellin' you, she come along, an' ez soon ez she seed Omaleema lyin' thar all bleedin' an' dyin' she took a notion to him, an' blessed up his cuts an' backs an' put yabs on 'em, an' washed him off in the water uv the Branch, an' sot down 'long side uv him an' jined nussin' him. The Great Spirit hed fetched Missennanna thar to tend him, an' he wuz lookin' on an' smilin' out uv the rainbow. Arter a spell Omaleema he come to an' opened his eyes an' seed Missennanna, an' thet set his heart beatin' agin an' fetched the life back inter him; an', wook an' nigh gone ez he wuz, he reached out his han' an' got a lottle green branch off uv a saplin', an' him an' Missennanna broke it atween 'em an' throwed it inter the water uv the Branch. Thet wuz the Injin way uv marryin'."

"Missennanna haint taken no notice of her pop, she wuz so took up with Omaleema—fer a girl can't see nothin' 'cept the feller she keers fer when she's lookin' at him, or is nigh him. Her pop wuz comin' to. Arter a bit he riz upon his elbow an' put his han' up to his mouth an' gin a whoop that made the mount'ins tremble from Yew Pine's top to way over to Ganley's ridges."

"The sound uv it 'peared like to fetch Missennanna from her lovin' to what wuz goin' on. She grabbed up a stone an' stood atween her fayther an' Omaleema, protectin' him like. All uv a sudden she turned ez white ez the splashin' water whar it frothed in the Branch, and sez she to Omaleema: 'He's holled fer them thet's agin you; thet whoop wuz to bring you'r enemies. Holler fer yer own people, an' holler quick.'"

"The Great Spirit uv the Injins moved the mist uv the waterfall till the rainbow teched Omaleema, an' he put a shell in his han' an' telled him to blow on it. 'Omaleema,' sez he, 'your heart's lög an' yer han's white an' clean. I'll not staa' by an' see you killed or go dead. Whenever you blow on thet shell whistle, what you want an' ax fer will come to you; whet you want you'll git.' Then the Great Spirit he piked up the rainbow an' the mist an' went off him in the rays uv the sun."

"Omaleema, he gathered his wind an' blew on the shell whistle that the Great Spirit hed g'n him, an' the sound uv it shook the mount'ins an' hollers an' bent the trees till the'r tops teched the ground, an' they bowed down together like corn in a melder. The water billed in the pools uv the Branch, an' the rocks come a-tumblin' down from the crags uv the divides, Omaleema heerd the trampin' uv moosehins an' the breakin' uv twigs an' the yells uv his enemies, an' seed the Injins ez wuz comin' agin him; then he called fer his gang, an' the sound uv his call wuz no sooner out uv his mouth than they come a-runnin', an' the two gangs met an' jined fightin' to wunst. The arrys flew thick ez the snow-flakes when it's snowin'; the tommyhawks whizzed an' cracked like the breakin' uv tree limbs in a storm; an' the yells an' death-grips wuz ter'ble. They pitched each other from the rocks uv the holler, an' they drowned tergether, fightin', in the water uv the Branch. Ef 't wer' ter'ble."

"Omaleema wuz nigh too near done gone dead fer to stan' up. He riz on his knees, an' he put Missennanna ahind him out uv harm's way, an' shot his arrys an' bised on his men, an' holled an' yelled well he could."





A MODERN MAGDALEN.  
DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.





*From a painting by J. H. Doiph.*

THE JEALOUS SCHOLAR.



" 'Simeby the Infins uv both gangs hed nigh killed t'others. Hit were the biggest fight they'd ever sighted. Omaskeema put his whistle to his mouth an' blowed ag'in ; an' he called for the wind that comes from the north to blow, an' hit come a-rearin' an' tearin' an' whistlin' an' howlin' an' moasin' up the Branch an' inter the holler ; an' it gathered up the hull uv his mortal enemies an' the'r head man, Panther in the Bush, like feathers, an' carried 'em away off an' down the mount'ins to the'r own campin'-place yere on Elk, an' kep' 'em thar.

"Onakeema wuz packed him by 'em uv his gang tho' wuz livin'; an' his now wife, Missenamma, tended to him ez keeful ez the doe tendin' her fawn er the robin its young; an' he lived to keef for her powerful, an' lick the Elk gang every time they fought. An' thet's why the Ijins said the wind allus howls so goin' through that boiler, an' the storms come; for it's the Great Spirit answerin' the call uv Onakeema's whistle for him an' the north wind, as his best fren's, when he gethers his men around him that wont dead thet time.

"The holler's named Omaha's Whistle to this day, from  
away farther yander back. The Injuns is dancin' up thar now  
I've heerd the whistle an' heerd 'em holler many's the time."

"That's what ole Granny Doane said. An' when she wuz done tellin' 'bout it she wuz nigh done out, an' all them the wuz smokin' reached her the'r pipes.

"Fyther, he up an' sez : 'Granny, I'll pantedly go see about that. I'll hev no Injins or Injin carcasses dancin' no howlin' the night afore Christmas nigh my cabin ; fer hit's a night uv goodness an' pleasantness an' kind feelin's.'"

"Fayther said them words in airmes, an' he took down his ole rifle thet he used to go Injin-hantin' with—thet one hangin' thar on the pegs—an' put on his cap an' started for the door. I mind bein' so skeered about the fightin' an' the spirits an' grunny's way uv tellin' 'bout 'em, an' pop goin' to the mount'ins, thet I put my head under Cass's apron. All uv 'em wuz skeered. They wuz skeered to quietness and huddlin' close; an' the' eyes stuck wide open like they seed ghosts in the fire. They wuz afeerd to stir or say nothin'.

" Neil Carpenter, he riz up from whar he was sittin' long side uv Cass ez white ez a peeled apple, an' he took hold uv Cass's han' with his two han's an' squeezed it ez long ez a sparkin' squeeze. Cass, she gin him a look (thet wuz the fast one thet I'd seed her giv Neil thet night) thet fetched the blood flyin' back to his face; an' hit 'peared like to me thet it stretched him up 'bout a foot taller. Neil, he holloed out to fayther, ez he wuz haultin' at the door to look at the primin' uv his gun, an' sez he, sot like : ' You're not goin' by yourself. I'm goin' long with you.' Then pop, he jist took Neil by the han' an' gin it a ketch like they were takin' hold fer a pullin' match, an' sez be : ' Neil, thar's stuff in you. You an' me 'll go see if them things be souls er speerits er carcasses er jist the wind soughin'. Ef thar's anything Injun about, my ole rifle kin tell it the darkest night thet iver wuz made, an' 'll go off p'inted right every time by its own self. We'll settle it—whether er no Injuns hev souls—an' ef I'm wrong I'll ux yer pardon an' gin you my han' fer a fayther-in-law, an' a fayther. too. Thar's stuff in you, Neil.'

"Unis, honey, my pipe wants fillin'." But Unis heard him not. She was sound asleep, with her head nestling against the old man's heart. He covered her cheek with his great hand to screen her from the light and heat of the fire, saying: "Never mind, honey. I reckon I've smoked enough till I'm done tellin' 'bout it. Long yarns tires a body. Your gran'-mother wuz thetaway."

Old Sol would have sat there for a week without meat, drink, or smoke, rather than disturb that child while it slept. So I filled and lighted his pipe for him, well knowing that he needed its prompting puffs to keep the memories of the present from mingling with those of the past.

"Tsaakce, my fren," he said, as I handed it to him. "You're high ez good to me ez Unis. I hang to the trail uv thinkin' best when I'm smokin', whether it's here or yander. That's a power uv comfort in a smoke. Them times is fur ez now—gone eighty year; an' many a track bez crossed the'r trail sense; but I mind it ez well ez when I wuz a chunk uv a boy."

"Nell, he took his rifle 'long, fer in them days men didn't go paradin' about with bits 'n' saplins 'n' walkin' sticks in their han's; ther wuz wolves an' burs an' panthers, an' now an' then a chance injin that needed good sightin' an' quick pullin' on the trigger. A man's rifle wuz his staff an' comforter, ez the Book sez.

" Neil, he took his rifle 'long, an' him an' pop went out into the storm. Nobody 'cept Neil moved to go 'long; they wuz all so skeered an' afear'd. They jist sot lookin' at the fire like they wuz settin' roun' a coffin.

"Ewan Connard—one o' the fellers that wuz thar—he'd been tryin' fer quite a spell to make up to our Cass, an' keep company with her; he spoke up, an' sez he: 'I reckon Nudd Carpenter thinks it's big to say he'll go 'long up yander on the mount'n.'"

"I seed Cass git ez red in the face ez a hollyhock, an' see she: 'He's doin' big, anyway, Evan Connard'; an' thet shut Evan up."

— 'Ole Granny Deane, she spoke solemn like to mom, an' so she : ' I'm fretted, Bebe, that I telled the story ez I heard it an' argued with Sol ; fer I might hav knowed Sol 'ud go out in the perichest storm that ever blowed ef he 'spected that his likely find an Injin—livin' er a carcass—or a hundred uv 'em. I'm fretted, Bebe, that I 'lowed my tongue to git loose.' "

mom said. 'He's had his sheer uv harm from them; an' he killed all uv them that did it with his own han'. That's n' harm 'll come to him. He's used to the mount'ins day an' night-time. Hit's a terrible night, but hit hain't dark. Don't you fret, granny.' An' I seed mom her case uv them pleasin' looks on her face that wuz ther afore.

"Cass, she got up from her cheer an' went to the door o' the cabin, thar, an' opened it an' looked out; fer she couldn't stan' pop an' Nell hein' out an' nobody listenin' fer 'em. While she stood thar listenin', with the door open an' the wind an' the snow whirlin' an' blusterin' in, we all heerd the Whistlers goin' up on the mountain, till the clap-boards uv the roof rattled like their wuz chatterin' teeth, an' in the middle uv it we all heerd the crack uv a rifle up the holler way. The gals got

white as the snow that wuz settlin' on the floor, an' gathered up the'r moccasins ready fer runnin', an' took in wind—sudden like—ready fer screechin'. The men grabbed the'r huntin'-knives an' jumped for the'r rifles that wuz standin' round in the corners; fer, as I wuz tellin' you, nobody traveled fur without his rifle in them days. Injuns wuz scarce then; but wolves an' bears an' panthers wuz thick, an' chance shots at elk an' deer an' night varmints wuz plenty.

"Cass, she turned round' from whar she wuz standin' in the door, an' I never seed her eyes shine an' snup so afore; an' sez she: 'Evan Connard, it 'ud be big in you to go larn what that shootin' wuz fer.' Thet wuz the fust time I ever seed our Cass spiteful.

"Evens, he didn't stir nor say nothin'. He jist looked kinder cowed, an' Cass went out uv the cabin an' shet the door arter her. All the rest uv 'em stood thar, lookin' ef ef thar wuz somethin' outside that wanted a lickin', an' none uv 'em keered 'nough 'bout fightin' to go t'other side uv that door to see what the ruction wuz.

"Purty soon we heerd the soun' uv laughin' an' talkin', an' I mind hit wuz our Cass laughin' most; an' then fayther, an' then Neel Carpenter. Hit wuz kind uv cheerin'—'vices wuz—an' all uv them thet wuz yere in the cabin run to the door, thar, ez of the house wuz afire; an' here come fayther an' Neel a draggin' somethin', an' our Cass walkin' 'long side uv 'em, big ez a preacher's wife at a baptism.

" 'Hit beats all I ever heerd tell uv,' said ole Granny Doane. 'Ef Sol Peters hain't got an Injin. Sol niver went out huntin' fer an Injin that he didn't git; but who'd a thought he'd a got a carcass or a speerit? Hit beats natur'!'

"The gals wuz kinder skeery yit—like sheep arter a skeer—  
an' they all fell back, to be sure, like, uv what wuz a-comin',  
 afore gittin' too nigh to it.

"Es I waiz sayin', 'long come Cass, for she'd gone up the mount'in-way to find fuyther an' Neil; an' thar come pop an' Neil draggin' somethin', an' they gin it a siling in the door thar, an' all uv the gals let out the screeches they'd had ready fer a right smart bit. An' fayther he said: 'Thar's your Injins, granny. Neil sez that un hain't no soul ner never hed one nary time, an' I gree with him, an' we're 'greeed, an' made it up, an' is good fr'en's. Ombaheens bez right smart uv them kind uv spoorites to jine him an' keep company with him up yander in the mount'ins, but they won't come fer his whistle no more no time. Hit takes the whistle uv a bullet to fetch 'em.' An' pop he laughed, fer thar on the floor layed the all-firedest, biggest b'ar you ever laid your eyes on—dead ez a chompin'-log.

" Party soon all the folks wuz a-laughin', an' the gals wuz a-feelin' his shiny black hide. Fyther hung up his ole rifle on the pegs, thar—whar it hangs yit—an' Neil stood his'n in the corner, an' then he went, quiet like, an' sot down 'longside ur Cass an' took hold ur her han', an' they wuz lookin' at each other ez pleased an' soft like ez young married folk.

"Then fayerher he sez: 'Moon, hun' round the cider while I tell you how 't wuz; an' then we'll git to goin' ag'in, an' Nob 'll jine fiddlin' an' we'll hev a dance. Fer a right smart while back hit's 'peared like to me' (fayerher he were standin' on this very same hearth, an' his back wuz facin' the fire an' he wuz facin' the folks) 'hit's 'peared like to me somethin' wuz goin' wrong, an' ez Christmas wuz comin' roun' I jined thinkin' about it. I jined thinkin' that the time uv the year wuz

comin' fer good feelin's an' no hard cues, an' ef I'd done any  
feiler-creeter a harm er a wrong I oughter stan' up like a man  
an' oughter say so, an' giv him a han' an' make it up, an' git  
squa' with him ez well ez I could, an' look him in the eyes,  
homest like, with Christian feelin's, an' not be standin' behind  
a tree like a ole fool. An' I jined thinkin' that I'd seed the  
tears in my darter Cass's eyes, an' I'd seed her sufferin' an'  
ayin' nuthin'—jist goin' on quiet like, worritin'. An' thet's  
the wust kind uv worritin'! An' I'd seed Neil Carpenter stay-  
in' away from her like a man, doin' what I told him to. He  
idn't go with no other gal no time, an' I seed that he wuz all  
the time a-frettin' fer Cass. Sex I to myself, "Sol Peters, hit  
on't do fer an ole man to be too 'poinated, an' git big head."

other folks, old an' young, hez a right to the'r own way uv thinkin' of it hain't hurtin', an' is 'ordin' to the Book." An' I sez to myself: "Is yer han' really, Sol Peters, to take the han' uv every livin' man hereabouts in good feelin'—an' kin you say 'em all, 'howdee,' an' Merry Christmas Day on Christmas mornin'?" An' my han' kinder stayed in my pocket, an' I wuz intently 'shamed to look at it. I knowed thar wuz somethin' wrong with that han', an' I sez to it: "You've got to come out y' thar, an' be squar' afore me fer good-feelin' shakes all round, fer I've got to look squar' afore me on Christmas mornin'." So I tells mom to say nuthin', but kinder let Neil Carter know that he might venture to come to the apple-peel this evenin'. An' she did: an' he come. I seed how jubas wuz about gittin' nigh our Cass, but he got thar. An' I owed by thar looks that the ole feelin' wuz on both uv 'em, that it 'ud last till the buryin' time 'ud come fer 'em, an' like not, e'ar past that to all eternity. I jined feelin' the goods uv Christmas a-comin' at fetchin' them together ag'in.

“Then Granny Dosne jined spinnin’ her yarn, an’ when she  
 jod ‘bout Ommeleena dancin’ uv granter in the holler with his  
 kin’ men, thinks I, I’ll see what sort uv stuff Neil Carpen-  
 er’s made uv. So I ‘peared to let em to go for Injina. Hit’s  
 stedly no Sunday job ner fun god’n up them mount’ins sich  
 tight ez this to fight carcasses, an’ speerits, an’ shadders, an’  
 ybe more’n’s knowed uv; but I finded Neil Carpenner jist  
 ar I likes to find a man in times uv danger—an’ thet’s right  
 side uv me. I wuz ez tickled ez a bar at a bee gum  
 at it.

“Ex Neil an’ me wuz goin’ long, climbin’ up the mount’n  
sides, I heered a noise like some one a-footin’ it. Just ez I  
began to listen an’ git knowledge uv its tread, I seed Neil’s  
go up an’ him take keerful aim at somethin’, an’ he never  
blinced or trembled; he stood ez steady ez a stump in a clear-  
ing. Then he fired an’ fatched down that bar you see layin’  
there. He’s reale stuff, Neil is. I jist grabbed him by the scruff  
of the neck, an’ I slung him round an’ I socked my han’ in his’n,  
I sez: “Neil, I’ve done you a wrong; let’s be frien’s. Tho  
it’s avall the Infins that ever lived in these parts hain’t wuth  
leavin’ bad blood atween us.” An’ we’re frien’s.”

" 'Ez we wuz comin' back here we needs Cas follow' de sound uv the shot to see ef anythin' wuz wrong. I knowed ef her feelin's wuz in it fer me an' Nel, an' I felt the Christmas wuz comin' bigger nor ever—an' nigher."

"The clock has gone twelve now, an' it's Christmas mornin', an' my han's ready for it. Mom, hand me the Book!"

"Mother sho fetched the Book out uv the old chest to the corner thar. An' I never seed fayerly look so pwey an' feelin'. Hit 'peared like, ez he wuz stavin' yere, that he growed bigger nor ever, an' his face wuz jist shinin' chock full o' Christmas. He put his arm round mother an' gin her a real kiss, an' then he jined readin' a chapter out uv the Book. When hit wuz done ended we had some prayers, an' then they riz off uv his knees, an' sez he, 'Case, come yere.' So Case she come to him, an' he gin her a kiss; an' I seed his eyes shinin' like they wuz wet.

"' Cass,' sez he, 'you've been a good gal an' a poor an comfort to me an' your mother, an' helped us along a sight. I'm goin' to gin you the lower molder fer a Christmas gift, an' a piece uv timber-land on the mount'in; an' your mother is goin' to give you the housepun she has laid by, an' six trich es she kin spare fer you to jine housekeepin' in the new colon we're all goin' to help build down in the lower molder. An' Nell, you come yere.' An' Nell come an' stood 'logside ' Cass, an' I seed him take hold uv her han' down 'logside uv her skirts.

"'No, no,' sez Fayther, 'you're both rale stuff, an' I'll stay by each other till the time comes for you to go home to the good Father uv us all. That's no use uv you two squar'n' no longer; hit's jist pently waste uv time. I'm goin' to give her to you, Neil, fer a Christmas gift, in good foelin'. An' here's my han'." Hit's straight afore me, an' no't a-hangin' back in ne pocket arytine toward anybody, anyway.

"Now, say the words," sez he. An' Nell an' Cass wuz in arter fayther—fer he wuz a 'squire—an' he jined 'em tight the an' thar.

"You never seed sich colorin' an' smilin' an' lookin' imp' ez thar wuz on the faces uv them two. They wuz ez pleased ez two crows in a corn-patch, an' hit jist panted. Then the crows went rozn' again, an' Nob Gunter he jined fiddlin', an' the dancin' an' laughin' an' fun went on. I don't reckon that he stopped till big daylight, fer I went to sleep in that corner thar, settin' in mother's lap--fer she'd picked me up when she marryin' wuz goin' on, an' wuz makin' march over me so the folks wouldn't take notice she wuz cryin'. Hit wuz fer jiz, though, that Cass an' Neil hed no more trouble an' the bether's han' wuz out.

"An' now, my fr'en', I've telled you all I know 'bout Ose-  
beem's Whistle."

## ON THE THRESHOLD.

I HEARD at the bar of heaven,  
The wail of a soul in pain ;  
It rose from the ranks of the righteous  
Whose white robes knew no stain.  
At God's right hand they were gathered  
Out of the terror of space—  
And this was the cry of the soul  
In the light of its Father's face :

"Justice, O Judge Eternal!  
Turn from me Thy pitying eyes—  
For heavy, a silent sentence,  
The weight of Thy mercy lies!  
I come with my sword all shining,  
By the rust of no blood-stains marred,  
And to Thee, who wast wounded and smitten,  
I lift up my hands unscarred!

" Shall I win what I never fought for,  
Or conquer who struck no blow !  
Down to the world's wide battle  
I watched my brothers go ;  
I heard the sound of the fighting,  
I heard the captain's call,  
And I saw, in the thick of the conflict,  
Thy vanquished soldiers fall ;  
And I drew my white robes round me—  
I would keep them clean as snow,  
Out of the mud of the highways  
Where the tramping armies go !

"I kept their whiteness hidden,  
And still, with a coward's tongue,  
At the sullied and fallen fighters  
The stones of my judgment flung;  
Broken and pierced was their armor,  
But I kept my sword sheathed fast—  
And now, O Lord, shall I bring it  
To lay at thy feet at last!  
I cast it in shame behind me—  
O blade unproved, untried,  
That crossed no foeman's falchion  
On the field where my brothers died!

" Give them the crowns, O Father !  
The laurel that victors wear.  
The stain of their sins was scarlet,  
But redder the wounds they bear—  
And here by the light of thy judgment  
They shine all clean and fair.  
Thine be the palm to curry  
When they drop the broken sword ;  
Thine be the peace and the glory—  
They have won, O Lord !"

I heard in the bush at the threshold  
The sob of that grieving soul,  
And I saw around it and o'er it  
A mystery of darkness roll ;  
But in through the gates of the city  
Whose builder and maker is God,  
Washed clean from their sins of scarlet,  
The thief and the harlot trod.



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

SPRING-TIME.—From a photograph by Miss Emma J. Farnsworth.



DOROTHY.—From a photograph by Miss Emma J. Farnsworth.



WINTER.

## CHILDHOOD IN PHOTOGRAPHY.





CHRISTMAS EVE IN "OLE VIRGINNY."—DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.





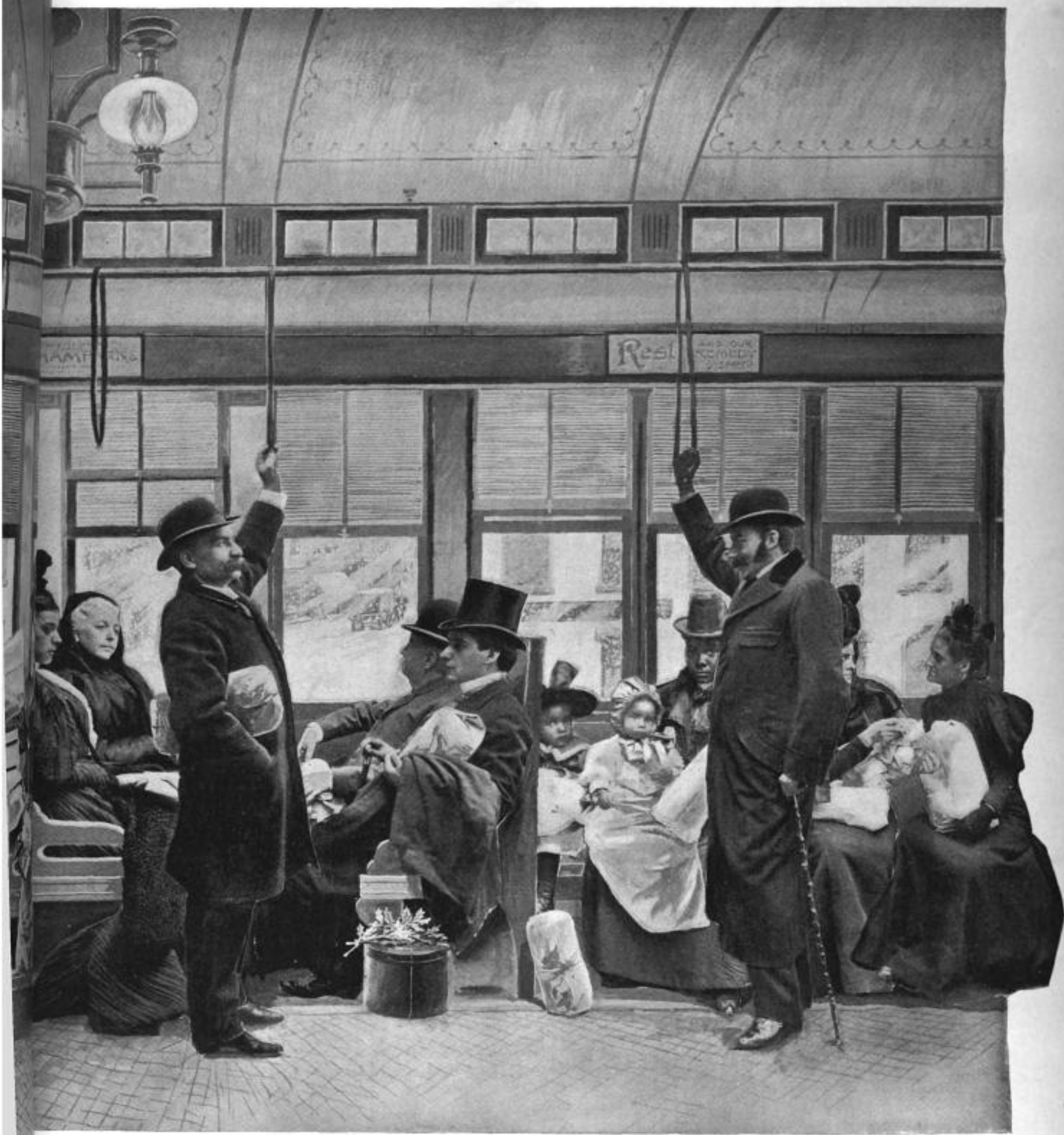




"As Christmas Day approaches there are evidences of a coming festival on every side; evidences which almost a blind man can see. On the day before Christmas these evidences are

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING  
SCENE ON AN UP-TOWN TRAIN OF





general that he is a marked man who has not a bundle or so under his arm and whose pockets do not bulge with mysterious packages. On the elevated cars they are especially apparent."

3 HOMEWARD BOUND.  
A NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.









PASSING THE LOVING-CUP AT THE PLAYERS CLUB ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.—DRAWN BY W. H. FUSK.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE AT "THE PLAYERS."

It falleth when the starry eve is still,  
When sounds of revelry have hushed and died—  
The blissful moment when friends, side by side,  
And heart by heart, the generous beaker fill  
Wherein sweet dews of memory distill.  
And so the Players—some the Drama's pride,  
All in Life's tragic comedy allied—

Drink, Peace on earth, unto all men good will.  
But ever, while on New Year's Eve may pass  
The loving-cup, to comradeship so dear,  
For one congenial spirit hovering near  
Must reverent hands turn down an empty glass.  
Players! the while his thought shall charm and soothe  
In silence drink—the memory of Booth.

HENRY TYRRELL.





"Hear the fiddles hummin'—holly hangin' high."

## A COUNTRY CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

HEAR the fiddles hummin'—  
Holly hangin' high ;  
(Knowed it was a-comin'  
Fourth o' last July—  
Christmas!) How the fire  
Blazes, red an' blue!  
(Take your place, Maria:  
Who's been kissin' you?)

Christmas in the country  
An' Christmas in the sky;  
Mistletoe is temptin'  
An' the holly hangin' high!

Banjos—fiddles playin';  
Almost shake the shed!  
(Moll, what's Dick been sayin',  
Makes your cheeks so red?)  
Now the dancers rally—  
Liveliest set in town.  
Trip it light, Miss Sally!  
Come in, Betsey Brown!

For it's Christmas in the country  
An' there's kissin' on the sly;  
Mistletoe is temptin'  
An' the holly's hangin' high.

Music's goin' steady—  
Now, the figgers call.  
Ladies, are you ready?  
Swing your partners all!  
Lively, now! . . . Miss Molly,  
Come in with the girls!  
(Dick's been kissin' Polly;  
Rumpled all her curls!)

For it's Christmas in the country,  
Music in your feet!  
An' the mistletoe is temptin'  
An' the kissin's mighty sweet!

Now the dancin's over—  
Fiddles stopped their fuss;  
Talk 'bout folks in clover—  
Take a look at us!  
Hick'ry-nuts a-crackin',  
Egg-nogg—apple-pie;  
Pretty lips a-smackin'—  
Heaven on the sly!

For it's Christmas in the country  
An' it's Christmas in the sky;  
An' the mistletoe is temptin'  
An' the holly's hangin' high!  
FRANK L. STANTON.





by Arthur Cissom

I.

THE COURIER'S CRIME.

THE cold December night was settling down over a struggling little Russian village that crouched desolately in the snowy wilds a day's journey from Samara, when a *troika*, or three-horse sleigh, containing a single traveler and a driver, brought up before the one inn of the place, with an imperative hail to the invisible proprietor of—"Samovar!"

As the traveler, somewhat stiff from the cold, burst into the warm public room, closely followed by the half-frozen John, a crowd of evil-looking Jews and peasants that were hovering about the clay stove scattered hastily to make room, and began wearily speculating among themselves, in far corners, regarding the stranger's probable rank and wealth.

What with the foul-smelling sheepskins of these peddlers and *monjiks*, and the stench of oily cooking that was going on in the next room, not to mention the noisome squalor of the house itself, the atmosphere of the place was anything but appetizing. The stranger, however, appeared not to notice his surroundings, his interest centering on the hasty preparation of his tea and the contents of his mess-tins.

He was a large, powerfully built, handsome man, young, and with the bearing of a nobleman. He was enveloped in a huge *shuba*, a fur pelisse reaching to his heels, while his head was protected by a fur cap and *ushlisk*—the latter a thick cloth head-piece with long ends to wrap about his throat.

Having eaten and drunk his fill, and placed a dozen copecks in the withered palm of the servile old proprietor, he announced his readiness for departure.

"What! to-night?" cried the amazed driver. "Oh, one of noble birth, not to-night!"

"Yes; to-night—now!" replied the traveler, impatiently. "Were you not told that my mission is important, and that I could not stop before reaching Sizeran?"

"But, O Lord God, not to-night!" expostulated the frightened *seerss*. "There will be a snow-storm—it is already beginning—and we may be lost and frozen. It is all of twenty *vershs* to the next stopping-place; and oh, master of noble birth, there are wolves! For the love of God, let us remain here!"

"Here—in this vile place?" and the traveler glanced around with an expression of disgust. "Come now, you shall have ten rubles extra."

"Oh, excellency, you are most kind; but it is impossible! I should be frozen or eaten by the wolves."

With an oath of exasperation the stranger turned away and approached the proprietor, who was also the village postmaster.

"I am making a forced journey from Ogdenburg to Sizeran, and I have not a minute to lose," he explained. "Here is my *podorozhaya* (passport), which commands, in the name of the Czar, that I be supplied with post horses. You have seen the criminal cowardice of my driver. Can you not provide me with another who is not afraid of a little wind and snow?"

"Ah, I have my fears, your excellency," was the reply, given in a surly tone. "It is a bad night—a very bad night. But I will see," and raising his voice he called out: "Is there any one here who can drive the noble courier of the Czar on his way to Sizeran?"

There was no response from among the sullen *monjiks* and Hebrew peddlers.

"None of them knows the way," muttered the old man, apologetically.

"That's a lie!" said the traveler; "but the devil take you all! I'll drive myself. I know the way, so fetch the horses. Here is silver. Hurry!"

Although surprised, and perhaps not approving the plan, the postmaster could only obey the order, and in a short time fresh horses were being harnessed to the sleigh.

At this juncture one of the Jews, who was older, better dressed, and more cleanly than his fellows, and who had ostensibly been occupied with his devotions before an *obraz* that hung on one of the low walls, approached the traveler as he was adjusting his wraps, and made a profound obeisance.

"What would you?" demanded the noble, harshly.

"Most high and excellent favored one of God," was the humble reply, in low, guarded tones, and with the accent of the Pole, "I am a wayfarer like yourself, bound for Penza and Moscow. I have nothing in common with these creatures you see here, and unless I can advance upon my journey to-night I fear violence, and—I can be frank with you—robbery. If you would but deign to allow a poor and despised Jew to accompany you, I should be the most grateful of God's faithful; and he bowed again with great humility.

The tall Russian gave him a long, keen scrutiny before replying. The old Jew had the appearance of a respectable merchant, and his fear of robbery indicated that he was in possession of a large amount of gold or valuables. Certainly he was actuated by some most extraordinary motive, else he would never have presumed to make such an overture to one whose rank was so far above him, or sought to proceed upon his journey at such an hour and in such weather.

"Like all of your accursed race," said the noble, after a moment's reflection, "you are a presumptuous toad. But

prepare yourself. Two is company, and you may divide the cold with me."

A few minutes later the strangely-assorted pair had left the village behind, and were speeding through the bitter Russian night. There was a sharp wind, and the snow was falling, but not heavily; and the moon, half obscured by clouds, shed a faint, wan light over the dreary waste of country.

For an hour scarcely a word passed between the two. They were so muffled that conversation was difficult, even had there been a subject of common interest.

The route became more and more wild and uneven, and the horses breathed heavily as they pounded along through the drifted snow. But they were strong, swift animals, insured to hard travel, and mile after mile was left behind without pause or accident.

All at once the Jew started, and bent forward in a listening attitude.

"Did you hear that?" he exclaimed.

"Only the howl of a wolf," was the answer.

"Listen! There it is again! And another! Oh, heaven!" "There are worse dangers than wolves abroad to-night, Jew," muttered the Czar's courier through his *rushlik*.

The howls, at first few and faint, gradually became louder and more frequent as the moments passed, and sounded from all directions.

"Oh, Lord God!" wailed the Jew in terror. "We shall be pursued and devoured. Oh, to be safe home in Moscow! Lash the lazy steeds, excellency! Oh, Lord God! Why did I undertake this awful expedition?"

"To get gold," answered the noble, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Gold—gold—that is the Lord God of such as you! Nothing but greed of that could take you away from your safe quarters through the wilds of the Volga."

The Jew's only answer was a cry of fright as a long-drawn howl sounded perilously near behind them.

Suddenly the noble turned in his seat, facing his trembling companion.

"How much money have you in the belt about your body?" he demanded.

The Pole, surprised and alarmed by the abrupt question, stammered an inaudible reply.

"Out with it!" insisted his inquisitor. "Your kind are always stuffed about with gold."

"Only a small amount, your excellency," was the apprehensive reply. "A very small amount indeed—hardly worth mention. Save me from these ravenous beasts, and you shall share it, if your excellency will accept a present from a poor Hebrew!"

A hoarse sound, that might have been a chuckle or a growl, and that struck more terror to the Jew's heart than the howls of the wolves, came through the Russian's bearded lips.

"I'll take it all!" he said, fiercely. "I know you are lying when you say it is but a small amount; your fear of robbery betrayed you, worm of Israel!"

He sprang erect in the *troika* and rapidly wound the reins about the cross-bar of the runners.

"What do you mean to do?" gasped the old Jew, cowering in his seat.

"I mean to throw you to the wolves!" was the savage answer. "For what else did I allow you to come with me? Your gold and your life pay for this ride, dog of a—!" and he hurled his powerful body upon the Pole and bore him, struggling furiously, to the bottom of the sleigh.

In the fall the Jew managed to get the left hand of his assailant between his teeth, and he bit it viciously through glove and flesh and bone.

But his jaws slowly relaxed under a vice-like pressure at his throat and the weight of a heavy knee on his chest.

His *dakka* and waistcoat were roughly torn aside, and the great belt that was strapped about his loins quickly unbuckled.

Then he was lifted bodily into the air, as if he had been a bag of grain, and cast over the side of the sleigh into the snow, where he lay half insensible near the foot of a tree.

"A fine feast for the wolves!" murmured the courier of the Czar, as he fastened on the belt and whipped up his horses. "Curses on him! He has bitten my hand almost in two."

The horses bounded forward furiously under the lash, while the snarls and yelps of the savage beasts that were now in actual pursuit grew more and more distinct, and brought to the traveler a keen realization of the fact that his own life was in danger.

Then, much to his gratification and surprise, he suddenly came upon a number of *kibitkas*, the queer-shaped tents of nomad tribes, that had been pitched by the roadside under the shelter of the trees. Within them bright fires were burning, and as he brought his animal to a standstill before the largest and most imposing of the collection he heard the welcome sound of many voices in all parts of the camp, and knew that he was safe.

A dozen of the swarthy gypsies gathered around him, and on the promise of silver cared for his horses, while he himself hastily sought the comforts of the *kibitka*.

It had but two occupants, an old woman and a young girl.

Even at the first glance, while suffering from the cold and the pain of his wounded hand, he saw that the latter possessed remarkable grace and beauty. She was not nearly so dark of feature as the majority of her race, and there was none of the coarseness in either her face or figure that usually characterizes the Kirghiz women. She had a pretty, imperious manner that, together with her fanciful dress, indicated that she might be a person of rank in her tribe, or that she herself appreciated her physical superiority.

The traveler gave her a glance of admiration as he held out his injured hand.

"Will you bandage it, little sister?" he asked, persuasively.

"It was torn by a wolf—one of the pack that dragged my

companion from the sleigh and devoured him. You shall have a silver piece if you ease the pain."

The child—she was scarcely more than a child—gave an exclamation of sympathy.

"See, grandame!" she cried to the old woman, who sat bent over by the fire with her beagle eyes leveled at the stranger, "here is a chance to try our skill. Help me, little mother!"

In a short time the two had cleansed and bandaged the wounded member as well as a physician could have performed the service, and the girl clasped in her eager palm two glistening silver pieces instead of the one promised.

"One for your skill, one for your beauty!" smiled the noble.

"Give him back his rubles!" exclaimed the old woman, shrilly. "They are accursed!"

"Why, grandame?" remonstrated the girl, who looked her pleasure at the compliment.

"I say they are accursed!" repeated the old gypsy, with a hideous grimace. "It was not a wolf that left the marks of its teeth in his hand. We have served him—now let him go!"

His brow corrugated with anger for an instant, and then he laughed softly, as he readjusted his thick garments.

"I go, little sister," he said to the girl, with caressing familiarity, as he leaned toward her, "but I shall not forget you."

He passed out, the girl following him with her eyes, and still clasping the coins.

A moment later his reared horses were bearing him swiftly toward the frozen Volga.

II.

THE GYPSY OF PARIS.

A NEW name was on men's lips in Paris—Naida Kirzhan.

She was only a fortune-teller, a Russian gypsy, but her delicate olive beauty and magnificent jewels had sent a wave of wonder and delight over the gay City of the World. Humanity, that worships beauty, finds it all the more fascinating if accompanied by a nebulous or dangerous reputation, and even Mademoiselle Marguerite, the reigning queen of opera, found her ascendant star of success eclipsed by the dark and brilliant loveliness of the "Seerss of the Steppes," who told the past and the future of others, but nothing of herself.

Her house, just off the Boulevard des Italiennes, was a marvel of luxury, report said. Many had sought entrance there, but few had been admitted. Upon only the greatest and richest did she deign to exercise her powers. She made no direct charges for her sibylline revelations, but accepted presents of rubies, of which, it was told, she had a marvelous collection. And none of her patrons—a fact that but enhanced the popular interest concerning her—received more of her favor than another.

It was said in some quarters that her fortune-telling operations were only a mask for her real calling—that she was a Russian spy or a nihilist. Others surmised that she had been banished by the Czar for other than political reasons.

It was known that she had lived in the same style, during the past five years, in both Moscow and St. Petersburg. But with all the gossip no one even so much as suspected the truth regarding her strange life and her still stranger mission.

On sunny winter afternoons, as she drove in the Bois behind her spirited Tartar horses, and wrapped to the chin in her costly furs, Naida Kirzhan gave a start of surprise and recognition as two men, one of whom possessed a strikingly powerful physique, came out of a famous Parisian club and stood for a moment awaiting the approach of a *fiacre*.

She did not glance a second time in their direction, and in a moment they were left behind; but she had seen enough to put an end to her drive for that day.

She passed up the steps of her *hôtel* with more haste than was usual with her, and, pausing only to discard her wraps, ascended the grand staircase to the door of a room at the extreme rear of the house.

Her knock was answered by a feeble command to enter. In a bed at the far side of the room, which was comfortably but not elaborately furnished, lay an old man, sallow-visaged and emaciated, and with the unmistakable features of the Jew. He coughed and tried to sit up as the gypsy girl entered, but fell back on the pillows with a moan of pain.

"It is not well to tax your strength so much, little father," said the seerss, with a trace of pity in her voice, as she stood looking down into the invalid's colorless eyes. "You may need it all soon."

"Ah, you must be quick," replied the old Jew, weakly. "Old Sklavinski is not much longer for this world. You must find him soon—very soon, pretty one, or it will be no use—all will be over."

His eyes closed, and he gave a long sigh of mental and physical anguish.

"Suppose I should tell you that I have found him now?"

The invalid looked up into her face eagerly.

"Tell me; is it so, Naida?" he asked. "No—it is too good to be true, after all these long years of search and waiting."

"But it is true—I am almost certain," declared the girl. "I saw him in the Bois de Boulogne not thirty minutes ago. He has changed, but I knew him—something in the poise of his figure, or the gesture he made as he paused facing me, was like his attitude that night in the *kibitka* as he held out his wounded hand and said: 'Will you bandage it, little sister?' Oh, I could never forget! But I will make certain; I will bring him to me—somehow—I will tell his fortune—I will see the marks of human teeth in his palm!"

"My teeth!" muttered the old Jew, his lips twitching with excitement. "Ah, if I had but had them in his throat!"

"You will soon have your revenge," said the gypsy, with a restless movement of her hand over her silken, black hair. "I will do all that I promised. Yes, little father, it has been a long search—always looking for those marks of teeth—with no other clue than that, and a child's memory. Ah, how many hands have I looked into, half-expecting to see the tell-tale scar! And I recognized him, when at last I saw him, at a distance, and instantly."

"It is well—it is well," said the old Jew joyously. "You have a good memory, pretty one. You know I have never lost faith that you would find him if he lived. Have I not proved





CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BAKER ART GALLERY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.





"The invalid looked up into her face eagerly."

it by giving you all the beautiful stacks of gold! Sklavinski, the merchant, was rich, pretty one; richer than any one knew; and he is rich yet, for all he was mercilessly robbed, and has lain on his back helpless and dying since that awful night when he was thrown to the wolves, and hung for long hours to the limb of a tree to escape the ravenous brutes. And all he has shall be yours, pretty one, very soon now. You saved his life that morning—you and the old grandame—when he dragged his half-frozen body into your warm *kibitka*—saved it for a little while, at least, till he could punish his murderer. It seems to me that this thought of revenge is the only thing that has kept me alive so long. I shall be glad to die, to end my racking pain, after I have killed him who killed me. Oh, the joy it gives me to know that you have found him at last, Naida, little daughter! I shall keep the feeble breath within my body now till I have paid him my debt. Lure him to me here, by whatever strategy you please, pretty one, and then—then—not part but *all*, of the old Jew's gold is yours!"

The Pole lay deathly still from exhaustion after his labored speech, and Naida passed her hand soothingly over his brow.

"I will go now," she said, after a moment's silence. "All will be as you wish very soon. Is there a noble in Paris," she added, proudly, "who would not obey the summons of Naida Kirzhan?"

She passed from the room and along the intervening hallway into her own splendid boudoir, where she rang for service and dispatched a brief message addressed to "M. le Marquis Deschavelles, Jockey Club."

"I wish to ask you," she said, an hour later, to this celebrated *boulevardier*, "who was the Russian in whose company I saw you this afternoon?"

"The Count Sergius Malakoff," was the reply, "who, five

years ago, incurred the disfavor of the Czar and found it best to place himself out of reach of imperial authority. I am not informed as to the nature of the trouble. He has been five years in America. Last night he lost a hundred thousand francs at play."

"I wish him to call on me at once, monsieur."

"That will be easily arranged, mademoiselle," answered the marquis. "He was much impressed by the passing glimpse of your beauty this afternoon, and inquired particularly concerning you. He will be only too happy, I am sure, to present himself at any hour you may designate."

"To-night, at nine," said the seeress; "and I beg of you, monsieur, to speak of the matter to no one save him."

The Marquis Deschavelles bowed gravely.

"I am delighted to serve one so beautiful and gifted," he replied, suavely, "however envious I may be of Count Malakoff's good fortune."

"Thank you; and now adieu, my friend," she said, smiling. "We gypsies are strange people."

Aye, strange indeed; and Naida Kirzhan, though outwardly changed and refined by her intellectual and worldly advantages, still possessed all the innate characteristics of her wild, impetuous race.

Count Sergius Malakoff, promptly on the hour of his appointment, was ushered into the magnificent reception-room of the gypsy's home. His patrician face betokened pleasure as he found himself amid familiar surroundings. Enormous bearskins covered the floor, and the walls were hung with Russian works of art. The place evinced just such a fitting commingling of semi-barbarism and civilization as might be expected of the Kirzhiz princess whose wealth and weird attainments had made her the talk of Paris.

Count Malakoff turned at the sound of a step behind him.

"To a Russian who has been out of Russia for five years," said Naida Kirzhan, "the sight of this place should prove welcome."

Her imperious beauty, set off as it was by great rubies about her throat and in her hair, and by countless gems of the same kind sewn in her gorgeous gown, appeared to dazzle the noble for a moment, and he gazed at her without speaking.

"It is welcome," he said at last, bowing, "but not half so much as the sight of you."

She advanced and seized his left hand, holding the palm upward to the light. The skin was marked by the irregular scars of human teeth.

"I was not mistaken," she smiled. "Shall I tell your fortune?"

He looked at her searchingly for an instant, and then his face lighted with recognition.

"You are the little Kirzhiz girl who dressed my wound in the *kibitka* that night!" he exclaimed. "I have not forgotten you. Your face was familiar when I first saw you to-day, but I thought it only some chance resemblance. You were but a child then—you are a woman now. And what a woman!"

Her eyes fell before his admiring gaze.

"I remember that you said you would not forget me," she said. "I still have the two rubles that you gave me for my service, though the grandame reiterated on her death-bed that they were accursed."

"I recall that the grandame was not greatly taken with me," smiled Malakoff. "But you must tell me of yourself, and how you come to be in Paris with the world at your feet. I am flattered that you should have recognized me and asked me here."



"The beard has changed you, but I knew you at a glance," she answered, earnestly. "I could never forget. There—he seated. You shall smoke and I will make you tea."

Malakoff sank upon an ottoman, with the easy grace habitual to him, and lighted a cigarette complacently.

"I am the most fortunate man in France!" he said, gallantly. "Naida Kirzhan has told the fortunes of many, but, if report be true, has made tea for none."

"Report is true," was the reply, as the gypsy girl bent over the steaming samovar.

"Did you ever believe," he asked, "that what the old grandame said was true—that it was not a wolf that left the prints of its teeth in my hand?"

"Yes," she answered. "I know what happened that night."

He looked startled for a moment, rose up and sat down again.

"Ah! I had forgotten your powers of reading the past," he said with a cynical smile. "Perhaps you will prove to me that what you say is true. What happened that night?"

"If I go over the story," she returned, in a low voice and with averted face, "will you pay me some of the old Jew's gold?"

He sat perfectly still, without answering, for a moment, with a strange, unreadable expression on his face.

"Knowing this," he said, finally, "you ask me here; you accord me a favor enjoyed by none other—"

"Yes; and your tea is ready," she interrupted, almost gayly, as she gave the fragrant beverage a dash of rum and advanced with a cup in either hand. "Let us drink and be merry. Why discuss unpleasant things?"

He arose as he received the Sèvres, and looked straight into her eyes with such intensity that she stood as if transfixed.

"One question," he said, slowly and gravely. "Is the secret of that terrible night safe with you?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I see we are destined to be friends," he said, in a tone of relief, as he resumed his seat and held the cup to his lips, while she bestowed herself near him on the ottoman. "I drink to the most wonderful and the most beautiful woman I have ever known!"

The hour that followed was apparently one of enjoyment to both. He gave free expression to his bold admiration of her, and she gave no hint of disapproval. At times, as she looked at him, her eyelids fluttered strangely, and she caught her breath with a gasp. His insolent eyes danced with the confidence of triumph. He leaned toward her suddenly and grasped her wrist.

"So you did not forget me, little sister?" he said, in the caressing tone he had used to her as a child. "No; you could not do that, any more than I could forget you. Perhaps you have dreamed of me, little sister, as I have dreamed of you so often. Is it not good that we have met again?"

She paled, and sprang to her feet abruptly and nervously.

"Come with me!" she exclaimed. "You will follow where I lead!"

"I will go anywhere with you," he replied, fervently.

She led the way swiftly from the room and up the broad staircase, he following closely at her heels, wondering at her action, but in no wise apprehensive.

At old Sklavinski's door she did not pause to knock, but burst into the room, crying hysterically:

"I have kept my word! He is here!"

The Pole, with a hoarse utterance that sounded like the snarl of a wolf, by a mighty effort raised himself to a sitting posture in the bed.

"Ha! I know him!" he screamed, gazing with fierce, famished eyes at the tall figure he had last seen towering over him

in the *travnik* amid the Russian wilds. "I know him, the beast! He threw me to the wolves—he robbed me of my treasure—and now, oh, God! now I shall pay him back!"

Malakoff had paused half-way between the door and the bed, startled by the sight of the ghastly face among the pillows, and the mad words with which his entrance was greeted.

"Great heaven, it is the old Jew!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; the old Jew—the dog of Israel that you mistook without mercy!" was the shrieked reply. "He has lived long enough to have his revenge—his revenge, do you hear? To kill the one who killed him! The *Chor* nor *Satan* can save you now, worm of the earth!"

A storm of curses came from his twitching lips, followed by a stream of blood that dyed the breast of his garment and the clothing of the bed. His withered hand, that clutched a revolver, was lifted by a convulsive effort, but before he could fire, Naida, with a wild cry, flung her arms about Malakoff, protecting his body with her own.

"No—no!" she sobbed. "You shall not kill him! I love him! I have dreamed of him all these years, and now that I have found him I cannot betray him to his death! No—no, that is not the way a gypsy loves! Forgive me, oh, woe of God!"

The last remark, addressed to Malakoff, was the only one that received an answer.

The old Jew's arm fell back to his side, the weapon slipping from his nerveless grasp to the floor; his head sank forward on his breast, and the two knew that he was dead.

Malakoff shrugged his shoulders, and an evil smile of satisfaction crossed his features.

Holding the gypsy girl's face between his hands and looking down into her imploring eyes, he said:

"I forgive you, little sister."



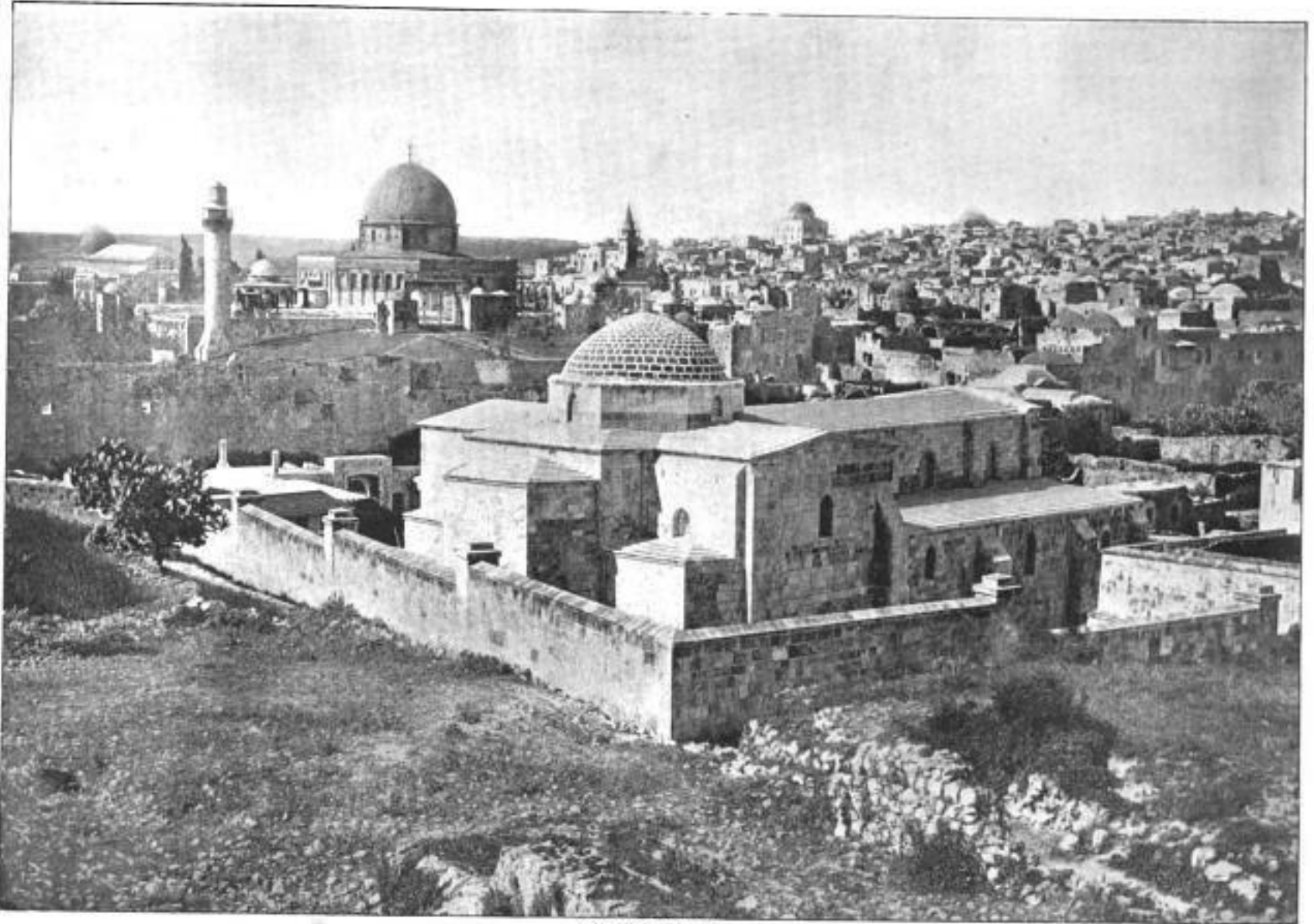
NAZARETH, THE CITY OF THE ANNUNCIATION.



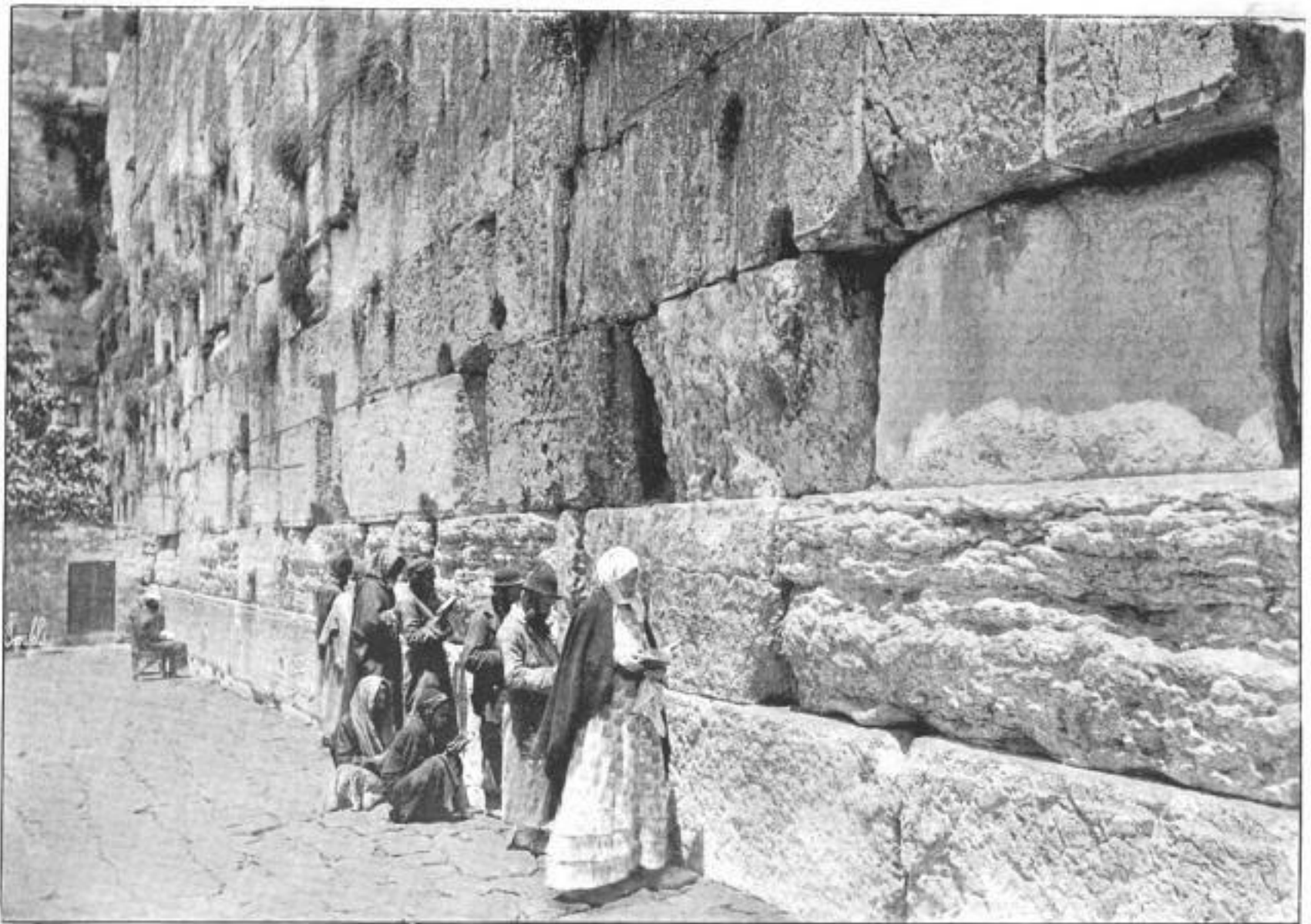
THE TOMB OF JOSEPH.

SHRINES AT WHICH CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS WORSHIP.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.





MODERN JERUSALEM.



THE JEW'S WAILING-PLACE, JERUSALEM.

HISTORIC PLACES IN THE HOLY LAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



# A LULLABY

My wee bird rocks in a poppy's cup  
That the south wind swingeth slow.  
He heareth not even my mother song,  
Lulling and crooning low.

The poppy-cup teemeth with wee, tiny dreams  
Of fairy land glimpses and rockabybys.  
There's a rockaby song for each little ear,  
And dreams for the wonder eyes.

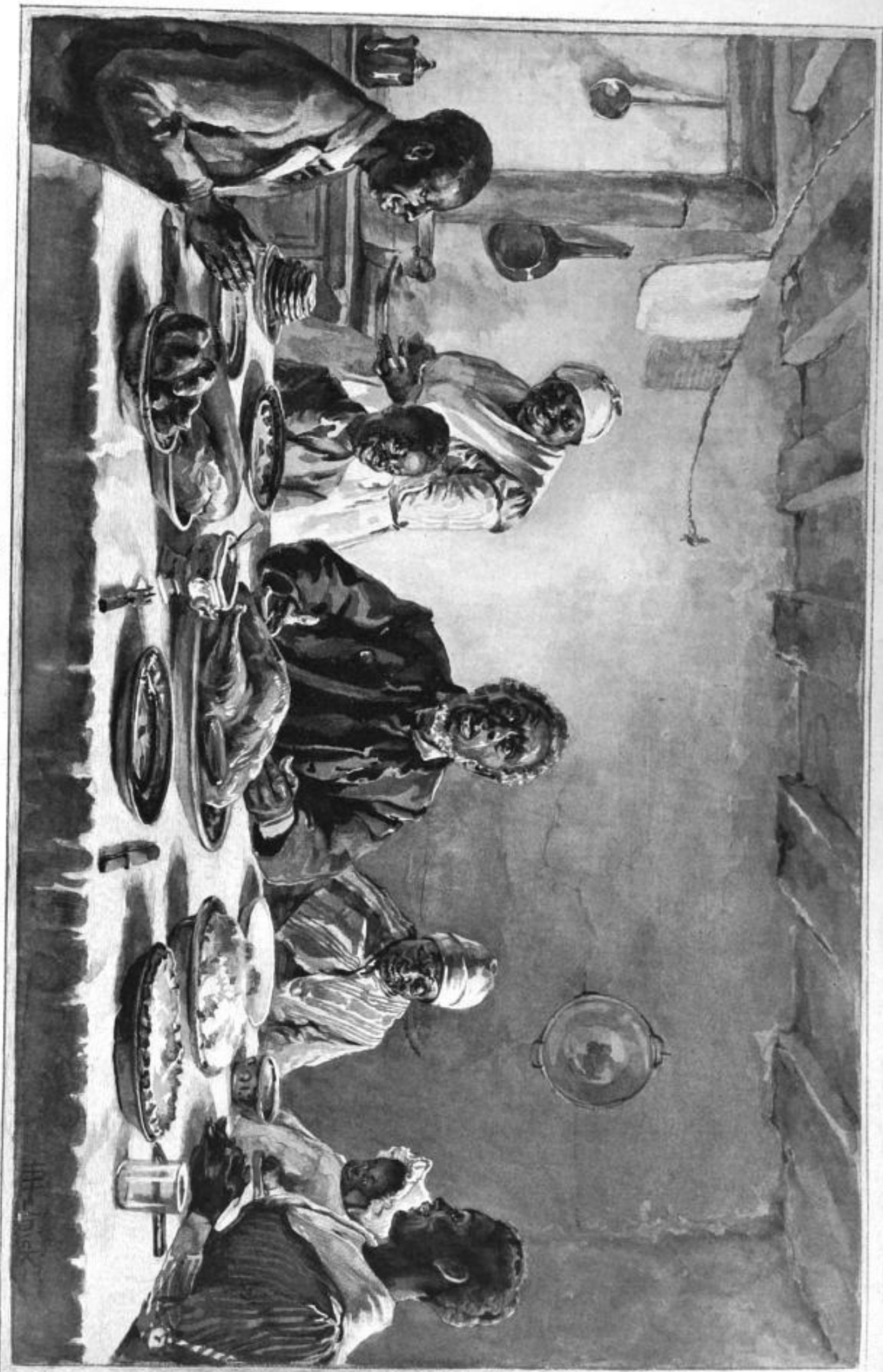
My wee one's restless, dancing feet,  
That totter round my knee,  
And hands that yearn for the warm sunbeams,  
Sleep so silently.

For my wee bird rocks in a poppy-cup  
That the south wind swingeth slow.  
He heareth not even my mother song,  
Lulling and crooning low.

Berenice Francis







INVOKING A BLESSING ON THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

DRAWN BY HOWARD HEALING.





AFTER THE OPERA.

## Germany's Great Fair.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BERLIN, November 25th, 1895.

BARRING complications in the Orient the Khedive of Egypt, with a large retinue of courtiers, intends to visit the Industrial Exhibition next summer, and, together with a limited number of his harem, he will stop at the *Hôtel de Rome*. Berliners generally, and the proprietor of this patrician house in particular, are already speculating on the event. As a rule, Orientals—and continentals, too, for that matter—have ever preferred the “de Rome,” not so much on account of its proximity to the imperial palace, opera-house, university, and the Linden Boulevard, but chiefly on account of its incomparable menu and choice wines. Here, too, they will see a life-size picture of Prince Bismarck occupying the place of honor, with the prince's autograph in a bold, free hand, conferred on the proprietor, Herr Mühling, as late as last winter. The Khedive, who is familiar with this continent, has loaned the German government a lot of choice mummies and Cleopatra's keepsakes from the royal museums at Cairo and Alexandria, intended for “the street in Cairo,” which is to be one of the chief attractions at the Berlin fair.

Great days are in store for Berlin, and Herr Mühling's salons will reflect an unusually brilliant picture of princes, nobles, stalwart officers with gorgeous decorations, and beautiful ladies in gay toilettes. The large court, with tropical plants surrounded by picturesque balconies under a glass dome, and the soothing influence of soft and variously-colored lights, and further enhanced by playful fountains and statuary, reminds the visitor of an Oriental scene, indeed. Waiters, lithe and suave, glide about swiftly and noiselessly at the guests' beck and call. The Kaiser's favorite guard officers, fine athletes, strut about spurred and cinched. The ladies, scanty as they are in raiment, are of course both attractive and conscious of their charms, and the gallant devotees of Mars attend these butterflies with every mark of homage, and even with greater zeal where one happens to be an American heiress.

But there is another reason why Americans and English prefer this house. The rooms and halls are lofty, airy, and light, replete with all modern improvements, including a punctilious management. There is no extortion, direct or indirect. Information and petty services are

volunteered cheerfully and without the proverbial backbitch custom on this continent. Herr Mühling's management is chivalrous, and as near American as is possible on this side of the ocean.

The great feature, however, if not the greatest, is its incomparable menu. In his varied travels throughout Europe and America he has familiarized himself with the taste of almost every nation. There is a cook, for instance, who prepares chiefly English dishes, and his chops are said to be the best this side of the



IN THE DINING-ROOM.

channel. A Parisian confectioner creates wonders in pastry and sweets, etc., down to an oyster-opener. The provisions purchased daily must on delivery pass a minute inspection, frequently by Herr Mühling himself, but more often by the expert engaged for that purpose. Almost nightly festive parties with long purses worship Epicure and Lucullus in separate salons, and yet a regular dinner at Mühling's involves but a dollar, while a similar meal at Delmonico's would cost five times the amount. To my question if advertising had brought about this result, he replied: “I have long since quit advertising. My work must speak for itself, or else it is worthless. We are most always crowded, and next summer visitors will have to wire in advance for choice rooms, but my American friends will always find a comfortable place in the ‘Hôtel de Rome.’”

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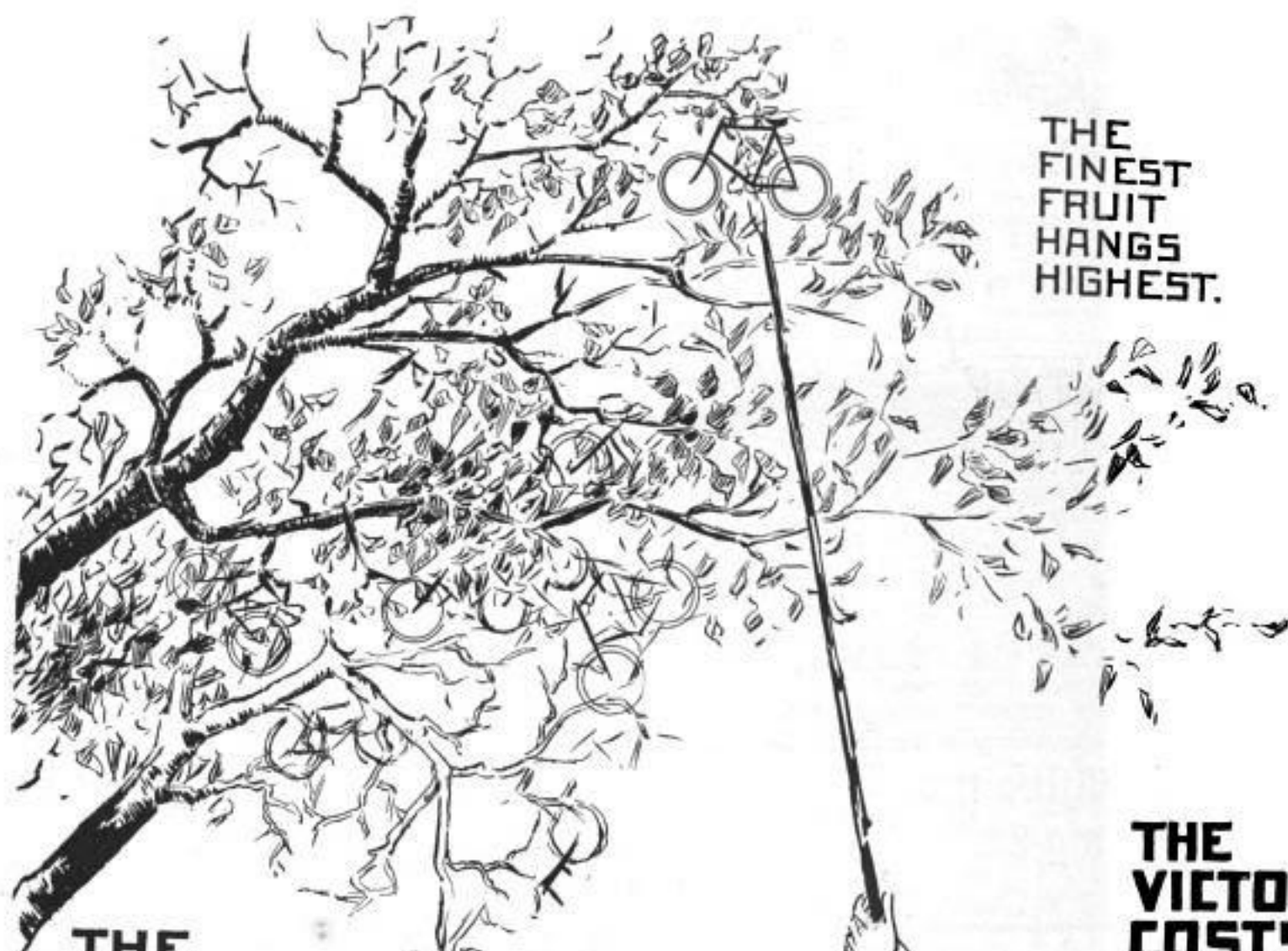
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Yours truly,  
(SIGNED) LILLIAN RUSSELL.





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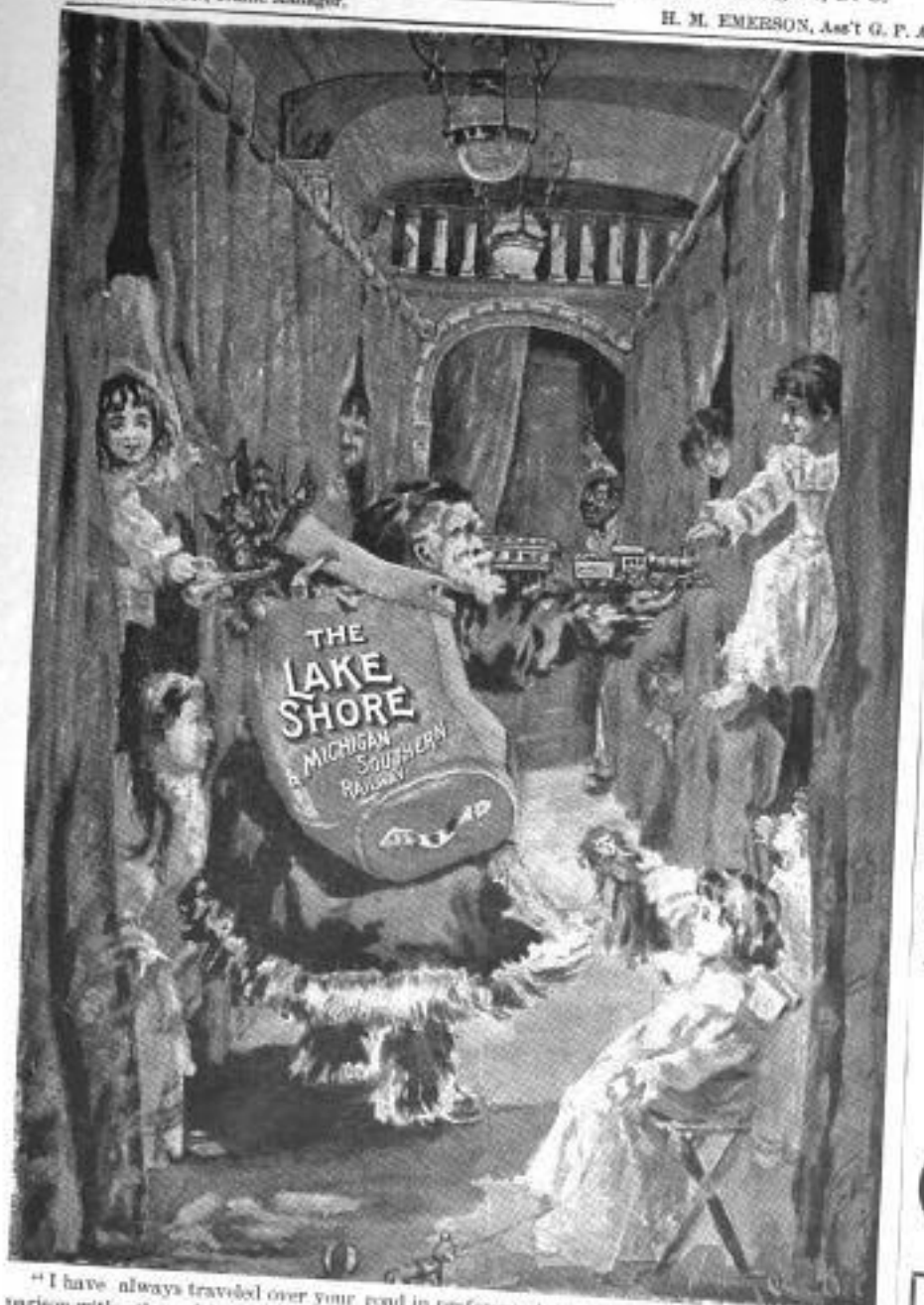
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## A Significant Reunion.

THERE have been many exhibitions in this country, in recent years, of a broadening national spirit. But there has been nothing which compares, in significance and impressiveness, with the movement initiated by the foremost business men of the metropolis, and endorsed by the Southern press and leading representatives of Southern opinion, for a joint parade in this city, on the 4th of July next, of the veterans of the Civil War—Union and Confederate.

What a spectacle such a national reunion of the survivors of the ghastly struggle of the 'sixties will present to the world! No struggle in history ever appealed so acutely to sectional feeling, or so intensified, for a time, sectional passions and resentments, as that. It left everywhere a trail of blood and tears—on the one side poverty and despair, and on both shattered homes, widowhood, orphanage, and open wounds. In other lands struggles like this have perpetuated themselves for centuries in racial antagonisms, in social disintegrations, and all the savageries of internecine strife. But here, with the return of peace, the men who had faced each other in stubborn battle adjusted themselves to the new conditions with no thought of further contest, and now, at the end of a generation, there is not one survivor of the conflict among the vanquished who would not resent an imputation upon his loyalty to the flag and all it stands for.

It means much, very much, for our future as a nation that the patriotic spirit—the underlying sentiment of brotherhood—is thus persistent and indestructible—the master force in our national life. A people who can thus see eye to eye and clasp hands in genuine, full-hearted friendship over the graves of their dead, slain in protracted sectional conflict, may front with confidence and hope the destiny that awaits them. The stability of our institutions and our steady progress toward a dominating influence in the policies of the world, already assured, will be made doubly certain by the proposed reunion of the blue and the gray in the one-hundred-and-twentieth year of our independence as a nation.

## Retiring the Greenbacks.

MR. CLEVELAND'S recommendation that the greenback notes be retired, if taken alone, without any implication that their place is to be simultaneously filled by any other currency, would in effect, if it could be followed, precipitate a financial crisis compared with which that of the past two years would be only a zephyr. The sudden withdrawal of about one-half of our nominal currency, which means about two-thirds of our known currency, would be an act of vandalism in finance unparalleled since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

Congress peremptorily and with great unanimity forbade the retirement of the greenbacks in 1867 after a brief experience of its effects when tried by Secretary McCulloch, and has twice since renewed its ban upon this form of finance by statute. If Mr. Cleveland's endorsement of Mr. Carlisle's proposal to substitute bank-note currency for greenbacks is to be taken as fathering that proposition, it is chiefly notable as the final abandonment of the Jackson-Van Buren sub-treasury policy by the Democratic party as not only a failure and a fraud, but a quicksand which is undermining the national solvency. Had the Bank of the United States survived its struggle with Jackson in 1834, there could have been no greenbacks in existence to-day. The notes issued during our struggle with the seceding States in 1861-5 would all have been issued by the Bank of the United States, there would have been no legal tenders, and probably no suspension of specie payments and no premium on gold, or a very small one.

Mr. Cleveland's recommendation, if worth making at all, should have been so specific as to afford some clue to the means by which he hopes to get the banks to issue the notes which will take the place of the greenbacks. At present the banks will not take any more notes at the terms offered. Creating a panic by a sudden contraction of the

currency, instead of creating a demand for more notes, would render the banks afraid to lend those they now have.

Merely allowing the banks to have ten per cent. more notes on the same deposit of bonds than they are now entitled to will not help the matter when the banks do not want what they can now get. The real burden is that bankers in States where capital earns from seven to twenty per cent. cannot afford to make its first investment in a three-per-cent. bond, in order to obtain notes of which it can make only one loan, and after that the notes loaned never return again to the bank that issues them, and consequently give that bank no facilities for further note-lending except such as are possessed in an equal degree by every other member of the community.

Of course the banks as a whole are not helped toward relieving the government of the function of issuing and redeeming the notes by being offered the privilege of investing \$500,000,000 of capital in the government's three-per-cent. bonds as the basis of note redemption. That purchase of bonds, notwithstanding they bear a sort of half-rate interest, is not desired by the banks, but is a burden. Nor is any such purchase of bonds by them necessary to make their own issue of \$500,000,000 of new notes safe. Therefore Mr. Cleveland's proposal to get rid of the greenback burden by paying interest on it forever is unnecessary. The totality of the banks, national, State, and private, stands for about \$3,900,000,000 of banking capital, including deposits, which is not far from eight-fold the quantity of new bank notes necessary to fill the gap created by withdrawing the greenbacks and the Sherman silver-notes combined.

The real difficulty lies in the fact that the banks which have most of the capital and deposits, and are therefore best able to maintain redemption on the notes, are the large city banks, which are not in want of notes. They have hard work to keep out on loan their gratuitous deposits on which they pay no interest, and which in a few cases verge upon \$30,000,000 for a single bank.

On the other hand, the country and cross-road banks, which most desire the notes for lending, have almost no deposits and small capitals, and hence, on the capital basis, are but a poor security for redemption of the notes they would be all too eager to issue. The banks are like *Æsop's* ass going to mill with his double load, the stone in one end and the grist in the other. The country banks have all the need of notes, and the city banks all the capital for security.

In every other country—England, France, Scotland, Germany, Russia, Canada, Australia—the meal is divided through the branch system, all the little banks being branches of the few great banks. If that system were in vogue here all the banks in the country would become a syndicate acting as one bank, and the problem of assuring the issue and redemption of the notes jointly would be easy. Something like a branch system was in vogue under the old Bank of the United States, which had about thirty-five branches.

Perhaps Cleveland and Carlisle may discover before they get far into the problem of devolving the greenback obligation on to the banks, that not only would a government bank have been the best way to have kept the government out of the greenback dilemma, but that it is even now the best way to get out of it. Cleveland and Carlisle calling upon a Republican Congress to bail out the treasury by means of a pooling or nationalizing of the banking system would be interesting. The shade of Andrew Jackson might be stirred at seeing thirty-eight hundred national banks coming to the help of the treasury, in place of the one national bank which he abolished. It would be like the call of *Cæsar* to *Cassius* while swimming the rude *Tiber*, "Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink."

## The Suffrage in South Carolina.



THE South Carolina Constitutional Convention has concluded its work and adjourned *sine die*. The principal interest in the constitution framed by it lies in the article concerning suffrage. In round numbers there are in the State one hundred and forty thousand adult male negroes and one hundred thousand adult male whites. The whole purpose of the convention was to disfranchise the former, while not depriving the latter of the suffrage, and to accomplish the result in such a way as not to conflict with the Federal Constitution.

The new constitution reaches the end by providing for an alternative educational or property qualification for voters. Any male adult who can read and write, or who pays taxes on three hundred dollars' worth of property, has the right to vote; but inasmuch as under this provision the illiterate whites as well as the illiterate blacks would have been excluded, a proviso was added to the effect that for the next two years any person who cannot vote under either the property or educational qualification shall be given the right to do so for life if he can understand a section of the Constitution of the United States when read to him by a registration officer. The effect of this clause will be that all whites will be admitted without regard to their intelligence, while the blacks will be disfranchised on the convenient pretext that they cannot understand what may be

read to them, or by the equally convenient failure of the registration officer to give them an opportunity to demonstrate their intellectual capacity. After 1898 all males attaining their majority must comply with the educational or property qualification in order to be allowed to vote.

It admits of serious doubt whether this clause will stand the test of revision by the Federal courts; but however that may be, the fact remains that the Federal Constitution is practically nullified by the intolerant majority in South Carolina politics, and it cannot be otherwise than that the disreputable stratagem employed to attain that result will be avenged in the future history of the State.

## The President's Amazing Omission.

AT the time of the enactment of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff law now in force, President Cleveland denounced it as altogether unsatisfactory, and as involving "party perfidy and party dishonor." In the message recently read to Congress he applauds that tariff as positively beneficent.

The present tariff has been in operation for a period of fifteen months. It went into effect under exceptionally favorable conditions. In the expectation of large reductions of duties under the new law, merchants had imported only such amounts of dutiable goods as were absolutely necessary, and the result was that when the Wilson-Gorman act became a law there were enormous importations, and, according to the promises of its framers, there ought to have been a great increase of customs receipts. But, instead of this there was a falling off in revenue. Under the first fifteen months of the McKinley law the receipts were \$451,200,201, and under the last fifteen months, \$390,661,500, while during the same period under the present law the receipts were \$373,796,648. There have been only two months in the entire history of this law in which it did not produce a regular monthly deficit. The total deficit, including both internal revenue and customs receipts, has been, approximately, \$72,000,000. This is the result of a law which Mr. Cleveland commends in contrast with the McKinley law, which produced not only sufficient revenue to meet all the expenses of the government, but also a handsome surplus.

The expenditures of the government under the present administration have exceeded the receipts by \$127,927,254. During the same period the bonded indebtedness has been increased by \$162,315,400, ostensibly for the purpose of preserving the greenback redemption fund. The estimated expenditures submitted in the annual book of estimates for 1897 show an increase over the estimates for 1896 of more than \$10,500,000, and nearly \$21,000,000 over the appropriations made by the last Congress for the current year. The supreme question of the hour is as to how the grave financial emergency thus presented shall be met—how revenue adequate to the needs of the government shall be provided? But as to this matter of dominant national concern Mr. Cleveland makes no suggestion whatever. From the beginning to the end of his message not one word of recommendation is offered concerning it.

But amazing as this omission on the part of the President certainly is, it is not more astonishing than his refusal to recognize plain and obvious facts when they conflict with his personal opinions. Thus, in face of the figures showing that the McKinley tariff produced ample revenue for all the purposes of government, he declares that it was "inefficient" for that purpose. Then, with the same persistent contempt of the truth of history, he charges all the industrial depression and distress, the monetary derangements and the embarrassments of the treasury, of the last two years or more, to the greenbacks and Treasury notes! It has often been claimed for Mr. Cleveland that he is a man of courage. If obstinate adherence to opinions which have nothing in reason or fact to support them is an evidence of courageous character, then the President's intrepidity is undoubted. But to most people his treatment of the financial and industrial questions will, we suspect, be regarded as neither honest nor courageous. It displays rather the audacity of the arrogant and headstrong man who believes himself to be the one wise man in all the world.

## The Prevalence of Crime.

WE seem, just now, to be passing through an epidemic of crime. Suicides, murders, burglaries, betrayals of trust, conspiracies against the rights of person and property, are prevalent everywhere. The suicidal mania is especially acute and widespread, extending to all sorts and conditions of men and women. Men kill themselves because they are overtaken by poverty and cannot provide for their families; others, troubled by marital infidelities, kill their wives and then take their own lives; a father kills his baby girls and then blows out his brains because he is troubled by debt; a broker takes his life because he has been wronged by a dishonest partner; women swallow poison because of being disappointed in love, or to escape the exposure of illicit affections, or for some other reason equally inadequate. In one day, recently, as many as four would-be suicides were brought before a city judge, one of whom had taken poison because his friends had "tricked" him about his forthcoming marriage, while a second had tried to drown himself because, as he said, his wife was a "new woman."

Not a day passes that the newspapers do not bring us the story of some fresh crime begotten of despair, or lust, or



greed, or a spirit of vengeance lurking in some desperate soul. So violent and marked, indeed, are the criminal tendencies of the time, that one having only a surface knowledge of our life as a people would conclude that we are as a nation given over to the control of the coarsest animal instincts; that contempt of life and its sacredness, and of the moral law and its restraints, has become a national passion which dominates every condition and class of our population.

It goes without saying that such a conclusion would be an utterly mistaken one. The vices which flaunt themselves so airily, the crimes which startle and mense, are not the outgrowth of conditions inherent in our national life. They are abnormal and exceptional. Our real life is that which finds expression in aspirations to the higher levels of achievement and enjoyment, and in a thousand forms of benevolent activity looking to the elevation and betterment of mental, social, and moral conditions—in hospitals, schools, churches, charities of every sort, in economic, scientific, and sanitary schemes for the diminution of the discomforts and sufferings of the individual, and the enlargement of his capacities and opportunities. The supreme aim of modern social effort is to minimize the force of the degenerate tendencies which manifest themselves in spectacular crimes; and the ministries of the spirit of human brotherhood were never so broad in scope and so persistent in action as they are to-day with us. Back of all the crimes which sometimes startle us, and the scandals and debaucheries which confound the pure in heart, there is a pervading righteousness which forms essentially both the basis and buttress of the national life, and which, in the long run, assures the security of every precious social interest, as well as the stability of the state. It is lamentable, indeed, that vice and crime should exist, and that the submerged Tenth of our population should so largely misconceive the purposes and possibilities of life; but it is erroneous, altogether, to assume that the class of offenses herein referred to reflects a dominant national tendency.

### Wholesome Suggestions.

In a recent communication, Mrs. Eliza D. Keith ("Di Vernon"), a member of the Committee for Public Instruction of the National Council of Women, makes some suggestions relative to the practical application of patriotic principles to child-life which are eminently worthy of consideration. She insists, for instance, that the American flag should be displayed on every school-house, and that all school children should be required to salute the flag in the school-room daily; that along with this they should be taught that good citizenship consists in obedience to authority, and the cultivation of self-reliance and fidelity to conscience as among the qualities of trustworthy character. Especial care should be given to their training in the nature of citizenship and its responsibilities. "Help each child to feel," she says, "that he has an interest in his block, his street, his town." In San Francisco there is a boys' neighborhood club, whose object is to care for gardens, plant shade-trees, and beautify the neighborhood. She believes this is a model worthy of emulation elsewhere. Children should be invited to take part in all national celebrations, and to contribute to all objects designed to diminish the evils of misrule. "Celebrate Arbor Day, and urge the children to cultivate the school grounds and raise flowers for local festivals, as the children of California have done for their festus. Make the children feel that they are a part of the body-politic." Other suggestions of the writer relate to the literary training of children and youth. They should be kept informed, she thinks, as to current events, and on this point she says:

"It is a good thing to pass a good pictorial around the class in school; such, for instance, as *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, even when the children are quite young. Let them look at the pictures, especially when an international yacht-race, the harnessing of Niagara, the electric lighting of Sacramento, the capital city of California, by power brought over a longer distance than that supplied by Niagara; or the exhibition of the cotton States, now in progress at Atlanta, are being illustrated. These pictures, and a few fitly spoken words by the teacher, will make for child growth up with a broader idea of his country and its relation to other countries than if he studied a few pages of dry history or never studies history at all. Try to avert the danger of provincialism. Fill the hearts of the children with love for these Americans who have endowed schools and made gifts to cities in the way of parks, drinking fountains, museums, and libraries. In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, the children's playground stands as a monument to the liberality and public spirit of Sharon, once one of our local millionaires. Encourage every child to feel that he ought to benefit his country."

These are wholesome and timely suggestions. Much has been done, and is being done, in our public schools to foster the American spirit and inculcate a patriotic regard for those elements and qualities which constitute the real strength of national character; but more might be done, and will be done, when all instructors and parents come to see things in the light in which this writer presents them.

### Potash in Agriculture.

THE farmers of the United States are especially interested in artificial fertilization. In all of the Eastern, in the Southern, and in many of the Western States, the lands have become exhausted or worn out by over-cultivation without return of plant food. The result is that artificial fertilizers are now a necessity, and millions of dollars are expended every year for materials to replenish the soil. In fact, the larger part of the work of the agricultural stations in the different States is devoted to what

are called "field tests," or experiments with artificial or commercial fertilizers.

The three most important substances wanted in worn-out and poor lands are: Nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash; and fertilization or plant-feeding consists in supplying the soil with these elements. The recent investigations of German scientists have thrown new light upon the processes of plant growth and plant nutrition, hence new light upon the whole subject of fertilization. Indeed, it is only within the past ten or fifteen years that the success of potash fertilization in increasing the quantity and quality of crops has been demonstrated by an immense number of "field tests" in Europe and in the United States. The bulletins of the experiment stations for the past five years are full of information for farmers on this point.

The only two available sources for a commercial supply of potash are: (1) from the various kinds of wood ashes, (2) from the famous Stassfurt mines in Germany. The first-named supply is limited and decreasing in quantity; the second is practically inexhaustible. The Stassfurt mines were originally worked for salt, but they now supply the agricultural world with potash salts, amounting to hundreds of thousands of tons annually. Thus these fertilizers have reached even greater importance than the Peruvian guano did some years ago.

### The Armenian Situation.

THE situation in Armenia does not improve. Fresh massacres by the Turks and their Kurdish allies are reported almost daily. Meanwhile the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople continue their efforts to secure from the Porte the enforcement of the promised reforms in Armenia and adequate protection against further disturbances, but they are met as usual by prevarication and all possible methods of delay, and it has come to be believed that nothing short of force will induce the government to carry out its engagements and put an end to the rule of violence. It is gratifying to observe that the appeals of the suffering Armenians for help are finding a ready response in this country and Great Britain.

An interesting article on the Armenian situation, from the pen of a gentleman who recently made a journey across the country, is printed on another page.

### B. West Clinedinst.

THE November number of the *Book Buyer* prints a portrait of Mr. B. West Clinedinst and several of his well-known illustrations, together with a most discriminating article by Mr. John Gilmer Speed. The readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* have had the advantage of Mr. Clinedinst's work for several years past, and have learned to appreciate the



B. WEST CLINEDINST.

excellent quality of his artistic productions. Indeed, it was in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* that Mr. Clinedinst made his first essays in illustration, and in this paper also he achieved that distinction which now makes him so much sought after by the art directors of the great magazines and publishing houses. This is from Mr. Speed's article:

"Among those who have achieved success in a calling which was but a second choice, is the young Virginian, Benjamin West Clinedinst, whose name is now so often seen affixed to charming pictures in the illustrated periodicals of the day. Mr. Clinedinst's father wished to be an artist himself, but was deflected from that career by parents who thought that there was not much honor in such a life; so, to be revenged on fate, he gave to his son the name of the man who seemed to him to represent the greatest artistic achievement. The son's first choice was to be a soldier, and he was educated at the Virginia Military Institute. When the time came for him to be examined for a commission it was found that his eyes were defective; that he suffered from astigmatism. So this career was regretfully abandoned; the sword and sash were put aside for brush and palette."

It will gratify our readers to know that Mr. Clinedinst will continue in the future, as he has in the past, to be a frequent contributor to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*.

### New Representatives in Congress.

ONE hundred and sixty-two members of the present House of Representatives have never before served in that capacity. They are described as a good-looking, representative body of men. Among the familiar faces which are missed in the new House are those of Bland, of Missouri, who is succeeded by Joel D. Hubbard; Holman, of Indiana, succeeded by James E. Watson; Caruth, of Kentucky,



JOEL D. HUBBARD, MISSOURI.



JAMES E. WATSON, INDIANA.

famous as a story-teller, whose seat is occupied by Walter Evans, Republican; Springer, of Illinois, who has been transferred to the Bench in Oklahoma, and is succeeded by James A. Connolly; Hatch, of Missouri, whose place is taken by C. N. Clark; Wilson, of West Virginia, father of the "reform" tariff, who is succeeded by Alston G. Dayton; "Tom" L. Johnson, of Ohio, whose constituents



W. C. OWENS.

Photograph by W. G. Brown.

voiced their dissatisfaction with his free-trade views by electing Theodore E. Burton in his stead; the unutterable Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who has William C. Owens as his successor. Other missing faces are those of Bynum, of Indiana; "Champ" Clark, of Missouri; Enloe, of Tennessee; Kilgore, of Texas; General Daniel Sickles and "Tim" Campbell, of New York; and "Life" Pence, of Colorado. One of the new members, Mr. William Alden Smith, from the fifth Michigan district, commenced life as a newsboy, and has made his way by his own efforts to eminence at the Bar and great popularity, inasmuch that he carried his district, ordinarily Democratic, by ten thousand majority.

A majority of the new members of the House are fully up to the average in point of intellectual equipment, and some of them are likely to become conspicuous in the deliberations of the session. The indications are that a moderate legislative policy will be adopted, as suggested by



JAMES A. CONNOLLY.



WALTER EVANS, KENTUCKY.



C. N. CLARK, MISSOURI.

Mr. Reed on assuming the speakership, and that reference will be had in all appropriations to the utmost economy in the management of all departments of the government. There is an urgent necessity for legislation which will



ALSTON G. DAYTON, WEST VIRGINIA.



THEODORE E. BURTON, OHIO.

raise the revenues to the level of indispensable expenditures, and with a President who is hostile to any radical tariff modifications, and a Senate which is uncertain, the attainment of this result will be difficult; but confidence is expressed by the Republican leaders that some satisfactory plan for the relief of the treasury will be devised as soon as the situation takes definite shape, and all the conditions entering into it can be clearly ascertained and understood.





"THE FOREST ARDEN," HOME OF MADAME MODJESKA, AT THE HEAD OF THE CANYON OF SANTIAGO, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



MADAME HELENA MODJESKA.

### Madame Modjeska's Home.

THE home of Madame Helena Modjeska, in southern California, is one of the most picturesque in all that region. It is situated amid the wildest scenery, twenty-two miles from the Pacific and twenty-eight miles south of Los Angeles. The site was purchased in 1874, and embraces some two thousand acres. The house is plain, broad, and rambling, but presents a most artistic aspect, being surrounded by orange, magnolia, and pepper trees, and environed by broad, smooth lawns, winding walks, inviting arbors, and a wealth of flowers, shrubs, and vines. Over one hundred varieties of roses cluster about the door. The bungalow has eleven rooms, each of which opens upon a piazza. Madame Modjeska's "den" is the most attractive room in the house, being at once library and study, and is strikingly artistic in every detail of its arrangement. All the rooms are supplied with clear water from the mountains.

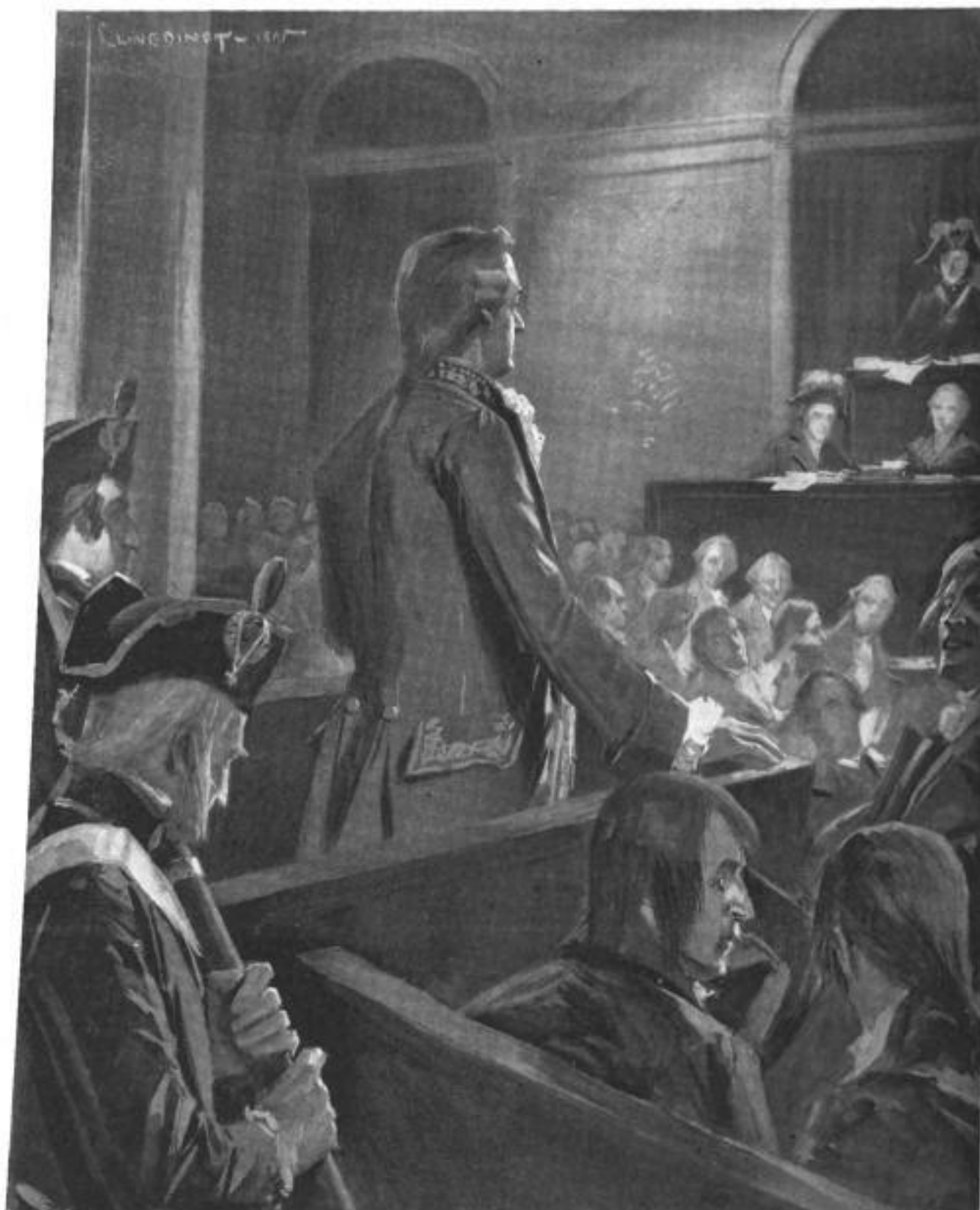


THE MOUNTAIN RANGE IN WHICH MADAME MODJESKA'S HOME IS LOCATED.



WHEELMEN'S DAY AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION—BANQUET AT THE KIMBALL HOUSE, GIVEN TO VISITING CYCLISTS BY MR. R. L. COLEMAN.—PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWE.—[SEE PAGE 422]





*\* The president thereupon pronounced sentence of death.*

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XXXVII. BETWEEN THE ACTS.

ND thus the Revolutionary madness spread and grew in feverish strength. Fate, so busy with the leading characters in this present narrative, paused with de Fournier a fugitive from death; his wife, Mathilde, at home in her husband's hotel, under the official protection of Grébanval; Marie Bruyset, shaken in health but untamed in spirit, a constant visitor at the Conciergerie, where prisoners and jailers knew her as "the little mother"; Laroche, torn between his love for Marie and his devotion to France; Madame Bertin and two of her daughters at the Châtelet; the servants of the Châtelet de Louvet martyrs to their vice, at the hands of Maillard and his crew; the faithful spid unaccounted for; Pierre Grappin safe behind his dis-

figurement; the Duke de Louvet, rescued from the massacres, but still a prisoner; and, when Mathilde most needed his watchful aid, de Fournier ordered by the committee of the White Buttons on active duty in the interests of the royal family.

The worst of the massacres over, sansculottism and murder were still kept busy, but in a more orderly way. Prisoners came and went. The mock trials of the Abbaye and the quick dispatch of the Conciergerie gave place to more formal action. The movement against "domestic aristocrats," however, still went on, concurrently with the fighting at the frontiers and the establishment of the republic, which may be said to have been born strong and powerful, and with teeth—a young giant, Robespierre, Marat, St. Just, and Danton surrounding its cradle and speaking in its name.

Time passes: a second of history, but full of notable and impressive events. The conflict between the Girondists and the Jacobins; the trial and execution of the king; the removal of the queen from the Abbaye to the Conciergerie; the conspiring friends of royalty now engrossed with schemes to rescue the queen; Jaffray Ellicott keeping his head, but endangering it,

all the same, as a member of the White Buttons; the Duke de Louvet daily expecting to be ordered for execution, still remaining in durance and getting used to it, as people get used to everything; Paris to the guillotine, Mathilde to the visits of Grébanval and the silence of de Fournier—the eternal silence, as she believed.

It is not difficult for the reader to conjure up for himself a sufficiently plausible scheme to account for the absence of de Fournier from Paris. Nearly every day had its plot for the rescue of the queen, the dauphin, and other members of the royal family. De Fournier's military knowledge made him of special value in the latest scheme, and it only needed sufficient success to get her Majesty fairly outside the barriers to secure her safety, so well had de Fournier arranged his plans with the Austrian outposts.

Mathilde found some consolation, amidst the general sorrow, in the fact that her father still lived. Grébanval had given evidence of his sincere desire to save him, inasmuch as every one of the duke's prison companions had, one by one, fallen under the national machine. Her mother had become far more





reasonable and affectionate than she had ever known her. The surveillance of the Hôtel de Fournier had been much relaxed as time went on. Grébaud was a constant visitor. The duchess had not ventured to ask Mathilde to see him, but Robespierre himself had called more than once in company with Grébaud. St. Just had also paid his respects to the duchess, who was acknowledged as a true republican, and received in the questionable society of the time. She continually explained to Mathilde that all this was done in the family interest; not alone that they might live, but that they might retain at least a portion of their impoverished estates.

It is quite possible that Citoyenne de Louvet spoke the truth. Always an opportunist, from the first days of the Revolution she had been systematically warned of what was going to happen by the man Grébaud, a platform in whose ambition was marriage with her daughter. In these latter days Grébaud's passion for Mathilde had waned. There were many fascinating ladies in Paris who were delighted to give what Grébaud called his love their most complaisant consideration. He had no lack of admirers among the belles of the republic, but this was not enough. He must be the husband of Mathilde. It was part of his revenge for the accident of his birth. He desired it that he might write his name across the register of de Fournier. It would have been a keener joy to have taken her from him. It must suffice to annex her, as part of de Fournier's goods and chattels, and so he let her feel his contempt for her. She scorned his offer when he brought her his heart and his ambition. It would be his turn now. He was mean enough to bring into his plots against her freedom and self-respect all the animosity he had felt against the man whom she had preferred to him. He never for a moment doubted the death of de Fournier. The truth was only known to Jaffray Ellicott and the Committee of Three at the Cercle des Bostons Blancs.

And now it was the New Year. The old one had gone out ragged and torn, cut and gashed, a weary and battered pilgrim, foot-sore, heart-sore, decrepit; not put to bed calmly with the chiming of church-bells, the singing of carols, and the scent of spiced wines; but flung headlong into his grave amidst the howlings of the Revolutionary maelstrom and declarations of war from the four corners of the earth, answered with Danton's "gaze of battle, the head of a king," and such other portentous incidents and omens as prophecy might well have seen in John the Divine's vision of the opening of the Fourth Seal.

## XXXVIII.

## A GRIM BIT OF HISTORY.

THE elastic law of suspects made it possible for the number of prisoners to become almost unlimited. From three hundred they rose rapidly to three thousand. They were disposed at the Mairie, at La Force, at the Conciergerie, at the Abbaye, at Saint Pelagie, and at the Madelonnettes or women's prison, and in all the state-prisons. Thiers and other chroniclers describe how at first, mixed with ordinary malefactors, they were flung upon straw. For a time their condition was pitiful. At length there were, as we have already seen, alleviations in the earliest days of the Revolution; and, as months went on, the changes were still more compatible with human existence.

Food was better served. The table was set with some regard to elegance. The relations between the prisoners were easier. Intimacies and friendships were established. Misfortunes brought people closer together. The Duke de Louvet and Joseph, his valet, were even on familiar terms.

The male and female prisoners were enabled during the day to hold communion together. An open railing only separated them in the hours of recreation. The women's court-yard was lively all day long. Before mid-day they washed their linen at the prison fountain, after which they promenaded, gentle and simple alike, many of them beautiful and in the height of fashion, some animated with a light-hearted disregard of circumstances, others pathetic in their fears and sorrows.

Marie Bruyset had access to the Conciergerie at all hours. She had, first by her father's influence, and, lastly, by the magic of her own personal force of character, become an institution of the place, welcomed alike by jailers and prisoners; and she had, on several occasions, had interviews with Marie Antoinette. Closely as the queen was guarded, it was a common thing for citizens to be allowed to see her, but not alone. The poor woman was never out of sight or hearing of the two gendarmes who watched her day and night. But they became so used to the coming and going of Marie Bruyset all over the prison that more than once she had obtained access to the queen without ceremony. When her Majesty was in bed, or dressing, she was separated from the officers on duty by a screen. Marie had slipped behind this temporary par-

titution and sat with the queen twice without observation beyond the most recognition. One of the gendarmes, who seemed most in authority, had made himself particularly agreeable to Marie, and she had responded to his attentions with a significance that gave him the highest satisfaction, not to say hope. He might well be proud of his conquest, for Marie Bruyset was worthy of even the far nobler admiration that she excited in the court-yard of the male prisoners, not to mention the concierge himself. She was a human streak of sunshine in the prison, and she dressed the character with artistic care. She wore her dark hair in curls about her low, compact forehead. Gathered over her ears, it was rolled up into a bunch in her neck. Her bonnet covered the head, closely frilled, and was tied under the chin with a bow of ribbon, and in Marie's case was decorated with the republican colors. The dress was long-waisted and full, with long narrow sleeves, the material bluish-gray and striped. High-heeled shoes and the manners of an aristocrat completed this bright, unusual figure, which illuminated the Conciergerie, a concession both to the prisoners and their guardians. Marie brought her pencil and her brushes and made studies of both, and also played the part of coquette to perfection, considering that her heart was devoted to Jaffray Ellicott.

While this life of apparent gaiety went on, every day carried fresh victims to the guillotine; and it was the knowledge that any moment might be their last that fired some prisoners with a reckless courage and kept others equally depressed. Dauban, in his "History of the Prisons," gives an extract from a letter written from the Conciergerie by the Duke de Louvet to his friend, Monsieur Bertin, who, in the character of a workman, had succeeded in living, with his daughter—undiscovered by the police, or regarded as dead—in a poor room on the sixth story of a house in the Marais. Bertin knitted stockings, and his daughter assisted in the grocery shop on the ground floor, for a living. Monsieur Joseph had opened up communications with the duke, and Marie Bruyset was the intermediary letter-carrier.

"I shall not take any pleasure in losing my head," the duke wrote. "I shall defend it by all the means that honor permits and that the purity of an unassailable conscience furnishes. After that, you may be quite satisfied concerning me."

"What you tell me of yourself seems to me of good enough omen, but changes nothing in my view of the future. I will not make a fool of myself with any hope; it would be too cruel to be deceived by it. I will await events with firmness. Need I say that I should welcome with joy the moment that would restore me to life. I have already looked death in the face, not only with intrepidity, but even with calmness; it is, without cessation, present to my eyes so as to familiarize me with it to the point of not wanting courage. My grief is in the sorrow of my wife and Mathilde. They have already tasted the bitterness of the cup in the death of our dear de Fournier, as you have, in the loss of those loved ones, your daughters."

"I am beginning to be weary of living. I am daily expecting to be allowed to see my daughter. My wife also promises me a visit. She has obtained for herself many concessions at the hands of Grébaud. Hitherto prisoners at the château, they are now in durance at the Hôtel de Fournier. Before I make the acquaintance of the guillotine I may hope to see them both. Through the medium of 'the little mother,' the only vision of light and life that cheers this abode of death, I understand that Mathilde is now allowed the liberty of her mother to go about the city; so I may look for them any day. I expect it will be to take my leave. When I am called before the Tribunal, dear friend, I shall show them how a gentleman of France can carry himself in the presence of vile usurpers; and when it comes to the last, God will give me strength to die with fortitude and dignity, as our good King Louis died, on the beautiful words of that intrepid priest, 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven.'"

## XXXIX.

## THE DUKE AND JOSEPH BEFORE THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

THERE is a little "History of the Conciergerie" which the guide within the gates will sell to you for a couple of francs, in which you may read portions of this letter of the Duke de Louvet, with other details of the time. He will show you the hall of the Girondists, which became their prison; the bare stone cell of Marie Antoinette, and the door through which she passed to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Among those who preceded her was the Duke de Louvet, who, almost immediately after he had passed his letter through the railings into the hands of Marie Bruyset in the women's court-yard, was summoned, for the second and

last time, to appear before the president and jurors of the tribunal.

The jury was made up of two sections formed of individuals taken almost haphazard from among the fiercest and most enthusiastic of the Revolutionists. They included the best-informed and the most ignorant of men. Jacques Renaud, who shouted "Vive le Député Grébaud!" in the eighth chapter of this history, and his comrade, Néroc, were both jurymen.

When the jurors of the Revolutionary Tribunal had heard the arguments for and against the prisoners before the court, they retired into their chamber to deliberate on the documents which would be presented to them. Sometimes there were no documents, and often there was no deliberation. Everything was arranged in advance. A juror had two lists—the names of the victims and of those who were to be acquitted. While this juror was doing his work, your Conciergerie guide will tell you, his colleagues walked about the passages or went upstairs to breakfast at the porter's, who kept a refreshment-room. The prisoners were then shut up under the guard of as many gendarmes. Finally, the re-appearance of the jurors occurred at the end of three-quarters of an hour. The president formally demanded of them, "Has there existed a conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, against the liberty and the safety of the French people? Are so-and-so guilty of this conspiracy?"

In the few cases of acquittal the reply would be in the negative, the first juror alone speaking. In the case of a condemnation the formal reply was, "On my honor and on my conscience, the fact is unquestionable"; and, in words of reproach and contumely, sentence of death was pronounced; and when justice was in a special hurry the victim would be taken straightway to the guillotine. Usually, however, he or she had the respite of a few hours, sometimes of days, and occasionally—a most unusual thing—of weeks.

It was before this tribunal that the Duke de Louvet, Joseph, his valet, and other prisoners were arraigned. The charge was the general one of conspiring against the republic, with, as regarded Joseph and his master, the added crime of resisting the officers of the law and being accessory to the murder of certain soldiers of the National Guard acting as an escort to a prisoner duly and formally in the hands of the law.

Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, was brief in his words and sombre in his manner. He had nothing to regret during the day. Every prisoner had been condemned. Those among whom de Louvet and Joseph were arraigned, as they looked upon him and heard his voice, must have given up all hope.

Below the president's chair sat Jaffray Ellicott, sent to report the proceedings to Grébaud, who was himself an occasional spectator, if not a participator in these tragic travesties of justice. The violent death of Marat had accentuated the action of the police, the magistracy, and the Revolutionary Tribunal, and at the same time had struck a thrill of anxiety in the breasts of the Revolutionary leaders. Grébaud, without counting the possible opposition of Robespierre, had resolved to let the Duke de Louvet go. His château was already doomed to confiscation. Only Grébaud's personal insistence, on the ground of his forthcoming marriage with Citoyenne Mathilde, kept the Hôtel de Fournier from the grip of the law.

"And now, Georges de Louvet, *ci-devant* duke, and you, Joseph Millet, you have heard the charges against you; you were one and the same in the plot against the Convention and the government of the country, master and man. What have you to say?"

Joseph looked at his master.

The duke, bearing himself with the dignity of a nobleman who had reason to be proud of his descent and his services to the state, said: "Citizen President, if it is permitted, I would ask your clemency for my servant."

"He will defend himself. My question is to you."

"He cannot defend himself, may it please you, Citizen President. He will never confess that whatever brings him within the law was done at my instigation. His only crime is that he has been faithful in his service."

"What have you to say on your own behalf?" asked the president, paying no attention to the duke's appeal. "Do you deny that you have conspired against the republic?"

"As this man by my side was faithful to his master, so was I to mine."

"And who was yours?"

"The king, whom you have slain."

A murmur ran through the court. Jaffray felt his heart beating with anxiety.

"You would have fought for the man Capet, whom you called king?"

"I reply that you may call his Majesty what you please, but he was your king."

"You do not help your position by treating the court with contempt. But your manner is

compatible with the tyranny you fostered in the past and which has brought you here to-day, by a just reversal of fate."

"I supported the constitution of France, to which I was bound in honor and by oath. I was not against any reform that should be sanctioned by the states of the realm. I am a soldier of France. I have fought her battles in the field. I have represented her interests at foreign courts. I would at any time have sacrificed my life in her cause. I do not fear death."

A few, more daring than the rest in the motley crowd of lookers-on, cheered the brave speech, but were immediately shouted down.

"The king being deposed by the people, who are the fountain of law and honor, you drew your sword against her patriot soldiers?"

"I did not, Citizen President."

"You were present at their assassination. You accompanied the assassins to St. Germain; you are the father-in-law of Henri Lavelle, the prisoner whom they rescued, the friend of Bertin and others, who, joining with two renegade Swiss, struck down a commissary of police, a captain of the National Guard, and killed outright several of the men under their command?"

"It was a pretty fight," said the duke, with a smile. "Only Frenchmen could have fought so well; only Frenchmen know how to use the sword like gentlemen. It is Greek and Greek when Frenchmen fight."

A cheer broke out among the crowd. It was led by a big, burly, simple-looking fellow, whom we know as Daniel; but he kept his secret well.

"It is a pity that you should not have drawn your sword on the right side."

"I have had no opportunity, Monsieur President. I would have gone to the frontier with my son-in-law, and fought for France, king or no king, if the honor of our world could have been a guarantee of our honesty."

"We know what that going to the frontier means, Citizen Duke. The desertion of France in her need, to return with her foes."

"I do not defend the emigrants," said the duke. "Nothing would have induced me to emigrate; nor would it now, even to escape the vengeance of your tribunal. Life is sweet, if it is to be shared with those we love. I have a wife and daughter. You have made my daughter a widow, as you have made the queen. It will break her heart if you make her fatherless. For that reason I would strive to live. Conscious that I have done nothing to deserve death, I will not burden my conscience with a lie to save my head."

"You have forfeited it, to begin with, in that you are an aristocrat, hostile to the republic, an enemy in our borders, a possible ally of the enemies without. Your case will be considered by the jury. Sit down."

The duke, with a sigh, took a pinch of snuff, and fixed his eyes upon Joseph, who, as he stood forward, looked a distinguished and intellectual citizen compared with the rough, thick-set president.

"Your plea is that you did what your master told you? Is that so?"

"No, it is not, Monsieur le Président. My plea is that I only did what I thought was my duty. I have no feeling against France. Why should I? It is my birthplace. I was born in Paris, and have as much right to live here in freedom as any man."

"But not to abuse it," said the president. "You took part in the rescue of Henri Lavelle, *ci-devant* Comte de Fournier?"

"It is true."

"You fought against the national troops?"

"I defended myself."

"You were not attacked?"

"Yes; the soldiers fired first, and without warning."

"They were defending their prisoner."

"I was defending myself."

"You accompanied Henri Lavelle and Mathilde Louvet to St. Germain?"

"I did."

"You endeavored to get them on board a vessel, that they might leave France?"

"God help me, I did so, and failed."

"You regret that?"

"With all my heart."

"Sit down; the jury will take counsel on your case."

The jury retired and visited the restaurant in the building, where they drank heavily, the names of both Joseph and the duke being on their list to be condemned.

On their return into court their spokesman answered to the president's question, that on their honor and conscience they found the prisoners guilty.

The president thereupon pronounced sentence of death.

"My poor, dear friend!" said the duke, laying his hand affectionately upon Joseph's shoulder.

"My dear, good master!" said Joseph.

(To be continued.)



## Thomas B. Reed.

"I TELL you, he's a cute one," is the way a citizen of Portland, Maine, expressed his admiration of Speaker Thomas B. Reed, in conversation with me last summer. That is the estimate of Mr. Reed which, I believe, is held by a great many people. Whatever they think of him politically, they admire him for his quaint sayings and clever doings, and for his shrewdness in making the most of every opportunity. This estimate applies to Mr. Reed the individual quite as much as to Mr. Reed the politician. Lacking almost entirely in that personal magnetism which draws a great army of unknown friends to the support of some men, Mr. Reed still commands admiration which is nowhere stronger than among his fellow-townsmen. I have not evidences of the same admiration for him in distant places, too—admiration often grudgingly given by those who were classed among Mr. Reed's political foes.

Though Mr. Reed is lacking in personal magnetism, he is not without the ability to make friends; and he possesses, too, the unfortunate faculty of making enemies. His sharp tongue has driven from him a great many sensitive men who should have been his friends. Mr. Reed's tongue-wounds are like a rapier's thrusts—deep and hard to heal. "Outness" has its value, but it often carries its own punishment.

It is not unusual for the keen-tongued man to be sensitive. Mr. Reed is a good deal of a philosopher, but he is not thick-skinned. He has character enough to reveal his hurt to most men; but his cuticle has been painfully rasped at times when he has seemed most calm and self-contained. This was especially true during his experience as speaker of the House. One of the political traditions of that period represents Mr. Reed pounding a pillow vigorously at night, under the impression that it was the head of Springer of Illinois, or Rogers of Arkansas.

The test by which a public man is judged best is the test of private life—for too many men figure in the public eye in false characters. Many gain a reputation for wit whose conversation is dull and heavy; many for honesty of purpose, whose only thought is policy; and, in fact, there is so much sham in public life that one who has seen below the surface is likely to take a cynical view of all that he sees above it. Very few public men followed into private life preserve their accepted characters. Mr. Reed is one of the few. Conversationally he is as bright and entertaining as in any of his public speeches; and there is a genuineness about all he says and does which commands admiration.

I spent a very pleasant day with Mr. Reed last summer. I went to Portland on a mission which was only half accomplished. I wanted to see the ex-speaker in his home—to learn how he was spending the summer days; and I wanted to get from him an interview for publication. I saw Mr. Reed, but I did not get the interview. With characteristic frankness he told me that what he said was so often misconstrued that he had been obliged to abandon magazine work. He could hardly hope that a newspaper publication would escape similar misconstruction and criticism, and he declined flatly to be quoted on any topic, however trifling. He declined, also, to be "a party" to the act of having his photograph taken either in his office or in his library. These things being clearly understood, Mr. Reed and his interviewer found themselves a little embarrassed for a silent minute. Then Mr. Reed relieved the situation by suggesting a drive about the beautiful city of Portland.

Mr. Reed is fond of Portland—so fond of it that when he bought a summer home at Grand Beach he made a serious concession to the wishes of his wife and daughter. Portland is a good enough summer home for Mr. Reed, and he spends the greater part of the warm season there in the long recesses of Congress. He is a man who thoroughly enjoys his home; who likes to spend the long days reading or writing in the hall-room on the second floor of his house, which he uses as a den; and who luxuriates in the view of the cloud-capped White Mountains which can be seen on a clear day from the roof of his dwelling. Mr. Reed is a domestic man and a student. He spent the whole of the past summer with his family, and during all that period he was reading and writing steadily. His

Mr. Reed is a man of liberal education, and among other things he is a linguist. He speaks and reads French fluently, though whether his speech is tinged with that twang for which his English tongue is famous, I do not know. He knows some Italian and Spanish also among modern tongues. He is well informed in general literature, and he is especially well versed in the political history of England and the United States. He is not above reading novels, and he finds especial relaxation in the French novel.

Mr. Reed writes when he is in the mood. He sets himself no task. When he has magazine work to do he often postpones it till the last minute because he is not "in the mood." When his inspiration comes he writes often far into the night. His thoughts flow freely, and he makes few corrections in manuscript.

Writing is a severe exertion for Mr. Reed, for he actually writes what he composes. He does not use a stenographer, and he writes in a slow, square, legible hand. But for the mental exaltation which it brings him, I am afraid Mr. Reed would not be tempted often to take his pencil in hand, for he is of sluggish physical disposition—not an unusual condition in a man so active mentally.

Mr. Reed keeps an office in Portland, but he does not practice law. His Congressional duties make so great a demand on his time that he feels he cannot serve another master; so the law practice waits on that time when he shall be retired to private life. The business of a Congressman is an absorbing occupation to a conscientious man. Mr. Reed is conscientious. He keeps his promises, he makes good all his contracts, he has kept himself free from entanglements with doubtful business ventures. During his first incumbency of the speakership he even sent back to the railroad companies all but one of the annual passes which were showered on him. In the case of one railroad Mr. Reed's sense of humor asserted itself. The road was so far West that it would have taken three or four days traveling to enable the speaker to use his privilege. He thought it was hardly worth while to spend two cents on that pass, so he kept it. Mr. Reed told me of the pass incident in the course of a long conversation in his rooms at the Shoreham Hotel, Washington, some years ago. It was a conversation which was not intended for publication, and I have never seen Mr. Reed quoted on the subject of public men and railroad passes. He does not criticize other public men who accept privileges from railroads, but he does not believe in accepting them for himself. I think this is characteristic of Mr. Reed—to do what is right because he believes it to be right, and not because of the credit he may gain for doing it.

Mr. Reed's personal tastes are simple. He believes in comfort without regard to more than the decent conventionalities of life. No man of Mr. Reed's peculiar build would have put on a colored shirt and a sash if he had had a sensitive regard for public opinion. Mr. Reed has a mild contempt for what is known as "society," yet social intercourse with bright people is one of his most valued recreations. A "function" he despises, but a small gathering of congenial men and women or a jolly card-party he thoroughly enjoys. He does not shrink from public criticism or admiration, but he dislikes the "personal" feature of daily journalism, and he would be vastly indebted to the editors if they would let his mustache and his bicycle alone. The mustache, by the way, has disappeared from his face since the portrait of him, used in connection with this article, was taken.

On the whole, I have found Mr. Reed as pleasing a study personally as he is politically, and quite as admirable in one respect as in the other. As there are two accepted views of Mr. Reed politically, it is perhaps as well to add that I am one of his warmest political admirers.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.



THE LATEST "TRILBY."

"TRILBY" seems to have made her home definitely at the Garden Theatre. She is not always the same person—she may have a different name and personality in private life, but behind the foot-lights, in the soldier's coat and milt slippers over presumably beautiful feet, she is the Trilby of the book and the fancy; an imaginative public demands no more.

Blanche Walsh is the latest Trilby, and the picture she presents is Trilbyesque in every charming detail. The subtle tenderness and extreme femininity of the wonderful, contradictory character may at times escape Miss Walsh in her interpretation, for a saunterer is an elusive thing to hold, but in the more forcible passages she is the Trilby of the book—just as romping, fun-loving, provokingly attractive, and lovable.

Miss Walsh first played this part during an

illness of Miss Harned's when the play was first put on. She found herself facing this emergency at noon one Saturday, knowing not one line of the play, and facing a row of costumes made for a shorter and plumper woman.

It was a difficult test, but she was equal to it. First because she has indomitable will and courage, and because she is a marvelously quick "study." She mastered the first act and half of the second in three-quarters of an hour, the rest she studied behind the scenes during the waits, and while the maid was pinning and pinching on the gowns made for another Trilby. It was a situation demanding a cool head and intense application. Think of this, young society enthusiasts of the drama, who long to play *Proserpine* to some favorite's *McNutt*—the mimic existence in the limelight's glare is "not all beer and skittles."

If you go up the boulevards on a sunny morning you are almost certain to see Miss Walsh. She may be riding a horse, or more probably a bicycle; or she may be walking fast with a fox-terrier at her heels and a big chrysanthemum in the button-hole of her immaculate waistcoat. She seems made for a horse and a canter. There is about her an air of exuberant health, unconquerable vitality, and the smoothness of the well-controlled lines which bespeak the athlete.

She has the Irish figure, broad of shoulder, easy, straight, small of hip and waist—the type of Irishwoman seen in the hunting counties of the green isle, where no meet is complete without half a score of these intrepid young Amazons whose habits fit like another skin, who fear neither stream nor five-barred gate, and who frequently leave half their skirt upon a brambly hedge in a mad effort to be in at the death.

New York is familiar with the details of Miss Walsh's history. It has been told a score of times. The daughter of a local politician with a nickname not euphonious, she was born in New York. She has lived always in the political atmosphere of this materialistic town, learned her multiplication-table at one of the public schools down town, studied in an American school of acting, and made her debut with an American "star."

Her first appearance was as *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night" with Marie Wainwright. She was *Queen Elizabeth* with the same actress in "Amy Robsart." But probably the most important work she has done prior to Trilby was her creation of the part of the wife in Beonson Howard's "Aristocracy." She has also appeared as *Zuzora* in "The Honeymoon." During an engagement in the Washington Stock Company she first attempted farce, appearing there in "Pink Dominoes," "The Cleft Stick," "My Awful Dad." Very recently, at the American, she was seen as the villainous heroine in "The Great Diamond Robbery." This was a part hated by the gallery, yet breathlessly watched, and for the first time Miss Walsh knew how it felt to be hissed. She enjoyed it—it was rather refreshing to throw the reins away just for a few hours and be a woman whose sentiments made the pennant-lover up in the shadows grow cold from excitement and hot from disapprobation—to find herself talking of her "next murder" as calmly as if it were her next gown. Probably for the first time faintly understanding how crime, like snails with a good French sauce, may be an acquired taste.

Miss Walsh was asked very recently what sort of heroine she most inclined to.

"I love Trilby," she said, in a soft, emphatic way; "I loved the book, and it simply delights me to be that bohemienne, the friend of the three Englishmen. Next best to the delicate, artistic tone of Trilby I love romance. I enjoyed very much my training with Marie Wainwright. Oh, by the way, I want to tell you of a little play that to me seems a rare gem. I played it in Washington, and, to be frank, I never liked myself so well in anything. It's a one-act piece, called 'Romeo's First Love,' by A. E. Lauenster. The story is founded on the passing mention Shakespeare makes to *Romeo* before *Romeo* met *Juliet* and really loved. She is shown to be a cold, worldly coquette, a woman of the world who regards *Romeo* as a lovesick boy fit for amusement. I played the part of *Romeo*—and I want to play it again. Just as soon as possible I hope to give this in New York."

"What play attracts you most in an ambitious way?"

"'Fedora.' What possibilities there are in a part like that. Difficult—yes! But it would be worth studying for years in silence, worth failing many times, if at last I could rise to the heights required by such a great dramatic play."

In the work of books, also, her taste inclines to the forcible, intense, dramatic. She shares one taste with Queen Victoria—a great admiration for the works of Marie Corelli—but particularly for the book which created a furor of abuse and eulogy in England—the story of the Christ in a novel—"Barnabas."

Among the hundreds of other books filling a pretty book-case in her comfortable "den" are

"The Prisoner of Zenda," "A Story of an African Farm," "The Heavenly Twins," most of Stanley Weyman's and Conan Doyle's, besides the standard works of Dickens and Thackeray, to which Miss Walsh, like so many others, is glad to peacefully return after a wrestle with some of the problem novels of the day.

There are many actors who confess to a great love for their art, but a detestation for the profession, with its hardships, disillusion, and jealousies. Miss Walsh is not one of these. She loves the stage and all the smallest incidentals attending a theatrical career—the rush and rush behind the scenes, the cues, the smell of grease-paint—all. The fatigues of travel she does not mind, and the narrow-minded attempts at oppression, the malicious jealousies so loudly complained of, have never shadowed her rosy professional life. She says she considers herself a very fortunate woman, and she is. To appear as the heroine of a world-famous play, at one of the best metropolitan theatres, may well be considered a triumph.

KATE JOHN.\*

## People Talked About.

—It may be that the prize of ten thousand dollars he has won from the *Herald* will entice Julian Hawthorne back to civilization from his romantic but not altogether satisfactory home in Jamaica. He went there about two years ago in search of the Naragansett and the vivid local color that invests everything around the Spanish main, but it is not certain that it has not palled on him a little. His success in winning the *Herald* prize is a matter of congratulation, for it may stimulate him to the production of a "House of the Seven Gables" or a "Hitherside Romance."

—Yvette Guilbert announces that her trip to America is for business reasons—to round out her fortune to a figure that will permit her to live on the income. She affects no sentimental interest in us, and her confession is pleasantly frank. Mademoiselle Guilbert has been thrifty with her earnings, and is reputed to be worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars. Her career has lasted for five years, and began with an accidental gain of public favor in a second-class Paris concert-hall. She now receives the largest salary ever paid to a *cante chanteuse* favorite.

—Like Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy began his career as an architect, and wrote two unsuccessful novels before he made literature his profession. One of these earlier efforts, written when he was thirty-one, was "Under the Greenwood Tree," which grew in popular favor after the novelist had become famous. Mr. Hardy is not physically a robust man, and to a stranger he looks anemic, for his skin is sallow and his manner listless. He lives in Dorsetshire, in a country house that he planned and partly built himself.

—It will gratify the many friends of Mark Twain to learn that he has achieved a big success in his lecture tours through Australia. He has been fêted right and left; at Melbourne he had an official reception, and was entertained at a banquet, at which the chief magistrate presided; and his lectures have been a financial success from the start. It is not impossible that he may be able to rehabilitate his business fortunes as the result of this round-the-world trip.

—Senator Olney keeps early hours for a Cabinet officer. He is at his desk and busy with his mail at eight o'clock, but in fair weather he is away at four for a game of tennis or some other form of out-door exercise. This brusque manner that has been alleged against him is more a matter of newspaper report than a fact, and he is popular with his subordinates. Physically he is the soundest member of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet.

—Mrs. Cleveland, since she has become matronly and devoted to her children, seems anxious to avoid conspiracy, and whenever she appears in public is quietly gowned and unobtrusive in manner. She has lost something of the attractiveness of person which once distinguished her, having become fleshy, and dressing generally in black, "and sometimes shabby black at that."

—The disreputable Breckinridge, who was rejected by the Seventh Kentucky District at the last Congressional election, proposes to be a candidate for his old place next year, and expresses great confidence that he will win. That may prove to be the fact, but it can only come about as the result of a moral decadence of the electorate wholly inconceivable to any pure-minded observer.

—Senator Brice, of Ohio, has discovered since the recent election in that State that "his railroad interests have become so important as to require his entire time." He is glad, therefore, of the opportunity to retire from politics. Remembering how stubbornly he fought to retain the place he has never filled nor honored, this discovery must be regarded as not altogether voluntary.



MR. REED'S SUMMER COTTAGE.  
From a drawing by himself.

chief occupation has been the study of law. He is keeping in touch with his profession, so that he will have an occupation if he should drop out of public life. Mr. Reed has no disposition to retire to private life at present, but he realizes the uncertainties of politics.





MISS WALSH AS "TRILBY."  
Copyright photograph, 1905, by Falk.



MISS WALSH AS "BOREAS."  
Copyright photograph, 1905, by Falk.



MISS WALSH AS THE HEROINE IN "THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY."

MISS WALSH AS THE WIFE IN "ARISTOCRACY."  
Copyright photograph by Falk.

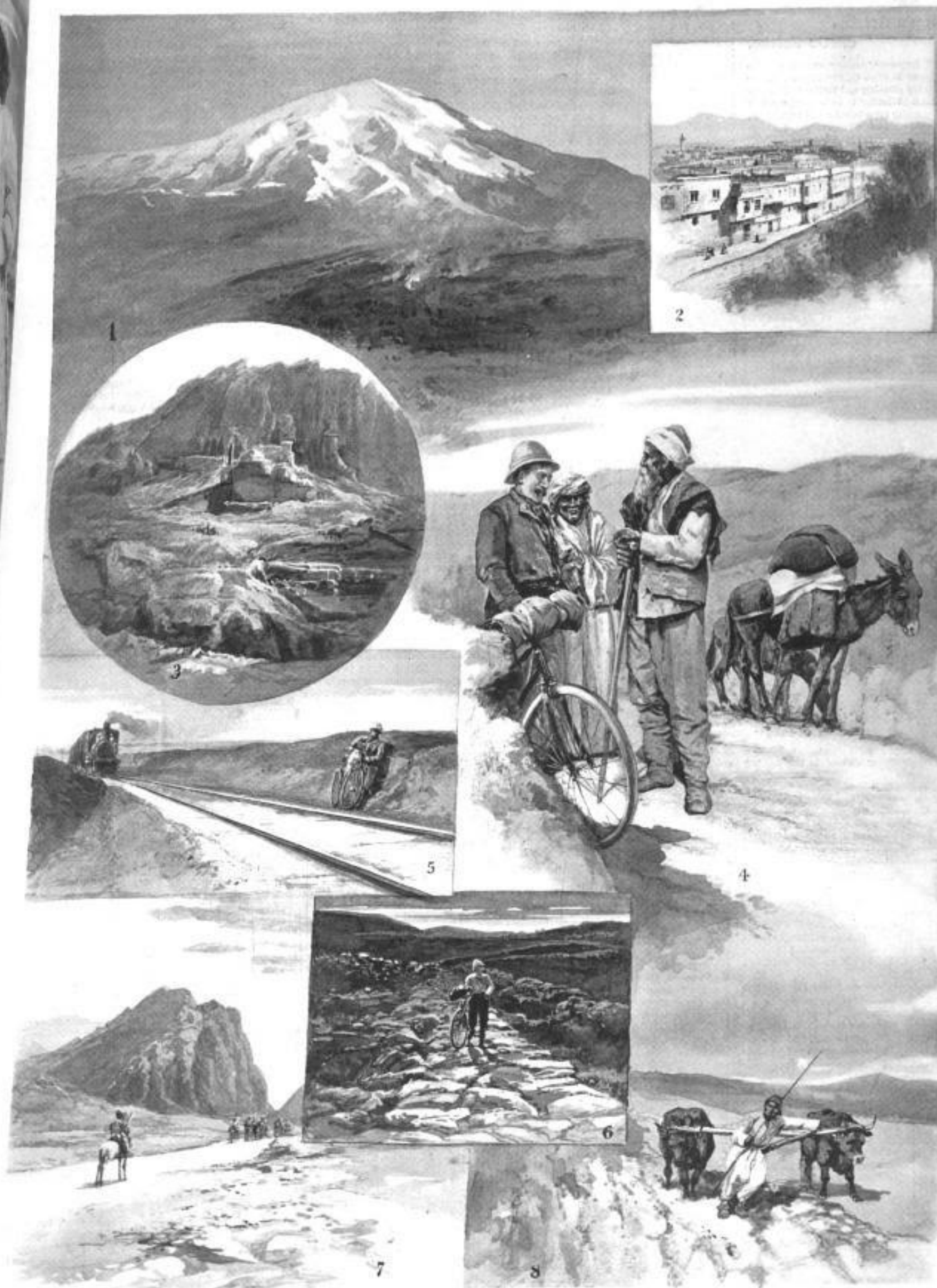


MISS WALSH IN "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."  
Photograph by Falk.

### MISS BLANCHE WALSH

IN HER LEADING ROLES, WITH HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH AS "TRILBY."—(SEE PAGE 424)





1. Mt. Ararat, from the Kurdish encampments on the Turkish slope. 2. Erzeroum, capital of Armenia, where the recent massacres were committed. 3. Bayazid, Turkish stronghold near Mt. Ararat, bombarded by Russians in 1878. 4. A Turkish *derwish* and his wife interview the rider of the "Devil's Cart." 5. Only railroad in Asiatic Turkey—waiting for the *Angora* express. 6. One of the unbroken paths of Turkey—not a cycling boulevard. 7. Turkish "Zaptieh" guarding a lonely stretch in the land of the Kurds. 8. A Turkish plowman with his "crooked stick" and oxen.

### THE ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT THE PLACES OF THEIR OCCURRENCE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. THOMAS G. ALLEN, JR., ON HIS RECENT JOURNEY "ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE."—[SEE PAGE 422.]



## Boston's Aristocratic Scribe.

Of all the money-making avenues open to women none is more thronged than that devoted to the gleaming and forth-throwing of society news. Whether it be because the way has its peculiar opportunities and attractions, requires no technical training, or gives the largest financial returns for investment of time and effort, the fact still remains that its table-lands, valleys, and mountain tops are traversed by a great multitude of those more or less suited to the delicate task of putting into cold type the pleasures, accomplishments, and attainments of



MRS. CAROLINE HALL WASHBURN.

that great governing element in this rushing world, society.

Mrs. Caroline Hall Washburn is a Bostonian of the most pronounced type, so far as birth and family connections are concerned. Her distinguished line of relatives on both sides includes such names as Coffin, Hall, Brooks, Parkman, Grant, Guild, Otis, Sargent, and many more of the same high standard. Francis Parkman, the keen painter of nations, was a cousin, and Phillips Brooks, bishop and master-man by grace of God, was a second cousin.

Mrs. Washburn's husband belonged to the Maine family of that name, and it was upon his death, after a brief married life, that she returned to the Dorchester home and accepted the editorial department of the Boston *Globe's* Sunday society news.

Imagine if you can, readers unfamiliar with the Eastern conservatism of fifteen years ago, a daughter of the pastor of that historic old Unitarian Church on Meeting-house Hill, Rev. Nathaniel Hall, scholar, gentleman, and saint—a cousin to half Beacon Hill and the older parts of Back Bay, betaking her aristocratic presence into the "newspaper business." It was an unprecedented and—locally—exciting as would be the appearance of her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, on the stage of a London theatre.

At that time journalism was not a crown of glory to the woman quill-driver. Tradition had dubbed her "blue stocking," pictured her ungainly, uncouth, and undesirable. Aristocrats considered public mention derogatory to their dignity, and nobodies clamored for the high places that new riches might buy.

Into this turbulent sea of contending elements Mrs. Washburn launched her professional bark. With the skill born of *savoir-faire*, the tact resulting from a large and generous nature, native kindness, and a splendid disregard for all pettiness and unworthiness either of critic or rival, she quickly proved herself the creator of a quite new régime in the world of society journalism.

With her superb carriage, exquisite toilettes, inimitable gift for entertaining, and equal capacity for hearing in mind the true values of the unbroken rush of social claims laid upon her, she is as distinctive and unique in her position—as the leading light of her profession—as *Madame Adam* is in her Parisian salon.

Very recently the Boston *Herald* has succeeded in enthroning Mrs. Washburn in its sumptuous editorial rooms—though only for a few hours, once a week, when a skilled secretary prepares the copy of "Social Life" under her personal directions, and the next morning the real four hundred, not only in Boston but in New York and many other cities, read of themselves. Yes, of themselves. That is what makes the work unique. Mrs. Washburn is one of them; born among them and inheriting all the instincts of class she speaks with authority, writes with familiarity, preserves all the correct relations of good taste, high-bred customs, and general "fitness," and—as a contemporary newspaper editorial said of her—"knows what to say and what not to say."

If some power could gather in one brilliant social function the great particular stars of Mrs. Washburn's long list of friends, it would make a wonderful subject for an historic painter. There would be Aldrich, Howells, Dr. Holmes, and all the clever Bostonians. There would be grouped Sarah Crowell—now Mrs. Le Moyne—the society reader; Mrs. Murfree (Charles Egbert Coadlock); the Kendals, the London Gros-smiths, Lord and Lady Parker, Lieutenant and Mrs. Henn, Melba, Nordica, the de Reszels, the Modjeskas, Ancona, Plançon, Julia Marlowe, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Terry, and many more interesting and notable folk.

In this progressive age woman holds her place in almost every field of work, but no newspaper in the country has more cause for congratulation upon its admirably conducted society news than the Boston *Herald*. C. W. R.

## The Armenian Atrocities.

A WITNESS when put upon the stand is expected to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There are many people who have told the truth, as far as they were able, about the Armenian question; there are none as yet who have been able to get at the whole truth, and very few who have told nothing but the truth. Gross exaggerations on the one hand and suppression of the facts on the other have been made possible by the nature of the situation. We do know, however, that the Armenians have frequently been indebted to their imaginations for their facts and to their over-sensitive fears for their alarms. Their cry of woe has proven so often groundless that it was difficult in the present real danger to arouse the Western world to a realization of the gravity of the situation. We also know that for years there have been formed secret societies among the Armenians, and that the representatives of Armenian patriotic committees in two or three cities in continental Europe have been moving about Asiatic Turkey trying to rouse a revolt among their fellow-countrymen by inflammatory literature. It is such efforts as these, I think, that have contributed largely to bring about the crisis which now threatens the overthrow of the Ottoman empire, and this, no doubt, was the object for which they were intended; for over and above the desire to be relieved from alleged Turkish tyranny there has long been growing among the Armenians a sentiment of national autonomy. They have also conceived not unextravagant hopes of a bright future for their country, when the Turkish empire, as they trust, shall have finally crumbled away.

It is this pre-conceived notion that has actuated the numerous Armenian agitators and revolutionary societies, and they have followed out a persistent policy to this end. It is my humble opinion, derived from several months' experience in Turkish Armenia, that the race conflict now going on has been increasing with this growing national sentiment, and that the present outbreak would have occurred sooner or

later, even without the occasion of depredations by the Kurdish nomads.

But I am fully aware that "it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us." However the present crisis may have been brought about, it is certain that we are now face to face with a series of the most cruel atrocities that the civilized world has been called upon to witness. I would not for one moment attempt to abate the denunciations that are being elicited from all nationalities and all religious sects by these unparalleled acts of barbarity. I heartily concur in the opinion that the most severe and summary punishment should be inflicted upon the perpetrators; but I must demur in a measure from the wholesale and one-sided judgment that is now being so freely expressed, especially by the American press, against the Turks.

Over and above the quick responsiveness which the American people have always given to the sentiments of humanity, they have had a special reason for feeling a warm interest in the Armenian Christians. Nearly everything which has been done in these ancient seats of Christianity by modern Christian nations has been done by American missionaries, whose schools and colleges, planted in various parts of Western Asia, have re-kindled the flame of knowledge and stimulated the native Eastern churches to resume the intellectual activity which once distinguished them. We do not wonder, therefore, that the sufferings of the Armenians have evoked so much sympathy from the American people, but we are somewhat surprised that they should make them the occasion for a religious crusade against the Mussulman race. It is a fact which is admitted by every Protestant missionary I have met in Asiatic Turkey, that the Mussulman, while not convertible from his own faith, is far more tolerant of the presence of missionaries in his country than the native Armenians, among whom the missionary proselytes are exclusively made. This converting of the Armenians from one form of Christianity to another has aroused against the Protestant missionary movement the opposition of the native Armenian Church, which, if it had its way to-day, would drive every missionary from the country. On the other hand, I have had direct evidence of the tolerant attitude of at least one educated Turk toward this question of religious differences. On venturing to thank my host one day for his hospitality toward a stranger, and even foreigner, he said that this world occupied so small a space in God's dominion that we could well afford to be brothers one to another, in spite of our individual beliefs and opinions. "We may have different beliefs and opinions," said he, "but we all belong to the one great father of humanity, just as children of different complexions, dispositions, and intellects may belong to the one common parent. We should exercise reason always, and have charity for other people's opinions."

I firmly believe that the primal cause for the present trouble in the Sultan's dominions lies beyond any question of religious difference, for the Sunnite Mussulman has always been noted for his religious tolerance. It is, I think, due to a mutual hatred engendered by a constantly increasing trade competition.

Like the Jews, whom they resemble very much in features, and to whom they are said to be primordially related through one of the lost ten tribes, the Armenians are consummate craftsmen. It is a trite saying throughout the Levant that a Jew cheats a Turk, a Greek cheats a Jew, and an Armenian cheats them all. In the struggle for existence the Turks are heavily handicapped, being mostly ignorant and artless, and speaking their mother tongue alone; whereas the Armenians and native Greeks are clever, full of subterfuge, and acquainted with several languages. Honest and faithful to his pledged word, the Turk will work to the end of his days in order to discharge a debt, a quality of which the Armenian money-lender takes advantage to offer him long and ruinous credits at usurious rates of interest.

"If you wish to succeed," says an Anatolian commercial axiom, "trust the Christian to one tenth, the Mussulman to ten-fold his income. Thus trusted, the Turk has no longer anything he can call his own. Deprived of all share in the sea-borne traffic and in the industrial arts, he is being gradually driven from the seaboard to the interior, where little remains open to him except the guidance of caravans or a purely pastoral existence."

On the other hand, through the tolerant spirit of the Mussulman religion, several hundred Armenians now hold lucrative and responsible positions under the Turkish government, one having even been minister of the crown. They even have some rights not granted to their Moslem neighbors—namely, the right of appeal to foreign ministers and consuls, and the right to publish and circulate newspapers printed in their own language. More than this, they are allowed to follow out with the utmost freedom their own laudable enterprise in the matter of education. Good schools, besides those of the

Protestant missionaries, have been erected in various parts of the country.

In the above comparisons I wish to distinguish clearly between the Turkish peasant and the Turkish official, who is proverbially corrupt, and who has grown more and more so just as he has become contaminated by so-called Western civilization. It is he who, in collusion with the lawless Kurds, is mainly responsible for the recent atrocities. From his misadministrations the Turkish peasant, as well as the Armenian, has greatly suffered, and with even less ability to right his wrongs or redress his grievances. Aside from the recent Armenian calamities he of all the Sultan's subjects is most entitled to our commiseration.

Already, by the force of their superior education and business capacity, the Armenians and the Greeks are rapidly becoming the commercial masters of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions, and the Turks are rapidly drifting back to the life of their forefathers. Long since the summons to withdraw from Europe has been issued, and we know that the cruel mandate lies in a great measure realized. And now the Turks are threatened in Asia itself. The ominous cry "To the Steppes!" has been raised, and one asks in terror, must this mandate also be realized? Is there no possible reconciliation between the conflicting elements? Is the unity of civilization to be had only by the sacrifice of whole populations, and those, above all, which are distinguished by the highest moral qualities—uprightness, truth, manliness, courage, and tolerance?

THOMAS G. ALLEN, JR.

## Sweet Innocent.

SWEET innocent—crown princess to the throne  
Of all the Russias—art thou to us lent  
For the long line of despoils in atoms,  
Sweet innocent?

Thy tiny car—may it expand intent  
On a despairing people's ceaseless moan  
Till pity bids a queenly heart relent.

May that small hollow of thy hand alone  
Uplift and hold thy people in content—  
For justice, love, and mercy be thou known,  
Sweet innocent.

RANDALL NEEFUS SAUNDERS.

## Wheelmen's Day at Atlanta.



R. LINDSEY COLEMAN.

THE progress of the Atlanta exposition has been marked by a good many special days, designed for the benefit of individual States, or for the exploiting of events of peculiar local or national interest. Thus, New York day, which attracted a large number of the leading officials of the Empire State, was an event of great interest, in the fact that it deepened the growing sentiment of brotherhood among the sections, and enabled the visiting delegations to make themselves familiar with the wonderful development which is going on in the cotton States.

Another of these special days which proved of great interest to all who participated in its festivities was wheelmen's day. This festival was arranged by Mr. R. L. Coleman, president of the Western Wheel Works at Chicago, who issued an invitation to the wheelmen of the country to visit the exposition at his charges. A large number, representing all parts of the Union, accepted the invitation, and the city was for two days practically in possession of the cyclists, male and female. As many as one thousand, it is stated, participated in the parades on the exposition grounds, while four hundred were Mr. Coleman's guests at a banquet given at the Kimball House. One of the features of the occasion was a night parade within the exposition enclosure. This attracted several thousands of spectators, and the scene is described by the local press as one of great picturesqueness and beauty. A large proportion of the wheels were finely decorated, and several of the riders were dressed in character.

On the 30th ultimo, which was the grand day, the wheelmen paraded through the streets, and subsequently engaged in races on the exposition grounds, which are admirably adapted for this purpose. The banquet given by Mr. Coleman was, perhaps, the most elaborate ever spread in the city of Atlanta. The great dining-hall of the Kimball House was magnificently decorated, and the menu embraced every delicacy of the season. The post-prandial exercises consisted of brief speeches by Mr. Coleman and by prominent representatives of the bicycling interest throughout the country. Mr. Coleman's remarks were especially felicitous. He had the



frankness to acknowledge that while the occasion was to him one of great pleasure, it being his forty-fifth birthday, he had designed it specially with a view of expressing his appreciation of the kindly feeling of the wheelmen of the country. He had, he said, been busily at work for a period of thirty years, and in that time had been able to acquire a competence, which he owed to the wheelmen of America. He had arranged the "little dinner," as he called it, in order that he might become personally acquainted with as many as possible of the patrons of the wheel. Mr. Coleman, in his visit to Atlanta, was accompanied by a large delegation of wheelmen from this and adjacent cities, for whose entertainment he made ample provision in a special car.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### The Outlook for College Rowing in 1896.

UNIVERSITY crew rowing is receiving no little attention in a speculative, gossip sort of way now that the foot-ball season has closed, even to the after-discussion of interesting points which came up in the last games of the season. Of course, as everybody knows, Harvard and Yale will not meet at New London, and while the former has an engagement to row Cornell, Yale is quite left out in the cold, though it is generally acknowledged by old Yale-crew men and coaches that Columbia stands ready at any time to row the boys in blue.

There can be no question but that the split-up contests of the past—that is, Yale rowing Harvard, Harvard rowing Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania trying conclusions with Cornell—is unsatisfactory to many lovers of the sport. But so long as Harvard and Yale continued to meet there seemed little prospect of a change to suit those lovers. Now, naturally, Yale does not care to let a year go by without a race—in fact, there is not one chance in a thousand that she will do so.

Already it has been proposed that Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania arrange to settle all differences among themselves and meet in a five-cornered bout in the waters of the Hudson off Poughkeepsie, the scene of the triangular affair—Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Cornell—last year. One serious hitch to such a scheme would seem to be Yale's dislike to meeting Pennsylvania in friendly rivalry. But one more serious still is what seems to be fact, to wit—that Yale and Columbia have arranged for a race at New London, and will not care to trouble about any other affair.

According to a Yale boating authority, Yale would gladly receive and accept a challenge from Cornell, and I know that Yale men, right and left, would like to see the two old rivals meet and settle the question of supremacy. It is likely, however, that Harvard would have something to say in the event of Cornell's opening negotiations with Yale for a race, or Yale with Cornell. Naturally, as Harvard will not meet Yale, she does not care to have her opponent, this year, Cornell, row the New Haven men. Comparisons might in the end become odious. So on the whole, while there is likely to continue much talk and many good and sensible reasons why a five-cornered race should be rowed, the history of the season will probably mark for its principal events a Yale-Columbia and a Harvard-Cornell race.

In many ways it seems a shame that the differences in the rowing seasons of the American and English university seasons should differ so, particularly this year, when Yale, because of her break with Harvard, and being the acknowledged head of university crew rowing in America, might go over and do that which Cornell failed to do—defeat a first-class English crew.

Of course, should the Yale faculty permit a crew to go in February, thus giving them several weeks of training on the other side before the annual Oxford-Cambridge race in March, all would be well indeed. But there does not seem to be a chance in a million that such permission could be obtained. Fathers all over the country would cry out: "What ho! I send my boy to college to study right through the year—not to go on vacations lasting several weeks for athletic glory alone."

If the winners of the Oxford-Cambridge race should, on the other hand, consent to remain in training and meet Yale in July, then a race could be easily arranged; but up to this time the English rowing men have not shown a willing spirit in this respect.

#### YALE AND PENNSYLVANIA FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

In justice to the University of Pennsylvania foot-ball team—bearing in mind their game with Cornell, but more particularly recognising the work of Full-back Brooke—I take this—the first opportunity to modify or amend the statement made in the December 15th issue of Les-

lie's WEEKLY to the effect that the Yale team was the undisputed champion of the year in college foot-ball.

After taking a stand long ago for the beauties of the kicking game and the value of well-directed kicks, and lately having seen with pleasure different teams adopting the kind of play which at one time was advocated in vain, I am loath to let slip the chance to have something more to say, as it may be appropriately done in the process of showing where my statement needs amendment.

"Yale, by defeating Princeton decisively, and Harvard, whom the latter defeated, having practically outplayed the University of Pennsylvania team, although the latter won by the bare margin of three points, is the undisputed champion of 1895." This was the statement written by me directly after the Yale-Princeton game at Manhattan Field.

In sober second thought I would fain change the latter part, "is the undisputed champion of 1895," to—looks at first glance to be the undisputed champion of 1895, but in reality, considering that Pennsylvania possesses in Brooke the star full-back of the year, it would be unfair to place Pennsylvania other than upon an equal footing with Yale.

Of course this means plainly that a strong team which possesses a star at full-back—a player who is always equal to a kicking emergency, can drop goals and kick place-kicks as they should be kicked, and withal run well and tackle surely, becomes a factor of prime importance in any game.

Without Brooke I do not believe that Pennsylvania could defeat Yale, and in such a case I do not believe, further, that any one would question Yale's right to the title of champion. But this "if" is nothing "in point." The fact remains that Pennsylvania had a Brooke, and supposing, as it is only right to suppose, that the two teams were quite evenly matched in other respects, then the work of Brooke would be a constant menace to Yale success.

Now, according to the opinion of good judges Pennsylvania's attack in the Harvard game was not difficult for their opponents to solve, and that Brooke really saved the day by his kicking. If, then, Harvard could really hold Pennsylvania, it must follow that Yale would do the same, and more, comparing the strength of the two teams from the Princeton games.

But just so soon as we argue Yale into a position of advantage, just so soon does Brooke step in to make all calculations on the result of a game between Yale and Pennsylvania uncertain.

Both might score a touchdown apiece, and a successful place-kick decide the game. Then, again, a goal from the field might rob Yale of a lead which she had maintained nearly to the close of the game. Then, too, Brooke's punting alone might keep Yale safely away from the Pennsylvania goal-line, and she in turn might score on Yale.

So, to be fair, the teams of Yale and Pennsylvania should be placed upon an equal footing, without preferences whatsoever. In other words, *let justice, not reform.*

#### AN INTERCOLLEGIATE BICYCLE RACE ASSOCIATION.

The movement which has for its object the establishment of an Intercollegiate Bicycle Race Association deserves hearty support. The bicycle race at the Intercollegiate Athletic Association championship games has, as George M. Coates, of the University of Pennsylvania, remarks, for a number of years past "been more or less of a farce." Mr. Coates further remarks that "it has become notorious that the best riders are not as a rule the men who win. The reason of this lies in the fact that running and bicycle-riding, although at first sports demanding the same conditions for a fair test of ability, have now become widely separated on account of the advent of the safety wheel, pneumatic tires, and, as a consequence, greatly increased speed."

In a nut-shell, whereas the high machine could, with its solid tire, weather the turns of a running track at a trifle over a three-minute clip, the safety, at a much higher rate of speed, becomes at once a menace and a danger to the contestants. Since the introduction of the safety in this two-mile bicycle event at the Intercollegiate Athletic Association games, accidents have been both numerous and serious.

But, outside of the impracticability of the modern bicycle race being contested upon a track which has been constructed for running events, we find another and an important reason why a separate association should be formed. This reason is found in the daily increase in the popularity of the sport and the rapid addition to the ranks of racing men.

Among other benefits, this one would be derived from such an association: a programme of events which would give the enthusiasts for honors in bicycle-racing the chance to ride in a race best suited to their racing make-up. As now, the sprinter, the long-distance man, and

the middle man are all forced into one race—a two-mile race.

It is understood that an important meeting of college men interested in this question will be held in New York in February next, at which the association will be formed.

*W. T. Bull*

### Motocycles in Chicago.

WHEN the Paris-Bordeaux motorcycle race last summer demonstrated by its astonishing record of seven hundred and fifty miles in forty-nine hours the practicability of the horseless carriage for regular road work, it was said that this might do very well in France on their magnificent "turnpiked" highways, for "they order these things," according to Uncle Toby, "much better in France"; but it was also averred that the machines would hardly do in this country. To prove the contrary, and in a city which perhaps more than any other in the country, with the possible exception of Washington, the Chicago Times-Herald inaugurated a contest which resulted in two trials under different conditions, giving a fund of very useful information to the carriage-builders, the road-makers, the horse-owners, and the people at large. It is unnecessary here to give the details at any considerable length. Suffice it to say that in the first trial, with a fair day and smooth roads, ninety-two miles were covered by the winning machine (a Mueller-Benz) in nine hours, twenty-two minutes—a speed close upon ten miles an hour—at an expense of seventy-seven cents in fuel for the trip; and in the second contest, on Thanksgiving Day, under conditions the most adverse, with the ground covered with rough snow and ruts, and the grades made slippery with ice, the course from Jackson Park, Chicago, to Evanston and return to Lincoln Park, fifty-six miles, was made by a gasoline motorcycle (the Duryen) in seven hours, fifty-three minutes, or a little under six and one-half miles an hour, the expense of the run being fifty-three cents for fuel. It would have tried the powers and endurance of the best team of horses to the utmost to have taken a carriage of the same weight (seven hundred pounds beside the two passengers) over the route in the same time, while the machine was "fresh" and ready for another stage of journey. Two electric motors were tried for a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, and did good service for the distance allowed by the batteries. The result of these tests demonstrated beyond dispute that the motorcycle, propelled by a small gasoline engine or by electric batteries, is a perfectly practical machine on fairly good roads.

What follows? The cheapness of operation—half a cent a mile under favorable conditions,—argues more eloquently than words for its general adoption. The motorcycle does not sick-en and does not die. It does not "eat its head off." All the motorcycle needs (besides its cheap fuel) is good roads; and good roads being an economical necessity, for the country as well as the town, the immediate future will doubtless witness an era of road-building such as has not been seen since the Roman emperors constructed the great highways which still bear their names and point the way to Rome.

And the horse? This is not the place, perhaps, to discuss the future of the horse. At all events, he will not be needed upon the motorcycle, so that for the greater part of light city and suburban work, where the roads are good and the grades light, the equine servant of man will be discharged for good. Nor is it certain that horses will be retained for heavy hauling.

The latest government report shows a loss of four hundred million dollars in the value of the horses of the United States since 1880, while the capital put into electric railways and bicycles in the same time is an even larger amount. In Germany they are plowing by the use of electricity, so that it seems that the horse's tenure of office is uncertain even on the farm.

The peculiar topographical feature of Chicago fits it to be the spot where the motorcycle shall receive its initiation into popular favor. A city of broad extent, the broadest, in fact, in the world, and practically as level as a race track; with a cordon of magnificent parks and parked boulevards sweeping from Jackson Park on the south, around to Lincoln Park on the north (both fronting on Lake Michigan), offering a continuous way of more than fifty miles, and with the grand Sheridan Drive of thirty and perhaps a hundred miles, now being laid out:

there is no city in the country which presents such a field for the horseless carriage. Upward of five thousand bicyclists (clerks, typewriters, business men) daily use the wheel between their suburban homes and their business, to the benefit of both purse and health. Like considerations will bring the horseless carriage into general use for business purposes, express delivery, pleasure riding, etc.

It is a curious circumstance that the horseless carriage is one of the most ancient of ideas. Homer tells us how, when Thetis went to Vulcan with her prayer for a shield for Achilles, she found the lame architect hard at work, bathed in sweat from the heat of his forge:

"That day no common task his labor claimed,  
Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,  
That placed on living wheels of massy gold  
(Wonderous to tell) instinct with spirit rolled  
From place to place, around the bliss'd abodes,  
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods."

Milton speaks of:

"... the barren plains  
Of Sericana, where Chinese drive  
With sails and wind their cunny wagons light."

The Earl of Worcester, among his "century of inventions"—inventions which, like Keely's motor, always lacked the one prime element of practical success—may have had an automobile carriage. But if he had, it was in the same uncompleted state as the tripods of Vulcan. It never "went." It is certain, however, that in 1759 Dr. Robinson called the attention of Watt to the possibility of constructing a carriage to be driven by a steam-engine, and ten years later Cugnot, a French army officer, rigged up a gun-carriage and a big copper boiler so that it was driven by its own power. There was too much danger of the passengers being scalded to death to make the machine at all popular, and being convicted of an aggravated assault upon a stone wall, it went with other crude experiments.

"Into a limbo large and broad, since called  
The Paradise of fools."

Watt patented a road engine in 1784, and about the same time Murdoch, his assistant, completed and made a trial of a model locomotive driven by a "grasshopper engine." This is said to have run six to eight miles an hour. The earliest patent for road engines in America was that secured by Oliver Evans, who obtained in 1786, from the Maryland Legislature, a monopoly for his system of applying steam to the propelling of wagons on land. In 1804 he completed a flat-bottomed boat for dredging the Philadelphia docks, and, mounting it on wheels, drove it by its own steam-engine to the river bank. Launching the craft, he propelled it down the river, using the engine to drive the paddle-wheels. Thus Evans's "Orukton Amphibolus," as he named his machine, was the first auto-mobile wagon and the first steam paddle-wheel boat in America. A reproduction of the "Orukton Amphibolus," and of the Cugnot wagon also, may be seen at the Field-Columbian Museum in Chicago. Alongside of these curious relics of the past, in the splendid museum building of the future upon the Lake Front Park, now being constructed in the lake, another vehicle will be shown—a carriage with graceful quadrupeds attached; and the little ones of the next century will shout with astonishment and glee: "See, a wagon with horses on it!"

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

### An Asthma Cure at Last.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE





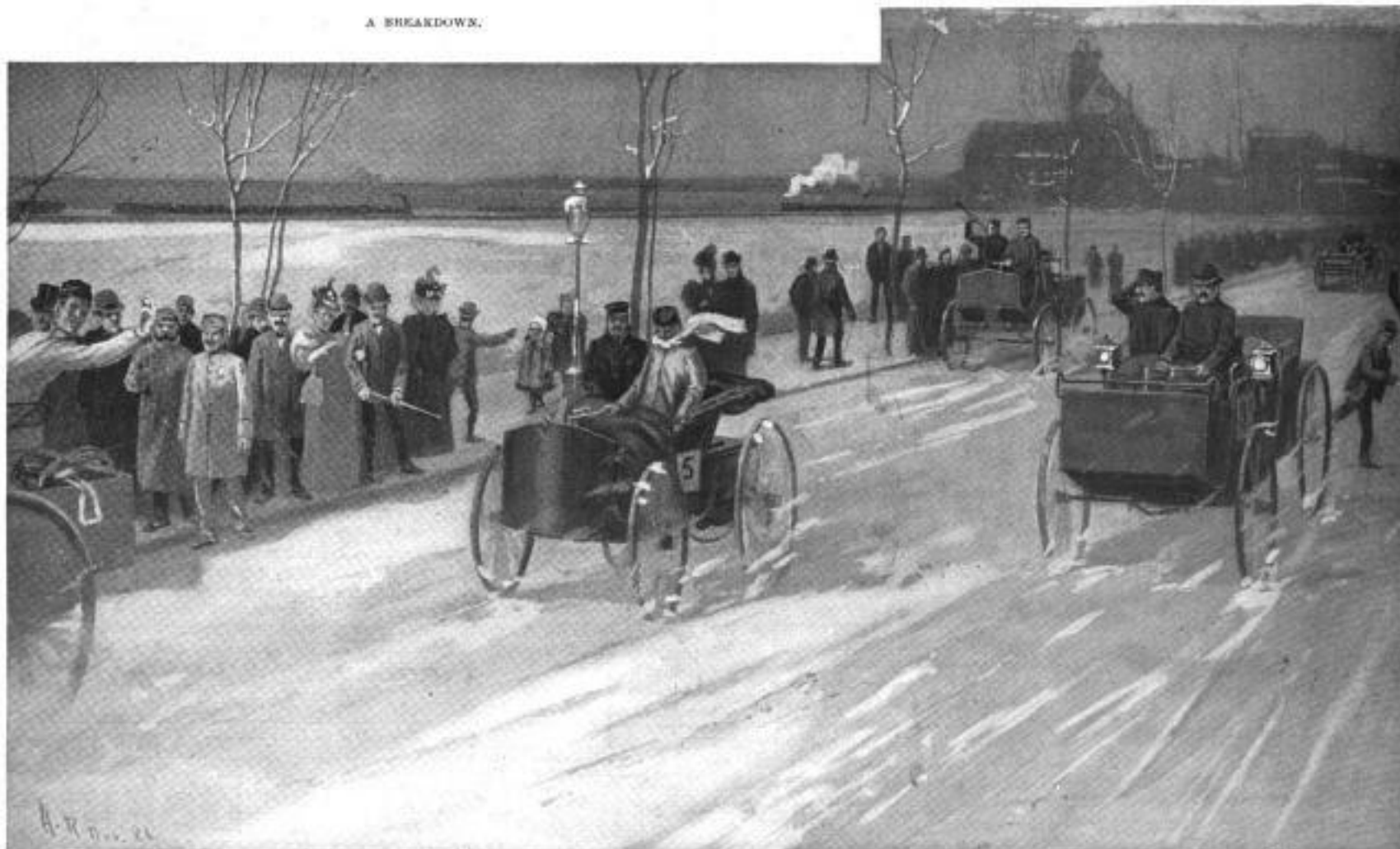
PREPARING TO START—MIDWAY PLAINANCE, JACKSON PARK.



A BREAKDOWN.



ELECTRIC MOTORCYCLE (STORAGE BATTERY).



The winning Duryea machine.

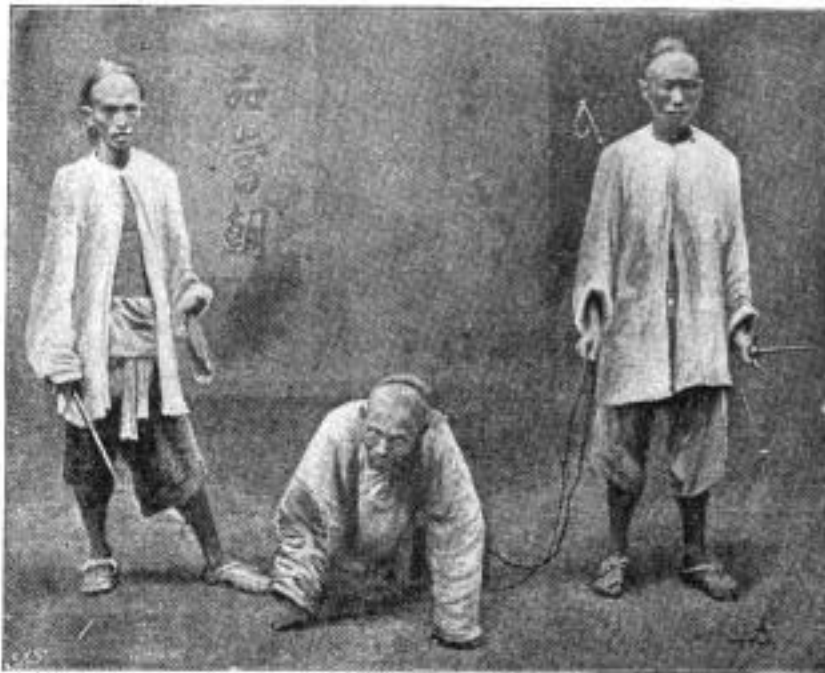
MOTORCYCLES COMING DOWN MICHIGAN AVENUE, LAKE FRONT.

THE "TIMES-HERALD" MOTORCYCLE CONTEST IN CHICAGO, THANKSGIVING DAY.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—(SEE PAGE 423.)

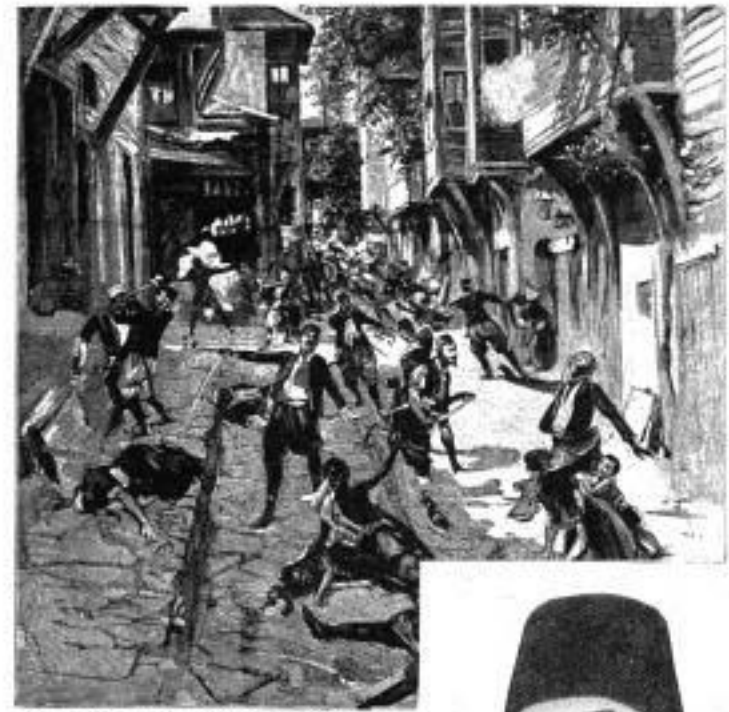




THE MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES AT KUCHENG, CHINA—THE TRIAL OF THE MURDERERS BY THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION.—*London Graphic*.



WING-CHIANG-CHER, THE NOTORIOUS NO. 1, WHO WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR MURDERING MISSIONARIES AT KUCHENG.—*London Graphic*.



THE ATTACK UPON ARMENIANS IN STAMBOUL.—*L'Illustrazione Italiana*.



SAID PASHA, WHO BOUGHT THE SHELTER OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



THE TURKISH OUTRAGES IN TREBIZOND, WHERE OVER SEVEN HUNDRED ARMENIANS WERE MASSACRED.—*L'Illustrazione Italiana*.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.







SEE ARTICLE ON THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH NAVIES ON PAGE 438.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NAVIES

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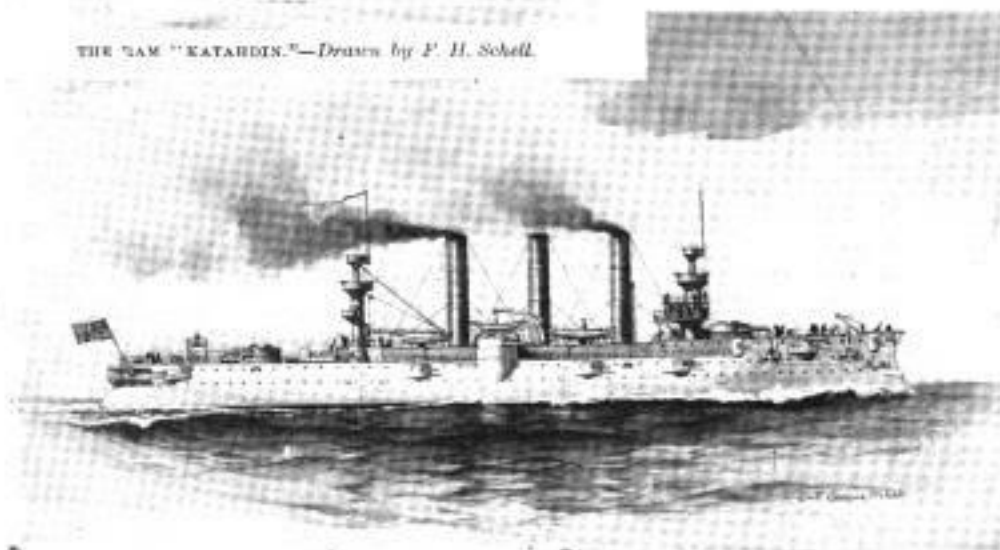
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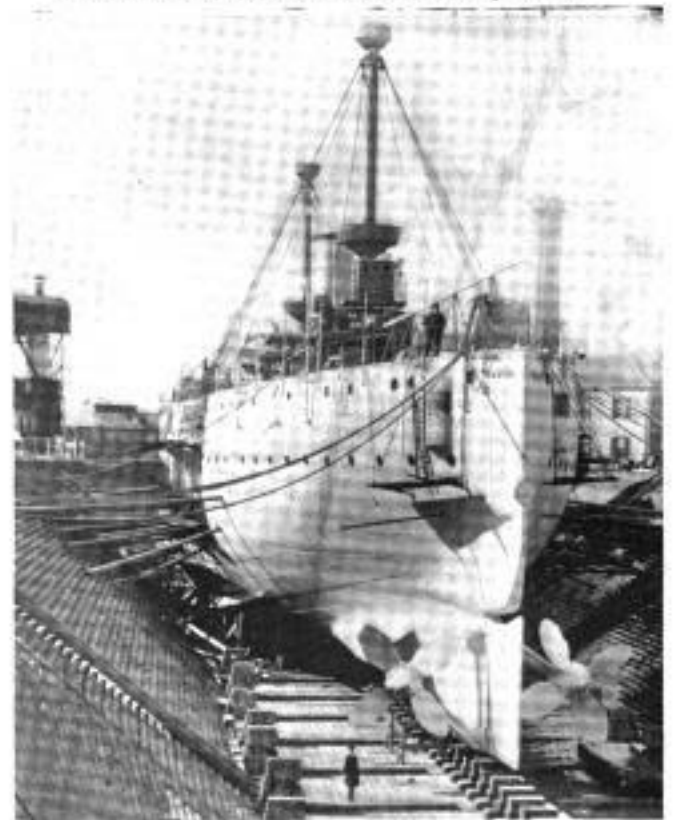
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FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "IOWA."  
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SECOND-CLASS BATTLESHIP "TEXAS."



THE DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

## WILL IT LEAD TO WAR?

SOME OF THE VESSELS OF THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY WHICH WOULD BE AVAILABLE FOR EFFECTIVE SERVICE IN THE EVENT OF A  
CONFLICT WITH GREAT BRITAIN OVER THE VENEZUELAN QUESTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. RAU AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 438.]  
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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Is England Prepared to Fight?

THE negotiations between the United States and Great Britain as to the propriety of submitting the dispute about the boundary of Venezuela to arbitration have suddenly arrived at an acute stage, and the officials in both countries, as well as the newspapers, have been compelled by the logic of the situation to contemplate the possibility of a war between this people and the English. With the merits of the dispute this country as yet has had nothing to do; the intervention of the Federal government has merely urged the employment of arbitrators to decide between a strong and a weak power, the latter American. The British have finally declined to submit the dispute to arbitration, and in announcing this determination Lord Salisbury has denied that the Monroe doctrine was applicable in the present instance. In polite diplomatic language the British premier has announced to the American President that he was meddling in a matter which did not in the least concern him or his people. Mr. Cleveland at once sent a message to Congress announcing that inasmuch as England would not arbitrate the matter, then the United States would decide it. The plain and patriotic words Mr. Cleveland employed in his message have found an echo in the heart of every genuine American, and partisanship itself has been stifled by the applause which greeted an utterance inspired by true manliness. These words may not mean war, but no American has felt any fear as to the consequences which may ensue.

The British press and the British people take the view that patriotism is a feeling exclusively British, and that our attitude at this time is merely for "bancombe." The London *Times* talks of the natural affection between the peoples of the two countries. The *Times* makes a most serious mistake. There is no natural affection between the two peoples. The British press and British people make a mistake. There is such a thing as American patriotism, and that patriotism is in a large measure colored by distrust and dislike of that which is British, because Americans have learned by long and sad experience that the British are unfair, unjust, and untrustworthy, and that this unfairness and injustice are always directed toward everything American with a specially ferocious urgency (No possible event in this country would be so universally popular as a war with that bully of nations, Great Britain.)

## Old Glory.



Nothing are these closing years of the century more remarkable than in the awakening of patriotism. It is not an enthusiasm that tends to zeal or bigotry, but a proper national pride firmly founded on self-respect, and it is as notable for its refusal to indulge in excesses as it is in its

purpose to make the flag the real sign and symbol of the local and national spirit. There was a time—it seems only a few weeks ago, but of course it was longer than that—when many good people began to despair. They looked upon politics as hopeless, upon municipal politics especially as cess-pools of corruption which no tides of reform could clean, and there was some danger that the century would roll away in a dreary slough of pessimism; but somehow the better impulses and activities of the people began to assert themselves, and in the past five years we have had an amount of real reform in all parts of the country, in every single one of the large cities where the promise of good government was darkest, that, when considered in the aggregate, must be calmly regarded as one of the crowning miracles of the times.

Now, it is interesting, if not directly a case of cause and effect, that all this growth in goodness and all this purification of public sentiment and public spirit have happened at the same time with the elevation of "Old Glory" over our school-houses and our public buildings, and its exaltation in the general thought. Go where you may in this country, you will see the Stars and Stripes flying. It is an easy estimate that there are more flags in daily use in the United States to-day than in any two other countries in the world. There are fully twice as many as there were five years ago. Every morning there are raised to the staffs of more than fifty thousand buildings this invincible emblem of liberty and self-government. Before the sun has said good night to the flag in Alaska it is shining brightly upon the same

banner in Maine, and there is not a moment of the twenty-four hours when it is not greeting and illumining the thirteen stripes and the forty-four stars, soon to be forty-five.

In a recent article ex-President Harrison said we had allowed ourselves to be laughed out of the old-time Fourth of July celebration, and he added: "It may be that the speaker was boastful, but a boaster is better than an apologist or a pessimist"; and further on in his article he used these loyal and sensible words: "Do not be ashamed to love the flag or to confess your love of it. Make much of it; tell its history; sing of it. It now floats over our schools, and it ought to hang from the windows of all our homes on all our public days. Every man should uncover when the flag is borne in parade, and every one should rise when a national air is given at a concert or public meeting."

We believe that California was the first State to provide that the flag should float from all her school-houses. Since then the whole country has fallen into line. There have been various societies that made it their work to present flags to the schools; there have been laws making the hoisting of the flags a part of the school-day's proceedings, and it is now a regulation of the general government that the flag shall be displayed on all Federal buildings, the effect of which has been to lead local and State governments to follow the national example, with gratifying results to the flag-makers and increasing pleasure to the flag-defenders and flag-lovers.

No more conspicuous instance of the revival of patriotism could be given than the recent action of the Roman Catholic Church. Within the past twelve months the flag has been hoisted above many of its important churches and has been prominently displayed in its sanctuaries. It heads its processions, and the other day, in Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, the primate of the church, and Mayor Hooper, one of the leading Methodists of the country, presided at the ceremonies which elevated above four of the largest parochial school-houses of Baltimore big American flags presented by one of the Catholic societies. Five thousand people cheered the patriotic sentiments of the speakers. "How much we are aroused to patriotism by the familiar notes of 'The Star-spangled Banner' or 'The Red, White, and Blue,'" said the cardinal. "And what that song is to the ear the flag is to the eye. May it always inspire every one of us; may it put patriotic thoughts into the minds and hearts of the rising generation; may it always be an emblem of justice to all, of partiality and favoritism to none, the symbol of liberty without license, of harmony, goodwill, fellowship, and fraternity of all citizens, the guarantee of Christian civilization." Mayor Hooper said he wanted the flag raised over every public building. One Catholic orator grouped Ceclius Calvert, William Penn, and Roger Williams as "a trinity of humanitarians and patriots, devoted to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and aiming to give these rights to every man," and the sentiment was enthusiastically cheered. "Here, where the cross of Christ is raised, let the flag of my country be lifted," said another Catholic orator, and he went on to say that, if need be, life would be given in defense of either. This is a potent illustration, because the Catholics, having the largest percentage of the foreign-born residents of this country, have been regarded by some as being less devoted to American ideas and ideals—an impression that such ceremonies as these tend to rapidly and permanently remove.

It all goes to show that the folds of the flag are large enough to cover all creeds and all parties and all of the better aspirations of the seventy millions who people the greatest and richest country on earth. It does us good, too, to think of this communion of patriotism that every morning declares itself anew and tells the world that this nation was never stronger in its loyalty or more compact in its integrity than it is in these closing days of the century.

## The End of a Dynasty.

SENATOR CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, announces that he will not be a candidate for re-election. His withdrawal from public life will extinguish one of the most notable personal dynasties which has ever existed in American politics. Senator Cameron, the father of the retiring Senator, was for nearly forty of his seventy-eight years the supreme boss in Pennsylvania politics. For thirty years of that period he was United States Senator, and was an aggressive and influential factor in national affairs. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President in 1890 was due in part to his course in abandoning Mr. Seward at a critical juncture in the contest. His resignation as Senator was followed by the immediate election of the son, who, upon his retirement in 1897, will have occupied the place for just twenty years.

It will not be pretended by anybody outside of the immediate Cameronian following that this protracted family régime has been marked by a single achievement in the public service which will entitle it to remembrance. The official record of father and son is searched in vain for a solitary statesmanlike performance. Neither ever originated or carried through a measure of real public importance. They made no impress upon the policies of their time. They embodied and illustrated merely the spirit, the idea, of personal politics, and that, too, in its most odious and arrogant forms. Office, in their view, was a personal perquisite rather than a public trust, and its highest and only use was to strengthen and perpetuate a personal

dynasty. Under this system, capacity, integrity, independence of conviction, and honorable ambition have counted for nothing, and have had no chance whatever in the politics of the Keystone State. Federal and State appointments, courts, Legislatures, the governments of municipalities, have all been determined and chosen under the dictation, and for the execution of the purposes, of the machine which was set up fifty years ago. That such conditions could perpetuate themselves for such a period, in such a State as Pennsylvania, may well provoke amazement. It can only be accounted for on the basis of a slavish popular subservience to the fetish of a family name, or of popular indifference to the consequences of machine domination and misrule. Either assumption is humiliating and disgraceful in the last degree.

Senator Cameron's withdrawal ought to open the way for the election, next year, of a successor worthy, in the best sense, of the exalted place which he has never really filled. But plans, it is said, are already being laid in the interest of candidates whose chief claim to consideration lies in the fact that they are partisans of Senator Quay, the younger party autocrat, and it is not impossible that the better element of the Republican party may again fail to command the recognition it deserves. It is to be hoped, however, that the field will not be abandoned without a vigorous and manful assertion of the wishes and preferences of those Republicans who, having no personal ends to serve, desire only that the party shall be represented by its best and ablest men, and that in all selections to public office reference shall be had only to the promotion of the highest public interests.

## The Excise Question.

It may not be entirely safe to predict that the Legislature of New York, at its coming session, will decline to enact any legislation which will permit Sunday liquor selling, but the present indications certainly seem to justify such a conclusion. A poll of the Legislature, made by the *Herald*, shows a clear majority of both Republican Senators and Assemblymen who are opposed to local option, while the number who favor any excise legislation whatever is comparatively small. A few declare themselves in favor of an increase in the license fee and a decrease in the number of saloons, and a number incline to the establishment of a license system based on population. The Democrats, of course, declare, for the most part, in favor of "relief" for the saloon interest, but a minority of that party are apparently indisposed to commit themselves in advance to such a course.

The attitude of the Republican legislators-elect as to this excise question should not be a matter of surprise. The party in this State has always been against an "open Sunday." It distinctly refused to declare, in the platform adopted by the last State convention, in favor of any let-down of the party policy on this subject, either through the convenient subterfuge of local option or otherwise. It is true, indeed, that some of the party leaders of this metropolis, in their eagerness to capture the saloon vote, assumed a position of qualified hostility to the Saturday deliverance, but they gained nothing personally by their pusillanimity, while the determination of the party at large to maintain its faith with the people was, if anything, intensified. Legislation as to the regulation and control of the liquor traffic may be necessary; possibly the adoption of the principal features of the so-called Ohio law, or of the Minneapolis plan, under which saloons have been excluded from the residential quarter, would be an improvement on the existing system; but whatever enactments may be had, it seems now improbable that they will embody any concessions to those who demand that the saloon shall be invested with a statutory and exceptional right to desecrate Sunday at the expense of every important social and civic interest.

## Evils of Over-capitalization.



THE question is often asked why it is that, while the price of nearly everything that enters into common use has within the last decade or two been reduced, the five-cent fare on street-cars has been steadily maintained. One reason for this is, of course, that every street-railway is more or less of a monopoly, but a completer

and more conclusive answer to the question is found in the fact, disclosed by the evidence submitted to the Legislative committee which is now investigating the subject, that all the corporations operating in this city are enormously over-capitalized—that, in other words, they must earn dividends upon a fictitious capital vastly in excess of their real cost.

The evidence referred to shows that, according to the highest possible estimate of their cost, the street-car companies of this metropolis have a total over-capitalization of \$53,003,460. The Metropolitan Traction system, for instance, which operates one hundred and seventy-three miles of road, represents an actual cost of \$10,672,000, but is capitalized at \$54,344,000. The Hackleberry system cost



approximately \$635,500, but it was turned over to the company at \$4,275,877, for which stock and bonds were issued. Its net earnings for the last fiscal year were about thirty per cent. on the actual cost of construction. At four cents a passenger the company would have earned a dividend of fifteen per cent. upon its actual cost, and even at a three-cent fare the owners would receive an ample return for their real investment.

It goes without saying that this system of stock-watering is absolutely indefensible on any conceivable ground of public policy. It is fraudulent in inception and organized plunder in execution, and it ought to be made impossible in every State of the Union by positive statutes so clear and unmistakable that the most complaisant court and jury would be unable to misinterpret them. Much of the discontent among the working classes, and of the unrest in the community at large, which manifested themselves sometimes in violent attacks upon property, derive their inspiration and force from the fact that the methods employed by greedy capitalists for enriching themselves at the expense of the public have been permitted to go unchallenged until they have practically become a part of our business system. Capital, legitimately employed, has its rights, and must be protected; but when fictitious values, representing no actual investment, are set up as real, and the public are asked to pay for the use, in its service or general business, of what does not exist, the State ought to interfere, and must interfere, if we are to protect ourselves against a tendency which is every day becoming a more serious and formidable menace to individual rights and the public tranquillity.

## MEN AND THINGS

"This power over by year and day by day."

They do some things better in England (with trepidation I say it, though with the mighty businesses the jingoes have on hand at present, I think I run little danger), and the recent celebration in London of the ninetieth birthday of Mary Anne Keely at the Lyceum Theatre is a very good instance. The arts, the sciences, the professions, and royalty gave greeting to the aged actress, whose life has been almost coincident with that of the century, and whose art—nothing but a memory now—gave the keenest pleasure to the fathers of the present generation. It was the simple, spontaneous expression of regard for one whose career belonged to the people, for their delight and amusement, and as such is an excellent example of the manner in which Englishmen and women delight in giving honor to whom honor is due. This deserves some more than passing notice, from the fact that we have among us, here in New York, an actress nearing her ninetieth year, who in her day was little less than a public idol, but whose name to-day is practically unknown save to a few. Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder made her first appearance on the stage in 1817, *within a year before Fanny Brath was born*, and acted almost continuously for seventy years; an unexampled record, I think, in theatrical history. I hope that the reports of the success of the testimonial to Mrs. Keely will encourage some of Mrs. Fisher's friends to organize a like function here. It could not but attract the attention and support of all lovers of the stage, and would add an interesting event to its annals.

Some months ago I spoke in this column of the culpable negligence of the various departments at Washington in regard to the invaluable collections of state papers, documents, and correspondence in their several charges. Since then there seems to have been some slight awakening to the fact that papers of such importance have no right to be exposed to the indiscriminate handling of countless visitors. A recent investigation in the Department of the Interior, and since carried on in the State and War Departments, discovered *hundreds* of mutilated papers and collections of papers. Signatures cut out, letters abstracted, and in some places the whole of important documents missing. From personal observation I should say that in none of the departments does there seem to be any sense of the importance of these collections. There should be a rigorous overhauling of the government archives; a complete catalogue made (of what is left), and then some one person should be made rigidly responsible for its care. Then only will a stop be put to the vandalism of autograph-hunters and curiosity-collectors.

The centennial anniversary of Carlyle's birth on December 4th slipped by without attracting any attention here, though, of course, in London there were very interesting commemorative ceremonies, including the handing over to trustees of the deed of trust of the recently purchased Carlyle memorial in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, at which Mr. John Morley presided. The omission of any particular demonstration or comment on the occasion in this country is the more remarkable when we recall that Carlyle was known and appreciated by Americans, largely through the instrumentality of Emerson, long before his own countrymen yielded him his due. But the reason is not far to seek. Carlyle was too great a man ever to be popular; his rigorous, robust intellect was too forceful for this anemic age, and

to most people to-day he is nothing but a name. His message to the world, though, making as it did for stronger men and finer ideals, will never be lost; and little would he have cared, once the results achieved for which he strived, for so fruitless a thing as fame.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### The Dunraven Inquiry.

THE addition of Hon. E. J. Phelps and Captain A. T. Mahan, United States Navy, to the committee appointed for the purpose of investigating the charges of Lord Dunraven, alleging fraudulent practices in connection with the international yacht-races in which he was so signally vanquished, is an incident of more than ordinary significance. It affords a very conclusive proof of the desire of the

members of the New York Yacht Club that the inquiry shall be thorough and impartial, and that its conclusions shall be beyond the possibility of question. The gentlemen originally appointed constituted a committee whose integrity and trustworthiness would not have been challenged by any American citizen;



HON. E. J. PHELPS.

with men of the standing of ex-Minister Phelps and Captain Mahan, both of whom are exceptionally popular in England, co-operating in the investigation, every fair-minded Englishman will be compelled to assent in the justice of the verdict reached. No tribunal of equal dignity and worth has ever been raised, anywhere, for the determination of a question of fair play in international sport. If Dunraven has any evidence to support his extraordinary charges he may be sure that it will be fairly considered, but if he has no such evidence—if it shall appear that he deliberately assailed the good name of honorable men upon mere suspicion or for the purpose of getting sympathy at home—he may be equally sure that the fact will be disclosed and he will be pilloried as he deserves in the popular execration.



CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN.

### Havemeyer a Baron.

THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER, for twenty-five years Austrian consul at this port, has been created a baron of the

Order of Leopold by Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Mr. Havemeyer has retired from the consulate, and his successor, Herr Frank Ritter von Stockinger, has the honor to present him with the insignia of the order in which he has been created a nobleman.

Theodore A. Havemeyer is known as the Sugar King, and is at the head of the great American Sugar



BARON T. A. HAVEMEYER.

Refining Company, better known as the sugar trust. He is rated as being worth forty million dollars, and stands among the dozen or less of America's great millionaires. He was born in this city, but he has spent much of his life in Germany in the interest of the Havemeyer sugar interests. He inherited the great sugar properties established by his grandfather, and was the organizer of the sugar trust. William F. Havemeyer, a cousin of his father, was the candidate of the Committee of Seventy for Mayor, and assisted materially in overthrowing the Tweed ring, being elected mayor by the united efforts of those opposed to Mr. Tweed's methods of government.

The order in which Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer has

been created a baron has as its hereditary grand master the Emperor of Austria. It requires, as the acceptance of the title, that the candidate swear full allegiance to the house and flag of the Hapsburgs, the grand master having power, however, to dispense with the oath. When the oath is dispensed with, however, the candidate only becomes an honorary baron, and not a peer of the house of Austria. If Baron Havemeyer takes the oath it is tantamount to forswearing allegiance to his native country, as he would then cease to be a citizen of the United States. He has not confided his intentions in this regard to any one, but still continues to sign his name to sugar-certificates with the utmost composure, notwithstanding the weight of the baneful crime on his shoulders.

### Boston's New Mayor.

WHETHER the city of Boston will have reason, a year or two hence, to felicitate itself upon the election of Mr.



JOSIAH QUINCY.

Josiah Quincy to the mayoralty, is yet to be determined. His predecessor, Mayor Curtis, has given the city a cleanly and efficient administration, and he was quite generally supported by business men with whom partisan feeling did not predominate. There was no apparent reason for a change. Mr.

Quincy, however, was put forward as the ideal Democrat, with the avowed purpose of re-establishing Democratic ascendancy, and Boston, being a Democratic city, he was successful. There is no doubt as to his personal integrity, but his public career scarcely justifies a confidence either in his executive capacity or his ability to divest himself of partisan considerations in the discharge of official duty. He may not, in his administration of his office, subordinate the public interests in all things to partisan considerations, but he will be quite certain, if his record counts for anything, to persuade himself that Democrats are the only available and trustworthy agents for the management of public affairs.

### Republican Discord in New York.

THE result of the recent Republican primaries in this city is a disappointment to many of the friends of reform in the party management. It had been hoped that, with a fair and full expression of the party sentiment, new influences would become dominant in the party policy, but this result was not reached, and seems to be as remote, indeed,



MR. WILLIAM BROOKFIELD.

as ever. It is unfortunate that the Republicans of this metropolis should present to the country a spectacle of perpetual dissension and discord, and it is doubly unfortunate that the party as such should be unwilling, as it seems to be, to assert itself in a positive way for the settlement of the party policy in harmony with the highest demands of patriotic principle. In the recent contest Mr. William Brookfield, late Commissioner of Public Works, was conspicuous as a leader of the reform forces, and, while he was not successful, it is not at all probable that the struggle will be abandoned. Mr. Brookfield is a man of the purest motives and highest integrity, but he lacks somewhat of the aggressive audacity and force which are required in modern political leadership, and this fact has undoubtedly diminished in some degree the influence he would otherwise command.

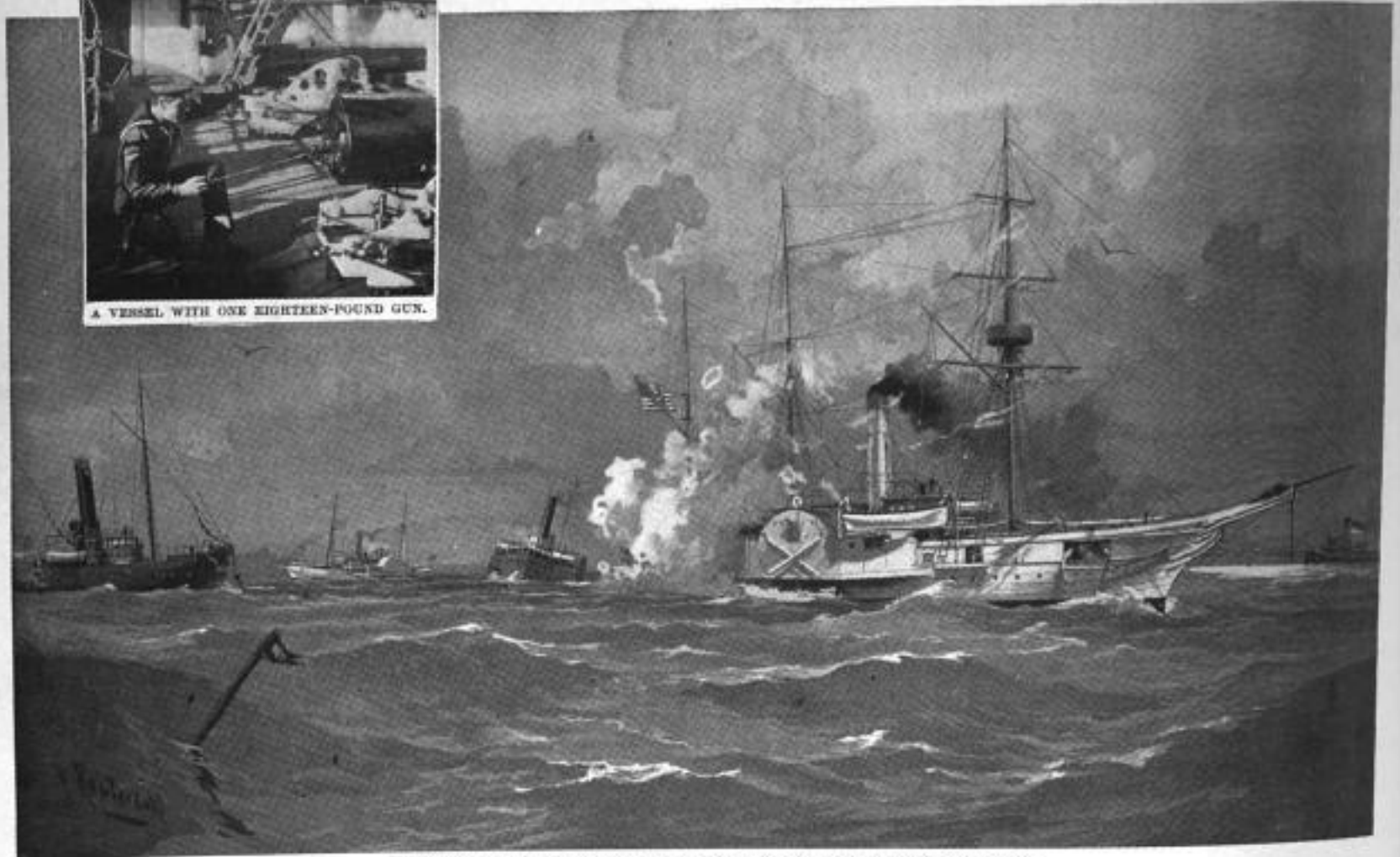




THE MYSTERIOUS CANADIAN CRUISER.



A VESSEL WITH ONE EIGHTEEN-POUND GUN.



THE FOURTH-RATE CRUISER "MICHIGAN," SOLE DEFENDER OF AMERICAN INTERESTS.

THE INSUFFICIENT DEFENSES OF THE NORTHERN LAKES.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BOCARDUS & CO.



HON. WILLIAM E. BARRETT, INTRODUCER OF THE HOUSE RESOLUTION FOR AMBASSADOR BAYARD'S IMPEACHMENT.



SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.





"He brought down his sword upon the wrist of the investigating hand."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XL.

#### MARIE BRUYSET AND THE CHESS-PLAYER.



"Does the artist, Mademoiselle Bruyset, live hereabouts?" asked a white-haired gentleman, soberly clad in black.

"Yes, citizen," said a tenant of the building (which is well known to the reader, in the Rue Barabaz) who was lounging in the doorway. "On the top floor."

"She paints miniatures; is that so, my friend?"

"She might be better occupied," said the loungee; "but that is her business, I believe."

"Thank you," said Monsieur Melville. "I have a commission for her."

He ascended the old oak stairway, paused on the landings to observe the rooms of the other lodgers, and presently knocked at Marie's door.

She opened it. Monsieur bowed.

"Enter, if you please," said Marie.

"You are alone?"

"Yes."

"What is behind the curtain?"

"My little room."

"The one you told me of?"

"Yes."

"Draw the curtain."

She drew it, and, opening a door, exposed the apartment in which Jaffray Ellicott had found his hiding-place early in the adventures of this narrative.

"It is well. And what is your report?"

"The queen declines."

"What did she say?"

"I fear failure," she said. "It would mean the death of the dauphin; it would bring many friends to the scaffold."

"And you said?"

"I assure you, madam," I replied, "that the scheme is perfect: you will honor me by wearing my clothes; I remain here in your place, you go out free; that is secured. There is no weakness in a single detail."

"And then?"

"I have decided," she replied; "I have fully considered. I am deeply sensible of the devotion of my friends; you, my child, have my warmest gratitude." She took me in her arms and kissed me; oh, so thin and worn and weak, it made my heart bleed!"

"You urged her all you could?"

"I left nothing unsaid or undone."

"You believe her decision is final?"

"I am sure it is. She will follow the king to heaven."

"We are all sure of our reward there, my dear mademoiselle; but we want a little here below. You are a brave girl. Permit me to kiss your hand."

She held forth her hand. Having kissed the tips of her fingers, he took from his pocket a ring and, laying it in her white palm, said: "Wear this, as a souvenir of our good intentions."

"Thank you, monsieur," said Marie, putting it on her middle finger. "It is a ruby."

"It typifies our agony," said Melville with a cold smile.

There was a knock at the door.

"Enter!" said Marie.

Laroche walked in. Melville's back was toward him.



"Then, mademoiselle, we shall say two miniatures, if you please—Robespierre and Danton, the saviours of France."

"Thank you, citizen. You are a generous patron."

"Not so generous as you think. Your price must be less, mademoiselle, in proportion, for the two. But we will discuss that later."

Then, turning round, he saw Laroche.

"Citizen Laroche!" he said. "How do you do, monsieur? If it is not too early, a pinch of snuff?"

"Thank you, Citizen Melville," said Laroche, dipping his thick fingers into Melville's jeweled box, and at the same time looking at Marie with a suspicious twinkle in his deep-set eyes.

"You rarely patronize the Café de la Régence nowadays," said Melville.

"No time for cafés," said Laroche; "too busy with prisons."

After some further converse, Melville took his leave with a courtly salutation.

"What is he here for?" asked Laroche the moment that Melville was beyond hearing. "Not to commission portraits?"

"Yes, to commission portraits," said Marie. "And I would rather make a miniature of you than of your two friends."

"There is some intrigue going on at the Conciergerie?"

"Indeed! In which Citizen Melville is concerned? Why, father, you are losing your wits."

"I saw you yesterday in the court-yard talking to the bitterest opponent of the republic. I saw his face, could almost read his thoughts; and you were encouraging his hopes, whatever they were. But he shall go to the scaffold tomorrow. I have spoken to Fouquier-Tinville; and that is all you have done for him."

Marie sighed and leaned against the window.

"The scaffold! All that is good and noblest goes to the scaffold. You will leave no one worth living with. The poor man wanted me to convey a letter to his wife. I said I would ask your permission."

"Thank you. It is a lie. You said you would do what he wished."

"Since you know so well that you call me a liar, why, there is no more to be said."

"Marie," Laroche replied with a sudden change of tone. "Marie! You are the torment of my life. I would die for you, but it is worse than death to be fooled and held cheap by you. You know you lie to me every day; you know you are untrue to the republic; you know you wear its colors and hate it all the time. What is to become of you?"

"Leave me alone," she said. "I will never compromise you. I do lie to you, I admit it. But you should not compel me to do so; the lies are yours. The truth would be a dagger. And yet I do you no harm. If I rescue one victim, what is that to you? You have fifty others by way of compensation. One poor creature to my share is not much."

"You are a fool, Marie—a fool. You will lose your head. If you continue your intrigues it is not possible that you can escape—"

"Unless you help me."

"I cannot help you; I will not help you."

"Yes, you will. Once—only once."

"What is it?"

"Above the queen herself I love the Citoyenne Mathilde de Fournier. If I could snatch the queen from the clutches of Fouquier-Tinville I would."

"Sacré nom! I must not listen to you."

"You shall! I am your daughter; I love you," and she flung her arms about his neck. "What would you do for me if some wretch forced me to marry him against my will; me, your child, your only child?"

Marie, balked of one prize, now went for another; and she was too much of a woman for Laroche. He had no other love in life but this girl, and he kissed her white arms as they fondled him.

"You don't answer, but I know what you would say. Give me access to Mathilde de Fournier. I have been there. They refused even your pass; said it did not apply in this case."

"What would you?"

"I want to see her."

"I will take you there. Come now."

"Will you leave me there?"

"Yes."

"And let me stay as long as I please?"

"As long as you please," said Laroche. "But never again speak of me as the death-hound—never again as any other than your father! I will put on my hat."

"A good thing Fournier is not alive to warn the citoyenne, his wife, of the secret place in the wainscot of her boudoir," thought Laroche, as he smiled with grim approval of a plan to overhear Marie's interview with the prisoner of the Hôtel de Fournier.

### XLII.

#### GRÉBAUVAL AND LAROCHE IN COUNCIL.

At the entrance of the hotel a messenger on horseback called Laroche by name. Laroche turned, to receive a letter.

"Come to me at once," he read above the signature of Grébaulval.

"Take my horse, citizen," said the messenger.

"Admit the citoyenne, my daughter," said Laroche to the janitor, "to see the Citoyenne Fournier; now, and at any time."

"Thank you, father," said Marie, as she entered the gateway.

Laroche mounted the messenger's horse and rode to the Palais de Justice. He did not notice the weather, except to feel a certain buoyancy in his blood. It had been wintry and cold. This morning there was a soft westerly wind and blue skies. It was the first harbinger of the coming spring.

Giving his horse in charge of a porter in attendance at Grébaulval's private door, he ascended an old rambling stairway, and presently, after passing the usual guards, was admitted into Grébaulval's principal ante-room, where he found Jaffray Elliott hard at work.

"Good-morning, Citizen Elliott," said Laroche.

"The same to you, citizen," said Jaffray; "Monsieur Grébaulval is expecting you."

"I am at his service."

Jaffray left his desk to acquaint Grébaulval with Laroche's arrival.

"Come this way," said Grébaulval, as Laroche entered the large room, with its bay window and balcony; and he opened a door in the wainscot. Closing it behind his visitor, he said, "I have been waiting for you."

"I am sorry," said Laroche, looking round the closet into which Grébaulval had brought him.

"You have been here before?" said Grébaulval.

"Once," said Laroche.

"The day I gave you instructions about the flight of de Fournier to Honfleur."

"The Delaunays," said Laroche.

"It is the same thing. The Delaunays gave the cue to the rest."

"You reserve this closet for great occasions," said Laroche, willing to avoid further reference to the Honfleur incident, for which Grébaulval always took all the credit whenever he and Laroche compared notes about services to the republic.

"For great occasions, as you say, Laroche; and for secrets that belong to you and me."

"This is a great occasion, then?"

"Yes. Do you know the Cercle des Boutons Blancs?"

"I know every club and every coffee-house in Paris—Jacobins, Royalists, financial, atheistic, the Noirs, the Wooden Caps, the Ladies, the Liberals, the Voltaires, the Pikes. What would you, monsieur! Is it to interrogate the police or to employ its most responsible agent?"

"You are right, Laroche; it is better to appear wise than to confess your ignorance. I will tell you all about the Buttons. This is their insignia."

He handed a white button, set in rich gold, to Laroche, who turned it over and gave it back to Grébaulval.

"You know it?"

"I have seen it before."

"It was given to me by a young fellow in return for his wife. She had been indiscreet; had threatened the life of Robespierre. I have given them a passport and escort; they have left France."

"You are too generous," said Laroche.

"You cannot be too generous in rewarding a generous spy. He had only been married a month, and the poor devil was madly in love with his wife; she mad on royalty and hatred of Robespierre. Have you seen this before?"

He laid upon the table a pen-and-ink plan. Laroche bent over it.

"I know the place," said Laroche; "it was originally a monastic establishment. It is in the midst of crooked streets and passages, has three approaches, would require sets of earth-stoppers as they hunt vermin. It is easy to burrow in the monastery of the Cercle des Boutons Blancs. There are galleries above and below, and many exits."

"To-night there will be a full muster. They meet to console with each other on the failure of a plan to rescue the queen."

"I frustrated it," said Laroche, though he had done nothing of the kind.

"You were acquainted with the plot and did not take me into your confidence?"

"You are a busy man," said Laroche, "and Paris is full of plots and plotters."

Laroche, it is true, had received some vague intelligence that had made him watchful, and he had suggested extra precautions to hold the queen beyond all possibility of any attempt at release.

"The chief of the Buttons is one Melville, the very man who is a regular salubrité at the Café de la Régence," said Grébaulval.

"You have been duped, monsieur," said Laroche.

"I think not," Grébaulval replied. "I have discussed him with the Citizen Robespierre, who chaffed him with him, and finds in his conversation a decided royalist tendency."

"Well, monsieur?"

"Do you know this Melville?"

"Yes."

"Do you think him honest?"

"Not if he is the chief of the Buttons, and it is a treasonable club."

"Its watchwords are royalist, its rallying-cry royalist; its cockade is white, and it calls itself the Club of the White Buttons."

"And Monsieur Melville, who is known at the Café de la Régence, is its chief?"

"Yes; and it counts among its members one de Fournier, a *ci-devant* comte."

"Counted," said Laroche.

"Counts!" repeated Grébaulval, his dark face working with exultation at his triumph over Laroche.

"He lives, then?" said Laroche calmly.

"You remember the attack on the patriots en route for the Conciergerie on the second of September?"

"Yes."

"De Fournier led it."

"My report was against Daniel, the giant," said Laroche.

"He was there. But now to business. I have been amusing myself with drums and trumpets, and marching and countermarching, with pawns and castles and bishops and knights before crying check; and now we'll call the game a draw and begin afresh. What is the time?"

"Three o'clock," said Laroche.

"Good; you will have time to study your map and make your dispositions, and we will drink to your great success."

Grébaulval drew from a small cabinet a bottle of red wine, which he opened; and, placing glasses upon the table, said, "Drink, my friend."

"To France!" said Laroche, emptying his goblet.

"To Laroche!" said Grébaulval, with a sinister smile.

"Thank you, monsieur," said Laroche.

Grébaulval stretched his well-shaped legs, in their light, well-fitting nankens, flung open his coat, and contemplated Laroche.

"You thought him dead?"

"I did," said Laroche, a little more at his ease since Grébaulval's conciliatory speeches, and under the pleasant stimulus of his fine red wine. "I thought so, too," said Grébaulval. "But he has the d—d audacity to live, and just when his wife had put on her mourning gown, too. To-night, Laroche, we must have him, dead or alive—all the better if dead; then there will be no resurrection for 'Louissette'—one of the nicknames for the guillotine."

"He attends the meeting of the White Buttons?"

"To-night, as the clock strikes twelve, they meet. He has arrived from an expedition in connection with the plot to rescue the queen. He had charge of the military part of the business and was in communication with the Austrians."

Laroche did not hate de Fournier as Grébaulval hated him, but Marie's devotion to the family of the de Louvets was a thorn in his side.

"You have ample evidence of the complicity of Citizen Melville?"

"Ample," said Grébaulval, unlocking a drawer close by his chair and taking out a bundle of papers, which he handed to Laroche.

"Warrants?" said Laroche.

"For the arrest of de Fournier, Daniel, Melville, and every man, woman, and child found on the premises of the Cercle des Boutons Blancs. Take as many men as you require. The Commune will give you a regiment if you want it."

"A few earth-stoppers," said Laroche, "and just enough to cope with a roomful, eh? How many shall we find there?"

"Fifty, at least. But if you are my true friend, Laroche, have eyes for only one—for the man de Fournier! And you will want all your eyes; his disguises are as numerous as his escapes. They say he is as much at home in the attire of a peasant as he is in that of a brigand. D—n him for coming back! Your hand, Laroche; I wish you luck."

### XLII.

#### THE SIEGE OF THE CERCLE DES BOUTONS BLANCS.

"It is to be a fight, gentlemen," said Melville. "Alençon has betrayed us."

"The beast!" exclaimed Daniel.

"It was to save his wife," said Melville.

"He gives up half a hundred of his comrades, not to mention France, for a woman?"

"It is half-past eleven, gentlemen," said Melville. "Already two of our exits are stopped by officers dressed as ordinary citizens, but armed to the teeth. At the Windmill Tavern, in the Rue Verte, twenty gendarmes are lying in wait. Around the arch, under cover at various points, are a hundred others. They will not move until twelve. We are one member of our expected company short; our friend Rénier, otherwise the gallant Count de Fournier."

"As brave as a lion, and a soldier of discretion," said Daniel. "If he does not come he will be missed, if it is to be a fight."

"It is to be a fight, gentlemen," said Melville, seriously; "and a fight to the death. Let each of us be prepared."

"We are well armed," said Daniel.

"We can only be attacked in force at the main entrance. The three other exits are already guarded. As only one man can pass at a time, so two men in each corridor may defend them from a hundred. These posts are filled. But just as we can hold them from within, aided by barriers and well-contrived barbettes, so may they be held from without against egress."

"Then we are in a trap," said a hitherto silent member.

"No," answered Melville. "We have plenty of room for retreat, over the bodies of our assailants, through the main doorway; and we have the galleries above, that lead to the roofs. The three exits, regarded as secret ways, have been given up to the enemy; but we can certainly prevent him from attacking us in the rear from these points. If he is strongly posted there he may equally prevent us from getting out that way. At the worst, any man who is driven to seek such relief may take his chance of the struggle. My own view is that we shall make our stand here and fight for the open. In retreat, safe hiding, decent quarters, and friendly hands may be found at the Black Eagle, between the Abbaye and the Conciergerie. And now, gentlemen, it remains to say who shall command us."

At this moment every one heard the report of a pistol and the clash of arms. The sound came from the direction of the main entrance.

"An attack on the outer guard," said Melville, "our first line of defense."

They all listened. Then was heard the slamming of a heavy door and the drawing of bolts and bars.

"The second line of defense lets down its drawbridge," said Melville; "otherwise closes its gates."

As he spoke de Fournier, his sword drawn, the blade reeking, dashed in among them, followed by the outer guardians of the club, each in fighting trim.

"Welcome, Rénier! Vive Rénier! God save the White Buttons!" and other cries greeted de Fournier and his companions.

"Thanks, messieurs," said de Fournier. "As I passed beneath the archway I thought I was followed. I paused some time before advancing to the first barrier. As I drew myself carefully out of the darkness and gave the signals, I felt that I had more than one attendant at my heels. I whispered the word before they were near enough to hear it. The stone gave way, but more slowly than usual. Before it could swing back a rush was made, and it was held in transitu while two men forced their way in. I had my blade ready, but the space was too narrow for much use. However, as I knelt at the second door and gave the word, with my name and the club's warning, a pistol was fired, and I turned to meet several assailants. The opening of the second doorway gave me elbow-room. The faithful janitor joined me. It was quick work. The man who fired had his pistol, smoking, in his hand. Hitherto I had known him for a brave man, though a police-agent—Laroche!"

A groan greeted the well-known name. De Fournier wiped his sword as he continued: "Then there was a brief struggle between my two friends and what might be called the rear-guard; the door was suddenly swung back, and here we are!"

"An affair of outposts," said Melville; "but the general attack is only a question of minutes. Gentlemen, de Fournier takes command! Is that your wish?"

"Yes; de Fournier!" was the response. "De Fournier!"

"Messieurs, I accept," said de Fournier.

"Then permit me to show you the chart of the club and its present defense," said Melville, spreading before him a plan similar to that which Grébaulval and Laroche had already examined together.

"Show me the passages of exit," said de Fournier, "and let me see the men on duty there."

"Follow me," said Melville, leaving the general room, while the enemy began to make himself heard at the portal of the club, striking the heavy doors with the butt-ends of muskets, and demanding admission "in the name of the law."

"Aye, you scum of the earth! Batter away. You will need a big gun before those old doors come down, I'm thinking," said Daniel.

And now de Fournier returned.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is a game that needs no strategy. Melville tells me that we have been betrayed. Our secret is in the hands of the police; the plan of our citadel is in possession of Grébaulval, and Laroche, the creature of Robespierre and the Commune, has civil charge of the military force now laying siege



to the club. These men give quarter and take prisoners; nevertheless they are fiends compared with the forces in the field whose motto is 'No quarter and no prisoners.' If Laroche and his crew can save their own skins by taking prisoners, they prefer it; but their 'No quarter' comes when they have taken their prisoners. Daniel's watchword, when we fought together for a brief ten minutes, was 'Death rather than surrender'—'Die, but don't be taken!'

"Daniel was right!" shouted several voices. "Die, but don't surrender!" must be our motto, which does not mean retreat, even before overwhelming odds; but if retreat is our better fortune, let no man postpone death by a present surrender. Death, rather than the shackles of Laroche! But, having defeated the enemy, we must evacuate the club; then, as in retreat, every man for himself, by such exits as are known and can be found. And now, messieurs, the enemy is getting impatient. Five-and-twenty to the right, with our well-beloved brother, Daniel, in command. Five-and-twenty to the left, under our dear and wise counselor, Monsieur Melville. Take your word from them. They will take theirs from me. Messieurs, to your posts!"

The clubmen marched to the farther end of the room. Daniel flung open the inner doors, which were too light for defense. The clubmen ranged themselves on each side of the heavy double barrier of barrel and bolted gates, which were shaking under the blows of the besiegers, whose muskets had been supplemented with sledge-hammers.

"The timbers on the right will give way first," said de Fournier. "Monsieur Daniel, your men will know how to deal with the first heads that seek for information there."

"Trust them!" said Daniel. Powerful arms were now at work, blow upon blow. It was like the thunder of some vast iron foundry. The wood was as hard as iron, but one of the planks began to give way. Presently part of it fell inward amidst a ringing cheer from without.

Another engine had been added. A balk of timber had been swung between trestles, and the battering-ram struck the gates at intervals between the blows of the hammers.

"They might have mined it and blown it to blazes," said Daniel; "but they are playing our game, and it will be a bloody day in five minutes."

The left-hand part of the gates began to give. The staples of the bolts were loosened. Another swing of the battering-ram and a great panel broke away from its rivets in splinters.

A cheer followed. Then silence. "The brutes have fled!" said a voice from among the besiegers. De Fournier laid his finger on his lips.

"There is a bar as well as a bolt," said the voice. "Sergeant, thrust in your hand and lift it."

An arm was thrust through the opening. The hand began to grapple with the bar.

Daniel looked at de Fournier. De Fournier nodded approvingly to Daniel. The defender nearest the door, on the left, looked at the giant, who passed on to him the nod of the commander-in-chief. Every eye was fixed upon the hand. It was partly illuminated by the light from without. The attackers carried torches. Inside the club the lights had been extinguished, except those that burned at the exits. The defender who took Daniel's silent command was tall, gaunt, and angular. Stepping back, so as to swing his sword conveniently, he raised his weapon with a military flourish, and brought it down upon the wrist of the investigating hand. The latter fell, with a flabby thud, upon the pavement. A scream of pain and a yell of execration announced the effect of the first blow of the defenders, who maintained their silence and kept clear of all possible observation from without.

Another voice was heard. "Blow the gates down with powder, captain," it said.

It was the voice of Laroche. More than one of the defenders knew it.

Then began a fresh attack upon the trembling gates, with hammers, runners, and muskets. The gates shook on their great hinges, but they did not give. The staples of a bolt were loosened, however, and presently a big square piece of planking surrendered to the battering-ram. It parted in splinters. There was almost room for a man to enter.

"Don't wait for the word," said de Fournier, in a loud whisper. "When they storm, let the nearest men go for the nearest heads; and don't overlook each other."

As he spoke half of the left-hand gate fell with a crash, and there was a rush into the breach. It was met with a concentrated pistol fire that staggered the assailants and cleared the breach.

The first shout of defiance escaped the defenders. Yells, curses, words of command, from without, drowned the shouts within. Then a

fresh effort to break down the remainder of the door was made. In a few minutes the tottering timbers of the left gate fell. The other half still remained fixed in its staples and bolts. The besiegers resolved to charge through the opening. This made the defense easier for the moment. The enemy fired a volley into the breach, and charged. They were met with fire and sword and club with a promptitude that drove them back howling.

A second and a third charge were made, with unbounded pluck and persistence. The third onslaught gave them a footing inside the assembly-room of the club, which had originally been the monks' refectory. The torches of the besiegers flashed upon fifty faces glowing with heroic endeavor.

Melville, with his back against a stone jamb of the fire-place, kept a clear space around him, harried in by a circle of dead.

De Fournier fought like a tiger; now high above the rest, standing on his prostrate foe; now down upon the level, in deadly wrestling. Men fell on both sides, amidst the crash of glass and the breaking of furniture; always with lurid lights and smoking torches. The room of assembly was a shambles.

Laroche, after some fumbling, protected by a dozen bayonets, succeeded in opening the right-hand gate, and re-enforcements of the Commune's troops poured in.

"Each for himself!" shouted de Fournier—the signal for retreat; and thereupon, as if by magic, the despairing defenders disappeared, leaving their assailants in full possession of the club-room and its dead members; for not one of those who had fallen but had breathed his last. The motto, "Death rather than surrender," had been observed.

And now there were hand-to-hand fights at the doors of the three exits, and running encounters along the less-invested galleries. Laroche had kept well within the shaded protection of the right-hand gate, his eyes upon de Fournier, ready for either emergency, the death of his man or his attempted flight. The moment de Fournier gave the word, "Each for himself," Laroche pushed his way through the ghastly obstructions with two chosen followers and dashed after the count, who, bleeding as he retreated, made for the gallery stairways to the roof. At an angle of the gallery he turned and struck down Laroche's torch-bearer; and then, doubling, took another way, while Laroche and his companion blundered on ahead.

Within half an hour of the words, "Each for himself," twenty White Buttons were scattered over the regions about the Rue de la Monnaie and the Pont Neuf, seeking shelter. De Fournier found his way to the Black Eagle, almost within the double shadows of the Abbaye and the Cosiergerie, and near enough to hear their clocks strike the first hour of daylight.

(To be continued.)

## Revival of the Olympic Games at Athens.

THE latest resurrection of "the grandeur that was Greece" takes the form of a complete and accurate restoration of the famous arena and stadium of Olympus, at Athens, preparatory to the revival, on a magnificent scale, of the classic Olympian games of the age of Pericles. This enterprise is due primarily to the

something over six hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, one side being occupied by a hemicycle and stadium, or stage, from which the view in this picture is taken. Around the amphitheatre rise the tiers of seats, in marble and masonry, providing accommodation for at least fifty thousand spectators. All the arrangements, including the disposition of the arcades, passages, entrances and exits for the athletes, etc., scrupulously reproduce those of the ancient stadium, the ruins of which have been carefully studied and re-adapted. The situation is charming, and in the distance are caught glimpses of the Royal Palace on the right, and of the Zappeion, or Palace of Industry, on the left. Here, between the towering Acropolis and the purple sea, with the same pure sky overhead that Homer sang, the athletes of the world will meet as of old in friendly strife; and, with the attracted concourse of the beauty and wealth of modern civilization, Athens may well deem her antique glory come again.

## Li Hung Chang's Gratitude.

It will be remembered that when Li Hung Chang was shot and wounded by a Japanese fanatic at Shimonosaki, at the time he was negotiating there the treaty of peace, a celebrated Japanese surgeon, Dr. Sato, was immediately sent by the Emperor of Japan to look after the aged and unfortunate statesman. Dr. Sato is a great scholar and one of the most distinguished pupils and followers of the late Pasteur. He took the greatest interest in his distinguished patient, and cared for him for nights and days, with the result that Li Hung Chang soon recovered his health. The two men learned to admire and respect each other, and a true and solid friendship now exists between them. The Emperor of China and Li Hung Chang having forwarded some very valuable presents to Dr. Sato, the latter sent a letter of thanks, to which the great Chinese statesman has just made the following interesting answer:

"Dear Friend:—When I was wounded at Shimonosaki you were so good as to visit me, and by your exceptional skill to cure me of my injury. Such was your proficiency in your art that I was surprised to see my wound heal in a little more than ten days. My gratitude to you is so profound that words cannot adequately express it.

"You have now placed me in a fresh obligation by favoring me with an epistle overflowing with sentiments of the warmest friendship. Is it you acknowledge the receipt of the things forwarded to you through the kindness of Plenipotentiary Ito. Out of respect to my imperial master you have been so kind as to say that these trifling presents will be preserved by you as a treasure. At the same time you are pleased to express thanks to me, which I do not at all deserve. Since my return home I have kept very quiet, and my health and spirits have steadily improved, so they are now in a normal condition. Even a rainy season lasting fully a month did not produce the slightest pain in the part where I was wounded. I beg you, therefore, to be at ease about my wound, especially as I mean to take all possible care of my health.

"Your country abounds with good physicians, but a physician like yourself is not only too rarely found in the East, but also is equal to any even in the West. A good physician is like a good statesman, for it is the aim of both to alleviate the miseries of earthly existence. Let me hope with you that peace and tranquillity may last forever, and that people may be

## People Talked About.

—THE inauguration, on the 10th instant, of Colonel W. O. Bradley as Governor of Kentucky marks an epoch in the history of that State. As the first Republican Governor of the State he will have an opportunity to strengthen his party by a practical illustration of Republican principles and policies, and the tenor of his inaugural indicates that he proposes to utilize his authority to that end by consulting, in his official course, the highest interests of the people. His inaugural address took strong ground in favor of economy in expenditures, educational development, the purification of the ballot, the elevation of the character of the public service, a just system of taxation, and the suppression of violence against person and property.

—Captain King, the novelist, used to be known as the "boy-soldier" when he was an orderly on the staff of his father, the first officer commissioned a brigadier-general in Wisconsin. He was then only fifteen years old, but a mature and manly youth. Lincoln, his father's friend, appointed him a cadet at West Point in 1862, and he is now the Adjutant-General of Wisconsin, of which his fellow-cadet, Upham, is Governor. It was at the instance of the editor of a country weekly, for which Captain King was writing, that he was induced to attempt a war novel. The first product of his pen discouraged him, for several publishers refused it, and it was not until last year, when the author's fame was well established, that it was printed in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

—Stanley Weyman cast the manuscript of his first novel into the fire. Since his stories gained vogue he has become a very methodical writer. He considers about a thousand words—say a column of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*—a sufficient day's work, and when he has begun a novel he usually prosecutes it to the end, with an occasional day off for hunting or some other form of out-door sport. Much of his work has been done in a houseboat on the river in the early morning. Although Mr. Weyman has been compared to Dumas, he has read but few of the French novelist's books. Stevenson and Kipling are his favorite authors.

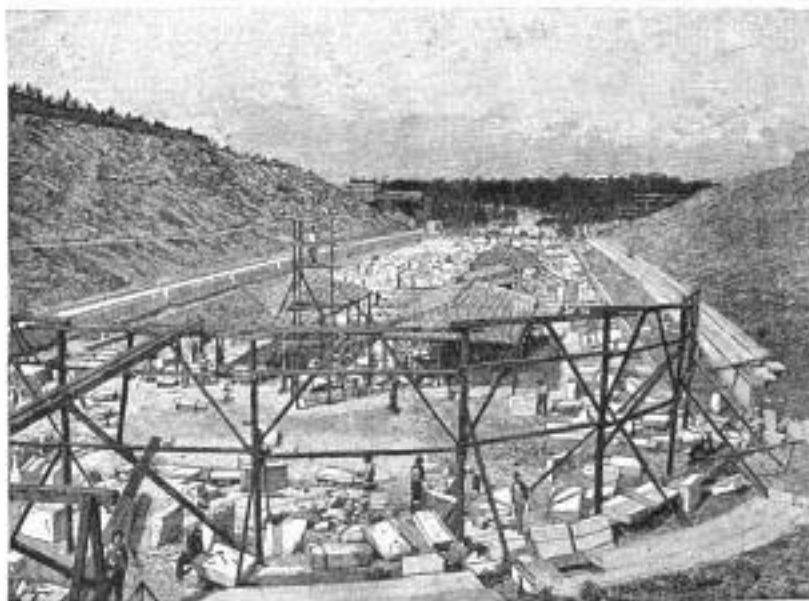
—In considering the availability of Senator Allison for the Republican nomination for the Presidency no objection is made to his age, for, though he is sixty-seven, he is in the very prime of physical manhood. And yet he is reported to have eaten more elaborate dinners than any other man in public life in Washington. Mr. Allison has a reputation at the capital as a scholar and a wit, and he is one of the most cultivated members of the Senate. His knowledge of the fine arts is rare in a statesman, and few Americans maintain so intimate an acquaintance with the affairs of Europe—in politics, literature, and finance.

—The many readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* will be pleased to learn that Edward Atkinson, who has contributed so frequently to the columns of the *WEEKLY*, has just published "The Science of Nutrition," a book that deals with the method of cooking in the "Aladdin Oven," which is the invention of Mr. Atkinson. This work contains full directions and many valuable recipes. Even in the advertising Mr. Atkinson has an ample idea. No advertisements are paid for; but the advertiser has the privilege of sending any number of copies for personal use, or for the use of the various libraries throughout the country.

—A gray cavalryman's coat, a pair of top-boots, and a sword would transform George Cary Eggleston, the novelist's brother and himself a distinguished author and editor, into a typical Confederate trooper. He wears ordinarily the slouch hat that would top off such a costume, and he has the physique and the voice of command that are essential to the character. He is no longer a man of fighting proclivities, however, but a busy editorial writer who puts enough labor into the ephemeral columns of a daily newspaper every year to produce half a dozen books.

—Mr. Walter F. Griffin, who holds a United States consular position in France, and who has frequently contributed to our columns, has recently published a volume entitled "Grandmont: Stories of an Old Monastery," which is receiving very favorable commendation from the press. The book deals with real personages who were prominent in the chivalry and monastic life of the olden time, and the strange and curious tales it relates have a peculiar fascination for the reader. The volume is finely illustrated.

—Senator Quay has taken the country into his confidence so far as to say that the story that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President is altogether unfounded. "I would not take it on a gold plate," says Mr. Quay. He denies also that he desires to be chairman of the Republican National Committee. "At my age the duties of the place would be the death of me," Senator Quay evidently understands his own limitations.



RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT PAN-ATHENIAN ARENA IN GREECE.

munificence of a rich Hellenic citizen, Mr. G. Avéroff, and has met with enthusiastic encouragement universally. The general aspect of the arena, and the present state of the work of reconstruction, are shown in the picture which we reproduce on this page, from the *Paris Illustration*. The arena, formed in the natural hollow between two parallel hills, is

spaced from sickness and wound alike. Do not believe that in expressing this hope any selfish motives enter my mind. Yours respectfully,

LI HUNG CHANG.

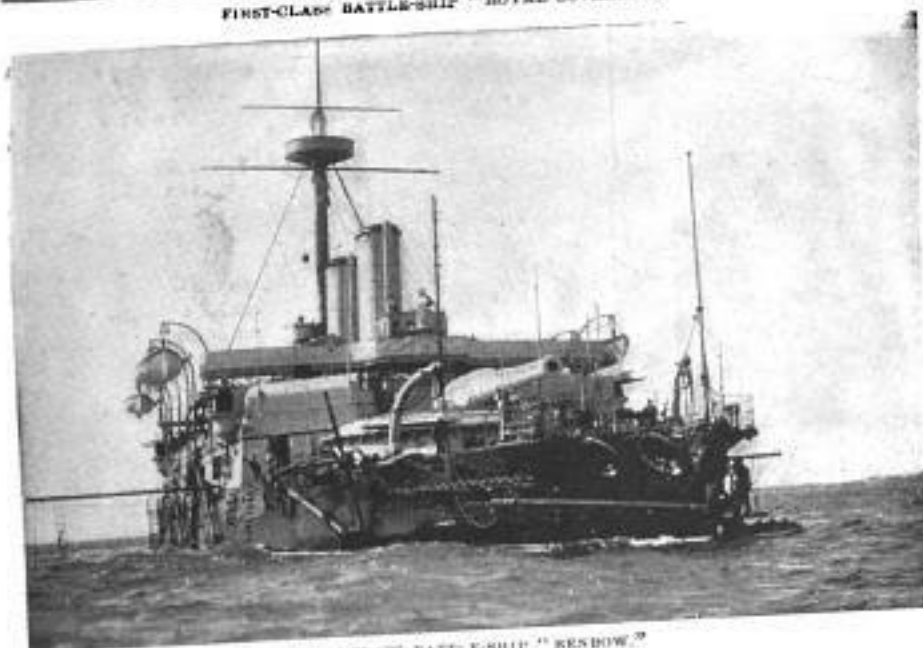
(To His Excellency, Dr. Sato Sotomaru.)

Li Hung Chang claims that he never forgot an enemy nor a friend. His letter certainly seems to justify this statement. A. H. G.

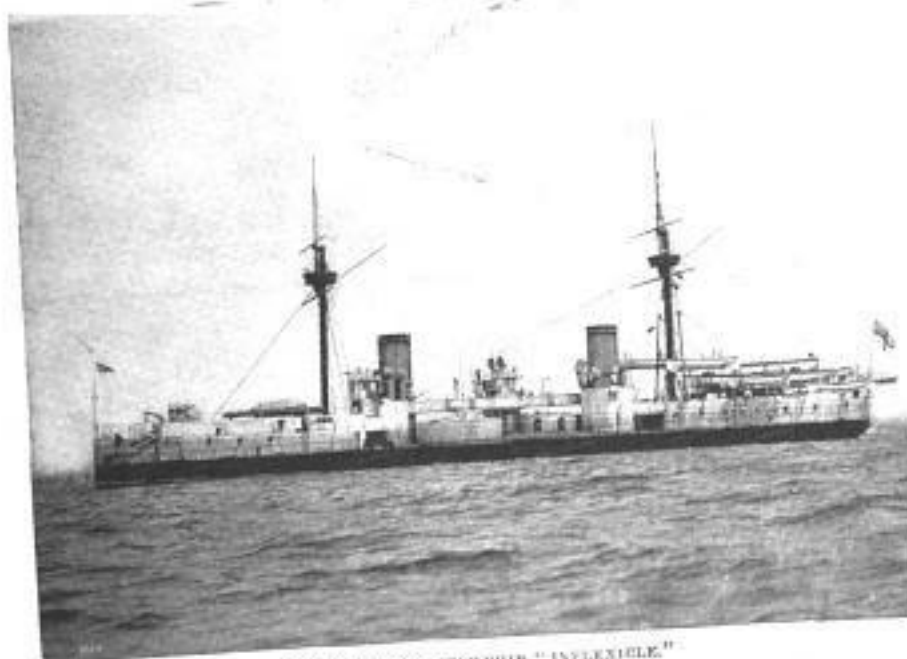




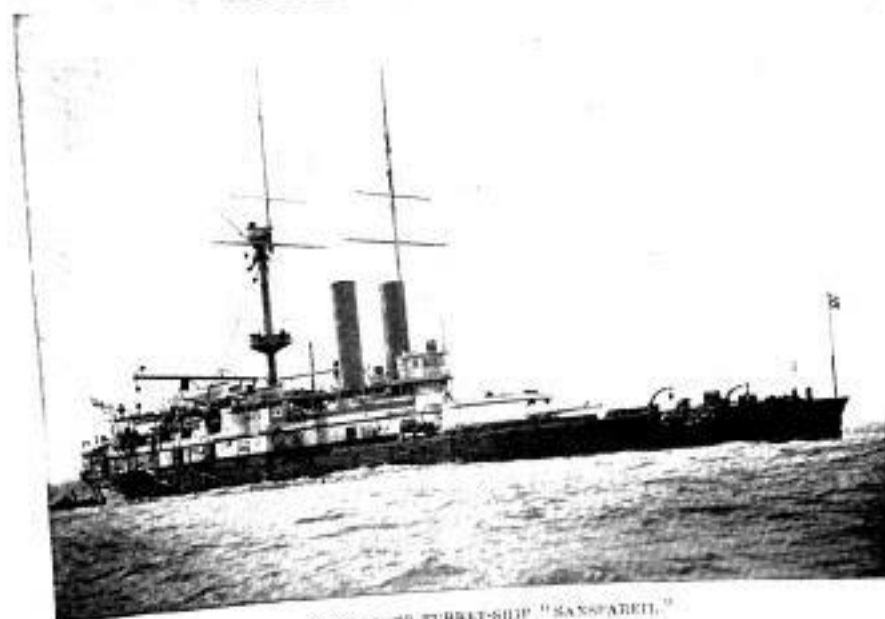
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "RENOUN."



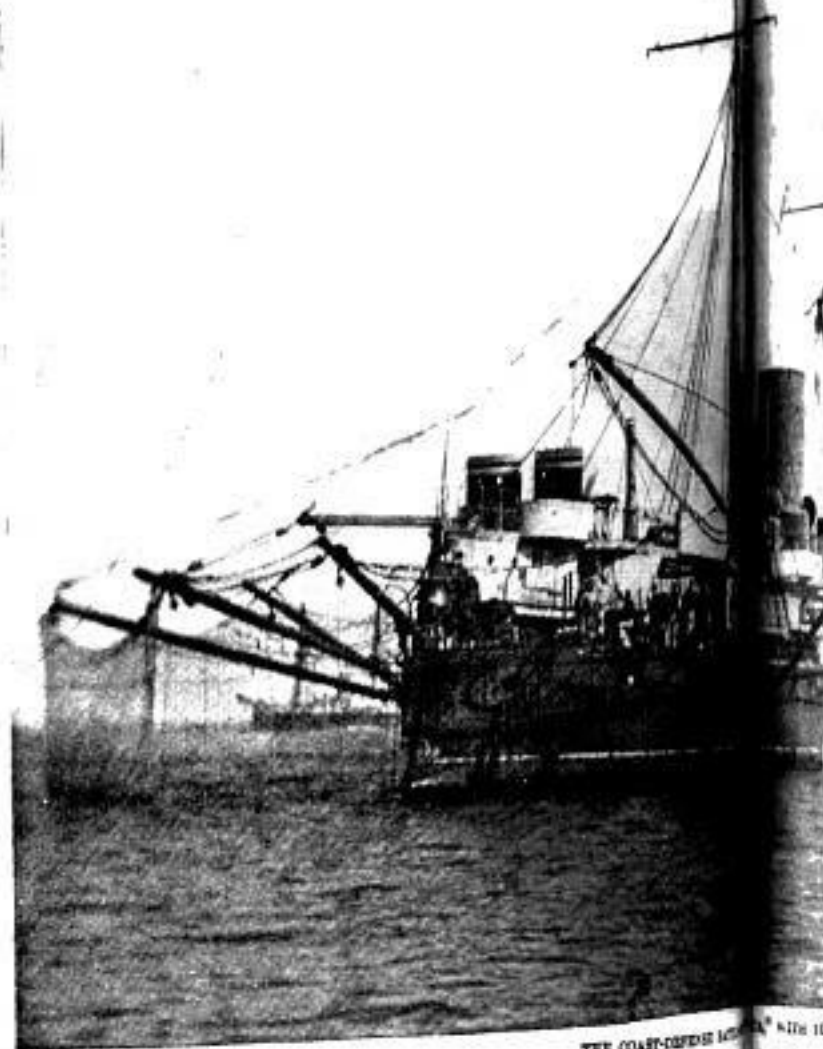
SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "INFLEXIBLE."



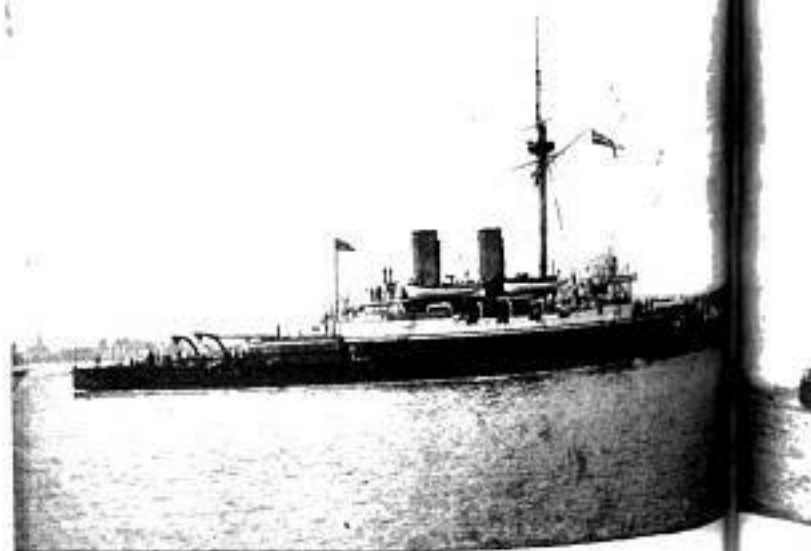
FIRST-CLASS TURRET-SHIP "SASPARILLA."



SECOND-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "DREADNAUGHT."



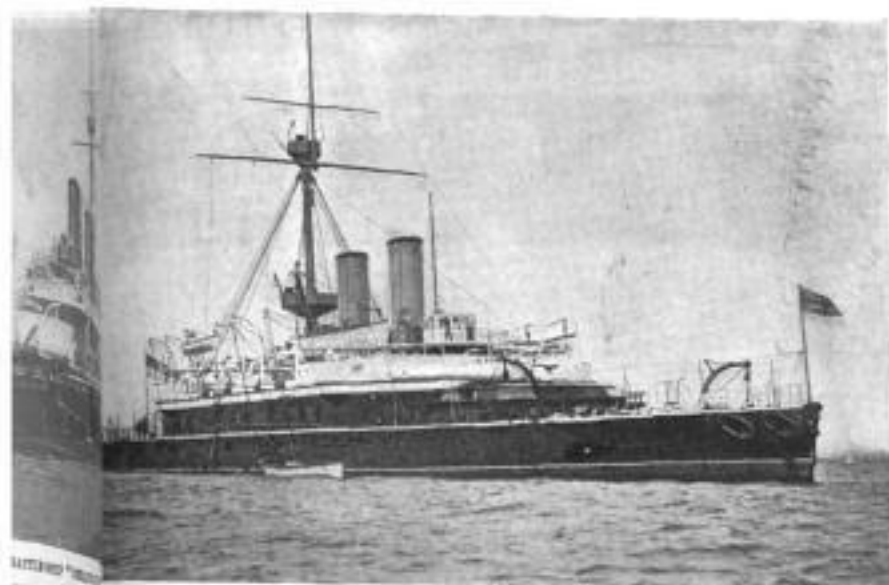
THE COAST-DEFENSE SHIP "MERRIMACK" WITH 10



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "RODNEY."

REPRESENTATIVE VESSELS OF THE BRITISH NAVY WHICH WE WOULD ENCOUNTER IN THE WAR





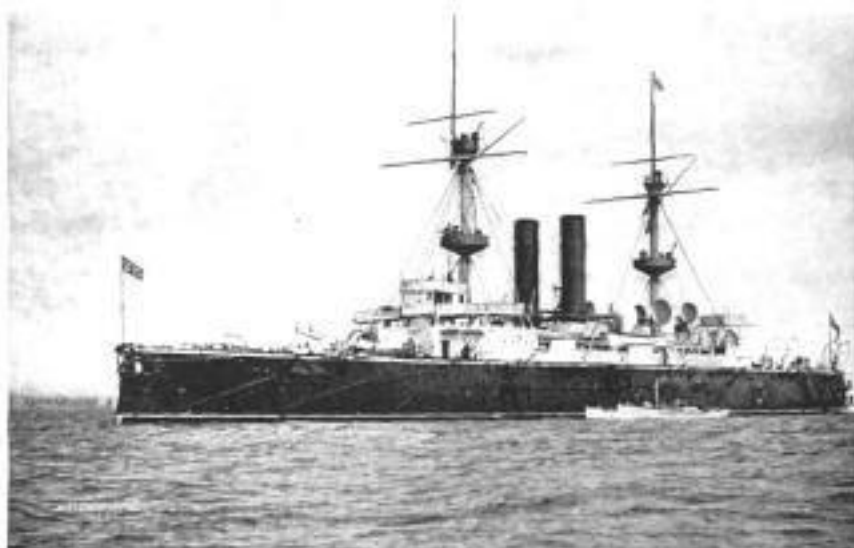
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "HOWE."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "TRAFALGAR."



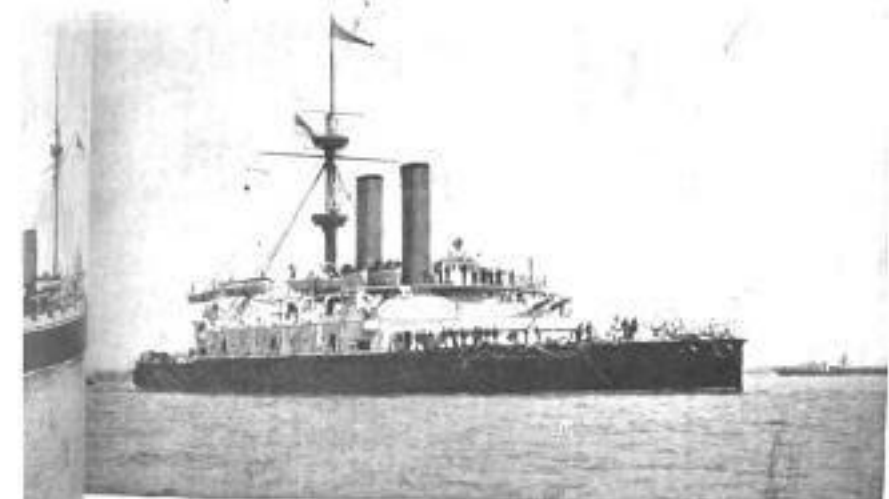
ITS FISHING-NETS SPREAD.



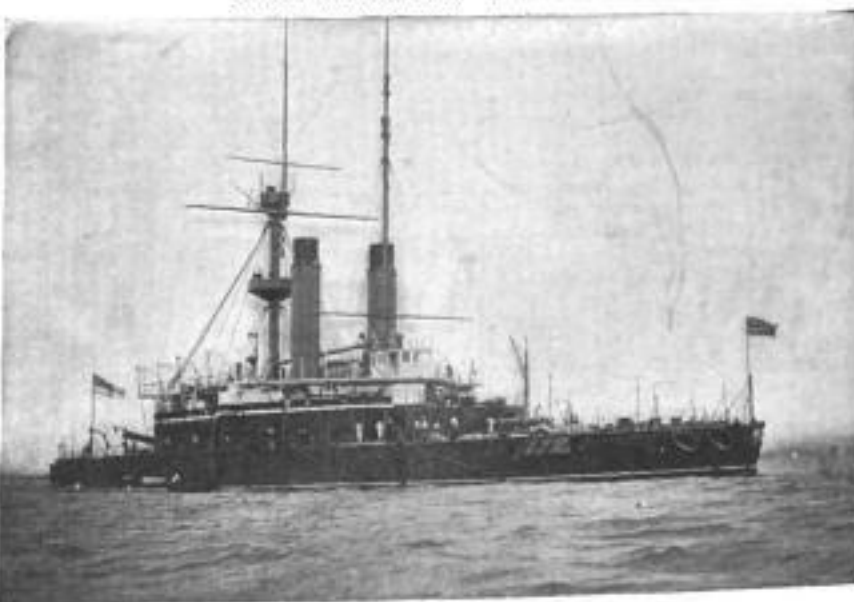
FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "ERNEST OF INDIA."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "CAMPERDOWN."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "COLLINGWOOD."



FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "MILE."

WAR WITH THAT POWER.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY SYMONDS, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 438.]

EDWARD & COMPANY.



# THE ENGLISH AND UNITED STATES NAVIES.

## THEIR EFFECTIVE FIGHTING FORCE CONTRASTED.

### THE AMERICAN NAVY.

WHILE it is scarcely probable that war between this country and Great Britain will result from the differences over the Venezuelan boundary dispute and the relation which the British claim holds to American domination on this continent, it is well to consider what, in the event of a conflict, would be the relative equipment of the belligerents. The struggle, of course, would be largely one of battle-ships, and it must be gratifying to every American that, while this country holds fourth place in the naval strength of the nations, it in a most important respect ranks first. No battle-ships are being built that equal ours; our cruisers surpass those of every other nation in their class, and we have produced swift-going commerce-destroyers that are the wonder of the world in ship-building. We have produced other marvels in war-ships, and are in a position to accomplish speedily still greater feats. The navy consists of about sixty vessels, of which one-fourth are armored. We have built, or are building, excluding the vessels provided for at the last session of Congress, six battle-ships, six coast-defense steel-clads, two armored cruisers, one armored ram, thirteen protected cruisers, eighteen gun-boats and unprotected cruisers, and a dozen torpedo-boats. That constitutes the new navy of to-day of the United States.

There was general surprise when it was learned that our first modern battle-ships, which were one-third smaller than the battle-ships which England and France were building at the same time, were the more effective fighters. Six years ago we could scarcely build a modern armored cruiser. A battle-ship required tremendous armor plants, enormous tools, and clever designers, none of which, apparently, we had. But the resources of the American people have always been equal to their emergencies, and forthwith our battle-ships began to appear, and they not only equalled the best that other nations were building, but passed them at a bound. The *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, *Oregan* and *Iowa* are admittedly more effective than the newest of the English battle-ships, the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*. These battle-ships are nearly one-half as large again as ours, but it has been discovered that ours are the better armed, and that, notwithstanding the great effort of the English to surpass the world, they are behind us in quality.

In order to make an intelligible comparison it should be remembered that a battle-ship theoretically is simply a fort of toughened steel placed on a boat. It is a floating fortress. When the *Indiana* was laid down the English government had just decided to spend about one hundred million dollars on the upbuilding of their navy. Included in this programme were about ten first-class battle-ships. They are popularly known as the Royal Sovereign class. Upon examination it was found that only in the matter of speed could the English boats surpass our battle-ships. This was true also of the French battle-ships that were being laid down. The *Indiana* was designed to make only sixteen knots speed, but it is known that she will make nearly eighteen knots, and thus equal even the English boats in their strongest point.

Let us see now what the *Indiana* could do in a fight. That tells the story. At one discharge of her guns she can throw 6,724 pounds of metal. The English ship of her class can throw only 2,740 pounds. The *Indiana* can throw 3,210 pounds ahead, and the *Resonance*, which has been taken as a similar type in the English navy, can only throw 1,219 pounds ahead. Astern, at a single discharge, the same figures hold true regarding the two vessels. Abeam, however, there is a great difference in favor of the American boat. The *Indiana* can throw 5,520 pounds of metal at a single discharge, and the *Resonance* can only throw 2,571 pounds with a similar discharge. The fighting superiority is therefore plainly two to one in favor of the American boat. The *Resonance* is nearly two thousand tons larger than the *Indiana*, but the steaming radius of the *Indiana* is sixteen thousand miles, while that of the *Resonance* is only five thousand miles. The *Indiana* carries eighteen hundred tons of coal, and the *Resonance* carries only eight hundred tons. The total muzzle energy of the guns of the *Indiana*, measured in "foot-tons"—that is, the power to lift so many tons one foot—is 370,000, against 141,000 for the *Resonance*.

That states the whole case. Theoretically the English boats are a knot and a half faster, but really they have the same speed, and the American boats can whip the English vessels in a stand-up struggle two to one. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that for thirty

years the English have been building iron and steel vessels, and yet up to 1890 this country had absolutely no facilities for the building of any large sea-going craft of the battle-ship variety.

A writer recently declared that the *Iowa* would be king rather than queen of the seas. She is a vast improvement on the *Indiana* class. When the English heard of this they at once decided that they must try to get at the head again. So they ordered two tremendous battle-ships, the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*, of 15,000 tonnage each, and larger than any that ever had been built, with the exception of the well-known unwieldy Italian iron-clads. But again the English are behind us. Even the *Indiana* class are better fighters than these two will be. These figures tell that story, too. The *Indiana* throws 5,000 pounds of metal where the *Majestic* throws 3,000. She draws four feet of water less, and of course that is an immense advantage in navigation. Her coal capacity is the same as the English giant's. Her armor is twice as thick as the *Majestic's*. It is difficult to see where the superiority of the English vessel lies in any respect. She is simply bigger, and that is a disadvantage. The English must try again.

Come now to armored cruisers. It has been universally acknowledged that our cruiser *New York* is immensely superior to anything afloat as an aggressive war-ship. The only vessel comparable to her is the *Blake* and *Albatross* type of the English navy. The *New York* is faster than either. She has been run to her full capacity under an enormous strain in a thrilling trial trip and came out uninjured in any particular. The *Albatross* ran for just one hour and four minutes, when her boilers began to leak and the test of her full powers had to be abandoned. The *Blake* was never tried under her full power of steam. As a commerce-destroyer, therefore, the *New York* is superior in the chief requisite, that of speed. When it comes to fighting, the *New York* has a capacity of 60,000 foot-tons muzzle energy, to 48,000 of the *Albatross*—the same old story. The *Brooklyn*, an armored cruiser of the *New York* type, has even greater fighting capacity. A great English expert, in summing up this matter of superiority, declared that in armored cruisers the American boats were better all-round scouting and fighting machines by from fifteen to forty per cent.

This brings us to another remarkable aspect of our subject. We have two vessels, the *Columbia* and *Minnesota*, the like of which the world never saw. Secretary Tracy said that half a dozen such ships could drive the commerce of any nation off the high seas in a few months. They are the fastest vessels, war-ship or merchantman, that have ever been built for sea-going traffic. They have been called "pirates." That describes their mission in warfare. They are meant to run away from any war-ship of greater fighting capacity and to capture anything that is not equal to them in ability to fight. The English are trying to match these two ships, in the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, which are now building.

Another feature in our navy is the so-called dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*. We have also another craft that is unique, concerning whose capabilities there can be no doubt. She is the so-called Annapolis ram. Admiral Annapolis planned her in the rough, and for many years urged the government to build her. The use of the ram was doubted in warfare, but one day, long after the *Katakata* had been laid down, there came the news that in a collision at slow speed the *Comperidore* of the English navy had sunk the *Victoria* of the same navy, in some peaceful evolutions in the Mediterranean. The ram on the bow of the *Comperidore* struck a trifling blow compared to that which the *Katakata* could give, and the good sense and enterprise of the American navy were once more vindicated.

Among our older vessels are the *Newark*, the *San Francisco*, and the *Jefferson*. These ships are better, ship for ship, than those that have been constructed elsewhere. But they are not of the most effective type. The *Cincinnati*, at least one-third smaller than the *San Francisco* class, is equal to that class in speed qualities, and almost equal to it in fighting abilities. Then, too, we have some mighty smart gun-boats. Our *Marchus* and *Custar* are from ten to twenty per cent. more effective than the little craft of a similar size in other navies, and our *Montgomery* and *Detroit* are marvels in speed and cruising abilities. The *Yorktown* class has excited the admiration of the world in steaming qualities, the *Bennington* having beaten the record in long steaming under disadvantages. Then, too, we are about

to build some gun-boats with sheathed bottoms that are expected to surpass those that any other nation is building.

As to the men who compose our navy, they are confessedly among the best fighters in the world.

### THE BRITISH NAVY.

In the year 1889 England found that if Britannia would continue to rule the waves she must wake up. The Naval Defense act of that year provided for the expenditure of more than one hundred million dollars for new ships, and most of these vessels are in commission to-day. This expenditure has given England fifteen new battle-ships, fifty-eight cruisers, and twenty-seven torpedo-boats, besides numerous torpedo-boats. That was a tremendous addition to any navy, and, with the changes and repairs that were made in other vessels, was enough to astonish the world. But that was not enough. In the year 1895 another agitation arose for an increase in that country's naval strength, and in that year and the following, provision was made for another tremendous addition to the navy, amounting to no less than one hundred and ten vessels, eight of which should be battle-ships of fifteen thousand tons capacity, the first two of which have recently appeared in the *Majestic* and *Magnificent*. This plan included the two great protected cruisers which are also underway, the *Powerful* and *Terrible*.

The total strength of the British navy is now between four hundred and five hundred vessels, of which one hundred and twenty are armored cruisers, and it employs eighty thousand men. The *Majestic* and the *Magnificent* are the most conspicuous of all the vessels of the new navy. While they are not equal as fighting-machines to our battle-ships, they are magnificent creations. The *Powerful* and the *Terrible* will be the longest war-ships in existence, having the unusual length of five hundred feet. Their estimated speed is twenty-two knots, close on the record of our *Columbia* and *Minnesota*. They will be armed with two 9.2-inch guns, and these and all their smaller guns will be mounted in armored turrets and casemates. This is an advance in naval construction that England alone seems to be employing on a large scale. Six of her new battle-ships are to be completely armored on the broadside, and carry their guns in casemates.

The Royal Sovereign class of English vessels includes the *Empress of India*, *Revolution*, *Revenge*, *Royal Oak*, *Ramifies*, *Reptile*, and, to a certain extent, the *Renown*, although that vessel is supposed to be somewhat of an improvement on the Royal Sovereign class, being nearly two thousand tons larger.

## The Tramp Problem in California.

As the winter season advances in California, attention is being again directed to the tramp problem. This class of vagrants is abnormally large in the Golden State. They come singly, in pairs, and in dozens. They do not ride in parlor-cars, as the pleasure-seeking tourists do, they ride under them. Trucks and brake beams support their clinging forms as

longer experienced shock at the threat they found within the limits of the city after a lapse of twenty-four hours from this time, the sentence hereby pronounced will be enforced. He purposely allowed the twenty-four hours to roll around and find his unwelcome figure in the foreground of a sand-bet landscape, where, with his companions, he feasted upon scraps of meat stolen from the stall of a butcher and boiled in tin cans garnered from the surrounding premises.

What to do with this offal of humanity is a problem of increasing seriousness to the people of California. Some idea may be gotten of the aggregate numbers of these homeless ones who infest this State every winter from the fact that the armies of Generals Kelley and Vinette, which massed the tramps and carried them East in the days of the Carey extension, comprised over three thousand men. All of them did not depart with Kelley of Sacramento and Vinette of Los Angeles. One hundred and seventy of them were sent by Judge Egan of the United States District Court at Los Angeles, to the jails of the numerous counties of southern California, where they went to purge themselves of the contempt they had shown for the honorable court when they stole a train on the Santa Fe Railroad, which happened at the moment to be in the hands of a receiver.

It is safe to estimate that in addition to these there were at the time the Vinette and Kelley armies left, a thousand tramps in the various jails throughout the State, serving sentences for various offenses from vagrancy to petty larceny and burglary. Besides these there were a number who did not take kindly to the idea of presenting to Congress what California called "a petition in hieroglyphs," when the presentation involved any such labor as an expedition of three thousand miles across the country.

There is a certain body of tramps who are always in the State, who migrate from one town to another; but this number is augmented to an alarming extent by the winter visitors. At one time in the early months of this year every city and town in the State was in a condition of terror. Midnight burglaries, highway robberies, footpadism, the whole gamut of dirty property crimes which strangers to the property may commit, was run by the invading tramps. In Sacramento a fund was raised by private subscription to meet the evil; the police force was temporarily enlarged by the addition of fifty mounted men, and every stranger within the city limits whose appearance suggested him to be of the questionable sort, and who could not give an account of himself, was furnished with notice to leave. At Los Angeles the condition of affairs was almost equally bad.

In the rural districts the farms and cross-roads stores were preyed upon, with all the ruthlessness and none of the gallantry of the booters. Some small towns were quite overrun.

What shall be done if the present winter exposes us to a renewal of those dangers? All these idle men in California, the land of "inexhaustible fertility and resources," the development of whose vast possibilities is yet scarcely begun!

JOHN E. BAXTER.



THE CHI PSI CHAPTER HOUSE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

## A Fine Chapter House.

THEY are whirled through dust and cold over the frozen plains to the verdure-decked valleys of the land of perpetual summer. They infest box-cars where sympathetic brakemen are unconscious of their presence for a little tobacco, and raise no question as to whether the title thereof is fully vested in the giver. The announcement of their presence is found in the narratives of the police courts, by whom they are given a sentence of ten days and a "floater."

During the past two seasons, however, the "floater" failed to float. Weary Walker on

THE recent purchase by a college fraternity of the McGraw-Fisk mansion calls attention to the famous Fisk-will suit and Cornell University. The building cost over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the grounds, comprising five acres adjoining the Cornell campus, cost twenty thousand dollars. Besides this was forty thousand dollars was expended on the grounds in one year alone. It is said to be the finest college fraternity house in the world.



## The Defense of the Lakes.

Is the lake frontier in peril? General Miles says it is; the Secretary of the Navy says not. Considered solely with relation to the naval power of the United States and Great Britain (Canada) upon the lakes, in the event of a sudden rupture with England, the situation is somewhat alarming. The commercial interests alone of the United States upon the great lakes are immeasurably greater than those of Canada, all of whose lake ports put together can scarcely muster a population as large as that of Cleveland, and not a tithe of the property and commercial interests of that city alone. The naval force, under the arrangement of 1817, is supposed to be limited on each side to "one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon," for Lake Champlain, Lake Ontario, and the upper lakes respectively. The idea of a British naval vessel upon Lake Champlain is so absurd that none was ever maintained there, nor, for that matter, an American naval vessel either, since the treaty of Ghent. For the great lakes the United States maintains but one vessel, the antiquated fourth-rate cruiser *Michigan*, which is the oldest vessel in commission in the American navy. The *Michigan* is an iron paddle-wheel steamer, built at Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1844. She is one hundred and sixty-three feet long and twenty-seven feet beam, with a draught of nine feet. Her displacement is six hundred and eighty-five tons, horse-power three hundred and five, and speed ten and one-half knots. She carries a main battery of four thirty-pounder Parrott guns, breech-loading rifles, and a secondary battery of three three-inch breech-loading howitzers, and two Gatlings. She has a crew of about one hundred men. In addition to the *Michigan* there are three revenue-cutters, the side-wheelers *William P. Fessenden*, three hundred and thirty tons, and *Andy Johnson*, four hundred and ninety-four tons, and the propeller *Columbel*, the two latter being stationed on Lake Michigan, and the former on Lake Erie. The *Johnson* carries one thirty-pounder Parrott and two twenty-four pound smooth-bore howitzers; the *Fessenden* two twenty-four pound howitzers and two three-inch breech-loading rifles. The *Columbel* has one small gun to make a noise with. These vessels are designed "for revenue only."

The British are said to have one naval vessel corresponding to the *Michigan*, but of a later type, the armament of which is not made public. The revenue and fisheries service have three light vessels, of which the Dominion steamship *Constance* is the chief. This is a steel propeller, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, nineteen feet, six inches beam, and nine feet draught. Her "official" speed is 11.0 knots an hour, but her engines are capable, it is claimed, of better work. She is armed with three quick-firing guns of about four inches calibre, one mounted on a turtle-deck, forward, and one on each side of the quarter-deck, aft. A ram bow gives her an additional weapon of great power. In a recent report on the subject of the lake navy, Commander Wakeham, of the Dominion fisheries service, said that the *Constance* and her sister-ships "are far superior to the boats maintained on the lakes by the United States revenue department." It should be considered, however, that plans for a new revenue-cutter for the lakes of nine hundred tons burthen have been drawn, the vessel to have not only a battery of rapid-fire guns, but a torpedo outfit as well. She will be built of steel, and capable of making sixteen knots an hour. As by the act of March 23, 1899—"revenue-cutters shall, whenever the President so directs, co-operate with the navy"—the revenue-cutters may properly be classed as armed vessels within the meaning of the arrangement of 1817, it will be seen that both parties have already violated the compact, both in number of vessels and in weight of armament, and while at present Britain appears to hold the superior power, the Yankees will soon again be in the ascendancy.

With the naval power it is important to consider the military defenses of the lakes, and upon this subject it may be said, in terms similar to the famous chapter upon the snakes of Iceland, there are no military defenses on the lakes.

The ancient fortifications which formerly stood guard over the straits at the Soo, Mackinaw, the Detroit, Niagara, and St. Lawrence rivers, have one by one fallen into disuse and decay. Fort Drummond, Fort Mackinac, and other reminders of colonial warfare, exist only as picturesque ruins. Yet, supposing that there is a real danger to be guarded against; that Britain maintains at Halifax, as has been stated by alarmists, a small fleet of gun-boats ready at any moment to enter the great lakes by the St. Lawrence and maintain a war of destruction against American cities; no better protection could be devised than a pair of rifled guns mounted upon the New York frontier on the St. Lawrence, and others on the Detroit River at Mackinaw, and on the St. Mary's River, the

Canadian canals on the St. Lawrence would be unavailable if the United States should choose to dispute their passage, and no vessels of any character that England could place upon Lake Erie could pass guns mounted at the mouth of the Detroit River.

There is one more thing to be considered in the way of the defenses of the lakes. In the lake marine there are upward of two thousand vessels of over one hundred tons, which could be armed as rapidly as guns could be provided from Watervliet arsenal and elsewhere, and which would not only make an impregnable defense against any power which Britain could send against them, but would bring the whole Canadian frontier under immediate subjection, the gallant lake sailors adding new laurels to those won by Commodore Perry and his greenwood fleet.

But why talk of war? Has Great Britain really made any menace that our own over-zealous jingoes have not themselves exceeded? Why do we equip our own vessels with breech-loading rifles, Hotchkiss guns, and torpedo-tubes, when we are on terms of profound peace with our neighboring nation? We have let our forts decay, and wisely so, and have built great commercial cities instead. General Miles says that "in a few days the English" could place upon the lakes a force of ships-of-war that might burn all the cities from Milwaukee to Buffalo. Why he leaves Chicago out of the zone of danger it is hard to say, but in reality nations no longer make war by burning peaceful cities. General Miles's experience as an Indian fighter has led him to fear the worst of civilized nations, and it is gratifying to know that the Secretary of the Navy does not share his alarm. For nearly a century the great lakes have been practically a neutral water-way, the grandest chain of peaceful inland ocean in the world, bearing a commerce as heavy as that of the Mediterranean, and menaced by not a single war-ship worthy of the name. Why is it not far better to seek some method by which a solemn compact could be made to preserve that water-way to peaceful commerce for all time to come? It will not be England's fault if such a compact is not made and kept, for though she may be stronger on the high seas, she can never be else than strategically weak on the lakes; unless, indeed, the United States compel her in her own defense to maintain a navy there, in which event, true to her ancient policy, she will see to it that it is even stronger than that of any possible enemy.

The true protection of the great lakes is not in armaments, but in disarmament. By adopting the latter policy we will set a magnificent example to the civilized world.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

## The Federation of Labor.

It is a significant and gratifying fact that, while the organization known as the Knights of Labor is gradually losing its hold upon our industrial population, the rival organization known as the American Federation of Labor is steadily gaining ground, having now a membership of seven hundred and fifty thousand, organized on the trades-union basis.

The plan of the trades-unionists is of an evolutionary and not of a revolutionary nature. In this it differs greatly from the plan of the Knights of Labor, and from those of the anarchists or the socialists. It is the chief object of the trades-union, by means of such methods as are available, to better the present condition of its members—in brief, to raise wages and shorten hours, and not to bring about a revolution or suddenly to change the present order of things. It is true that there are many trades-unionists who hold beliefs more or less socialistic in their tendency, and also that there is a faction in the American Federation that would be in favor of pretty strong measures for the changing of the present order, if enough of a following could be secured. But this faction is comparatively unimportant and practically powerless, so far as the policy of the Federation goes.

The general attitude of the trades-unions may be briefly summed up as follows: While there is no doubt room for much improvement in the present form of government in this country, yet the American system, if properly administered, is the best in the world, and the Constitution of the United States is the best documentary foundation of government extant. Workmen can therefore produce better results working in harmony with, than in opposition to, the institutions of this country. For this reason the American Federation of Labor does not seek in any way to control the political action of the members of its affiliated unions, and Federationists are to be found in every political party.

These facts are all against the notion, current in some quarters, that the trades-unions make for disintegration and overturning. As a matter of fact, their leaders hold the reverse to be true. Trades-unionists often strike, to be sure,

but they hold to the right to fight for better wages and conditions. The "sympathetic strike" so-called is not in favor with them, and it will be remembered that the spread of the sympathetic Pullman strikes of last year was stopped by the Federation of Labor.

There are other features of trades-unionism with which the public is almost entirely unfamiliar, and these are educational. In this city and Brooklyn there are, every winter, many night and Sunday schools maintained by the unions for the teaching of the English language to members of foreign birth. In many unions the study of the Constitution of the United States is urged, in order that the members may understand the fundamental law of the land, and there are several unions that make it a rule not to admit candidates for membership unless they promise to become citizens. The movement of the trades-unionists in these directions was never stronger than at present. It is increasing yearly, and is now supported by many labor leaders that might be named, who were ardent socialists, and some even who were insistent individualists a half-dozen years ago.

The election of Mr. Samuel Gompers as President of the Federation, at its recent convention in this city, affords a guarantee that it will not be deflected from the policy it has hitherto pursued. Mr. Gompers has never swerved from his fidelity to the real interests of labor. He declined a position on the State Board of Arbitration which was offered him, and when tendered the nomination for Senator, by both the Republican and Democratic parties, four years ago, also declined the flattering tribute to his popularity. Among the Legislative reforms that have benefited labor, which Mr. Gompers has been mainly responsible for during his presidency of the American Federation of Labor, are the passage of the tenement-house cigar act, the establishment of a national bureau of labor statistics, factory-inspection laws, limiting of the hours of labor for women and children, the lien law for securing wages, and many other important measures. During the past year Mr. Gompers was a delegate from the American Federation of Labor to the British Trades-Union Congress at Cardiff, Wales.

## A Christmas Letter.

From steeples to steeples far over the hills  
The silvery bells are beginning to chime;  
They are tuning the red-berried holly below  
To ring in the hall for the glad Christmas time.  
You are gay with your gifts; there are jewels and  
sweets,  
And silks with the hues of the dawn in each  
fold,  
And lace as fine as the frost on the pane,  
But my purse—it is empty of silver and gold.  
Christmas stars are deep and white,  
Christmas stars above you,  
Not a gift have I to send,  
Yet, my dear, I love you!

I would give you the wealth of the world if I could,  
And I long for a kingdom to lay at your feet,  
But here is a spray from a mistletoe bough,  
And a heart that is yours till it ceases to beat.  
So spare me a thought when the carols are sung,  
For I sit in my dear little attic to-night  
With your picture before me, and your like a wine  
The strength of my soul in the letter I write.  
Christmas bells are ringing clear,  
Christmas stars above you;  
Let the spray of mistletoe  
Tell you that I love you!

MINNA IRVING.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Evil Effect of Immoderate Rowing.

CANDIDATES for rowing honors at Yale, at Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Columbia will be settling down shortly to the serious, tedious, and for the most part laborious work of training for the several intercollegiate races scheduled to be decided in the early summer of 1906.

It is a question with many who follow this particular college sport, whether proper care is observed by the coxswains in the selection of men from a standpoint of ability to undergo the strain without danger to their physical being, and in the end show only good results from such an exercise. As the training is more apt to be overdone than underdone, so is a candidate who is constitutionally unequal to university rowing likely to escape an examina-

tion which should instantly debar him from further work.

"If I were to select," says Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, "from a body of young men promiscuously brought together those who were best for a rowing match, I could, by proper measurement of the breathing power, of the height of the body, of the size of the chest, pick out almost without question those men who would make in the end the best crews, although at the time not one of them had become trained to rowing practice; and this is, I think, what ought to be done in the selection of crews for great competitions, since it is very bad for a young man even to train into a practice which by excessive exercise shall impair the function of the lungs."

Now, rowing is an exercise which affects greatly the respiration. Observe a crew not in training go out and pull a hard half-mile. At the end of the first eighth of the distance, as the men get into the full swing of the stroke, you will begin to notice how powerfully the breathing is affected. At the quarter it becomes rapid, and a sort of bluish pallor in the lips and face shows itself.

To be sure, there will be different degrees of breathlessness in the eight men. The man with the good large chest; the tall man, mayhap, and the man who by a spirometer can show from two hundred and fifty to three hundred cubic inches without fatigue, may, in all probability, show no great amount of breathlessness. On the other hand, the short man with small chest and short body, and who can blow only two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five cubic inches, will be much oppressed and gasping for air.

In the one instance rowing may be continued and the work increased without material injury. In the latter case, where the effect of rowing shows itself in a persistent difficulty of breathing, the function of the lungs will surely be impaired and serious results follow. The disease, emphysema—that is, rupture of the air vesicles of the lungs—is thought by some to be the result of immoderate rowing, even in the crew man not particularly afflicted with breathlessness.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, however, is frank enough to admit that he has never seen such a case, and honestly adds that a number of cases have come to his notice of an improved development of the breathing organs and of the capacity of the lungs induced by the exercise.

Rowing, when it affects the breathing, is liable, secondarily, to cause disturbance of the circulation. On account of the position of the rower in the boat (the lower limbs to a certain extent being fixed, the body bent forward, then suddenly and strongly backward, while the chest is kept in full tension) and by virtue of the performance of the different acts going to make up the stroke, a considerable strain is thrown upon the valves of the heart.

The blood which has to course over the arteries from the heart must ascend before it makes its way anywhere over the body; ascend over the aortic arch and be prevented from going back into the heart on the left side by three valves, which allow the blood to come forth from the centre, but which, falling down, check it from being returned. In the act of rowing with the lungs charged with air, the blood rising through the arch is in a sharp degree thrown back upon the valves. The like occurs in water falling back on a trap, to which is given the name "water hammer."

Now, it is a matter of record that in a man who has been rowing briskly, the second sound of his heart which is produced by closure of the three valves is often accentuated, owing to the sudden pressure exerted by the column of blood. This is a severe strain. The influx of blood causes the heart to work laboriously, and the great elastic blood-vessel, or aorta, itself is unduly distended.

This being so, we are confronted with the condition of a heart unduly large and overactive, which may become a serious menace to health. It follows that rowing should be carried on with prudence, and should be discontinued by those who suffer embarrassment of the respiration and the circulation.

### YALE'S SECRET NEGOTIATIONS.

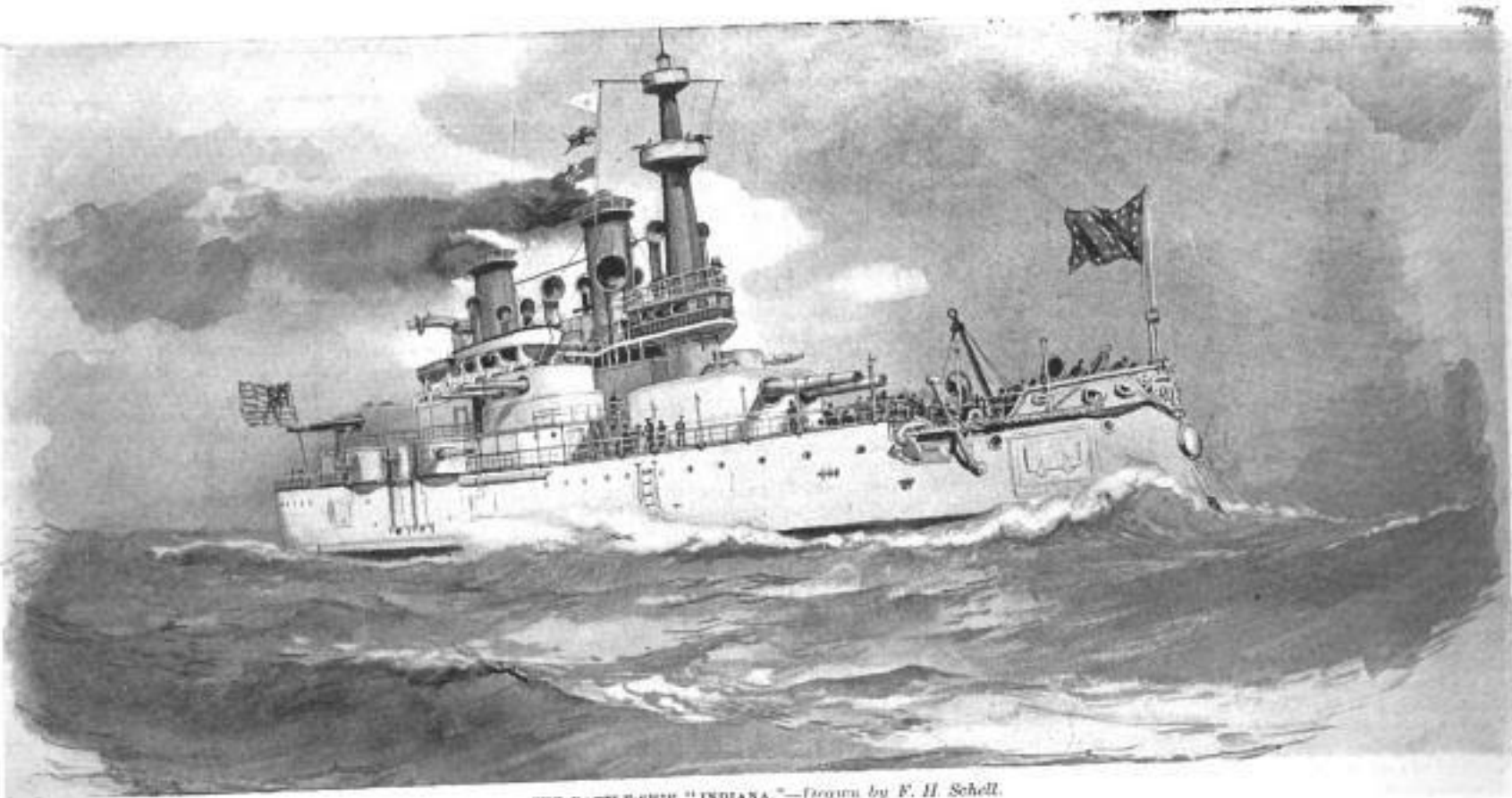
It is understood that Yale boating men in authority have been working secretly, ever since it became certain that there could be no race next year with Harvard, to bring about a race in England with the winner of the Oxford.

(Continued on page 442.)

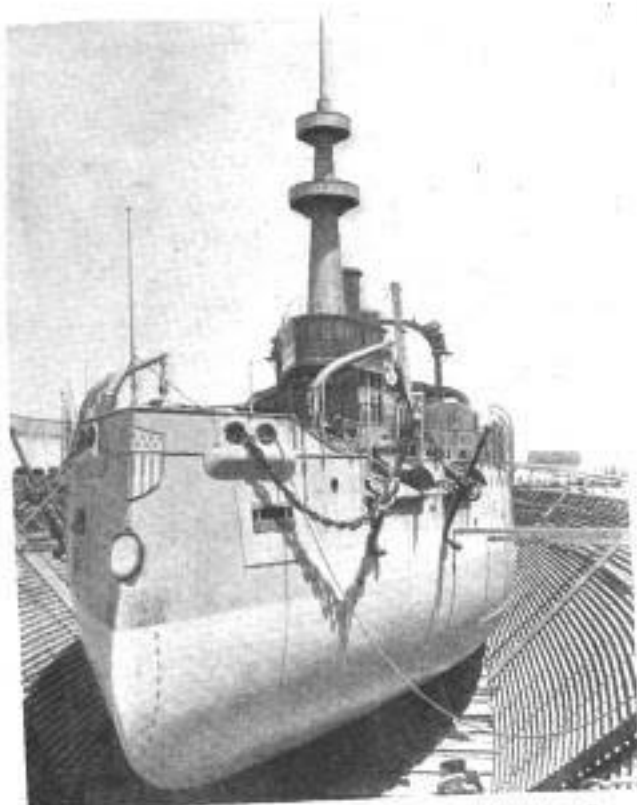
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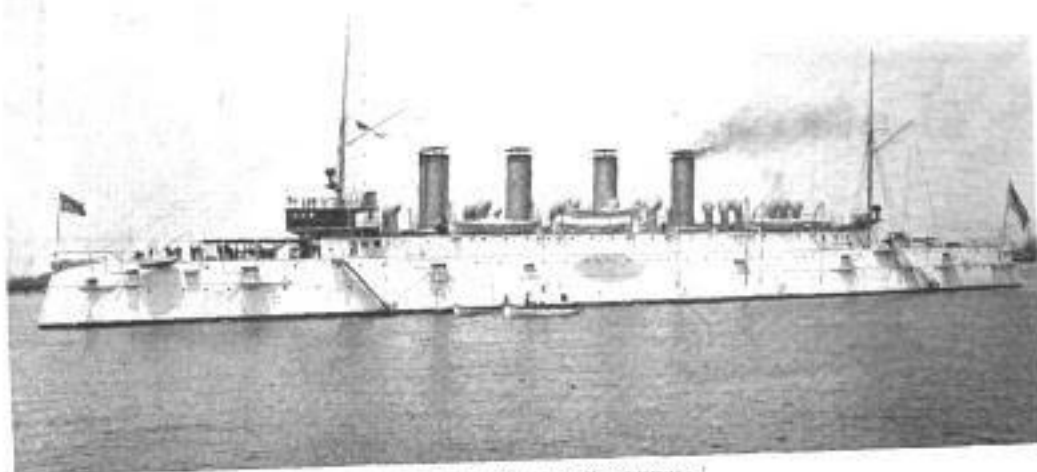




THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."—*drawn by F. H. Schell.*



THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON," SISTER TO THE "INDIANA."



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THE COAST-DEFENSE VESSEL "MONTEREY."



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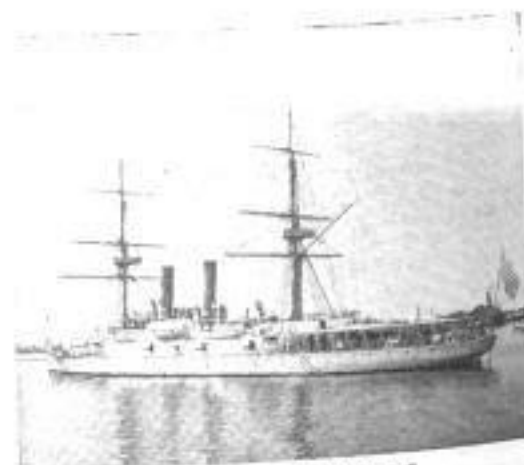
THE TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON."—*Photograph by C. E. Bell.*



THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."



THE CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."



THE CRUISER "ATLANTA."

SHIPS OF THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY WHICH WOULD MAINTAIN THE NATIONAL HONOR IN CASE OF A WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.  
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. RAD AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 438.]  
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THE MASSACRE OF ARMENIANS AT ERZEROU—TRENCH IN THE ARMENIAN CEMETERY IN WHICH THE VICTIMS WERE BURIED.—*London Graphic*.



THE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON, BY BARTHOLOE, ERECTED IN PARIS BY MR. JOSEPH PULITZER.—*Le Monde Illustré*.



THE LATE ALEXANDER DUMAS.—*Le Monde Illustré*.



THE BAPTISM OF THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE RUSSIAN CZAIR—ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENT.—*London Graphic*.



DAM ACROSS THE PERIVAR RIVER VALLEY, INDIA, BY MEANS OF WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO IRRIGATE AN AREA OF 1250 MILES.—*London Graphic*.



QUEEN VICTORIA BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE SCOTS GUARDS, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE ON THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.—*Illustrated London News*.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



# A MODEL TRAIN.

NEW YORK AND FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED.

COMMENCING Sunday, January 9th, and daily thereafter, the popular New York and Florida Short Line Limited will be run between New York and St. Augustine, via Pennsylvania, Southern, and Florida Central and Yonkers, leaving New York at 8.30 a. m. The train will be composed of Pullman's latest compartment cars, sleeping, dining, first-class coach and smoking cars, and solid comfort there is nothing in the world that surpasses this train. The compartment car is a model of perfection. The entire train is most elaborately furnished, and the country through which the train travels is rich in magnificent scenery, and the one day which is consumed in the trip can be spent most advantageously in taking in the beauties of nature. The announcement of the new train several years ago was one of the great achievements of the Southern Railway "Piedmont Air Line," and the public are highly grateful, and have and will continue to show their appreciation to the evident satisfaction of those instrumental in reducing the time between New York and Florida to a minimum. Excursion tickets south have been placed on sale at very low rates, and those contemplating taking a trip to the Sunny Lands should call on or address R. D. Carpenter, General Agent, Alexander S. Thwaites, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

## \$8.75 TO ATLANTA, GEORGIA, AND RETURN.

The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, Eastern office, 271 Broadway, announces a rate of \$8.75, Washington to Atlanta and return. Tickets on sale December 19th to 25th inclusive, good to return within five days. In addition to this low rate another rate of \$14 is named. Tickets on sale Tuesday, December 17th, and daily from December 19th to 25th inclusive, good to return ten days. This low rate is given so that the rate is in reach of everyone to attend the Cotton States and International Exposition.

## NEW STYLES IN COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Men's apparel has not been so graceful in many years as it is at present. There is just enough of the picturesque and novel to make the present fashions for young gentlemen decidedly refreshing. Especially striking in their unconventionalities are the new high-hand collars, which are now all the rage. The "Kelesta," for that is the name of the fashionable high-hand collar, is from Earl & Wilson.

The cuff to correspond with the "Kelesta" is called the "Chicango" and is also an Earl & Wilson style. The harmony with the high-hand effect is in the long, deep, graceful dip with its slanting edge. There is only one correct way to launder them, and that is with the domestic dish—a good white. It is noteworthy that the stylish collars and cuffs alluded to, as well as all the other Earl & Wilson goods, are sent out with the domestic finish.

The high-hand collar is not yet worn with conventional evening dress. For that purpose the well-known firm makes a close-front collar about two inches high, known as the "Swatan." For evening wear the proper cuff is the Earl & Wilson patented style "Odessa."

No Christmas table should be without a bottle of Dr. Slegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

The universal favor with which the Sohier Piano is meeting is the result of its tone and structure, which are not excelled by any in the world.

## Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will welcome to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, Lock Box 723, Marshall, Michigan.

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FAST FLYING VIRGINIAN

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A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT AND HOPS FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPERPSIA, ETC.  
RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERIES.  
AVAILABLE SUBSTITUTION FOR SOLID FOOD.  
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## CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP

(Persian Healing) for clear, white, sweet skin, and a complexion of health.

Sold by druggists.

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GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOS.

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## Fleming's OLD EXPORT Whiskey.

Guaranteed 8 years old. Full quart \$1.50; 1 dozen case, \$15.00.

Expressage prepaid to any part of the U. S. on receipt of price.

Send for a sample 2 oz. bottle, prepaid.

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LACED TAILOR AND HAT MAKER.  
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"I have used Fibre Chamoi for some time, and I can say that it is a most valuable and useful article. It is soft and comfortable, and it is very durable. I have used it for my hat, and it has held its shape very well. I have also used it for my tailoring, and it has been very useful. I have used it for my hat, and it has held its shape very well. I have also used it for my tailoring, and it has been very useful. I have used it for my hat, and it has held its shape very well. I have also used it for my tailoring, and it has been very useful."

"ROYAL SHORTHAND." RYLAND GOODS, of every description, sent for particulars, Greenfield, N. H. (Mass. 011), N. H.

# The Snowy Landscape

of winter with its leafless trees and ice-bound streams offers the amateur photographer as many opportunities for artistic work as do the most pleasant days of summer, and one need not think that a Pocket Kodak purchased now need be laid away until summer before using.

The little instrument is hardly larger than a well filled purse, yet it takes beautiful "snowscapes" and is always ready for making a flash-light picture when congenial companions are gathered about the fireside in the long winter evenings.

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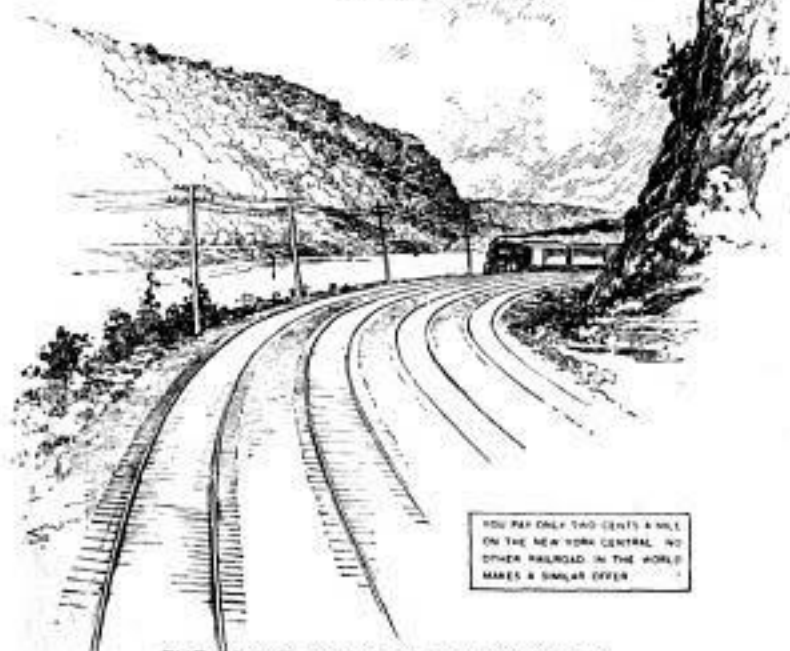
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## Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 426.)

Cambridge race which takes place in the third month, 1896.

Only a day or so ago I was told that a letter was expected from abroad which would settle the question one way or another. Those who were expecting it were not very confident, however, that it would hold forth the welcome news that a race could be arranged. Yet, a very strong plea had been made to the English rowing men which might finally bear fruit. In the event of the scheme falling through Yale will, as has been announced in this department before, arrange to row Columbia.

The Columbia crew which won at Poughkeepsie last year, leading both Cornell and Pennsylvania by a goodly distance at the finish, should improve much next year. Rowing critics about New York believe that the light blue will be able to give Yale a much better race than Harvard has for several years. Columbia has fine rowing material and a select few of coaches, notably Mr. Post and Mr. Richards, and there is no reason in the world why she should not meet Yale on nearly even terms. The fact that in recent years Columbia has not devoted the time to rowing that Yale has prompts me to write now.

W. T. Puller

## A Charming Book.

"LOVE AND LAUGHTER: Being a Legacy of Rhyme," is the title of a dainty volume just issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, to which, aside from its intrinsic merit, there attaches a peculiar interest. The poems which fill the book are from the pen of a young New York lawyer, Mr. James G. Burnett, who, just as his powers were ripening and a brilliant career was opening before him, fell a victim to disease and died at the age of twenty-six years. From his early youth his tastes inclined to literary effort, and, while he chose another profession, his pen was always restless, and he contributed more or less regularly to the periodicals of the day the contents in verse which are gathered in this volume. His vein was playful—but always touched by sentiment, and some of his poems have a tender pathos, as if his soul had in it some prophesy of the fate which overtook him. The little book, to which Mr. William Winter has written an introduction, will be certain to find favor with the lovers of helpful and inspiring verse shrouded in attractive setting.

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